

By the next day, and wait for orders there, which necessitated all hands coming into the village that night if possible.

And so Jake and I were to undertake the responsible duty of getting a dozen or so of men out of bed, and ordering them to repair in all the glory of their war-paint to the drill shed by six the next morning. Our best, if I may so term it, was the fourth and fifth concession lines, and the men to be accused were from two to seven miles off.

"Bloody end to you for a little beast! Get up!" and we started. Let the tired reader congratulate himself that we are off—Jake and I and the pony. Off we went at a good pace. Our buggy-wheels rattled pleasantly on the hard clay roads, and the cool night wind came refreshingly in our faces, as we drove out of the village on our solitary mission. Here and there was a light burning, where some Volunteer was getting ready his field kit, or bestowing a finishing touch on his bright belts or glittering rifle-brasses. For we kept things in good order in our company, and we took a pride in looking soldierly, ever since our jolly barrack life on the western frontier.

The lights faded away, and we clattered along the smooth hard road which looked like an over-flowing stream in the cheery moonlight; and we passed by open fields where the heavy dew lay glistening, and by clearings where the blue smoke hung over the log-heaps and in among the trees, looking soft and silvery as the moon lit up its edges; and again we dived into the deep woods, where the tall monarchs of the forest stood up black and threatening against the sky, and the dense underbrush looked impenetrable as Erebus, and the stately pines sang their monotonous lullaby to the breeze:—over rickety culverts where the loose planks, shrunk with the long drought, curled up their edges, and shook as it were with laughter at our appearance, over ugly corduroy bridges, where the abundance of round logs and scarcity of earth between seemed to say to the unwary traveller "Go slow and admire me, or I'll find means to make you"—still we rattled on.

Perhaps I had better state whom "we" includes. Imprimis, the pony, a nice little dark bay mare, which deserves the first notice, as she was the only one of the party who drew pay from Government for that night's achievements.

2nd—The buggy, very much like other buggies, rather shabby and old for Her Majesty's service to be sure; but then Her Majesty doesn't know half of what goes on under her name. Perhaps it is as well she doesn't.

3rd—Jake, who drove as I mentioned before. Jake was a fine big fellow, (I may as well confess that I am a little fellow) and a member of the company, full private in the rear rank, a volunteer of some four years standing, and jolly good company—carpenter by trade.

4th—Myself, Ensign G—L—, of whom perhaps the less said the better. Modesty, they say, is a characteristic of my countrymen, and long may it remain so; only I fear that Messrs. O'Mahoney, Roberts and Company have somewhat shaken the belief of the world in general in this attribute. Last, but not least, I must mention one flask of whiskey, two plugs of tobacco, and a large assortment of lucifer matches. Presently we hauled up, and struck across the fields on foot to house No. 1. Everybody asleep, as was only natural at one o'clock in the morning. Artemus Ward talks of "knocking a healthy knock on a door." I'll bet our knocks were healthy enough to satisfy him.

Presently the door opened, and we delivered our message. Jake was generally spokesman, and his way of putting it was decided enough to drive sleep away for the rest of the night. "Are ye 'wake? Get up! Will you have a drop of 'somebithin'?" Here the whiskey would make its appearance. "The Captain's got a telegraph, and you're to be in town this mornin', six o'clock, mind; and its all the bloody Finnégans of 'course. And if you don't there will be a corporal and four men of the reg'lars with fixed bayonets after you in the morning, and you'll be shot for a deserter." Of course, they got up, and as we left the house we could hear the combined voices of men and dogs and women and children discussing the wonderful news and the Finnégans. And so we drove on, stopping here and there, routing people up as we went. Very nearly the same scene at each house;—the old lady awake first, blithly challenges from within to know who we were, immediate welcome when they found 'twas Jake and the Ensign, and the same chorus of dogs. I should say in justice to the men that all Jake's palaver about "regulars" with fixed bayonets was wasted. The men hadn't the least wish to shirk, only some thought it hard. The "children" were so small, and the family so "large," and it 'twas "comin' on hayin'," &c., but Finnégans, they were in for them. Bye and bye, we got to our journey's end, the little village of N—, sleeping so quietly in the moonlight, with the white houses shining out against the dark background of forest trees. No lights in the windows, no signs of human life, only as dogs elsewhere, testifying to the world in general and the inhabitants of — township in particular their decided disapproval of travelling at such hours, and letting each other know that they were each individually up and alive, and not afraid of anything.

"Guess we will stop here," said Jake, as we drew up at a very humble shanty with "licensed to sell wine, beer," &c, conspicuously displayed over the door. Stop we did, of course, and the usual routine of assault and battery on the door was commenced, with yells for the proprietor. Across a meadow, borne on the night air came answering shouts from big Tom Jones, (so known to distinguish him from little Tom Jones) whom we had waked last. We had roused his torpid energies to life with the last of our whiskey, and now we wanted more. As I stood there waiting, I could not help wondering if the same scenes were going on all over Canada at the time, and what some of the city officers, my old friends of the Queen's Own, and others would say to this kind of O. H. M. S. Patience and perseverance will affect wonders. Mine host of the backwoods hotel got up at last, lit a candle, and received us hospitably. His upper man was tastefully arrayed in a blanket, and his dishevelled hair and sleepy eyes as he stood blinking at the light didn't give him a very prepossessing appearance. However, he knew Jake, (everybody knew Jake,) and we recruited our inner man with some forty-rod whiskey, filled our flask, lighted our pipes, and bid him an affectionate adieu. When we got outside, lo and behold! our horse was gone. Jake and I hadn't tied him. Don't suppose we were intoxicated, gentle reader; but we were both Irish, and that should pass for an excuse for any clumsiness all the world over. It would weary my patient friends who have waded through this truthful narrative to tell how we hunted that horse—how big Tom Jones came to help us, how he and Jake at last caught the animal, and how fervently Jake invoked a bloody end to the little beast for its elopement;—suffice it to say that our

work was done; we had "promulgated the company order," or "warned the men," just as you like to put it, and were homeward bound. Stay! there was one man yet to warn, and smiling and blythe was the youth when we told him. Poor Charlie! he did not know what was before him. The fearful work of the next few days laid him on a weary bed of sickness; from which he only rose a few months ago, weak from paralysis, and wholly dumb, unable to utter the simplest word, and dragging out his life cheerfully and pluckily on charity, unpensioned and unpaid. By the time we had warned him, the cold morning mists were rising, and streaks of red appeared in the east, and the stars faded away, and the woods became alive with the songs of birds, as we trotted homewards, smoking and talking. Didn't we talk? Nothing in heaven or earth too deep for our philosophy! The approaching campaign, the Fenians and their sympathisers, the girls who lived in such and such a house as we passed it, the place where Jake had shot a rabbit or treed a coon, reminiscences of frontier life—all these subjects were discussed pretty fully. And then, as men will, we wandered on to subjects of deeper import, and Jake and I spoke of things too serious to be repeated here, of life and death and immortality. And as we overtook waggons full of men, flashing back the sun's rays, from rifle and bayonet, armed ready. Jokes and "chaffing" flew round on all sides; and we got home, just as the village was waking into life. Now, if this were not a true account, or if I dared to intermix any fiction with it, what a delightful romance could be constructed. Jake and myself rushing off separately to the houses where our respective adored ones dwelt, clasping the agitated maidens to our heaving bosoms, drying their gushing tears, and consoling them with unbounded promises of gold and glory, of pay and booty, and Fenian scalps! Aforesaid idols of our affections resigning us to our country's cause with a sigh, and a few words of patriotic incitement and waving us a last farewell with a tear in each eye, and a hasty breakfast disappearing between their rosy lips and pearly teeth! And then how nice it would be if Jake had got shot, and I had the pleasant task of here recording how I returned with a cocked hat and glory at least, to receive my Angelina's embrace; meanwhile from a neighboring house rose sobs of inconsolable bereavement, where a lovely and lonely heart was breaking for the memory of the martyred Jacob.

Wouldn't all that be ecstasically romantic? My amiable readers would then conclude this article with a smile for me and a tear for my comrade, and, overcome by their feelings, remark, "Such is life and other poems." But stern truth forbids the tale. I had no adored one to embrace, and neither I think had Jake. In fact I went to eat my breakfast, and Jake admitted to me in confidence that he was going to black his boots. Those were his parting words. And what is worse, regarding the affair in a romantic point of view, is that neither of us got killed or even wounded; and that Jake is still Private R—, of the rear rank, and myself Ensign G—L—.

Here then my narrative must must conclude. The events of the first days of June are matters of history; and I must confess that Jake and I did not perform any exploits which would render it probable that our names will be handed down to posterity on the burning scroll of fame, any more than Lamoignon and Fort Erie are likely to receive mention in the next addition of Prof. Creasy's Decisive battles of the World.