

two large scows together, and round their sides erected poles fastened securely with green withes, filling the enclosure with bundles of hay, and in this way carried from ten to fifteen tons. On one of these excursions James Riddell fell off the scow and they fished him up, but by some means he fell off the second time, and as it was getting dark, after searching for some time, they were compelled to leave him till next day, when a relief squad recovered the body and the remains were in due time and with fitting ceremonial deposited beside the Magazine on the island. The little military cemetery on the hillside had not yet been opened.

The soldiers also procured wild hay from the North River and marshes in the vicinity in the same way. The late Thomas Rawson of Coldwater described how, when a boy, he and his father, with the aid of soldiers, brought hay to the garrison. After tying up bundles all day and loading they started from the "Rock" on North River at sundown with a scow-load of eighteen tons. The hay was piled high and he was placed at the helm with just room enough to steer by the aid of ropes, with no means of communication with his father and the soldiers in front, who patiently plied the heavy sweeps (oars) all night long, reaching the garrison dock about sunrise. This was in order to catch the evening breeze and was considered fairly good time for the twenty-five miles. On one occasion a scow-load of hay of several tons caught fire after reaching the dock and was completely burned before the fire could be quenched. The fire must have been smouldering for some time and got headway before being discovered.

There is a well-defined tradition that an Indian grave also exists on the island. It is said a band of Indians were receiving their annual presents from the government, during which they obtained rum from one of the canteens (Armour's) without authority and caroused the whole night through and in the melee a squaw was killed and her remains were buried on the island, and the band disappeared at daylight, but no one knows the sepulchre, and the story is not well authenticated.

Mr. Warren, as an officer in the military, was entrusted with the care of the Magazine and its contents, his duty being to guard it night and day. Sentinels were placed on the island and regularly relieved at stated periods. He was furnished with wooden boots and an iron canoe (Russian