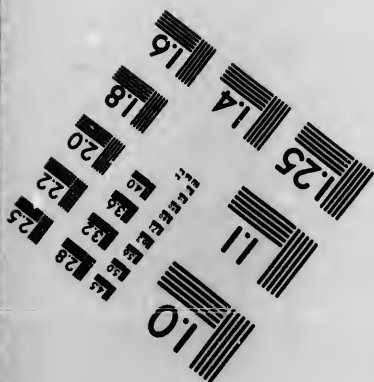
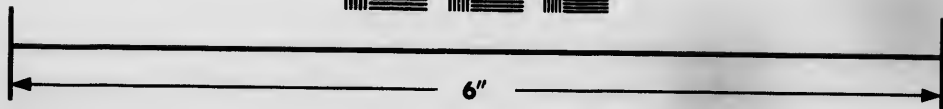
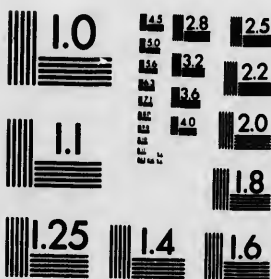


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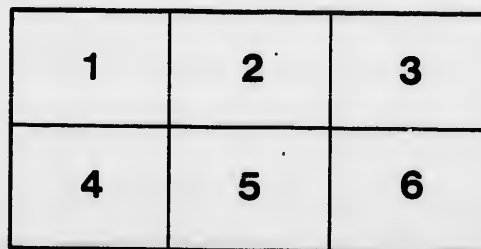
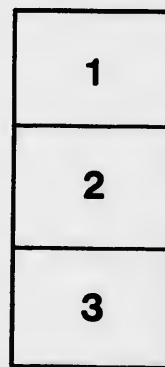
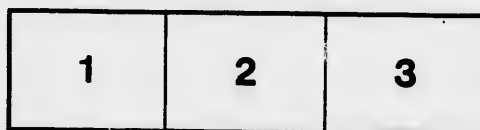
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H. A. STEVENS, PRINTER,

LONDON, ONT.

7th Fusiliers' Trip

FROM LONDON, ONTARIO,

TO CLARK'S CROSSING, N.W.T.

THE



LOG

CONTAINING A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE
ABOVE TRIP; ALSO,

THE OFFICIAL REPORTS

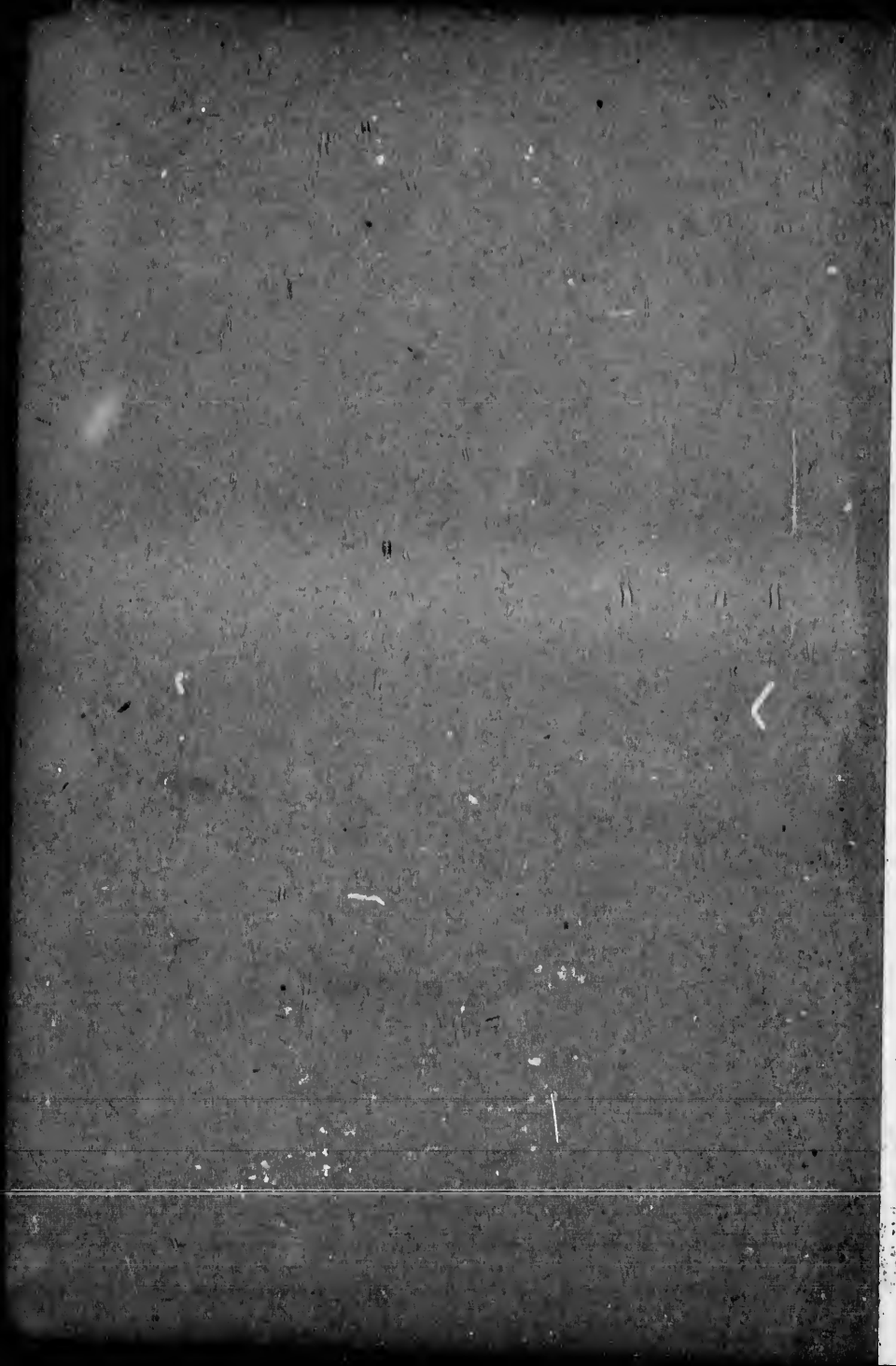
OF THE OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF BOATS.



London, Ont.:

FREE PRESS PRINTING COMPANY.

1886.



THE LOG.



CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE 7TH FUSILIERS' TRIP

FROM

LONDON, ONT, TO CLARK'S CROSSING, N. W. T.

ALSO,

*THE OFFICIAL REPORTS OF THE OFFICERS IN
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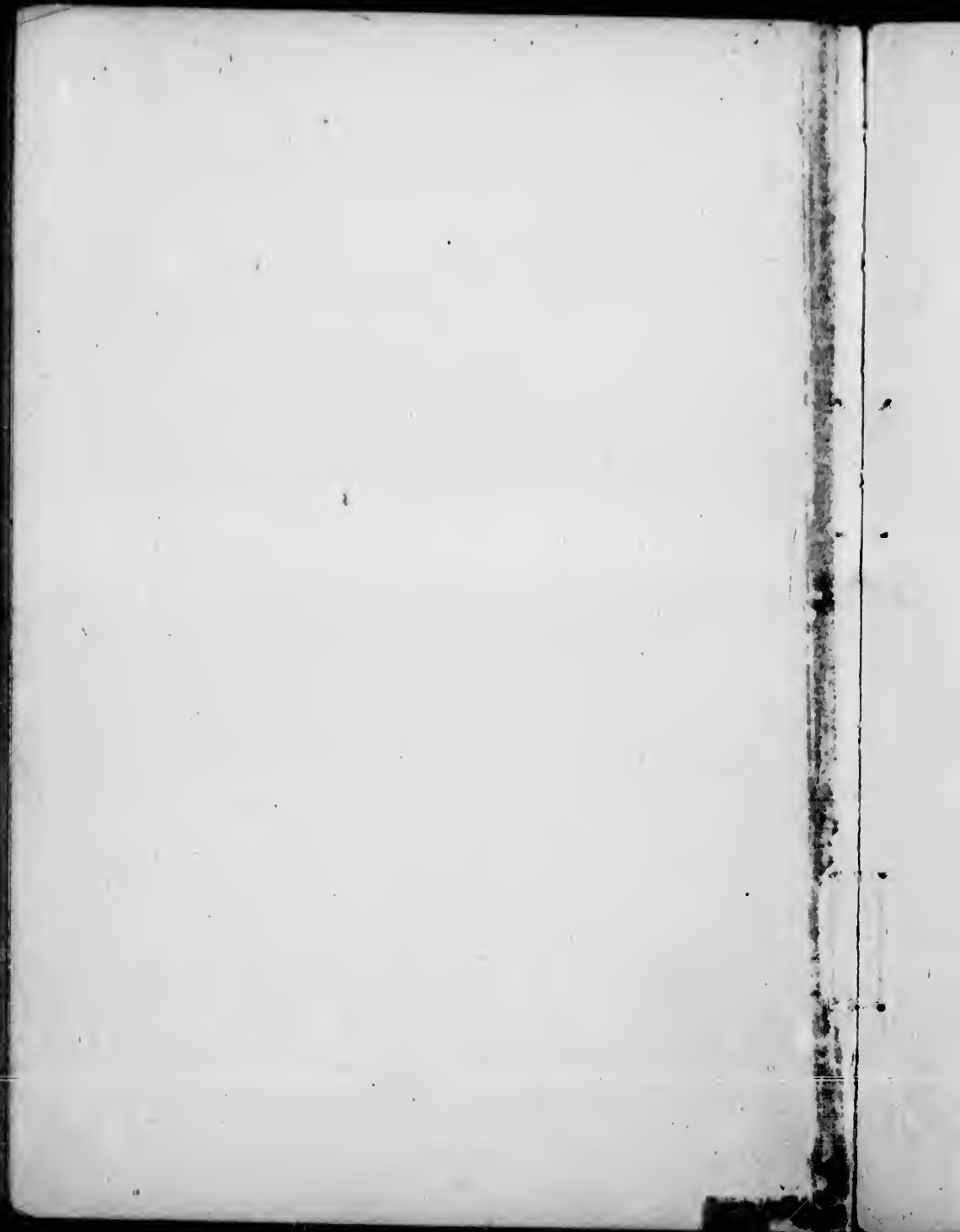
PREFACE.

The writer's only object in publishing an account of the "Trip" at this time, is with some hopes of reviving the martial spirit of the "Boys of '85," by bringing to their recollection what they were able to accomplish during a few months of that stirring year. The writer would also remind them that, as patriotic citizens, it is their duty to keep the good old corps from perishing. To Capt. C. F. Cox the writer's thanks are especially due, for kindly placing his diary at my disposal.

London, Ontario, 1st October, 1888.

FROM

H. A. STEVENSON, M. D.
LONDON, ONT.





THE LOG.

The call to arms was not altogether unexpected by the 7th Fusiliers, so that when awakened from a sound sleep, about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 1st April, 1885, by several vigorous blasts from a bugle, I was not greatly surprised, but tried to distinguish some familiar note amongst the medley of sound. I failed.

The performer on the bugle subsequently informed me that he had sounded the "assemble,"—and he ought to know. No sooner had the bugler betaken himself to some other quarter of the city than a rig, containing Capt. Frank Peters and his Sub. (2nd-Lieut. Cleghorn), halted opposite my door, and again were my peaceful slumbers disturbed—this time by a loud knock, and a request that I would immediately report myself at the drill-shed. I did so—by immediately returning to bed, well knowing that nothing would be done at that unearthly hour.

The appearance of those assembled in the drill-shed about 8 a. m. was not particularly inspiring, as, to judge from their looks, the war fever had considerably abated, leaving them limp and sleepy. Not a single officer was present.

About 10 a. m. most of the officers had shown up, and orders were issued for a "heavy marching-order parade" (whatever that was), at 2 p. m.

It would take an abler pen than mine to describe the scenes that were now of daily occurrence,—the parading, the equipping, the inspections, and the noisy, crowded drill-shed,—so I shall skip all that.

The first regular guard was mounted on the morning of the 3rd, Sergt. Beecroft being the first N. C. officer detailed for this duty, and Sergt. Neilson the last (at Moose Jaw, on the return trip). * Privates Tom Carey and W. Blackburn were the first prisoners, and Joseph Delorme, a rebel half-breed, the last.

* Fifteen minutes late for Guard-mounting Parade.

The 7th Fusiliers left London about 3 p. m., on the 7th April, 1885, divided into five companies, as follows :

NO. 1 COMPANY.—Capt. McKenzie ; 2nd Lieut. Bapty ; 2nd Lieut. Bazan ; 55 N. C. Officers and Men.

NO. 2 COMPANY.—Capt. Butler ; Lieut. Chisholm ; Lieut. Greig (R. M. C. Attached) ; 47 N. C. Officers and Men.

NO. 3 COMPANY.—Capt. Tracy ; Lieut. Cox ; 2nd Lieut. Payne ; 45 N. C. Officers and Men.

NO. 4 COMPANY.—Capt. Dillon ; Lieut. Hesketh (L. F. B. Attached) ; 47 N. C. Officers and Men.

NO. 5 COMPANY.—Capt. Peters ; Lieut. Pope ; Lieut. Jones (Dufferin Rifles, Attached) ; 49 N. C. Officers and Men.

STAFF.—Lt.-Col. Williams ; Majors Smith and Gartshore ; Surgeon Fraser ; Quartermaster Smyth ; Lieut. and Adj. Reid ; Paymaster Macmillan.

Total, 21 Officers, 244 N. C. Officers and Men.

Capt. Little and Lieut. Graydon were detailed to remain and organize a Depot Company, or what I believe is termed a Home Guard. 2nd Lieut. Cleghorn obtained sick leave to England. Capt. Beattie, being unable to conclude some business arrangements in time, joined at Winnipeg, when, waiving his rank, did duty as a "Sub." in Capt. Dillon's Company to the end of the campaign. He became famous by his exploits as a leader of the "Sod Brigade."

Why the Regiment was divided into five Companies, instead of four or six, either of which would have been more to the purpose,—or why it took six whole days to prepare 265 men for the field, I could not at that time understand. I have grown wiser since.

Just before the final parade some sneak thief walked off with a parcel containing my underclothing ; and but for the prompt kindness of Capt. Little, I would have left London without other underclothing than what was on my back.

On the march to the station Pte. Shebacker received a rather severe kick from a horse ridden by Col. Peters, L. F. B., and, on arrival at Carleton Place, was discharged and sent back to London.

We were well provided for in the matter of cars, so that between London and Toronto all were comfortable. At Woodstock, Color-Sergt. McDonald met with a severe accident, where some enthusiastic natives had placed fog signals on the track, a fragment striking him on the leg with such force as to necessitate him being sent to the hospital at Ottawa. So ended his dream of glory.

We reached Toronto about 8 p. m., and found in a heavy rain a considerable crowd waiting for us. The crowd was not very demonstrative, no doubt having expended all its enthusiasm on the Grenadiers and Queen's Own Rifles. We had been promised something to recruit the inner man here, but did not get it, which only went to prove that Militia Staff-Officers are not infallible.

Our stay in the Queen City was just long enough for the transfer to be made from the G. T. R. to the C. P. R., so that by 9 p. m. we were off again. The accommodation on the C. P. R. was none of the best, the boys being so crowded that quite a number had to sit up all night; however, all managed to get something of a "snooze," and turned-out in the morning apparently none the worse for sleeping "heads and thraws," as Major Gartshore put it.

We reached Carleton Place about 8 a. m. on the 8th, and found an excellent breakfast awaiting us. Here we received fur caps, mitts, mufflers, and rubber blankets, an event which caused considerable delay, as we had to await their arrival from Ottawa.

While hanging about, killing time, we were agreeably surprised by a visit from the Hon. John and Mrs. Carling, who came from the Capital for that purpose.

Mr. and Mrs. Carling received the officers in their own car, in the lobby of which was a generous supply of wine and cigars, presided over by Mr. Fred. Carling, which supply was promptly attacked and quickly annihilated by the said officers. After putting the enemy to flight, the party visited the Companies in their several cars and wished each man "good bye."

The regiment then formed up on the platform and was addressed by Hon. Mr. Carling, who was treated to three rousing cheers, and a selection by the bugle band, who played the party to their own car, which they were no doubt glad enough to reach. The visit was

totally unexpected, and therefore all the more appreciated by officers and men ; and as we saw their train move off it seemed as if our last link to home had been severed, and we were really launched upon the uncertainties of active service.

The delay in forwarding our "traps" from Ottawa was so great that we had to get dinner, and it was 3 p. m. before we started on our way again. While the train rolled merrily on, both officers and men amused themselves with cards, novels, conversation, or practical jokes, while a few thinkers kept their eyes fixed on the scenery along the route, which in places was rather good.

We stopped for tea at Mattawa, which took us a little over an hour. That accomplished, we once more boarded the train and prepared for our second night on the rail. The preparations were all right, but sleep for some time was out of the question, especially for those who were unfortunate enough to possess air pillows ; as, settle themselves as comfortably as they might, some joker would meanly take advantage of their first sweet doze to deftly unscrew the top of the pillow, when the air and sleep would at once disappear. Remonstrance would have been useless, so the sleeper would inflate his pillow again, and court the drowsy god with one eye open.

Lamplight was also a signal for the musically inclined to make night hideous with uproarious choruses, while every now and then the bugle band would chime in with more noise than harmony, but all bearing strong proof that they were in no way frightened by the dangers ahead ; in fact, the good spirits of the boys were so apparent throughout the journey, that those who had seen our predecessors on the road declared that the 7th was the jolliest and most orderly body of men that had yet been along. Of course, we believed it, more especially as every other Regiment had been told the same.

The last night on the train before reaching the first "gap" was celebrated by a concert, given by the members of No. 3 Company, who had decorated their car very nicely for the occasion, by interlacing their mufflers across the roof, while evergreen boughs ornamented the lamps and windows ; Pte. Bert. McBeth acted as Chairman, and conducted the affair in a very efficient manner. Sergt. McGregor favored the audience to a couple of solos on the Euphonium, to their great delight, and taken altogether the programme was very enjoyable.

The entertainment was concluded with speeches from Col. Williams, Capt. Tracy, Lieut. Cox and the Adjutant, when all joined in singing "God Save the Queen," and returned to their several cars.

As we neared the first "gap" the track grew very rough, so that slow time only could be made, while the country grew more barren and wild-looking, and covered with deep snow, the only sign of vegetation being an endless forest of dwarfed spruce trees, black and dead, evidently rendered so by fire, which had swept over the whole country.

The crust on the snow was very hard in some places, and the snow being nearly four feet deep, afforded great amusement to the boys when we stopped at a watering tank. The picture of a number of red coats scrambling about was very attractive, as well as amusing, when viewed from the car windows, as sometimes the crust would break, when one foot and leg would entirely disappear, while the owner in his endeavors to extricate himself, only made matters worse. Have you ever watched the ineffectual efforts of a fly in trying to clear itself from a sheet of sticky fly-paper? If you have, for "fly" read "Fusilier."

We reached the first "gap" on the morning of the 10th, and after waiting for an hour the sleighs that were to convey us drove up, and the work of transferring the baggage and stores from the train began. This proved a tedious job; but at last being completed, the fifteen sleighs, with two fusiliers on each, as a guard, were ready for the march. While the sleighs were being loaded by No. 1 Company, the others were doing their level best to keep from freezing, which feat was by no means easy of accomplishment; however, the remainder of the teams soon arrived, and we were again on the move, with fifty-five sleighs in the procession.

The road was a new one, cut through the bush, and consisted principally of stumps, big stones, big hollows and deep soft snow, and was without exception the roughest road the writer ever travelled over. The rocky road to Dublin was a fool compared to it. Whoever laid out that road must have had a sneaking regard for the rebels, and a deadly spite against the militia, for he turned aside for nothing, and as the surface of the country is rocky and uneven, the sleighs seemed to strike on all parts of the track at once. Occasionally, we had to get out and help the horses up a precipice, and as the snow was very deep outside the track, the fun is better imagined than described.

The railway bed was graded all through, so that sometimes our sleighs ran along it; but even that had its drawbacks, as in any exposed places the snow was blown clean off, nothing being left but a gravel road. A snow storm prevailed during the drive, and before long our great coats were stiff and uncomfortable, owing to the snow melting and freezing. Before reaching Magpie Camp the snow turned to rain, so that we entered in a thoroughly damp condition. It was now about 7 p. m., and having had nothing to eat since an early breakfast, all were in prime order to enjoy the hot meal prepared for us.

The camp was a fairly large one, but not large enough to stand the influx of a regiment of famished militiamen, besides 55 teamsters, without a good deal of crowding; consequently, some little inconvenience was experienced in trying to get near the fire for a thaw. The camp edifices were all made of canvas and logs; that is, the bottom part, to a height of six or seven feet, was built of logs, and the balance, roof and all, of canvas. The quarters of the "boss" contained a stove, and it being only about 10 feet square, the temperature was very comfortable. It was sacred to the officers.

The quarters of the men had a fire in the centre, with a hole in the roof to let out the smoke. After a short wait dinner was announced. We did not allow it to get cold. I had a crazy idea that our host would have made money by saving the grease which was put in the edibles; however, grease and all rapidly disappeared, and was thoroughly enjoyed.

After dinner (or supper) the horses were hitched up, and we started off, in pitch darkness, amid a continuation of both snow and rain. Owing to the darkness this ride was much worse than the first, it being next to impossible to keep on the track; indeed, the sleighs were continually getting off the apology for a road, and upsetting into the deep snow, causing the "pesky" things to be re-loaded when pulled back on the track again.

The end of the first "gap" was reached about 2 a. m. on Saturday, having driven a distance of 39 miles,—although I heard several of the boys remark that the distance was 2000 miles! Contrary to expectation, no train was waiting for us; and what was worse, no tents, or shanty, large enough to afford shelter for the now nearly played-out

"Fusiliers." The rain had by this time turned to snow and sleet, which, aided and abetted by a high wind, made things just a little uncomfortable. After a good deal of hard work two big fires were at last lit, but those who got near them were nearly as bad off as those who did not, as the heat in front only seemed to intensify the cold behind, while the steam from the wet clothing was a caution! The writer managed to get near the fire, but became so sleepy that he would have fallen headlong into it, had he not been caught by a man standing near; and I am certain that a number of men went fast asleep standing on their feet.

The surgeon very properly insisted that none of the men be allowed to lie down; and the writer, after his mishap at the fire, went off to have a look at the camping ground; or was it to look for a quiet spot for a snooze? I found it, and had just lain down, congratulating myself on my smartness, when a couple of kicks in the ribs energetically administered brought me to a sitting posture, to confront the doctor and the adjutant. The kicks did not hurt me, but the unfeeling conduct of the doctor did; and if an "injun" had come for his scalp just then, he might have taken it, for all I cared! I was next seized by the collar, jerked to my feet, and told not to lie down again; and as I watched the doctor and his satellite administer "medicine" to some other sleepy-head, I enjoyed the fun, and didn't. The medicine administered to the boys that night was better than all the stuff contained in the medicine chest.

This place was christened "Calamity Camp," as, before the night was ended, and daylight once more returned, nearly every man in the regiment was suffering from a cold. It had been a rough, hard night on the boys; but, nevertheless, they stood it well, and proved that they were made of the right stuff, for as daylight spread itself over "Calamity Camp" their spirits rose, and although nearly all were more or less hoarse, more jokes than groans were heard.

About 8 a.m. "hard-tack" was issued for breakfast, and an amusing sight it was to watch a man with his "grub" in one hand, and a mess-tin containing scalding tea in the other, hopping about on alternate feet in a vain endeavor to keep warm and eat at the same time.

About 10 a.m. the train came along, and after getting the baggage and stores on board we started. The train was made up of

flat cars, boarded up about four feet high at the sides and ends, with a plank running around the inside as a seat ; and in these we rode for ten of the longest hours that I can remember ; while rain and soft snow came down without a moment's cessation, making such a thing as sitting down and keeping still an impossibility ; therefore, to keep a little warmth in our half-benumbed bodies, we were obliged to remain constantly on the move, stamping about, or "marking time." By the time we reached Heron Bay it was dark, and our great coats were frozen stiff. We arrived about 7 p.m., and at once prepared to attack a capital "feed ;" the only trouble being that about 40 men only could sit down at one time. In an hour all hands were satisfied, the quantity of "grub" concealed about the persons of the "Fusiliers" rendered the settlement bankrupt in this respect.

There being only 20 miles more of rail before coming to Port Munro, the beginning of the second "gap," every one counted on having a long night's rest in a good, warm place ; but, alas ! though the distance was short, the time was long ; so that it was midnight before the train stopped—in the middle of a high embankment,—and the bugle sounded for "markers."

The embankment was fourteen or fifteen feet high, so that we had to scramble down in the dark,—most of the boys so chilled with cold, that they were unable to assist each other in buckling on their knapsacks, and therefore had to carry them in their hand, together with rifles, blankets, and rubber sheets, over a rough road covered with deep snow. This job proved as much as most of them, and more than some of them could manage.

I wish I could find a word in the English language strong enough to express the disgust of the boys at the sleeping accommodation in Port Munro ;—there was no one to show us where to put up, and many men, more particularly those of No. 2 Company, wandered about until 2.30 a.m. before finding a place to rest their weary bodies ; and all this time in a blinding snow-storm.

A number were housed (?) in the hold of a schooner that was frozen up in the lake ; the hold, or hole, being illuminated by an old tin lantern, which only served to make the darkness visible ; and in this place they passed the night, in damp clothes and frozen blankets, and so crowded that they had no room to stretch themselves, besides getting

their great-coats smothered in something—it was not tar! All who were not lucky enough to get on a board floor, passed the night in well-“ventilated” tents,—the officers’ tent being a particularly chilly looking affair, with a great hole in the side, and the ropes flopping about in the wind. I do not know how many officers passed the night there.

After vainly seeking for some warm hole or corner where I could “stow” myself, I at last found myself opposite the officers’ tent, and on approaching to reconnoitre, through the hole in the side, discovered the Commanding Officer and Quartermaster seated on some blankets, with a bale between them, a candle sputtering upon it; the candlestick was a pile of snow heaped around the candle. The C. O. had the collar of his coat turned up; and a red *tuque* pulled well down over his ears. The Qmr. also had his collar turned up, and sported a fur cap, covering both ears and eyes. Neither spoke, but appeared to be buried in deep thought, while their lugubrious faces (what I could see of them) would have made a horse laugh. All this time the wind howled, the tent ropes flopped, the candle sputtering, and the snow held “high jinks” inside the tent. Still neither spoke nor moved. I suppose I must have given vent to an involuntary chuckle, for the Qmr. looked suddenly up, and “spotted” me. An invitation to enter and make myself comfortable followed; but having resolved that nothing short of death would induce me to “roost” in that place, I started on a fresh expedition in search of quarters.

Observing a light about half a mile off, I made for it. The wind was high, the snow was deep, but plodding steadily on, I reached the door, opened it (without knocking) and walked in. Here an unexpected sight greeted me. Around a table were seated four of the “Lally Coolahs,” with great-coats off and tunics open, while their host, a stalwart Swede, was just clearing off what appeared to be the remains of a bountiful supper. That movement was stopped at my request, when after divesting myself of sword-belt and great-coat, not forgetting to slyly undo a few of the lower buttons of my tunic, I put away as hearty a meal as a hungry militiaman could wish,—not that I was very hungry, but I have always found it a good plan to victual the citadel when provisions were plentiful.

After a sleepy attempt at conversation, the “Lally Coolahs” travelled up a ladder to bed, where I will leave them.—But is it not

considered vulgar to snore? As for myself, I laid down on the floor near the stove, a round log for a pillow, and was not awake long enough to discover whether I snored or not. After a refreshing sleep of about ten minutes, as I thought, I was awakened by a shake and the voice of mine host. I don't know what he said, not being well up in Scandinavian; but when he nodded towards the table, I understood him at once. One of the "Coolahs" (Wanless) now made his appearance down the ladder, quickly followed by his "chum" (Petitt), when we seated ourselves at the table, and commenced a furious onslaught on the viands. The coffee was good—no cream or sugar; the pork was not too fat, and done to a turn; the bread contained more saleratus than flour, a fact that was not noticed the night before; but no matter, we enjoyed our "Chota Hazara," or little breakfast, very much. The two other "Coolahs" did not come down "stairs" for breakfast, therefore their feats in the feeding line must be left unrecorded, and their names have escaped my memory.

After shaking hands and bidding "good bye" to my kind host, who laughed and said something pleasant, I suppose, I trudged my way through the snow in the direction of the camp, where I arrived in time to see a half-dead bugler trying to sound "reveille" at 5.30 a. m.

At 6 a. m., breakfast was served up by the railway camp hands. The meal consisted of fried pork fat (not fat pork), saleratus, hot water, and extra black molasses. Most of the boys set themselves up for the march on the "saleratus" and molasses, the other articles being a trifle more than the average "Fusilier" could manage. For my part, I provisioned the "citadel" as usual.

No. 3 Company was detailed for duty this day; so, after breakfast, the right-half and pioneers, under the senior "Sub." (Lt. Cox, regimental poet and artist,) were started off on a twenty-three-mile march, as an advance guard; the left acting as a rear and baggage guard.

As we started to cross the lake the storm was so bad that we could hardly see fifty yards ahead, and most of the way we were knee-deep in snow. Before starting Lt. Bapty discarded a valise that, from its torn and ragged appearance, evidently deserved to be pensioned off. No sooner had he thrown it down than it was caught by the wind and whirled rapidly out of sight. One of our veracious reporters, in a

letter to his paper, described the valise as one of the boys' knapsacks, kit and all, flying wildly over the surface of the lake.

Half-way across, the advance-guard halted and made a fire on a small island, and prepared tea for the regiment on arrival. The tea on being tasted was unaminously pronounced to be the vilest and worst decoction that was ever made. It was brewed under the personal supervision of the regimental poet, and as stringing together awfully bad verses was more in his line, perhaps the boys were right. The gallant "Sub." did his best to make the boys believe that the tea was all right. Holding a tin-cup in his right hand, and a "chunk" of corned beef in the other, his jaws kept moving, but I did not see him try the liquid. I provisioned the "fortress" as usual, the tea being very good—when I came to it, after swallowing the hot water. Half our iron rations were served out.

After lunch, divine service was conducted by Doctor Fraser. It was very simple, but on account of the surroundings will no doubt be long remembered by those who were present. After service was over the march was resumed in the same "order" as in the morning; but how much worse, owing to the wind having "changed rounds," giving us the full benefit of its force squarely in the face, our only remedy being to trudge on to the journey's end; and greatly to the relief of everyone, we got "thar" about 5 p. m.

The advance-guard had loaded the baggage on the train, and all was ready to start when the regiment arrived, so that no time was lost in McKellar's Harbor. How the baggage got in front I did not enquire, but supposed it to have got there by one of those peculiar strategical movements so well known and so often practiced by Militia Officers.

Here we are, once more on board our old friends the flat cars, steaming merrily on to Jackfish Bay, where we arrived at 9 p. m., and where, to our surprise, we found the Governor-General's Body Guard, who had left Toronto sixteen hours before we left London. On enquiry it was ascertained that transport was only available across the next "gap" for one corps at a time; and as the G. G. B. G. had arrived first, it was a case of "first come, first served," we being forced to rest at least 24 hours.

Life at Jackfish Bay was rather monotonous; the victuals were about the usual stamp, but a very great improvement on Port Munro. Our meals consisted chiefly of pork and beans, and beans and pork,—good strong food, as considerably more than half the boys can testify; and I think the “regimental poet” monkeyed around the copper, where the tea was made. However, I continued to provision the “citadel,” carefully eschewing beans from my stores, and thus escaped the epidemic that broke out before leaving.

We had Commanding Officers’ Parade, in marching order, in the afternoon; the chief, no doubt, being anxious to ascertain how many articles had been lost on the way. The boys had cleaned up as well as circumstances would permit, and with their wedged-shaped fur caps looked fit to go anywhere. The teams returned during the night, and by five next morning we were called up, had breakfast, and were ready for another drive across the frozen surface of “Old Superior” for 30 miles.

By eleven we had completed our sleigh ride, and were waiting for the train at Winston’s Dock. On the evening before leaving Jackfish Bay, Lt. Jones, with a half company and the baggage, was sent on with instructions to have the latter loaded on the cars, in order that the main body might not be detained on arrival. On nearing the dock, the ice gave away under the weight of one of the sleighs, throwing the load and its escort into the water. Fortunately, the accident happened near the telegraph station, and the man was able to obtain shelter without being very long exposed to the freezing atmosphere, or the result might have been more serious.

After waiting about an hour the train arrived, and we were treated to another dose of “flat car,” which took us until 7 p.m.; the rain and snow still stuck to us, and of course the old expedients for preserving a little warmth were resorted to.

The regimental poet, who rode in the “caboose,” thus describes the scenery:—“The scenery along this piece of rail was very fine, and exceptionally grand, the rocks towering up on each side of the track to a height of 1500 feet in some places. Occasionally we skirted the side of a tremendous precipice, while far below lay the frozen lake, stretching out for miles and miles before reaching open water, which could be seen shimmering in the far distance. Now we dash through a tunnel,

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blasted out of the solid rock, leaving one magnificent spectacle only to emerge upon what seemed by contrast a bit of nature, wilder and more beautiful than ever." The gallant "Sub." here grows a trifle incoherent, and wants to know "if there is a man with soul so dead," etc., etc.. He also enquires for the man "who would not fight 'injuns,' in order to keep this magnificent country for our children." All right, old man, I will ask my children to make their share over to you!

I am sorry now that I did not pay more attention to this "beautiful" country; but I didn't have the necessary amount of soul, I suppose; besides, I wore my head wrapped up in a blanket, not even a peep-hole being visible.

Before getting to the end of the track night had again closed in; but as the last "gap" was in front, the boys started off in excellent spirits across an arm of the lake for what was called a seven-mile march, which would bring them to the end of all their trouble. For the first half mile or so the road lay through a dense, rough pine wood, while deep snow lined the road on either side, into which many a weary "Fusilier" floundered, caused by a misstep in the darkness. The frozen lake was reached at last, and after a wretched attempt to "on the march, front form companies," we stepped briskly out in column, or what answered just as well. On we trudged, sometimes up to our knees in snow, and sometimes slipping and sliding on the ice where the wind had blown the snow off. Several men, unable to keep up, had fallen to the rear, in hopes of getting a lift on the baggage sleighs; but I believe the teamsters refused to receive them, having all they could do to get the horses along. So these poor "beggars" had no alternative but to plod wearily on until the sleighs were unloaded and returned to pick them up. The darkness increased so much that we had the utmost difficulty in keeping the track; indeed, some of our "columns" did wander off to a considerable distance. At last a strong light appeared right ahead, and, with a cheer, the boys struck out with renewed energy. Thinking from the position of the fire that a few minutes at most would bring us to the end of our tramp, we pressed onwards; but the faster we marched the less we seemed to gain on that provoking light, which one moment would shine out bright and strong, and the next die away, until it appeared to vanish entirely. Of course, our spirits rose and fell with the blaze; and to make matters worse, another fire sprang in

existence some distance to the right of the first one. Here was an unlooked for dilemma; and for about five minutes the "column" that I had attached myself to halted, in doubt as to which fire was burning at the desired goal. We decided to strike a middle course, and had proceeded some little distance, when a brighter glare than usual from the first fire showed us something like railway cars. We changed direction without word of command—reached the train about midnight, cold, tired, hungry and sleepy, at Red Rock.

Pioneer Mercer was unfortunate enough to lose his way, and as he did not turn up before leaving Red Rock, grave fears were entertained for his safety. He subsequently turned up all right.

The train accommodation was bad; but the hard work of the day—and night—acted as a sleeping draught, so that room or no room, all had some sort of a sleep before 5 a.m., at which hour we arrived at Port Arthur, where the boys were distributed around the several hotels and eating houses for breakfast.

I accidentally met an old 100th man here; he was fat, rosy and apparently a well-to-do citizen.

We left Port Arthur for Winnipeg about 9 a.m., in cars that the most fastidious could not grumble at—emigrant sleepers for the men, and a Pullman for the officers; so all were happy. On the way the boys were fully occupied cleaning up, in anticipation of a march through the "Prairie City," where we duly arrived about 8 a.m. on Thursday, 16th April, and where, amongst the crowd, I recognized the genial face of Capt. Beattie, smiling like a "basket of chips."

After doing full justice to a capital breakfast in the C.P.R. dining room, we fell in, and were marched to our camp ground, opposite Manitoba College. The tents were soon up, and the boys prepared to have a good time;—but they didn't.

Winnipeg at this time had all the appearance of a well garrisoned town; besides ourselves there being the 9th Voltigeurs de Quebec; 91st Winnipeg Light Infantry; Governor-General's Body Guard, and the Winnipeg Scouts. Our regimental military police picked up a "sick" Frenchman out of a ditch, and conveyed him to the quarter guard tent, where on arrival he commenced to gesticulate and talk at a furious rate; and the guard, not knowing whether they were being

thanked or abused, or whether the "Voltigeur" was saying his prayers or swearing at them, at last lost patience and turned him out.

The wet weather which prevailed after the first day, turned our camping ground into a swamp, making things very disagreeable. How the mud did stick! So much rain fell on the night of the 21st, that the sleepers in some six or seven tents were flooded out, and had to seek shelter in tents that were pitched on a few dry spots; while all who chose were at liberty to obtain quarters in the city. It was a miserable night, and coming so soon on the heels of what had already been undergone, bid fair, if continued much longer, to seriously affect the health of the entire regiment. However, in the morning Major Gartshore obtained permission to move into Knox Hall, a large frame building used as an armory by the Winnipeg militia, and where we could have been quartered at first.

While under canvas, certain officers invested in small sheet-iron stoves for their tents. These stoves, from the day of their purchase, were productive of much amusement to all but the victims; for certain other officers full of fun and good "spirits,"—or bad, were often to be seen innocently hovering about the stove-pipe where it protruded from the tent; suddenly the tent became filled with smoke, and the occupants, bursting with indignation, would rush out to find the pipe filled with sods, and no one to be seen. Can you wonder that the smoked-out owners of the tents used language more forcible than polite? Presently one of the "jokers" would emerge from behind the nearest tent, and, with a look of innocence, calmly enquire "what all that infernal row was about?" Usually an accomplice of the jokers would drop into the doomed tent, and engage the occupants in conversation while the deed was being done; this person was always the loudest in expressing sympathy, and vowing vengeance on the perpetrators. Jim Hesketh was very successful in personating the sympathizing friend; but as his appearance was generally followed by an outbreak of smoke, he became in time to be regarded with such suspicion, that one of the occupants of the tent would go outside to guard against possible attacks on the stove-pipe. The "Sod Brigade" remained in active existence until the regiment left Clark's Crossing for home.

During our stay the Halifax Provisional Battalion arrived, bringing with them the body of one of their men who had died between Port Arthur

and Winnipeg. This Battalion was composed of parts of the 63rd, 66th, and Halifax Garrison Artillery. The appearance of the officers, with carbines slung at their backs, did not impress me worth a cent, knowing that any officer would have his hands full in looking after and controlling the fire of his section.

On Sunday, the 19th, the regiment attended divine service at Holy Trinity Church. The sermon was half heroic and half political, nothing being said about religion. If wrong on this latter point, I beg the worthy rector's pardon. Mr. Hugh Hartshorn, a former Londoner, kindly loaned me ten cents to put in the contribution box, which ten cents I never repaid, nor do I intend to.

We left Winnipeg on the 22nd. Privates Land, Davidson and Fysh, being found too ill to accompany us, were sent to the Hospital, where they received every care and attention, and on recovery were sent to their homes. We stopped at Portage la Prairie, where the citizens had provided a bounteous repast; then on to Brandon, where we were again hospitably received, the ladies having provided a generous lunch. The night was passed in the train in the usual manner, and next morning we stopped for breakfast at Moose Jaw. About nine o'clock the bugle summoned the boys to take their seats, then off again for Swift Current.

Swift Current was reached about four in the afternoon of the 23rd, a cold, drizzling rain falling as we de-trained, and continuing while the camp was being laid out and tents pitched; but it cleared up before night, and, though cold, the weather was dry.

I was one of the first to leave the train, and seeing a man in a uniform that was new to me, I approached him for a closer inspection. The individual before me was dressed in a neat-fitting uniform of grey cloth, with sword, helmet, and long boots, but wearing none of those badges by which I could ascertain his rank. The man in grey asked me where the Commanding Officer was. I jerked my thumb over my shoulder and purposely omitting the word "sir," said, "In the car, I suppose." The tone of voice in which the grey man said, "What?" convinced me that the grey uniform contained an old soldier; so I came smartly to "Attention," gave my best salute, and said, "In the car, sir." This appeared to satisfy him, for he walked off, leaving me lost

in wonder as to who the deuce he could be. The grey uniform looked neat, and in every way fit for service; but it wasn't "Regulation." I was not long in finding out that the "man in grey" was Major-General Laurie, commanding the lines of communication.

A regular system of drill and routine was now the order of the day. "Reveille" sounded at 5.30 a. m.; Sergt.-Major's parade, 6.30 to 7.30; Adjutant's drill, 10 to 12; and Commanding Officer's parade, from 2 to 4. Outpost duty was practiced, as well as minor tactics, the Companies being frequently opposed to each other over the swells of the breezy prairie. The movements of the opposing forces were not always in accordance with the "general idea;" but, nevertheless, a good deal of information was picked up in a desultory kind of way.

Target practice was carried on under the superintendence of Capt. Dillon, assisted by Sergt. Neilson; and if every man in the regiment did not turn out to be a good shot, it was not their fault.

The 9th Regiment arrived on the 24th of April, and camped on our left, but after a short stay of four days were ordered to Calgary.

The regiment paraded for divine service at 10 a. m. on Sunday, 26th April, the service being conducted by the Bishop of Arthabaska. About a dozen men of the 9th paraded with us, the whole drawn up so as to form three sides of a square, with the Bishop and big drum in the centre. General Laurie, attended by Major Rickards, of the Commissariat Department, and Capt. Hudson, Acting Brigade Adjutant, also attending; while a number of teamsters, and about ten or twelve noble "red men," squatted themselves on the ground about fifty yards off, and looked on. The Bishop's address over the big drum was very interesting. After service His Lordship and General Laurie dined with the officers.

On arriving at Swift Current we found two Companies of the Midland Battalion in camp, under the command of Brevet Lt.-Col. Deacon; I also dropped across another old 100th man, in the person of Eli Bowen, who was serving in one of the Midland Companies. Our bill of fare at Swift Current was fairly good. I had many times fared worse when serving Her Majesty in other climes; and for those who had long purses provisions were plentiful.

A chronic cause of complaint amongst the boys was the absence of shot guns, as wild duck and geese could have been knocked over in

great numbers, the river and sloughs, a few miles from camp, being covered with them ; while, as it happened, we could only sit and watch them floating about in peace and contentment. We were well supplied with mail matter, the *Free Press* and *Advertiser* being sent to us in liberal quantities. Sport was also attended to every evening, foot-ball, quoits and boxing being indulged in.

The Halifax Battalion arrived at 9.30 p.m. on the 30th April, but did not de-train until next morning. This was also the date of an inspection by General Laurie. After the regiment had been put through a number of movements, he was pleased to inform us that, "from what he had seen, he had no doubt but every man of the 7th was a soldier ; while the good behaviour of the boys gave him great pleasure ;—that the 7th was one of the best militia corps he had ever seen," etc. The remarks of the General were highly appreciated by the boys, and at the conclusion, Pte. Tom Carey pulled off his cap and called for three cheers ; but the cheers did not come, being nipped in the bud by the Sergeant-Major, who was greatly scandalized at this slight breach of his beloved discipline.

I may as well record here the result of two foot-ball matches played against a team of Halifax men. The first match came off on Saturday, the 2nd May—Association Rules—and after an exciting contest, the "Fusiliers" were victorious, with a score of three games to nothing. The second match was played on Monday evening—Rugby Rules—the result being another victory for the "Fusilier" kickers ; 26 points to nothing.

Capt. Tracy, assisted by Lt. Hesketh, L. F. B., constructed a broad-arrow kitchen, as well as a field oven, which added greatly to the comfort of the regiment, and reflected great credit on those officers, the work being highly commended by General Laurie.

On Tuesday night, 5th May, orders were received from General Middleton (it was said) for the 7th to proceed at once to Clark's Crossing ; but we did not go just then, for the morning light saw the order cancelled (it was said).

On Wednesday, the 6th, the Rev. W. S. Ball, our long-expected Chaplain, arrived, well loaded with goodly parcels for various members of the regiment. The weather had now turned cold, especially on the

early morning parade. Snow fell on the 7th, and during the afternoon parade a heavy hail storm came up.

Sometime during the last week of our stay, a prisoner of the "Midland" was handed over to us, until such time as he could be forwarded to Regina Jail. I had his kit searched on arrival, and took possession of a sheath-knife, after some altercation. The prisoner informed me that he had served in and been discharged from the 2nd Batt. Liverpool Regiment, a corps that I was pretty well acquainted with in old times. He had been sentenced to 42 days' imprisonment for mutiny, and to be dismissed the service with ignominy (not the first time, I suspected). Previous to this I was not aware that a regimental court-martial had power to discharge a man with ignominy; anyhow, whether a *regimental* or a *field-general*, I would give a trifle to see the proceedings of that court.

A considerable amount of trouble was still caused by the guards and sentries not doing their duty properly; but as these duties were not thoroughly understood, no fault could be found; so no more on that head (the boys did better before leaving Clark's Crossing). In dismissing the subject of guards and sentries, as well as other little matters connected with discipline, I do not mean to insinuate that the 7th was in any way behind any other corps in military knowledge, for I have reason to believe that all were pretty much alike in this respect. That the men composing the expedition were brave, and by day or night ready to encounter any danger, I freely admit; but that they were disciplined, or able to cope with disciplined troops well in hand, permit me to doubt. *So far as my observations went, the officers were the weak point.

Notwithstanding the good times they were having, the boys were getting impatient at the long stay;—they did not know that they were being detained until certain flat-bottomed boats were built on the south Saskatchewan. I had almost forgotten to mention that the "Sod Brigade" continued to get in its work with fiendish glee.

The long expected order arrived at last, and on Saturday morning we marched out of Swift Current, *en route* to the landing, headed by a piper of the Halifax Batt., who played us almost a mile from the village, then drew up to one side of the trail, and got three hearty cheers from the boys as they passed. Capt. McKenzie's Company

formed the advance guard; 2nd Lt. Bapty with the leading file; while Capt. Peters with his Company brought up the rear. Just before starting, General Laurie came over to say "good-bye:" he *got* three cheers this time. The Halifax men also turned out and cheered; and thus, well loaded with cheers and good wishes, we took our departure.

The trail was good, but dusty; and after covering some 12 miles, we halted beside a large slough for refreshments. The rear guard came in ahead of the baggage. At 2 p.m. the boys responded to the "fall in," and the march was resumed until 5 p.m., when we halted for the night near another slough, having completed 22 miles in five and a-half hours, actual marching time. Of course, the time was too fast; and marching at the head of the leading Company, I several times tried to check the pace, but I had either to get on or get walked over; so I got on.

The tents were soon pitched, the quarter and rear guards mounted, tea made, hard tack served out and quickly disposed of; and now came my satisfaction, for the boys were tired out and were soon fast asleep, guards and all. As for myself, thanks to a ride on the Colonel's horse, and a long apprenticeship to the trade, I did not feel extra tired,—but had enough.

The next day (Sunday) "reveille" sounded at 6 a. m., breakfast 6.30, tents struck at 7, "fall in" at 8, and on again; but not nearly so briskly as on the previous day. Until within a few miles of the landing marching was easy; but after that it was down hill of the worst kind,—rough, wild, and awfully dusty. The river was reached at last, and with thankful hearts and tired feet we pitched our tents by the banks of the classic Saskatchewan. I don't know whether the river is "classic" or not, but I do happen to know that it is very muddy!

As soon as the camp was pitched a rush was made for the water by the majority of the regiment, while a few contented themselves with sporting in a creek that ran near the camp. We found Col. Deacon's detachment of the Midland Batt. still here. We had church parade at 6 p. m., the Rev. Mr. Ball officiating.

Just before dark some of our officers got excited over the appearance of two figures, seemingly watching us from the top of a high hill some little distance from camp. It was generally supposed that the figures were two rebel scouts or spies. At last a party started out to

enquire into the identity of the strangers, when after a tiresome climb they discovered two men of the "Midland," who had gone up there to view the country. After christening the hill "Fusilier Point," the party returned to camp, sad and weary.

It was intended that two companies of the 7th should remain at the landing, but after a little wire-pulling this arrangement was "knocked on the head," and we all set off together, Midland detachment included, the whole under command of Lt.-Col. Deacon, the senior officer. My account of the voyage must necessarily be confined to the ship that carried Cæsar and his fortunes (the Sir John A. Macdonald).

We left the landing about 8.30 a. m., on Monday, 11th May, on flat-bottomed boats, oat-laden, and outward bound for Clark's Crossing on the North Saskatchewan. On starting, four boats were fastened together, with Nos. 1 and 3 Companies on board—or rather on oats. After half an hour's sailing we passed a "flotilla," with Majors Smith and Gartshore on board, stranded on a sandbank. Their appeal to us for help was disregarded, as that would only involve us in a like trouble; so we let them severely alone, and continued on the even tenor of our way. We made first-rate sailing until about 1 p. m., when we calculated that we had run between twenty and twenty-five miles, the river being in military parlance "very rapid."

About 2 p. m. we passed two boats vainly trying to sail over a sandbar, and soon after took the ground ourselves. Officers and men stripped, and took the water, before getting off. It was very good fun at first, but after a bit the water felt dreadfully cold, and all were glad enough to get into their clothes when the job was completed. The compact formation was broken up after this, each boat keeping its own course.—I believe Col. Deacon issued an order, for the leading boat to halt—no; "snub up"—at dark, the others keeping on, until the whole "fleet" had assembled; but, as the boats had become scattered, we could not tell which one was leading; so this order, like scores of others, was not carried out. Before dressing, after getting the boat off, the Adj. thought she was going to stick again; so, accompanied by Sergt. Leslie and Pte. Carey, jumped over the side, to give her a final push, expecting to drop about knee deep in the water; but, owing to the boat having changed its position, they plumped into about ten feet of water, and of course disappeared. The expression of their faces

when they came to the surface again would have made their fortunes in the undertaking line, and afforded amusement for an hour afterwards.

We tried to approach the bank about dark, for the purpose of "anchoring"; but the united efforts of our crew proved unavailing; so we just let her go until she came to anchor of her own accord on top of a sand-bar, where we rested very solidly till morning. Pte. Garnett went ashore in a small boat to make us some tea; but after making it could not paddle his way back against the current in the darkness, so had to sleep on land without great coat or blanket;—but he had the tea. Sergt. Mills shied some biscuits to him in the morning.

About 4.30 a.m. all hands were called by the commander of the "ship" (Capt. Tracy) to a good, warm breakfast—Here! hold on; "wat are you givin' us?"—Not at all—but to jump into the icy cold water and shove the "schooner" off the sand-bar. Little did the good citizens of London think that their sons and relations were about to enjoy a bath at that "uncanny" hour of the morning;—however, when nearly all were undressed, the gallant Captain led the way by leaping overboard into that awful water, soon followed by the bolder spirits of our crew. A few of the more timid still held back, but on being assured that the water was not cold (what a whopper!) tried it with one foot, then with the other, finally concluded to chance it, and "flopped" in.

We were now in a bad part of the river; most of the time being spent in the water until noon. During the afternoon we got along first rate, only getting "wrecked" once before "snubbing-up" for the night. It was a pretty bad stick, though, and took us a good long hour before getting afloat again. Two other boats close to us were also stuck fast, so we were not without company. My boat and one of the others got off all right.

We anchored for the night in company with the other boat in a good place, and making a fire, partook of our first square meal for two days. The meal consisted of biscuit, soaked in water until soft, then fried in pork fat, some canned beef and boiled tea. Sentries were posted this night, it being rumored amongst the boys that a large force of "injuns" were on the lookout for Fusilier scalps. They did not come; so we slept soundly until roused at 4 a.m. to continue the voyage.

After a favorable run of half an hour, we discovered the "flag-ship" of Rear-Admiral Deacon snugly lying at anchor in a sheltered cove, and having on board our own Commanding Officer (Lieut.-Col. Williams). The lookout having reported a sail on the starboard bow, steering north, the Admiral came on deck and ordered us to "lie to." There is no truth in the report that the officers were invited on board the Admiral's ship to "splice the main brace."

We were now set to work to erect a rampart of oat sacks around the sides of our craft, as a protection against any stray bullets that might be flying in our direction. About 11 a.m. the Admiral gave the signal to weigh the anchor; but the ship wouldn't budge; and, before getting off we had to carry about 400 sacks on shore, and then carry them back again; besides rendering all our elaborate preparations for the reception of stray bullets useless. At this time the good ship "Sir John" carried three officers, Capt. Tracy (Commander), Lt. Cox (Regimental Poet and Artist), and 2nd Lt. Payne, who was nothing in particular, but took a hand in anything that was going on at the time. It will thus be seen that the Adjutant had deserted the "Sir John." The last I saw of him he was splashing through the river, with a box of sugar on his head.

The "flag-ship" got off all right and left us, but did not go far, being compelled to run ashore for the purpose of repairing a broken sweep. We passed the Admiral about 1 p.m., and had the good fortune to run the remainder of the day without a mishap. Ducks and geese were very plentiful; but they had a tantalizing way of just keeping out of the reach of a stick, that was trying to one's temper.

I made a desperate attempt to capture a fine fat goose or gander, but lost my balance, and tumbled "kerslap" into the river, clothes and all. The last thing I remember before reaching the water was a perfect roar of laughter from the crew. I felt pretty mad, but dared not show it, as that would only increase the merriment. On clambering on board again, I was greeted with yells of "Goose!" "Where's the goose?" "Look at the goose!" etc. Of course, I immediately descended to my "state room," and changed my clothes; that is I levied a contribution on all the blankets within my reach, and wrapped myself up until old Sol chose to dry my wet clothes.

About 6 p. m. we "snubbed up" for the night, the wind blowing very hard, and the crew very tired from working the sweeps, trying to keep the ship from damaging the banks of the river. Officers and men took their turn at this work, the crew being divided into three watches, or reliefs; and by the time a fellow finished his hour, he felt as if he had sawed at least six cords of wood.

At 4 a. m. on Thursday we unmoored again, and apparently in a mighty bad part of the river, as the sticks were frequent and hard. By 8 a. m. the crew was obliged to take the water four times; and at nine happened the worst stick of the trip, the boys being over four hours in the water before getting off. To make matters worse, the weather was cold and cloudy, with a strong, raw wind. The crew was about half dead, when a boat passed and loaned us a pump, or we would have been obliged to throw off our whole cargo, or be there yet! While the boys were taking a rest, a flock of geese settled on a sandbar a short distance off, and, by their cackling, seemed to enquire what we wanted on their domain. Capt. Tracy and Pte. Blackburn started out to answer the enquiry. They advanced in extended order—twenty paces interval; dress, rifles and undershirts. The advance upon the confiding geese was conducted upon the most approved methods, the instructions contained in the "red book" regarding "cover" being well attended to (about the only time). Could Big Bear or Poundmaker have witnessed that stealthy advance, he would have gone straight to his "tepee," called for his Winchester, and blown his brains out—through jealousy. The geese at last, beginning to suspect hostile intentions on the part of our overdressed friends, with a sunny smile and a friendly cackle, spread out their white wings and sailed far away, followed by two bullets which did them no harm.

We had only one more stick of any account this day. Dinner was cooked on board, the boys having rigged up a "galley" in a corner of the boat; beans boiled with fat pork, biscuit fried, and strong boiled tea, without sugar, formed the bill of fare; and a very good one, too. We "snubbed up" for the night about 8 p. m., when we were shortly joined by Capt. Dillon's barge—the first time we had seen him since the start. He was very short of provisions, his crew subsisting on one biscuit each, and working seventeen hours a day, in order to catch up, his boat having got badly stuck early on the first day of starting.

At the usual hour on Friday morning we started again, accompanied by Capt. Dillon's boat, and had a very good run all day, "snubbing up" at dark with five other boats in a narrow side channel. About midnight a sentry of the "Midland" was awakened from a doze by hearing a rustling in the bushes on the river bank, and thinking of nothing but "injuns," fired off his rifle. Of course, every one sprang up, seized his "shooting iron," and prepared for an immediate attack from the lurking foe. The sides of the boats nearest the enemy fairly bristled with rifles. However, after waiting about twenty minutes, the foe thought better of it, and our grim warriors returned to rest again. I was sleeping alongside of Mr. McIntyre, the "*Free Press*" reporter, and resolved not to get up until I heard the "war whoop." Mac did not wake up at all; or, if he did, played "possum." Our commander and first "luff" also displayed a considerable amount of "gumption," by remaining quietly in their "little beds." 2nd Lt. Payne went on deck. (The regimental poet recorded the events of the night in verse.—See Appendix).

On Saturday morning the fleet started together and had a pleasant run, until about 11 a.m., when the "Sir John" got a bad stick, being compelled to sacrifice 100 sacks of oats before getting off.

Shortly after starting we overtook Capt. Dillon again, he having received an addition to his crew of Capts. Butler and Beattie, Lieuts. Chisholm and Hesketh, and being in the vicinity of "White Cap's" reserve, the boats were fastened together as a measure of precaution. I particularly noticed that Capt. Beattie's nose had the skin nicely peeled off, and the seat of Capt. Butler's unmentionables did not appear to give any great amount of protection against the weather. After running together until 5 p.m., the channel narrowed, compelling us to separate, Capt. Dillon going ahead. In about half an hour Dillon was once more wrecked on a bar. We bid him good-bye, and five minutes later were in the same predicament. The crews stripped and took the water; but neither craft would move. The crews then combined, and worked one boat at a time; even then they could not be induced to float, and it was not until nearly all the cargo was carried on shore that they were shoved into deep water.

The boats had now to be reloaded, and being about 9 p.m., all hands quitted work for that day.

Our bivouac was on the edge of a small island, composed entirely of sand—nothing green on it—Yes! there was;—but I won't tell tales out of school. Our crew had been altogether about seven hours in the water; so no wonder that all hands were soon sound asleep.

The next day, Sunday, we did not start until 9 a.m., although having breakfast at 5.30. The day was lovely, and we had nice, easy sailing—stopping at noon, and having dinner on land. During the afternoon Capt. Dillon bagged two fine geese, using a Fletcher rifle. We only ran until 5.30, when we “snubbed up” for the night, and, in addition to hard-tack, had “goose” for supper.

At 4 a.m. on Monday, we let go the anchor; running with a smooth sea and a flowing sheet until 8.30, when we again tried to sail over a sand-bar. The boats had to be separated before getting off, Dillon again taking the lead. About noon we passed the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Deacon, wrestling with a sand-bar. Dillon also got wrecked on the same sand-bar. We gave the stranded vessels a wide berth, keeping steadily on for an hour, when, the wind blowing a gale, making it very difficult to keep the channel, we ran ashore and “snubbed up,” soon joined by Capt. Dillon.

During the night a storm arose, wetting our blankets, and otherwise making it very disagreeable for the boys. I slept most of the time, so don't know how long it lasted, a few others being equally indifferent.

Tuesday morning we up anchor and started at 3.15 a.m. (an encroachment on the liberty of the subject). Four o'clock was bad enough, but 3.15,—ugh! I began to consider it my duty to keep an eye on our Captain, being doubtful as to the state of the poor fellow's mind; but after watching him for at least five minutes, and seeing no sign of insanity, I—but never mind. We started at 3.15 a.m., the boats lashed together until about 11 a.m., when Dillon's boat came to grief on a large stone. We separated for the last time from our “consort,” coming together no more. About three miles from Saskatoon we passed a man standing on the bank overlooking the river; we yelled at him as long as he could be heard. He was understood to say that a battle had been fought, the rebels licked, and Batoche occupied by General Middleton's troops. It was all true, but nobody believed it. We soon passed another man, accompanied by two children; this man gave us the same information as the first, with the addition that Riel had been captured.

I was not the least bit disappointed to hear that all the fighting was over—(who's afraid?)—then and there proposing a vote of thanks and three cheers to the gallant men who had won Batoche.

Saskatoon is, or was then, a collection of about twenty frame houses, mostly built on the same plan, and nearly all occupied by wounded men. We stopped for a short time to allow the boys to see the sights; then, with the anchor apeak, bore away for Clark's Crossing. Shortly after leaving Saskatoon a river steamer passed, having on board Louis Riel and his escort; but we did not know it at that time. Our Chaplain was also on board. How he got there, I don't know.

One more night was spent on board the Sir John A. Macdonald, when starting about 6 a. m. on the following morning, we reached the Crossing about 9.30 a. m., completing the voyage of 320 miles in nine days and five hours.

And now, after bringing the 7th Fusiliers from London to Clark's Crossing, let some other chronicler record the the boys' doings while there, and bring them home again. I shall leave them speculating on the voyage, and in considerable doubt as to their being soldiers or sailors; but, without any doubt, perfectly willing and ready to serve their country again in either capacity.



APPENDIX.

Extract from Brigade Orders.

HEADQUARTERS, MOOSE JAW, 9th May, 1885.

Brigade Morning Order by Major-General Laurie, Commanding Lines of Communication:—

No. 4.—Referring to Brigade Order No. 3 of yesterday's date, the 7th Fusiliers on arrival at Saskatchewan Landing, the headquarters, and these companies, will embark in Mr. Boyd's barges for conveyance to Clark's Crossing. Two companies and Major Smith, will remain on duty at the Landing until further orders. The detachment (Midland Battalion), under Lt.-Col. Deacon, will also embark on board the barges for Clark's Crossing, the Senior Officer assuming charge of the whole force embarked, and the men will be distributed under arrangements with Capt. Boyd, but will proceed with the utmost expedition to their destination, and on arrival he will report to the Major-General Commanding.

By order,

WM. HUDSON, Capt.,
Staff-Adjutant.

Extract from Brigade Order Book by Lt.-Col. Deacon, Commanding Saskatchewan Brigade, en route Saskatchewan River.

May 16th, 1885.

No. 1.—Officers commanding barges are requested to send in for the information of the Officer Commanding, immediately on arrival at Clark's Crossing, a detailed report showing their daily progress as far as can be ascertained, and particularly as to the amount of government stores unloaded or abandoned by them, and giving their reasons for such unloading or abandonment. They will also endeavor to report as accurately as possible the circumstances attending, together with the number of times that their men were obliged to take to the water to facilitate the progress and insure the safety of their barges.

No. 2.—The officer in charge of the barge in which the rations of the 7th Fusiliers were embarked, will send a separate statement in

writing explaining the reasons why he left that Battalion for the greater part of the time upon short rations. As these statements will be sent to the General commanding the North-West field forces, it is requested that the same be prepared with the greatest accuracy and promptitude.

No. 3.—Reveille will sound at 4 o'clock to-morrow (Sunday); breakfast at 4.30 a.m., and the advance at 5 a.m.

By order,

EDWARD HARRISON, Capt.,
Brigade Orderly Officer.

Reports of the several Officers in charge of boats.

RIVER BARGE, LT. NELLIS, May 20th, 1885.

SIR:—I have the honor as senior officer on this boat (having on board Major Gartshore, Surgeon Fraser, Acting-Asst. Surgeon Campbell, myself, and 28 N. C. Officers and men of No. 4 Company, 7th Fusiliers), to report, that when we started from Saskatchewan Landing on the morning of the 11th inst., the barge "Capt. Leonard" (having on board Capt. Dillon, with the remainder of No. 4 Company, and Capt. Butler, with a section of No. 2 Company,) was tied to this barge. We stranded on a sand-bar within sight of the landing, and were obliged to separate. The "Capt. Leonard" got off first, but this barge did not get off until 12.30 p. m., after great exertions, shifting cargo from one side to the other, men out in the water using levers, etc. This was now the last boat, all the others having been a long time out of sight; it is the smallest, and was the heaviest loaded in proportion. We were stranded three other times during the day. About dusk, we sighted the Capt. Leonard stranded in an exceedingly bad place. We put into shore as soon as possible, about three miles further down, to see if they could get out, but could not succeed in communicating with them. Not thinking it wise to leave the last boat behind, especially as I knew that they were short of provisions, (as we were ourselves; nor had we any tools, lumber or nails, for repairs,) we waited for them next morning until 11.30, when they came up, having found it necessary to discharge part of their load. We again tied together, but were obliged to separate the first time we struck a sand-bar; the Capt. Leonard getting away first, ours was again the last boat. We got off

this sand-bar with great difficulty, but stranded again several other times the same day. I now estimated that we were a day's run behind the main body. On approaching what appeared to be a very bad spot, I pulled into shore, and sent the small boat forward to examine it, and found it would be impossible to take the barge through with its load. So after consulting the officers on board, decided to put some of the cargo on shore, in preference to throwing it overboard when stuck in the sand. We therefore piled 138 bags of oats on the left bank, say 35 miles from the landing. After starting again, we got badly stuck in the sand, and got off with the greatest difficulty; even with the lightened barge nearly all hands having to get into the water. We had the same experience every day since, the men having to get out several times a day, but we got on faster, and my anxiety was relieved by having come up with the main body. We had no one on board who had any experience in river navigation. Major Gartshore proved to be the "navigator," and he was invaluable, assisted by Sergt. Jacobs, whose services are worthy of special mention.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. M. SMITH,

Major 7th Fusiliers.

CLARK'S CROSSING, N. W. T., 20th May, 1885.

SIR:—I have the honor to report, that on the 10th inst. I left the Saskatchewan Landing in charge of barge "Capt. Leonard"; having on board 30 Officers, N. C. Officers and men, as follows:—5 Officers, 4 N. C. Officers, 21 men, being part of Companies 2 and 4, 7th Fusiliers; also their necessaries and a large cargo of oats. At 9 a. m. we got stranded, our men having to take to the water, and after two hours hard work succeeded in floating her. At 3 p. m. we again grounded, and labored until 6.30 p. m. in the water without any effect; we then rested for the night, and tried it again early in the morning, without any hope of success. About 6 p. m. a small boat arrived from Major Smith, 7th Fusiliers, asking the trouble. I informed him by letter, stating that unless he sent help to take me off, I would have to unload on the following morning. I received a message to save the cargo, if possible; but if I could not, to unload. After working until 10 a. m., I de-

cided to unload, and, in order to save the oats as much as possible, I made a base of hay bales, and piled the oat bags on top, leaving them high and dry, about 20 miles from the landing on the right side. We continued getting stranded four to six times each day, our men having in most cases to strip and remain from a-half to two hours each time until Saturday. On that day, about 10 a. m., I noticed the Capt. J. A. McDonald stuck fast, with all the men in the water; although far in advance, I thought it proper to "snub-up" and wait, on account of her being the last boat. She got loose about 2 p. m., and we sailed in company until 5 p. m., when both got stranded. The men of both boats got out and worked on my boat, but could not free her until we unloaded, which we did; and cleaned her out. When cleaning her out, we found a quantity of oats and water (eight inches) in the hold. It took us until 9 a. m. Sunday to get her loaded and floating again. During the entire time we were separated from the flotilla; the reveille was sounded at 3.30 a. m., and we ran till dark, making every effort to counteract our difficulty.

Before closing this report, I beg leave to draw your attention to the helpless condition my boat was left in. Our rations were so limited that I had to limit my men to three, and afterwards to two hard tacks per day, while I understand some of the flotilla had plenty and to spare. And I assure you, if it had not been for the timely aid rendered us by your boat, our men might have suffered from hunger.

I beg leave also to state the absence of any medical assistance. A number came from the water attacked with cramps, and we were perfectly helpless. We met with several accidents to the boat, and found no tools for repairs on board, which also caused delay.

I have the honor to remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

R. DILLON, Captain.

CLARK'S CROSSING, 20th May, 1885.

SIR:—I have the honor to report, that I was in command of the barge "General Middleton;" left the landing at 9 a.m. on Monday, May 11th, arrived here at 10 a.m. Wednesday, May 20th.

The third day out, on account of high winds and swift current, we ran into a long creek (about 4 miles in length), coming into shallow

water, where we found it totally impossible to get out ; and after trying every means in our power—digging in the water with spades, etc., men being in the water from 3 p.m. to 9 p.m., and from daylight to 9 a.m.—we were under the necessity of dumping out 60 bags of oats. The sixth day we took over from Col. Deacon's barge 25 bags. Our men were in the water repeatedly every day, and acted splendidly, their conduct being worthy of the highest praise ; arriving here without further loss of cargo.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD MCKENZIE,

Captain 7th Fusiliers.

CLARK'S CROSSING, 19th May, 1885.

SIR :—I beg to report, that on the morning of the second day out I took command of barge "Boyd and Crowe." That on the third day, late in the afternoon, after having all the men in the water for from 5 to 6 hours, I was compelled to throw from 40 to 50 bags of oats in the river, in order to float the barge. That, thereafter we found the barge floated all right, although it was repeatedly necessary for the men to get out and work the boat off sand-bars. Arrived at Clark's Crossing about 4 p.m. Sunday, without further loss of cargo.

I have, etc.,

GEORGE M. REID,

Lt. and Adjt. 7th Fusiliers.

CAMP, CLARK'S CROSSING, 20th May, 1885.

SIR :—I have the honor to report, that I was in charge of the barge "General Laurie," which left Saskatchewan Landing at about 8 a.m. on the 11th inst, and arrived here at 1 p.m. on the 18th, having on board Sections 1, 3 and 4 of No. 2 Company, 7th Fusiliers, making a total, including myself, of 32 souls. We experienced considerable difficulty in navigating the river, and each day frequently run aground on shoals, the men at such times having to undress and jump into the river in order to push the barge into the proper channel, which the men invariably did willingly and with great energy. We succeeded in bringing in our full cargo, with the exception of two bags of oats, which burst

in several places owing to the inferior quality of the canvas. From the same cause a small quantity of oats were spilled, and are now lying in a loose state amongst the bags. Our oars were broken several times, and having no tools on board with which to repair them, we were put to great inconvenience and delay, and were finally obliged to put ashore and construct new oars as best we could, lashing the several timbers together with ropes. Had it not been for these mishaps, we should have arrived much earlier.

I have, etc.,

W. R. GREIG,
Lieut. No. 2 Co., 7th Fusiliers.

CAMP, CLARK'S CROSSING, May 20th, 1885.

SIR :—I have the honor to report, that I was on board the barge "Capt. Kerr," which left the landing about 9.15 a.m., 11th May, being attached to three others. After a few hours, however, we were disconnected, to release us from a sand-bar, and continued the trip alone. On the second day out Capt. Kerr and Mr. Boyd came on board, the clerk and cook being already there. This made a total of 35 souls on board. We had considerable trouble in navigating the river, men having to strip and jump into the water many times, in order to get back into the proper channel, in many cases which looked hopeless. After working hard for hours we invariably succeeded, the men working cheerfully and with energy; we had trouble also from the oars breaking often at critical times. We succeeded in bringing in our cargo entire, with the exception of one bale of hay which slipped overboard as Capt. Kerr was endeavoring to move it to another part of the boat. We should have arrived sooner at our destination, if we had not waited for stragglers.

I have, etc.,

HARRY BAPTY,
Lieut. 7th Fusiliers.

CAMP, CLARK'S CROSSING, 19th May, 1885.

SIR :—I have the honor to report with reference to the trip of the double barge "Major Smith and Capt. Evans," as follows :—We left Saskatchewan Landing on Monday morning, 11th inst., at about 8

o'clock, and arrived here on Sunday following at about 6 p.m. On the second day after leaving we stranded, and after working vainly for four hours, I ordered the oats to be carried ashore. Accordingly, about 250 sacks were left on the north shore, I should think about sixty or seventy miles from the place of embarkation. About fifty miles as near as I can judge from here, having become very badly stranded again, and being too far from shore to land the oats, I ordered sacks to be thrown overboard, and about 51 were dumped into the river. We stranded on the average two or three times a day. The oars on the barges were very weakly constructed, and after the second day out had to be constantly repaired, and as we had not the proper appliances, great difficulty was experienced in doing so. We had strong head winds for about three days, and the constant battling with wind and waves was all the more unfortunate on account of the defective oars. I consider it would have been almost impossible to have taken the barges through with the heavy cargo on board,—and the oats were not removed until every effort had been made to move the barges without doing so.

I have, etc.,

S. FRANK PETERS, Capt.,
No. 5 Co. 7th Fusiliers.

Report of run down the Saskatchewan River from Saskatchewan Landing to Clark's Crossing, by Capt. T. Tracy, Commanding part of "C" Co., on board "Sir John McD."

SIR:—Left the Landing on Monday, 11th May, four boats being in company, containing "A" and "C" Companies. During the afternoon all struck a sand-bar, and the boats had to be separated before getting off, the men and officers having to jump into the water and work very hard to do so. The trip from that out was a succession of good runs, and bad sticks on sunken sand-bars, and our boats being very heavily loaded, it sometimes took us hours to work into deep water again, some of the men suffering rather severely from being forced to work so long in the water. We managed to keep all our load on till about the south end of the "White Cap" Indian Reserve, where we stuck very badly, and if Capt. Dillon's boat had not happened to be fast in the same place, so that we could unite our forces in getting the boats off separately, we could not possibly have got away. We

labored for over six and one-half hours in the water, attempting to move the boat, and at last were forced to leave part of our cargo piled on the beach, and place some more in Capt. Dillon's boat after we got his free. I was sorry to have to do this, but as we were getting short of provisions, it could not be avoided. All the men worked very hard throughout, and deserve great praise, as our day's work lasted from four a.m. to eight p.m. But owing to the shifting nature of the channel and the great number of sand-bars, we were unable to reach Clark's Crossing till Wednesday, the 20th inst., being in all nearly ten days on the way.

I have, etc.,

THOS. H. TRACY, Capt.,
"C" Co., 7th Fusiliers.

A MIDNIGHT ALARM.

By Lieut. Charles F. Cox, 7th Fusiliers.

O'er a high bank, the rising moon
Had shed its first faint ray ;
And 'neath the shadow of the hills
The "Sir John Macdonald" lay.

A good flat-bottomed boat was she,
Composed of planks and nails ;
A good long sweep at either end,
But ne'er a sign of sails.

Her weather-beaten hull had braved
The wash of cross-grained waves ;
Her hold was filled with oats withal,
And some Ontario braves.

Without the ship a chosen brave
Paced up and down the land,
And through the night this sentry bold
Watched o'er our little band.

His eagle eye scanned every bush
Where could a foeman hover ;
And eagerly he strained each ear
For sounds from hidden cover.

The orders strict, no doubt, had filled
 His mind with anxious fear,
 Lest some base-minded Indian
 Should scalp his comrades dear.

So up and down he paced the beach
 Till nearly twelve o'clock,
 When suddenly his high-strung nerves
 Received a dreadful shock.

Some poor misguided rabbit had—
 No doubt, in search of food—
 Stepped heavier than intended
 On a small dead bit of wood.

Of course it broke, the rabbit squeaked,
 And on the midnight sky,
 Our chosen vigilant was shocked
 To hear the dreadful cry.

“Halt ! Who comes there ?” he cried aloud ;—
 Poor bunny answered not,
 And so throughout the stillness rang
 A wild, alarming shot.

Awake ! awake ! stand by your guns—
 Gird all your armor on !
 And soon we stood in battled front
 On board the good “ Sir John.”

But still no foe swooped down the hill ;
 No bullet pierced the air ;
 No painted warrior sought to twist
 His fingers in our hair.

And thus we fought a glorious fight,—
 One shot, and it was won ;
 And thus we scared a rabbit brave,
 And made the varmint run.

No men could more courageous be,
 Nor clothes more quickly don,
 Than did Ontario's braves that night
 On board the good "Sir John."

SEVENTH FUSILIERS.

Air: "British Grenadiers."

We fight beneath the Union Jack,
 That floats around the world ;
 In every land beneath the sun
 Our banner is unfurled.
 And step by step, and side by side,
 With the British Grenadiers,
 Will march the pets of Canada,—
 The Seventh Fusiliers.

CHORUS :—

Then step by step, and side by side,
 With the British Grenadiers,—
 Will march the pets of Canada,
 The Seventh Fusiliers.

Our packs upon our sturdy backs,
 Our rifles in our hands ;
 Our willing feet kept steady beat
 Behind the best of bands ;
 And every eye emits a beam,
 And every voice it cheers,
 For those paragons of soldiers,
 The Seventh Fusiliers.

CHORUS :—Then step by step, etc.

When Bonaparte in days of old
 Attacked the boys in red,
 They quickly knocked him off his pins,
 And stood him on his head.

And if a foeman should appear
 In the land we all revere,
 He'll find the same old fighting stuff
 In each Seventh Fusilier.

CHORUS :—Then step by step, etc.

We put our trust in Providence,
 But keep our bayonets bright ;
 We do not care to bark, because
 We find it best to bite ;
 Some talk, you see, of Battery " B "
 And the Toronto Grenadiers ;
 But the proper model infantry
 Is the Seventh Fusiliers.

CHORUS :—Then step by step, etc.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME AGAIN.

Air: "Whatever You Like."

To troubled regions far away,
 We see our comrades go ;
 With spirits dauntless, light and gay
 They advance to quell the foe ;
 They'll all prove true, dear home, to you,
 Thy laws they will sustain,
 And shouts of praise the land shall raise,
 When the boys come home again.

CHORUS :—

When the boys come home again,
 When our boys come home again,—
 And sounds of joy shall reach the sky,
 When our boys come home again.

Ah ! many a thrilling tale they'll tell
 Of hardships they've gone through,
 Yet how they to their country's trust
 Were ever fast and true ;

H. A. STEVENSON, M. D.
 LONDON, ENGL.

And of marches long they spent in song,
 And bore the trying strain ;
 So grand shall be the jubilee,
 When the boys come home again.

CHORUS :—When the boys come home again, etc.

Their every sweetheart shall rejoice,
 Her absent love to see,
 And eyes in parting wet with tears,
 Shall beam with heartfelt glee ;
 The struggle done, the victory won,
 Then peace again shall reign ;
 Fond lips shall meet in kisses sweet,
 When the boys come home again.

CHORUS :—When the boys come home again, etc.

DOWN THE RIVER.

Air: "Blue Alsatian Mountains."

Down the dark Saskatchewan River,
 In those good flat-bottomed boats,
 Through the home of the otter and beaver,
 Floated we with the government oats—
 Floated we with the government oats—
 And we posted out our sentries,
 While we slept dark nights out ;
 And we slumbered in blissful silence,
 Till we heard the sentry shout :

CHORUS :—

Turn out ! Turn out ! Turn out !
 Your dreams I must dispel,
 For the Indians are upon us,—
 Soon we'll hear their savage yell.

Now we've passed those treacherous Indians,
 And we rest here in our tents ;
 And each day we nibble our hard-tack,
 And slug oats for fifty cents—
 And slug oats for fifty cents—
 But at night our dreams are broken,
 By the memory of that shout,
 And we fancy we hear the Sergeant-Major
 Say : " The oats are afloat—Turn out ! "

CHORUS :—Turn out, etc.

Now, when the war is over,
 And we're home with friends again,
 No cruel reveillé shall wake us,
 And we'll live like civilized men—
 And we'll live like civilized men ;—
 Where no oats will e'er need slugging,
 No hard-tack and no flat boats ;
 Where there'll be no infernal tugging
 To save the government oats.

CHORUS :—

Turn out ! Turn out ! Turn out !
 The same as in the boats,
 For the river is rapidly rising
 And we must move the oats.

THROUGH THE "GAPS."

Come, gather, lads, together, and we'll sing a little song
 About the 7th Fusiliers, with voices loud and strong ;
 We're short and tall, but good men all, as ever drew a sword,
 And able each and all to clear the "gaps."

CHORUS :—

Then hurrah ! hurrah ! we're 7th Fusiliers ;
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! our hearts are dead to fears ;
 We're a roaring, rollicking, jolly crowd,
 And we're bound to carry it through ;
 Whether in or out of the Lake Superior "gaps."

With our Colonel tall, and our Majors small, and long, and thin, and bold ;—
 Their lungs are strong, and their appetites long, be the weather hot or cold.
 They can lead the way, and draw their pay, with a flourish and swagger of pride,
 While we are marching through the "gaps."

CHORUS :—Then hurrah, etc.

Captain Peters to head the list of our Company Officers ranks,
 And Butler, and Tracy, and Neddy McKenzie, and Dillon all full of their pranks.
 We have wisdom and fun, and pluck that won't run, from battle, or work, or beer ;
 And they're good for a twenty-mile march across the "gaps."

CHORUS :—Then hurrah, etc.

Our Lieutenants are dandy and large in the feet, and anxious for gore and fame ;
 There's Charlie Bazan, and Bapty, and Greig, and Chisholm, and Cox, and Payne ;
 There's Hesketh, and Pope, and Dufferin Jones, who can always keep up with the gang,
 While we are marching through the "gaps."

CHORUS :—Then hurrah, etc.

But we fear our song, which was not to be long, must needs be sung a bit faster ;
 Or else we'll be leaving out Adjutant Reid, or our cold-victuals friend the Quartermaster ;
 While our friend Surgeon Fraser is filing his saw, assisted by Campbell, called "Sandy" ;
 We will all charge—gallantly charge across the "gaps !"

F1060.9.17

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F1050.9.17

The following Staff-Sergeants accompanied the regiment :—Sergeant-Major, R. J. Byrne ; Quartermaster Sergeant, J. Jury ; Orderly Room Clerk, J. Conroy ; Paymaster Sergeant, Smythe ; Hospital Sergeant, A. Campbell ; Bugler-Major, J. Page.

The following reporters accompanied the regiment :—Mr. McIntyre, *Free Press* ; Mr. Hutchinson, *Advertiser*.

The following are the names of a few places passed through *en route* to Winnipeg. The spelling is all right, but the pronunciation—oh !—Walniapitae, Sudbury, Vermillion, Onaping River, Pogamasing, Spanish River, Eureka, Biscotasing, Woman River, Wakamagaming, Nemogosenda River, Lake Otowagama, Lake Kebsquashesing, Lake Kawnemeksewska, Lake Maquestigwnda, Nipissi River, Lake Oganuisigiw.

