

works at last arrived. It was a beautiful night. The moon shone brightly from a clear sky. "The eternal jewels of the short-lived night" bedecked the vaults of Heaven. Not a zephyr disturbed the soft atmosphere. The Captain's order was to march direct for the Cross Roads on the top of a plateau commanding an unobstructed view of the surrounding country. I think that this was one of the most picturesque spots on the Island, if not on the American continent. A couple of general stores with warehouses near by. A neat little Presbyterian church but a few yards away. The expansive Orwell Bay with its vermilion banks in the distance. The river winding its way for miles up in the country amidst cosy homes and well-tilled farms carpeted in deep, dark green to the very water's edge, presented a picture of beauty that could scarcely be surpassed in any part of the world. While quietly marching to this attractive rendezvous we met a man with a horse and cart moving slowly along. When he got a good, square look at us he let his lines fall, jumped from his cart and took across the fields like a moccasined Indian pursued by a scout. We shouted to him to stop, that he was in no danger, but this only made him run the faster, and the last we heard of him was the distant sound of pattering feet as they rose and fell on the hard dry roads. It was afterwards reported that in following a narrow footpath across a meadow, a healthy rabbit bobbed out just in front of him and that he swore at it telling it to get out of his way and let a fellow run who knew how to run. This probably was a canard.

The home of the bride was just one half mile distant, and we could hear the sound of the violin, which was a sure indication that the dancing had begun. The Captain ordered us to get ready, to form in squares, as at Waterloo, and at the word "go" to blow, beat or rattle our instruments, as the case might be, to the utmost of our power—to pay attention to nothing but the business on hand. "Now