

picking out the softest along with the remainder was awakened by the early dressed going to bed our blankets and hunting. After a hasty breakfast, across the lake, a distance of Here we again loaded Jack Fish Bay. Here, Field Division, who had, and had had a fearful way, and but for the hurry, the officer in command. Again, after getting into sleighs, and after the Village at 1 a. m., on. Only fancy six men, arms, accoutrements, worst of it was, that the that our men could not ushy. However, we got upper we were told off to blankets down on the floor six o'clock next morning, re, although we lost our lost in food was made up ers again and started off ver this 53 miles of road, angling the track, which, s, while far down below. Here I saw the first ch in some places were a had been made to build n in some of my travels condition, might account ce, Mazood-Kerrah-Bay, loading, and leaving out ed across the last gap in Rock was said to be a ve been 20), and so we long corkscrew, with our huge crow in the snow that prevented me from mmissariat in his heavy huge promontory called sometimes pausing for m, the air-holes along the

side of the track, lucky if we could get that. When within two miles from the cars we left the beaten track, and spreading ourselves over the snow, got along the best way we could. It was a hard struggle, the snow being soft and slushy we made little headway. However, by dint of perseverance, we got on the railway cars, which in this instance were the regular emigrant ones, the railway being open for passenger traffic from Red Rock to a long distance beyond Winnipeg.

After getting a slight refreshment in the shape of hard tack and canned beef, we soon began to feel a little better. In the meantime the transport teams were coming up with our blankets, and, getting hold of them, we were soon sound asleep. At this place occurred our first and only deficiency of transport since we had come into communication with the C. P. R. The poor fellows whom we had left at our place of disembarkation in the morning not returning until the forenoon of the following day, and then in a fearful state through exposure: snow blind, with faces puffed up and swollen out with the cold until they were hardly recognizable, probably the worst case was poor Arnsworth, who afterwards died of wounds received in the Fish Brook fight. As soon as the guns and the stores came up, it was decided to send them off, accompanied with the mounted division, to Port Arthur, the garrison men remaining until the remainder of the stores were brought over the lake and put on the train. In the meantime we hunted up a Hudson Bay store and made purchases of pipes, tobacco, writing paper, &c. During our stay here the Mayor of Port Arthur, Richard Vigors, telegraphed to Lt. Col. Montezambert asking him to allow the officers and men to stop and partake of the citizens hospitality, but this kind offer had to be declined, owing to our having lost a lot of time at Red Rock, and the Col. was anxious to push on and join Gen. Middleton, who, with the 90th Battalion, the Winnipeg Field Battery, and French's scouts, were in the vicinity of Fort Qu'Appelle. Eventually the Col. gave his consent to the good people of Port Arthur serving us with coffee and entables on board the cars during the few minutes or so that we would be delayed in changing engines. At last, all our traps being on board, we left Red Rock about 4 p. m. Here we had 60 rounds of ammunition per man served out to us in case of accidents. Some of our musical friends of both batteries gave a concert on the cars between Port Arthur and Red Rock which, it is needless to say, was attended by a select and fashionable—as it was a smoking concert—ladies were not admitted. The managers, Mr. Wallis and Mr. Slater, of "A" Battery band particularly distinguishing themselves both vocally and instrumentally. I must also bring to notice the rising artist, Genower, who gave a splendid solo on the tin whistle. Mr. Kennedy also appeared in his song par excellence, "The Ould Grey Mare and I," and being encored he sang "The Gunner's Life is not a happy one," in splendid style.