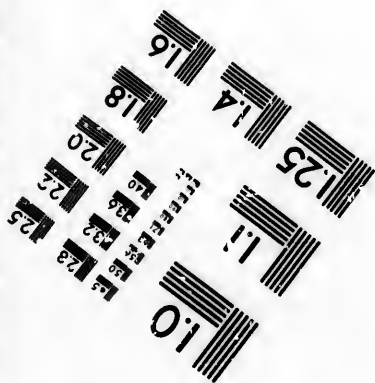
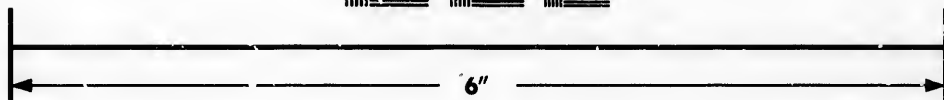
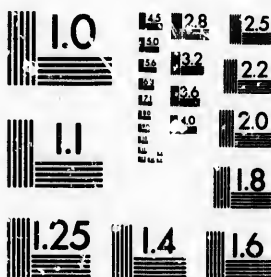


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N. Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

LES 128
132
136
2.0
18

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

10

© 1982

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
		✓								

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

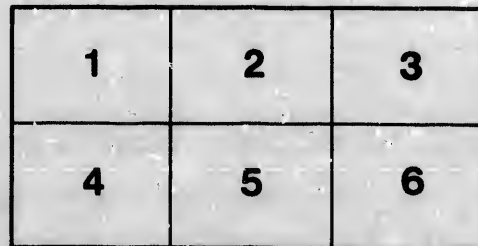
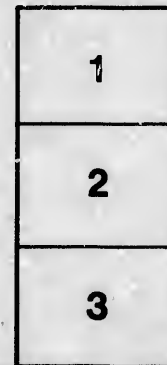
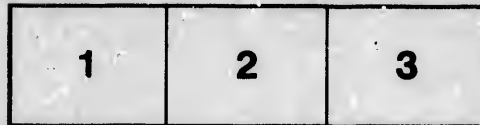
Library of the Public
Archives of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

La Bibliothèque des Archives
publiques du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

C

lll

"P

CAMPAIGN AT NIAGARA! By T. W.



Illustrated with Comic Engravings.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

TORONTO:

"PURE GOLD" PUBLISHING COMPANY, 40 CHURCH STREET.

Encourage Home Enterprise!

A. S. HARDY & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, BEETHOVEN & CABINET

ORGANS

CUELPH, ONTARIO.



The above cut represents Style No. 50. It is a Single Reed Instrument, Solid Case, Sunk Panels, Carved Ornaments.

PRICE, - - - - \$35.00.

Our Instruments are, in ALL respects, fully equal to any in the market, and in many respects superior.

TORONTO WAREHOUSES:

No. 10 ROSSIN HOUSE BLOCK,

TORONTO,

Where our Instruments are supplied, wholesale and retail, at the same terms and prices as at the Factory.

A. S. HARDY & CO.

MY CAMPAIGN

AT

NIAGARA.

BEING

A VERY VERACIOUS ACCOUNT OF CAMP-LIFE AND
ITS VICISSITUDES,

AND

THE EXPERIENCES, TRIUMPHS, TRIALS,
AND SORROWS

OF A

CANADIAN VOLUNTEER.

By J. W.

TORONTO :

"PURE GOLD" PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
49 CHURCH STREET.



MY CAMPAIGN AT NIAGARA

CHAPTER I.

I AM "WARNED" BY SERGEANT BIGGS.



HAD just passed my final law examination,—in fact, had not yet paid for the superb suit of black in which I was to plead before the bar—and was at last about to reap the reward of long years of persevering study, when, after some hesitation, I determined to rent a fine set of rooms in the business portion of the city, the large frosted windows of which formed an admirable back-ground for the words:—"Geo. Jones, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, etc., etc.,"—which I had had painted thereon, I confess, to my great gratification. The contemplation of those square black letters was, indeed, a source of much comfort to me—and I would pass and re-pass the frosted windows with an apparently brisk and business-like air for an incredible number of times a day for the mere pleasure of seeing the words "George Jones,"—but it matters not. My short dream of professional bliss was soon to be ended; at least for a time.

Even while I was proudly—yet modestly withal—



pointing out the manifold attractions of my newly-acquired possessions to a select circle of admiring friends—did the blow come upon me.

Even while I was, Alnaschar-like, seeing my eager clients pouring in, in hot haste to seek my valuable advice, the crisis was at hand. The crisis came in the form of my old college-chum, Fred Biggs. I was, in imagination, handing my

“eager clients” to my costly-cushioned seats—yet to be purchased—refreshing myself at intervals with a fond look at the square black letters on the frosted windows—when footsteps creaking up the stairs (that is, *my* branch of them) startled me from my reveries.

“By Jove!” I exclaimed involuntarily, “my first client,” and dropping hurriedly into my only chair, I at once assumed an absorbed appearance over nothing particular on my desk. The foot-steps came nearer. It might possibly be the boy with the newspaper—no too light for him—perhaps—A double knock. at the door.

“Come in!” cried I in the correct tone of voice. The door opened, and a gentleman stood—no, a large

scroll stood in the door-way, accompanied by a gentleman.

"A brief, after all, thank heaven!" I mentally ejaculated, feasting my eyes on the precious scroll. But how shall I describe my blank expression of countenance, when on looking up I discovered the gentleman to be Fred Biggs, who had himself just entered the legal profession, but owing to a lack of fortune had not yet obtained an eligible site for commencing operations. My coldness of demeanor no doubt puzzled him as much as the cool air with which he uttered the following remarkable words puzzled me:—

"Jones, you'll have to turn out."

Mr. Biggs' impudence, as he stood in the door-way, with his legs apart and his hands in his pockets, like a Colossus at Rhodes about to "address the house," alarmed and irritated me.

It was monstrous, my old friend, F. Biggs, too.

"Biggs, I will *not* turn out,—seeing—" this by way of softening my austereness—"seeing that I have just turned in."

"Turn out!" repeated he with irritating distinctness.

"Not, Biggs, till I have had a month's notice. I demand it. I shall appeal to the law."

Fred Biggs laughed. "Keep cool, my dear fellow, will you. *I'm* only following instructions. Every volunteer is expected at the front next Tuesday. I've to turn out, we've all to turn out, do you see, Jones, my boy? Lucky dog!"

I whistled, which I explained to Biggs was expressive

of surprise in this case. "I beg pardon, Fred," said I humbly, "I thought you——"

"Why of course not," he interrupted with a pleasant smile. "Then, you'll be down at the old drill-shed, —let me see, Monday night, for your kit. All right Jones, my boy. Some more fellows to see yet. Good——"

"Hi, here! hi!" shouted I after Mr. Biggs, who was already in full retreat down the stairs. Look here, Biggs, *I'm* not a volunteer, you know."

"Of course you are; did you send in your resignation?"

"No," I groaned, "but still——"

"Still, go you must to the front," see, here is your name, George Jones——"

"Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, etc, etc.," I unconsciously added——"

"George Jones," he continued, unheeding me and turning over the leaves of the deceptive scroll.

I looked. 'Twas too true. And by the aid of the Sergeant (Biggs), I was persuaded unmistakably that, having four years and six months before joined the militia force of my native country, I was still liable for drill and active service, as I had failed to tender a formal resignation.

Chagrined as I was, I yet hoped to find a loop-hole of escape. My reflections, it must be admitted, were not of a highly patriotic character—but, then, consider my position. If my name had not been so conspicuous on the frosted windows, it would not have mattered; and I could not bear the idea of having it rub-

bed out, and painted on again. My windows were shutterless. Ha! I have it; write a slip of paper, "Back in a few minutes," and pin it on the door. Yes, I will do this, if I *must* go to this infernal front! I felt calm again.

Surveying the matter more closely, I could see that two interests were at stake—first, my own individual interest (forgive me, patriots); second, my country's. Loyalty to the latter imperatively demanded my presence on the plains of Niagara; loyalty to myself—nay, to my parents, my clients---required, or rather demanded my presence in the city. Illness would certainly incapacitate me from appearing at the front; but then I could not become ill just now without also becoming an object of scorn and suspicion. Be that as it may, I despised deceit, and spurned the idea. Stop! a last resource. I would write to the Captain: he could not resist my appeal. I seized a pen, and pleaded business; my absence from home would "cause distress and annoyance to my numerous clients, and great affliction to my aged parents, who are," I touchingly added, "dependent on my exertions." Thinking that this latter statement might furnish the Captain (who is facetious), and perhaps others, with a peg to hang a joke on, I judiciously struck it out. The letter was written and posted on Friday. On Saturday, I accidentally met my Captain on the street.

"Well, Jones," said he, cordially shaking me by the hand, "ready for the front?"

It was only by making a tremendous effort I could

refrain from saying, "D—n the front!" I looked gloomy.

"Ah, Jones," said he, "you're sadly in want of change of air. I'm afraid you're working too hard, my boy—you are, indeed."

"Yes," said I, taking out my handkerchief, and wiping my forehead in a toil-worn and weary manner (I had been looking out of, rather looking at, my office windows for the last three hours), "business must be attended to."

"That's true; but health first, my boy—exercise, change of air, change of diet (*sic*). Why, Niagara is just the place for your complaint, Jones; and it will sharpen your appetite amazingly. You want an appetite, I know you do." The Captain was right; I did want an appetite,—a smaller one.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATIONS FOR "THE FRONT."

I HAD now no other alternative than to reconcile myself to ill-luck, and to prepare for my departure as cheerfully as possible.

With a sad heart I locked up my rooms, and spent the next day (Sunday) in a meditative, though somewhat moody humour; in the lucid intervals filling up my travelling-trunk with such necessaries as are indispensable to the hardy soldier's comfort. It weighed about 200 lbs. when all the "fixins" were in—but of course, I could take a hack to the boat.

The following day was occupied in taking leave of my civilian friends, many of whom expressed surprise on finding I was a "military man." Of course I did not remark that I was considerably surprised myself at the discovery. But I was. However, every condition has its blessings and advantages; and I certainly enjoyed the delicate compliments paid by certain fair lady acquaintances, as to my "gallantry and devotion to my country." At the little dinner-party, too, given in my honor, I began to feel quite a hero. The constant allusions to our "brave volunteers," and the toasting (figuratively) of the "noble defenders of our hearths and homes," at last awoke in me a true glow

of martial ardour. By special request, I sang "Let me like a Seldier fall," which was vociferously encored, but my emotion overpowering me, I begged to be excused. Fred Biggs then gave "The Minstrel Boy to the War has gone," at the conclusion of which we broke up. By the advice of the Sergeant (who ascertained that I was not particularly well up in drill), I procured a "Field Excercise," the "Internal Economy" (whatever that is), and a copy of Hans Busk, which I waded through diligently but somewhat incoherently till eight o'clock, the time appointed for my battalion to assemble at the old drill shed. Without pausing to comment on the uninspiring sounds caused by the buglers at different points of the drill shed, I shall hasten to narrate how my friend Biggs at once conducted me to the Pay-Sergeant of my company, whom I found busily engaged in a small den, which I at first thought was a second-hand clothes store. This, I was informed, was the company's armoury. Although I had been a volunteer for nearly five years, I had not yet revelled in the glory of a military costume. The military costume which the Pay-Sergeant now placed at my disposal was rather discouraging. It didn't seem at all likely to give a brilliant effect to my figure. In fact it was a shabby uniform—a dirty uniform and a dusty—buttonless—colourless—ugly. I asked the Pay-Sergeant if he had one a trifle cleaner, and with more buttons on. He said he hadn't—that was the only one left. I tried on the uniform (consisting of a venerable tunic, and a bran-new Glengarry cap). The tunic didn't fit—the tails were too short—it was baggy in front—the sleeves

terminated abruptly about four inches below my elbow. No matter, I must take it. I did. I was prepared for anything now. With the calmness of resignation and despair, I stood stock still, while they harnessed me successively with a waist-belt, a shoulder-belt, a water-bottle, and a haversack. I then ventured to remark that that was about as much as I could carry comfortably. F. Biggs laughed, and said I'd got to have a knapsack and a greatcoat. I said I wouldn't bother—I had a mackintosh in my trunk at home. Fred said I couldn't bring that trunk. The knapsack was furnished to me to save the expense and trouble of carrying a trunk. I groaned, I protested. I asked them to make me an officer. They said they couldn't just then—they had too many on hand already. So they fastened on the knapsack, then the greatcoat, gave me a rifle, and instructions to appear at the same place in the morning, at 5.30, and under that heavy load, I staggered homeward—bent double—a wiser and a sadder man, but still a soldier. This reflection was, I knew not why, inexplicably soothing to me.

On exploring that ingenious contrivance, the knapsack—I found it was empty. Feeling certain that any additional weight in that receptacle would inevitably dislocate my spinal vertebræ, I determined at first to carry it along empty as it was. I put in a few things, however, ultimately. The knapsack, I may here add, shows great foresight and wisdom on the part of our military rulers. Inexperienced civilians might innocently imagine that easy access to the profundities of this wonderful invention would be of advantage. But

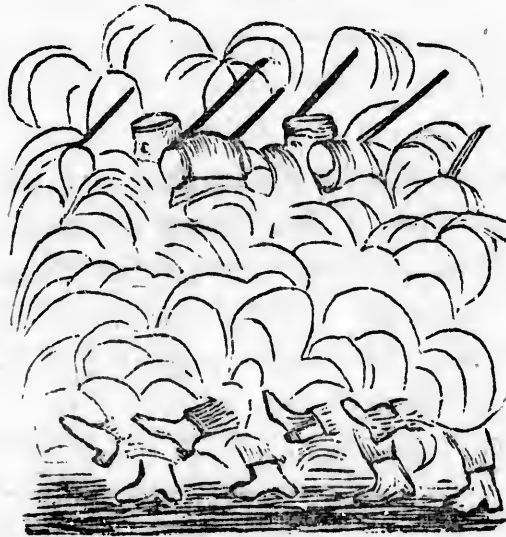
here they show a pardonable ignorance, forgetful that Christian qualities are indirectly inculcated through the uniforms and accoutrements of the volunteers. This is exemplified by the equipment of some of the battalions—the Queen's Own more particularly. Through the instrumentality of the uniforms, judging from their generally shabby appearance—humility is evidently intended to be taught. The three tiers of straps in the knapsack, with the two buckles to each tier, were undoubtedly made to exercise in the volunteer the quality of patience, and never was that virtue more sorely tried, in my own especial case, than when late packing up, I strapped and unstrapped these six several buckles, six distinct times, to place in my knap-



sack needed articles which had before escaped my notice.

Next morning I was upbetimes—swallowed a hearty breakfast, equipped myself, got four younger brothers and a porter to fasten on the knapsack, which was simply insupportable, and marched off amid loud cheers. After staggering on for a mile, I discovered I had left my rifle! I sat down in despair. Then I gnashed my teeth—I—never mind,—I must go back for that rifle. Turning round I saw to my intense joy the porter running after me with it. I thanked him, and said that I would remember him affectionately the forthcoming Christmas. He said something very uncomplimentary to that festive period and went on his way swearing vigorously!

I reached the drill shed thoroughly exhausted. In half-an-hour after we marched off—heavy marching order—to the inspiring strains of our fine band, and



through the finest, hottest, most suffocating dust I ever saw. A simoom would have been a luxury to it. By the time we arrived at the Queen's Wharf, our fellows looked as if they had been storming a flour-mill successfully.

I was puzzled, by the bye, to know why we had that tiresome, choking march up to the Queen's Wharf, when the Yonge Street one was so much nearer;—probably for the same unaccountable reason that (at the close of camp) we were marched up to the Old Fort at 10 o'clock at night, instead of being dismissed, tired as we were, at the foot of Yonge Street. Truly, no man knoweth the mysteries of these things !

CHAPTER III.

THE VOYAGE.

* * * * *

[P.S.—I am unable to give either a graphic or a detailed account of the voyage across the lake, as, owing to my extreme "unwellness" about that time, I don't recollect much about it. P.P.S.—It was my first sea—no, lake voyage. P.P.P.S.—It will be my last !]

CHAPTER IV.

MY ARRIVAL IN CAMP—THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

ARRIVED at the happy camping grounds, preparations were at once made for commencing our campaign (of peace, as one leading newspaper playfully termed it) in real earnest. However, as the baggage had not arrived, we were ordered to lay to *pro tem.*, in an adjoining grove, under the cooling shade of which we at once disported ourselves in various picturesque groups, employing our time pleasingly and profitably, —some in removing the upper layers of dust from their uniforms, others in devouring the remains of the rations, a few in catching flies, and the majority of us in making wild raids into the interior in search of water, wherewith to quench our parched throats. Most of our water bottles had been emptied hours before. Deluded by the foolish idea that government provided the first day's rations, I had left my happy home with an empty stomach, water-bottle and haversack. Just then, as I sat gloomily under a maple tree, I was nearer starvation point than I had ever expected to be. I didn't care about it either. It had all the charm of novelty, but it was not pleasing.

Just behind me, at the next tree, probably—I caught the sound of merry voices, and, oh, more maddening

sound, the gurgling of a water-bottle. I did not weep, I was beyond the lachrymosal stage. I swore ; I heaped bitter objurgations on the military service, on myself, on——here I opened my eyes (which were shut, I thought my sufferings were less acute when my eyes were closed) I opened my eyes, I say, either intuitively or, most probably, by the appraisal of my olfactory organ. A hand was extended in front of me, about one inch below my chin, (I love to be precise) ; in that hand was a square segment of something. I took it, and conceive my delirious joy. It was a Ham Sandwich !! One moment, and it was no more. The hand returned, this time with a water-bottle. I clutch-



it madly. Conceive my —no matter—it was Raspberry Vinegar ! I returned the bottle only. For the first time I gazed at my benefactor, the proprietor of the hand.

“Your name?” I gasped, extending my own grateful appendage.

“Oh, dat ish no matter. Have noder trink !”

“Your name?” I de-

manded fiercely.”

“Vell, it ish Niegelbock.”

“Your company?”

“Tent-gombany.”

“Ha ! roth company. My own !”

"Dat zo? Know vy da cal me Niegelbock, ay?"

"No."

"Cause dat ish mine name. Yah! Yah!! (this means that he laughed).

"Knickerbocker, I thank you."

"Al right. Com, have noder trink."

In this manner I became acquainted with one of the best Teutons I ever knew. As we subsequently became tent-comrades, I had more opportunities of judging of his quaint drollness of character and amusing simplicity of disposition.

CHAPTER V.

I AM DETAILED FOR FATIGUE—HOW WE SLEPT IN CAMP.

THERE is nothing like a full stomach for making a man cheerful, contented. Poetry, after all, is unromantically dependent on pudding, and sentiment on satiety. Philosophy and poverty do not always go well together. After a hearty meal, I took a better view of the soldier's life. Not so bad after all. And when the baggage arrived, I was gazing enthusiastically at the long lines of white tents stretching away in the distance, involuntarily suggesting that fine line of H. K. White's, "When marshalled on the mighty plain——"

"Jones, you're detailed for fatigue," interrupted a gruff voice at my elbow.

"Am I?" said I, surprised and alarmed. "Who did it?"

"Did it! What are you talking about!"

He evidently did not understand me. But I thought it rather hard that I could not be fatigued without having to be detailed for it. Nothing but robbery and imposition!

"What is there to pay?" I asked with a sullen air of resignation.

"Are you coming along? Can't you see the boys waiting?"

Without demanding any further explanations, I went, and in the fierce sun of that hot afternoon I spent two hours in hauling huge bags out of a waggon, and carrying tent poles and tent pegs to the spots fixed on for the erection of tents. One of the principal officers, as Surveyor-General, was actively prospecting, and it was our duty to stick a tent pole where he directed. As, however, some difficulty was experienced in getting a true square for the lines of tents, the poles were stuck and struck about a dozen times before the tents went up. They *were* got up at last, however.

Never shall I forget the proud feeling of conscious superiority, as I stood "under canvass" for the first time. Here, in this rude habitation, I could bid defiance to the storm, and dwell independent of city luxuries and city trammellings—the tax collector unfeared; here, amid these tranquil scenes, no carking cares could disturb my repose; and oh! above all, safe, free from my implacable enemy, my tailor!! I sighed happily as I surveyed the symmetrical rows of glistening tents which were to form my home for sixteen days. 'Tis true some of them just then presented the appearance of much-damaged extinguishers. The defects however were remedied subsequently.

I had not much time for indulging in pleasing reflections, for as a certain naval novelist would say, "all was now bustle and confusion." The men were bringing in their knapsacks, rifles, and other unshipped accoutrements, from the neighboring grove, which were to form the furniture of their luxurious dwellings. Everybody dropped panting into the first tent they

came to, and were duly weeded out afterwards, being ruled out by ballot, or ejection, much depending on the size of the men.

It is difficult to say with correctness how many men a tent will hold. It is, however, supposed to shelter eight or ten comfortably ; but very few (and these the officers') contained less than twelve, some even more. Twelve is a good number—they will cover the ground area with a little squeezing ;—24, 36, or 48, are also excellent compliments for a tent, as they make even layers ; but when there is, say 13 or 25, giving one man only for an additional layer, the question is, on which particular individual he shall sleep. Knickerbocker was our thirteenth man. He had tried to obtain board in the other tents without success. Here was a chance to show my gratitude.

“Gentlemen,” said I,——

“Private Jones,” interrupted an old volunteer, lighting his pipe, “it's usual in camp here to say, ‘comrades,’ not gentlemen.”

“Comrades and gentlemen,” I recommenced, “my friend Knickerbocker has stood me in good stead this day ; let him be with us. Ugh! 'Tis true we are short of room, but by practising a little ingenuity, I think we can manage. It will require some self-denial, but are we not comrades (emphasized), are we not brothers in one common cause, hardy soldiers, (cries of ‘yes, yes,')? My scheme is this:---Let each man for this night (tomorrow some of us will be detailed for fatigue, I feel assured), let each man, I would say, adopt the simple expedient of lying on his stomach--let each man lift,

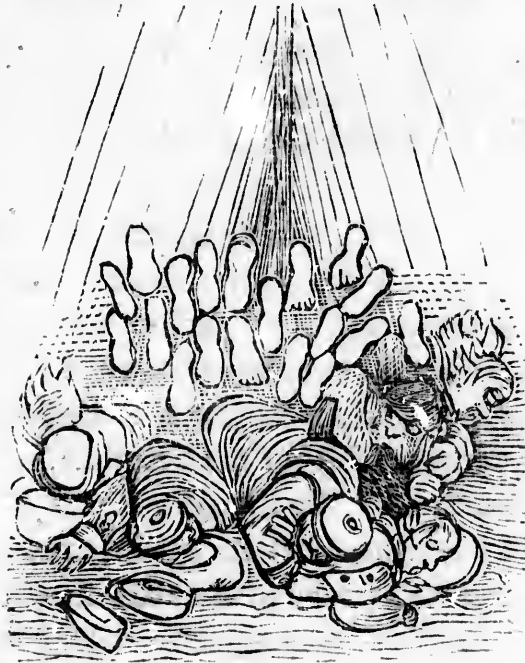
and more especially *keep*--- his legs up at right angles with his body, and my friend Knickerbocker sleeping in the spaces thus formed in the centre, can repose in peace. I have said."

Some murmurings arose as I sat down at the end of my speech, and the matter was discussed; but Tom Higgins, who I discovered was very popular, ruled the question out, and the motion was carried, *nem. con.*

That first night in camp was an auspicious and well-remembered one. Tired out with the duties of the day, I sought my couch--- or rather my blanket and knapsack,---as soon as the bugle sounded "lights out," 10 p.m. As most of us were eager to know how sleeping "under canvass" felt for the first time, we all went to roost at that time. We thought it was optional as to what time we retired, but except in urgent cases of "blockade running" (to be afterwards touched upon), we usually turned in at 10 p.m., without "catching the early worm."

A casual observer, looking through the slit in the tent, might have perceived, by the uncertain light of an expiring tallow-candle, twelve prostrate forms lying around in a reversed position, legs up, in some cases armed with boots. In the centre, curled around the tent pole, another form---this was Knickerbocker's. If the casual observer had patience to watch a minute or so, he would see one of the pairs of legs suddenly drop, followed by a groan from No. 13; then the equally sudden elevation of the same pair of legs---by some unseen means, possibly No. 13's---then after an interval, another pair would be duly jerked up, only

to make room for others, accompanied by groans and smothered epithets, in a foreign language. One thing



Knickerbocker escaped. He kept pretty dry. The rain came down in torrents during the night, and I may just simply state, that with the exception mentioned, we all got wet. Altogether it was a miserable night. I didn't much care about being marshalled on the mighty plain the next day.

This was the end of the first day, and so far I didn't like camp life, but the prejudice soon wore off. Of this more anon.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REVEILLE--- A MELANCHOLY INCIDENT.

NEXT morning, just as I was about dropping into an uneasy slumber, I was awakened by a tremendous explosion. With a yell of dismay, I started to my feet, and trod on somebody else's. Gazing around excitedly, in the dubious glimmer of early dawn, I discerned Tom Higgins leaning up on his elbow, blinking vigorously, and Sergeant Biggs, who was squatting on his haunches near the door of the tent, calmly folding up his blanket.

"What, what in heaven's name is that noise?" I asked in a voice tremulous with emotion. "Is the enemy upon us?"

Sergeant Biggs smiled. "Oh, that's the reveille."

"Ah! a reveille is it? Any more of that sort of thing before breakfast?" I asked with a forced air of unconcern. "Because if there is, you know Biggs, it's no use trying to get any more sleep."

"Well no, Jones, one reveille per morning is supposed to be enough under ordinary circumstances."

"I should think so. Why, sir, Rip van Winkle himself wouldn't have slept ten minutes after that horrible concussion. Besides, confound it, it's too bad--might have wakened up every fellow in the tent. Look there

at poor Higgins—" but, however, that gentleman had ceased blinking—given the situation up, in fact as a bad job, and gone to sleep again. He was lying with his legs peacefully reclining on Knickerbocker's back—or stomach, it is difficult to say which, as a mingled mass of legs, blankets, rifles, etc., piled up in the middle, alone indicated, from sundry jerks and occasional upheavings, that something alive was buried beneath. Verily, a man of patience, he,

Said Sergeant Biggs, "The fact is, Jones, that means, 'turn out' five o'clock a. m."

"What! get up at this unearthly hour. No, Sir, never! I'm not a burglar, sir, or a milkman, or a Horace Greely, or a——"

"A sensible fellow," put in Biggs, "or you'd get up at once; but you'll have to do it, I tell you, and do your three hours drill before breakfast, as well. This morning only will be an exception."

"Ah, an exception! then I can go to sleep again?"

"Of course, if you like—but I guess you wont."

He was right. I had no sooner wrapped myself up in my blanket, and, in fact, in those of the bed-fellow on either side of me (out of which they had rolled during the night,) than---Ta-rat-tat-ta-tat-ta-tat-a-de-tat-a-tah-h-h-h---rum-a--dum--dum--a--rum--dum--er-er-er-er-er-dum,--such a deafening clamour of brazen bugles and maddening drums--sleep was out of the question. I arose moodily, and made my toilet at once. This otherwise tedious operation is speedily performed in camp. All you have to do is to get into your boots, buckle on the stock, and hunt around for your cap. If

it does not come to hand, lay hold of somebody else's that wont go over you eyes. You'll perhaps have to fight every fellow afterwards that loses his cap---but it doesn't matter, soldiers rather like fighting, at least, I didn't. On this occasion I found my cap outside, full of rain-water. Glengaries have one good property---They don't leak.

"Biggs," said I doggedly "what time is breakfast served up? I'm going out for a walk, I want an appetite."

"An appetite, yes, well you can't go out for a walk, but I'll tell you what you can do"---Biggs was sitting on his knapsack, smoking serenely---"you can fetch in a few pails of water, and get the drinking water from the well---it's only about a mile off---or you can clean up your accoutrements---blackening you know---or, but stop help me to get these fellows up first."

"Nothing, my dear Biggs," said I savagely, "will give me greater pleasure. How do you do it? Shouting won't do after that reveille."

"You are right, shouting will not do. My plan is to lay hold of the end of a blanket and roll the occupant out; failing that---"

"Cold water?" I suggested mildly.

"No, sir," replied Biggs indignantly. "I report them!"

"Oh, I see. Well, here goes. Say, Biggs, how long are those confounded bugles going to keep up this row (Ta-rat-a-tah, rum-a-dum, etc., alarms and excursions) I was tugging away at Tom Higgins' blanket when--- But so are our poor efforts thwarted and rendered use-

less. What we were striving to accomplish was done by a mere accident--an accident sudden, but, oh, how effective!--'Twas thus. Thirteen rifles were placed idly around the tent pole. Knickerbocker, aroused at last, had started up with a howl, and in doing so brought down that avalanche of Enfields. They were distributed carefully over the unconscious sleepers, who rose as one man. And thus Knickerbocker had his revenge.

As it was almost impossible to move a leg without treading on something or somebody, we all set to work folding up greatcoats and blankets, not forgetting to lash the rifles more securely to the tent pole. Knapsacks which had shown a desire to get under the tent, were hauled in, baled out and wiped dry; then followed a general scramble for water-bottles, haversacks, hair-brushes, soap, boots, towels, blacking, etc., I had taken the precaution to fill up my water-bottle overnight with soda water and lemonade, a mixture I am singularly fond of. Taking up the canteen alongside my knapsack, I discovered that it was empty. I was thirsty, but I said nothing.

"Hallo!" said Tom Higgins, suddenly, "why my canteen is full of——" he applied it to his lips.

"What?" I asked.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Higgins smacking his lips, "try it, and see! Not much, you know it has to go round."

One consolation I had. I had come to camp unprovided with blacking, a very necessary article. In

the haversack under my knapsack, I found six boxes! I confiscated them!!!

In the midst of the excitement, a rumour began to gain ground rapidly that Knickerbocker had thoughtlessly lost his boots. He had been looking for them in vain for the last ten minutes. This loss was unheeded at first, but when Tom Higgins announced that he had lost his parcel of clean shirts, which could not be found anywhere, followed by a complaint from our corporal--Howlett--that his hair-brush and comb were *minus*, the matter began to grow somewhat interesting. Was it possible that a thief was in our midst?

"Boys," said Sergeant Biggs gravely, "this thing looks serious. But before we entertain any suspicion of foul play, let us make a few inquiries. There was a deathlike silence. "Mr. Neigelbock, did you come into this tent with your boots on?" Knickerbocker said he had. Biggs then enquired where he had placed them when he took them off--or had somebody else taken them off?

The exasperated German gesticulated wildly at the last supposition, but finally stated that he had taken them off himself, and believing it to be a safe, snug place, he had deposited them in one of the pockets at the side of the tent!

At this point, Tom Higgins and Corporal Howlett raised a direful howl and rushed precipitately out of the tent. In a moment or two we had the melancholy satisfaction of beholding the ruins of what had once been three white clean shirts. Tom and the corporal made a small funeral procession, and that bedraggled, wet

muddy mass of dilapidation was brought in tearfully by Tom on the end of a piece of stick. Knickerbocker's boots, were found side by side, like two twin hip-baths, full of water and quite wet, victims to the rash indiscretion of placing useful articles in a tent ventilator. I should here explain to those unacquainted with the interior of a military tent, that it is furnished with usually three ventilators, which of course communicate with the outside, but inside look marvellously like very large watch pockets.

As room was limited inside, we went out of the tent to clean up our accoutrements. I say went out, but the fact is a great majority of us, including myself, *fell out*, owing to the extreme complexness of the opening, which is fastened up at the bottom.

CHAPTER VII.

A DREADFUL CRISIS—SERGEANT BIGGS' GREAT SPEECH !

AT half-past seven, Sergeant Biggs called us into the tent, and gave a short address. He said that, "owing to circumstances over which he had no control," there would be no drill till the afternoon. (Loud cheers). In the meantime, it would be his pleasing duty to appoint some one as assistant cook. (Much agitation.) Those having some acquaintance with the culinary art, would please hold up their hands. Twenty-four hands went up instanter. I ultimately discovered that the duties of cook absolved the happy individual from all parades. As my friend Knickerbocker had an undeniably cook-like appearance, being very fat, and an enormous eater withal, he was forthwith elected assistant cook by general acclamation. Sergeant Biggs regretted to say that there was nothing particular to cook just then, as the rations had not been served out—in fact, it pained him to say that it was doubtful as to whether any would be served out at all that day. (Yells and groans). This intelligence was indeed alarming. Most of the boys, like myself, were nearly famished. We had had nothing since the previous afternoon, excepting the wretched biscuit and cheese to be got at the canteen. The prospect of being

breakfastless, to say nothing of the horrible possibility of being dinnerless, after getting up at 5 o'clock, too, was simply maddening.

A general gloom overspread the whole tent.

We were now so enfeebled by long fasting that we had to lie down and smoke.

Under these distressing circumstances, a committee of ways and means was called—Sergeant Biggs presiding.

Private Higgins said this was a matter not to be trifled with. He had one suggestion to make. In his knapsack were a score of postal cards, and he proposed that each of us should take one, inscribe on it the words, "I am starving!" and without a moment's delay despatch it to our nearest relative, and by this means he hoped that succour might arrive ere it were too late.

Little Jaffey (a young college man) said he couldn't hold out much longer; that he should never survive the arrival of provisions from home, he felt assured. Six hours more would see the last of him. "Let us, then," said he, his eyes filling with tears, "let us, then, abandon this course; it is too late now. Let us," concluded he, an unnatural light glowing in his weak, watery eyes, "let us die like men, and be buried in one grave!"

The proposal of being buried in one grave didn't meet with that warm support it deserved, perhaps. The suggestion, therefore, was hailed with general disapproval; Tom Higgins, in particular, remarking that he, for his own part, would rather be interred separately,

if it did come to that. As it was evident that poor Jaffey was giving way, he was led out and taken to the canteen without loss of time.

Corporal Howlett (who is a bit of a wag), said, that rather than adopt that young gentleman's plan, he would—well, delicacy prevented him being too explicit—but desperate men take desperate remedies, why not, after the manner of shipwrecked sailors, when the worst comes to the worst, why not (a voice—'why not?') cast lots for the first man (groans and hisses). Perhaps Knickerbocker, as the best-fed man, would not object to offer himself for general consumption, for a start?

"Ho! dat ish too bad, ven I got large vife and family at hom," exclaimed the injured German. "Bezides, I am da cook; and how de tuyvel am I to cook myself, ay?"

This objection was considered to be a reasonable one, and Corporal Howlett's amendment was ruled out.

After this there was a long and gloomy interval of silence, only disturbed by an occasional uneasy moan, and the whiff, whiff of a consoling pipe.

About 10 a. m., Tom Higgins rolled out under the tent unobserved in the impenetrable cloud of smoke which now completely obscured us, and it was understood that he had gone as forlorn hope on a skirmishing expedition around the camp. In half-an-hour he returned, empty-handed and dejected. The waters (of affliction) had not yet abated.

We kept on smoking to stave off despair.

10-45 a. m.—Giving way rapidly.

11 a. m.—Sergeant Biggs went out. He said he was going to see if anything had been heard of the missing rations! (We tried to cheer, but broke down.) After a few minutes of terrible suspense, he too returned. The rations were *en route*, but it was difficult to say when they would arrive. Just here we heard Tom Higgins whisper something to the Sergeant. After a short pause, Sergeant Biggs made, amid a deathlike and ominous silence, the following

REMARKABLE SPEECH !

“ Friends, comrades, countrymen—hear me. It is no longer of use attempting to conceal from ourselves that a dreadful fate is at hand. Even now, perchance, it has overtaken us. But, *sic semper tyrannus*, shall we die without a struggle? (feeble cheers). *Non nobis non nobis domine*, I say, (visions of college life and the happy days of yore, flitted sadly before us). As great Cæsar said, *partant pour la syrie !* to death or victory! *Patroclus fratribus skedaddlorum campagna*. Shall we perish here in the midst of plenty? I ask, while yonder village (pointing to the door), is revelling, wallowing in luxuries—while our countrymen in another part of this accursed camp are at present cooking beef and potatoes for dinner to-day. Shall this be? (wild cries of ‘no, no’). No! Let us to arms, then, and wrest from them their ill-gotten beef and potatoes. ‘*Viva la Canadeur !*’ ”

At these words a thousand bayonets flashed from their sheaths.

He continued. "Alas! my countrymen, *sic transit gloria mundi bucksheesh, dulce domum!* let us not use force. Let strategy prevail. As Hannibal said, '*requiscat in pace bismillah.*' Such be our motto, 'Representative of all that is truest and best in the current thought and moral sentiment of the whole Dominion,' (loud groans and derisive cheers.) One more means of escape is open to us. *Pons assinorum tibi!* In yonder copse, where now the garden smiles, and many a vegetable luxuriant grows wild, there on the plain near where Fort George once stood, the village geese now feed their cackling brood."

A new light here began to dawn upon us. Even Knickerbocker here looked up from the something he was chewing, and appeared interested.

"Yes, my countrymen, it will not be the first time that geese have figured in the annals of history. Did they not save the Capitol?—(cries of "they did, they did")—and can they not save us now? ('Yes, yes'). Shall we now, I ask, in this crisis hesitate to make them ours? ('Never, never'). You say, it is theft; yet, did great Cæsar steal? yet did Ben Butler steal? No more. Will you, then, by one bold stroke, avert your doom, and be men? (Cries of "We will, we will.") Who, then, will offer themselves for this noble undertaking? What, all! Nay; I fain would select two only. Come thou, Tom Higgins, and also Knickerbocker; ye are trusty men. Bring hither the geese. Go, and success attend you. Boys, ere the evening sun tips with gold yon distant spire and village minarets, the prey shall be ours!"

Thus ended Biggs' remarkable speech—remarkable because of its effects. The result of this wild-goose chase will be continued in the next chapter.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREAT GOOSE RAID.

WAS not a complete success. Although comestibly it was a triumph, as a feat of personal prowess, it was distressingly disastrous. At noon, attired in civilian suits procured from my own wardrobe, and that of Sergeant Biggs, the two doughty champions had set out, accompanied by our fervent benedictions, and a bag to put the geese in.

They had not been gone above two hours, when, like wildfire, spread the glorious intelligence that the meat had arrived! I need not describe how unevenly it was distributed, scrambled for, fought over, mauled, murdered, cooked, and ultimately devoured, with thankfulness, but without any potatoes. It is a theme that shall be sacred in these pages. Enough, that about 4 p.m. a gaunt, grisly apparition presented itself at the tent door, gazed around with solemn contemplativeness for a moment, and going up to Jaffey's plate, took up the piece of meat lying thereon, and bolted it without saying a word. Jaffey had gone round camp to look for some salt! One man alone could have performed the feat of disposing of a pound of meat in two mouthfuls; and that man was Niegelbock, and this was he. Beckoning us away as we

started simultaneously to grasp his hand, he presented to view a figure I shall never forget. His face was streaked with mud, his hair was sticking up anyhow ; and my best suit of black, which didn't fit him much when he had started out, was now clinging to him in the most affectionate manner—also mud-stained. From a cursory glance the idea was suggested that he had been bathing with his clothes on ! We beseeched him, with tears in our eyes, to tell us where he had been. But he had evidently lost all power of speech. He could only point to the door, and wag his head. Acting on the hint, I immediately rushed out, just in time to "telescope" Jaffey and a bag which he was bringing in. A spasmodic cackling announced its contents, and two venerable ganders were brought to view amid much rejoicing. Knickerbocker had evidently intended giving us a "surprise party." But what about Tom Higgins? we asked, alarmedly. His companion only shook his head again dejectedly, as he pulled off his wet clothes without uttering a word.

At last our tears and prayers wrung from him the awful confession :—Tom Higgins, fighting to the last, had been slain in a personal and terrible encounter with the proprietor of the very geese Sergeant Biggs and Jaffey were now denuding of their feathers. All further questioning was useless ; nothing more could we get out of the unfortunate German, who with ill success was trying to comb his hair. We left him to weep and to pine (as the poet says), and didn't bother at all about Tom Higgins, as we knew he'd turn up all right somehow. As to Knickerbocker's statement,

it was inspired by either extreme terror or mental aberration—possibly both. Just now the geese were the most interesting topic. To cook them was to run a risk.

“Bounce” Gorton, a big Englishman, suggested that we should eat them raw. When he was “up in the Arctic regions,” he and the other “fellers” used to eat raw whale “reglar.”

Corporal Howlett said he should be able to *swallow* a whale after that. We all laughed.

“Bounce,” muttering something about swallowing the Corporal, said he didn’t come to Canada to be “hinsulted.” With regard to Canada, he wasn’t afraid to say that his family had been ‘igher than the family of hany man in the tent ever was, or is, or would be!

“Hanged?” asked the Corporal, innocently.

This sally completely routed the discomfited Englisher, who, anathematizing some place as a “blarsted country,” glared around in sullen silence, and collapsed.

Gorton, despite his weakness for fiction, was a good fellow, *i. e.*, when we agreed with his views; and moreover his angry fits were soon over and forgotten. The small sums of money he borrowed were forgotten, too, with equal facility, but then he was liberal enough when he *had* money.

That Englishman was an anomaly to me.

The geese being plucked, it was arranged that Niegelbock and Jaffey should take them out (in the bag), find some sequestered spot, dig a cooking trench in the most approved military fashion, and spit them without further loss of time.

It was while they were engaged in this pleasing task, and while we were smoking our pipes with immense gusto, conjecturing what had become of poor Higgins, that a dark shadow obscured the tent-opening for a moment, the next, that individual with a frantic bound, stood in our midst! He was scarcely recognizable, though. Haggard and hatless, one eye discolored, his necktie and collar gone, his clothes (Sergt. Biggs' rather), completely ruined, his pants lacerated about the feet and in the rear in a most shocking manner; he would at that moment have fetched a very large sum in the agricultural market as a model scarecrow. His appearance was altogether unique. But we implored him earnestly to go away, as if some officer or gentleman were to see him there thusly, our reputations were gone, gone for ever!

He only laughed wildly, and in hollow, husky tones asked, "Where, oh where is Knickerbocker?"

I was just about to assure him that that gentleman was quite safe and, recovering nicely, when Corporal Howlett, sitting alongside, gave me a nudge and winked.

The idea was grasped, and nobody spoke except the unhappy Higgins.

"No answer? Then he is lost, lost! and I alone am his murderer," and with a wild, piercing cry of despair, the wretched man clasped his hands frenziedly, sank his head on his breast, and sat down on the point of big Gorton's bayonet, which that gentleman had been 'cleaning up.'

This revived him wonderfully, and added to our

condolations, restored the poor fellow to some degree of calmness.

Between harrowing expressions of remorse, and frequent attacks on half a loaf of bread, which the Englishman had just succeeded in extricating from the next tent, Private Higgins made the following deposition, which is indeed



A STRANGE STORY !!

"About ten thousand years ago, ere the cornucopia of anthropophagism had poured its vast treasures into the lap of vice and ignorance,—when the inundating devastations of the influential organisms had not yet been heard of in the dim vista of futurity, when, amid the impenetrable obscurity of the middle ages, and the potent protoplasms of intercolonialization,—when——"

"Stop!" roared Sergt. Biggs, "this man is mad!"

We gazed at each other, and at the strange being before us in blank surprise and sheer terror.

"Mad? Not at all, Sergeant, said Higgins coolly. I am a professional writer, and that's the style in which I usually commence my stories. It gives effect to the opening. Allow me to proceed. I'm coming to the point:—

"The potent protoplasms of intercolonialization, when two travellers might have been seen, by the aid of a microscope, wending their way between a rocky defile in the lower range of the Niagarian mountains, amid the fierce storm of wind and rain which raged around them. The vivid and deafening flashes of——"

"Leave that out," said Corporal Howlett.

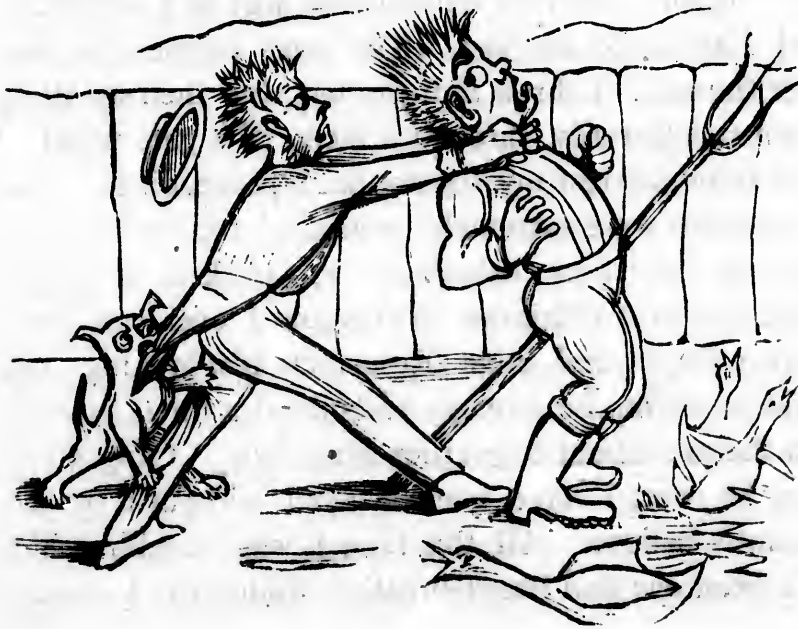
"The eldest of the twain might have been——"

"Well, let him might, and never mind his age, G. P. R. James is too concise," remarked a voice, which I knew to be Gorton's.

"Gentlemen," resumed the narrator, "graceful detail is not appreciated here, I will come to common place incidents. Reaching the end of our journey, we arrived at our destination, the spot where we had seen the geese on the day of our arrival in camp. Full well we'd marked them with lascivious eye. But lo! not one was now to be seen. I elicited the intelligence from another man, who was prowling about with a bag just like ours, that two geese had been stolen,—that is taken away,—only yesterday, and that at the last encampment they had disappeared with a regularity and precision that was indeed admirable and soldier-like. These circumstances may have had something to do

with the removal of the interesting birds on this occasion. He advised us, for many reasons, to go home (to camp). Loth, however, to return baffled and geeseless, we continued to hunt around, for some time without success. A noise of distant cackling at last restored our flagging hopes; and, skirmishing around stealthily, we came to a long, low wall, which we found, on peering over the edge, disclosed the objects of our search. This was cheering. It was a large farm-yard; in the centre was an extensive pool of water, and in that pool, eight majestic geese were sailing about with an innocence that was actually touching. I almost burst into tears when I thought of it, gentlemen, and the prospect of getting something to eat at last. We did not long hesitate. Knickerbocker and I tossed up with a cent piece, to decide which should go over the wall, and owing to a piece of ingenuity acquired in early infancy, the cent came down just as I wanted it, and Knickerbocker lost. The next moment he was over the wall. I threw him the bag, and then squatting down satisfactorily, through a niche in a gate watched with some interest my accomplice's proceedings. His movements were extremely cautious,—too much so, in fact, as they were calculated to awaken suspicion. With the most villainous expression I ever saw on a human face, that huge Resurrectionist-looking bag under one arm, he strongly resembled a hired assassin at a theatre about to murder somebody. Caught just then, he would have been hanged without a trial, I solemnly believe. All this time I was watching him with fixed eye and bated breath. Suddenly, I observ-

ed some sort of a monster emerge from an adjoining stable, and look round carelessly. I was agonized at first, thinking that Neigelbock had not observed the untoward intruder. But he had, and quick as lightning, aye, quicker, the wary German had thrown himself noiselessly into a waggon full of straw alongside, where lying flat down, he remained motionless. I felt relieved, especially when the monster disappeared into the stable again. But conceive my horror, when he walked out again, this time with a three-pronged pitch-fork in his hand, slowly approached the waggon, introduced that accursed instrument, brought out my unfortunate comrade at the end of it (he was laid on his stomach, too) and with fiendish unconcern, dropped him into the pond! I saw,—I heard no more! I dashed madly over the wall, seized the unsuspecting ruffian by the neck, and should, I feel convinced, have totally anni-



hilated him, had not a painful sensation in the rear told me I was attacked by his brute of a dog. My flank was turned I gave in reluctantly, and it was while the monster was apologizing for the *misunderstanding* that I asked in a terrible voice, Where is my friend? He turned deadly pale; he said he had forgotten all about him! And I,—I too had forgotten him. Too late then. We dragged the pool for two hours, but it was of no avail. The monster, now eager enough for his own safety, suggested that his dog should go for him; he had a good scent and might indicate the spot where my poor friend had sunk.

While the monster went into the stable for a moment and a rope, I attached a stone to the neck of his infernal dog, threw him in to "indicate the spot where," etc,—and he didn't come up again. Ha! ha!

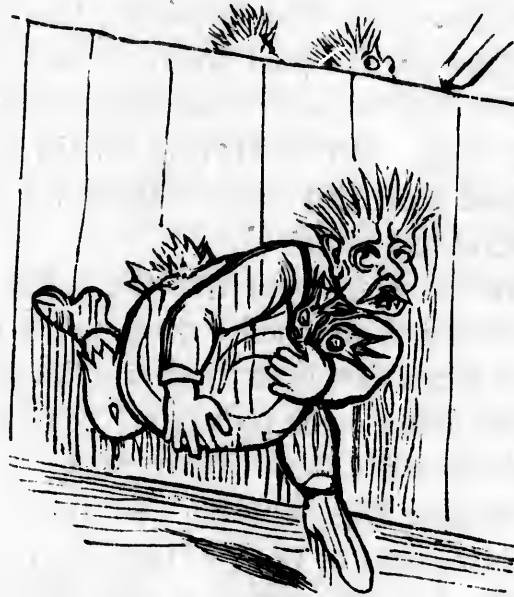
Corporal Howlett here interrupted the narrator. He asked Private Higgins if he had tried the melancholy and last resort of tying a lager-beer glass at the end of a pole, and suspending it over the spot where the body had disappeared.

"No," said Tom, indignantly, "I have not."

"Well, sir," resumed the Corporal, "I never knew that to fail yet. No Dutchman can resist that appeal."

The entrance of Knickerbocker himself, to announce that one of the geese had been stolen while he and Jaffey were washing the other goose at the well, was a pleasant surprise enough to poor Higgins, and he was soon restored to his wonted spirits. As for the rest of us, the direful announcement plunged us in gloom and despondency.

Knickerbocker, equally overjoyed to see Tom, said that while he was engaged with the dog and "ter tuy-vel" with the pitchfork, he had scrambled out of the pond, laid hold of two absorbed ganders, who were betting on the event, and absconded instanter.



CHAPTER IX.

THERE IS CORN IN EGYPT—PARADES.

WITH the end of the fifth day departed also our commissariat troubles and sorrows. There was corn in Egypt; and from that day henceforth, until the demolition of the camp, rations were served out with all the precision and liberality of an ably-conducted boarding-house. Meat, (invariably beef) potatoes, bread, tea, coffee, pepper, blankets, sugar, wash-basins and salt, we got gratuitously; milk, tobacco, pickles, cigars, soap, pocket-money, oysters, blacking, sardines, strawberries, shaving-tackle, ice-cream, dressing-gowns, slippers, Bologna-sausage, cosmetique, ham-sandwiches, candy, hair-pomade and butter we did *not* get gratuitously!

The privations we endured for want of the latter article can never be told. Unaccustomed to the dry process of masticating bread without its usual concomitant, six of our number,—including myself—indignantly but heroically held out for nearly fifteen minutes! after that we devoured a loaf each, and as much more as we could beg, borrow, or steal!!!

This subject is almost too painful to dwell upon; but I am compelled to say that our appetites became perfectly appalling. Never before did we imagine that dry bread

and muddy coffee, and calcined beef, and drowned potatoes, and melancholy soup, had such fascinating charms for the human palate. I don't know exactly how it was with the other fellows; but I *do* know that the expectation of the morning's breakfast disturbed my nightly slumbers only too often.

I could *not* get enough to eat—none of us could. And the ravenous manner in which we attacked the viands on a morning, after two hour's squad-drill, was absolutely awful, and to the frugal-minded was a spectacle never to be forgotten! Thirteen loaves of bread and two bucketsful of coffee(?) were mere trifles. The quarter-master, however, humanely limited us to this quantity, and in consequence, many of us escaped a painful and lingering death!

Altogether, we were tolerably happy; and, after all, camp-life was not without its charms.

The parades and guard-mounting, alone, were sources of secret—not to say undisguised uneasiness to us. The 10-30 parade was not so bad; but to be "mounted" for guard at 9 o'clock without having had time to swallow one's breakfast,—only too often without having had breakfast at all—we found to be extremely irksome and monotonous. The 2-30 parade had all the horrible effects of an incubus on most of us, and was fatal to after-dinner digestion. To escape from the 2-30 parade was a feat. The following loop-holes were open to this end:—1st, To act as cook; 2nd, commit suicide; 3rd, become an officer; 4th, be taken violently sick. The latter method was very popular at first; but owing to the extreme unpalatableness of the

medicines (*sic*—this is not a joke) it was abandoned with much cheerfulness.

Five hours' hard drill on a hot afternoon, half-strangled with a tight-fitting tunic, a stock, and your accoutrements, is no light matter, I believe; though it might have been instructive and entertaining enough to our Division officers, who used us pretty much in the same indifferent and playful manner as did that ancient king, who had the floor of a costly vestibule fitted up as a chess-board, with live men for pieces.

CHAPTER X.

SOME "GOAKS"—FEARFUL REVELATIONS OF CAMP-LIFE!!

DESPITE the trifling drawbacks touched upon in the last or previous chapter—drawbacks which at least made us very hardy—and even dirty—we had a good time of it.

And such fun! Why, it would be impossible to describe one tithe of the good jokes and "righte merrie conceits" we perpetrated and enjoyed during that festive and hilarious "sixteen days."

Here are one or two, as samples :

Our tent (with some others) was boarded with rough planks, laid—simply laid—on crosswise pieces of scantling; one plank, in particular, jutting out like a spring-board a foot or two beyond the tent. To suddenly jump on the outer end of this plank, when there was a pile of potatoes, or a canteen of hot soup on the other end, was considered very good fun, and was usually productive of much diversion, and some "free" fights.

Another and still more excellent plan was to wait until some unsuspecting wight squatted on the inner end of that plank, with a tin of hot coffee (or soup) between his knees, and some strawberries and herrings on a plate on his legs; then to lift up the outer end of the

aforesaid plank—briskly! This act was generally followed by the abrupt disappearance of the man at the other end, through the opening at the bottom of the tent!

Tom Higgins once went out in this curious manner, and was discovered outside by the Visiting officer, drying himself with a towel, and swearing badly.

The peculiar elasticity of these planks was fatal almost every day to pails of soup, or tea, or coffee. Thank goodness, though, most of us could swim, or at least, wade!

Another joke was to procure a handful of flour—or, say, pepper—and inserting your hand thoughtfully through the tent ventilator (before described) while the happy inmates were at their frugal meal, distribute *your* meal with a lavish and unsparing hand,—and leave! N.B.—It requires a good pedestrian for this.

This is, likewise, a most admirable and never-failing receipt: Tie, if possible, a piece of string, about ten or fifteen yards long, to the ankle of the “orderly” who is waiting for his company’s share of soup, etc., at the cooking depot; tie the other end to a tree or somebody else’s leg. After a pause, you observe the triumphant orderly load himself with as much as he can carry, start off gladsomely at a brisk trot, get to the end of the string, and—all is chaos? He may possibly break his neck; he might—but the supposition is absurd—even maim himself for life; but then the joke is, that his company don’t get any soup that day.

Another “joke.” Purloin as many blankets as you can when the other fellows are singing “Home, sweet

Home!" in the soft twilight, outside on the nice wet grass, destroy the nightly candle, place all the blankets on your own "roost," and in the tranquil security of a calm and approving conscience, go to sleep on them. They are much softer than one miserable blanket.



CHAPTER XI.

FURTHER FEARFUL REVELATIONS OF CAMP-LIFE.

A H, they were happy, happy days, these ; but still (such is man *privately*) how deeply, how constantly I yearned to be an OFFICER ! It was not the extra pay I was hanging after, either ; no, nor the nicer and cleaner clothes, and the sacred privilege of wearing a white "stand-up" collar ; nor even a sword (most useful to the officers for getting between their legs, but which we could have better utilized by employing it for the purpose of carving up the geese which Knickerbocker had brought in unto us, as a snare to premature toothlessness) ; 'twas not these, nor the officers' blessed immunity from guard-mounting, etc., that waked the Demon of Discontent. No, it was because they got their food with such *regularity* and *certainty*. I am not, nor was I jealous of these officers ; they had many unpleasant and responsible duties to discharge, from which I, as a private, was happily exempt ; but oh, the unfailing assurance that a good "square" meal was in store for them at least three times a-day, must have been a source of unspeakable comfort to them, and assuredly, made ample amends for all *their* privations. Not all the officers (still fewer of the privates) knew the bugle-calls intimately ; but the Offi-

cers' Mess Call was always responded to with an alacrity that was as touching as it was praiseworthy. That cheerfully answered appeal was indicative enough of the good things and savoury that awaited these gentlemen. And they were not haughty and conceited over it, at all. No grim, formal, speech-making, sarcasm-poking, party-purpose serving banquet that. These civilian (though not less military) majors, captains, and "subs," with the good-natured colonel as ring-leader, were as merry and frolicsome over their jolly meals in that rough apology for a dining-hall, as a party of school-boys at a pic-nic. All because, each meal was a moral certainty.

Not so with us. Though food was good and abundant, each meal-time with us was too frequently a season of dark doubts and fears, beset with uncertainties and painful vicissitudes. This is the gauntlet through which *our* chances of a "square" dinner had to run: Supposing the rations are served out safely by the quartermaster (as they usually were) there is a probability that our company-cook may hang up the meat on a tree, put the potatoes in the wrong tent-bag, and go for a stroll around town, or "loaf," about the canteen, holding a levee of a select circle of his comrades; returning "fou," he may then go to sleep under the tree, happily unconscious of the meat above him; or he may light the fire, cut up the meat, terrify his assistant into paring the potatoes, and then go to sleep, and either by accident, or as a "joke," the hoisting-tackle may give way, the beef come off, and the potatoes and water put the fire out. No dinner that day. There is

usually an assistant-cook, but this gentleman's services, like the "Colonel's orderly's," are a sinecure. After the exhausting task of potato-paring, it was customary for the A. C. to vamoose, and "turn up" again about meal time. Again, supposing the meat to be cooked(?), some other tent-cook who has been asleep or at the canteen, may in his extremity make a successful raid while *your* cook is innocently looking for a piece of stick to stir up the "soup." Also, no dinner that day, unless your cook raises a stampede on another tent's cooking *ranché*. Once more. Should your meat be cooked and unstolen, your "Orderly" might come to grief in the manner aforesaid. Even when one's dinner is on the plate, under one's (or two's) nose, it is not safe. You might be victimized, as Jaffey was by Niegelbock; or, you might be on the wrong end of that plank, and be jerked up, meat, soup, everything. Tableaux—grand scramble! To be safe, your food must be actually masticated and bolted, and you'd have to be smart at that. But I err; then, even then it was not secure, only temporarily safe. (See sequel).

Dinner-time was, indeed, a period of hilarity, anxiety, enjoyment, and excitement. The huge camp-kettle of soup, etc. etc., was a never-failing object of interest; and, as a museum, was valuable and instructive. It was almost painful to witness the suspense that was general as we got through the "soup," and approached the bottom of the camp-kettle, for we never knew what would be found there till then. Objects not of intrinsic value in themselves were regarded then with unwonted interest and solicitude, as they

were brought up from their obscure depths to the light of day, and were examined with curiosity, and a tickling sensation in the pit of the stomach! Strange relics of a by-gone period they were, too, that would have made an old fossil-hunter mad for joy, and rendered an Antiquarian society famous for ever. To Sergeant Biggs was deputed the responsible task of fishing them up. And amid an impressive silence the Explorer's fork would go in; heavy betting would be made—Something would slowly come into view, and—and those in feeble health would go outside for a few moments. It was "very close inside."

But in the midst of these depressive influences, even then, a stroke of luck was in store for me.

CHAPTER XII.

I AM PROMOTED—DOMESTIC DUTIES.

THIS was the luck that was in store for me :—

I was sitting on my knapsack after dinner, that meal safely deposited, when Sergeant Biggs remarked,

“ Private Jones !”

“ Sir—I mean Sergeant,” said I, urbanely.

Said Biggs, “ I have the extreme pleasure to announce that you are appointed Tent Orderly !”

“ Is it—is it in the *Gazette* ?” I asked breathlessly.

“ Well, no ; but I think you are in every way suited for the distinction, therefore, *I* appoint you.”

“ Oh, Biggs—Sergeant !” exclaimed I, in an ecstasy, “ how shall I —— ”

“ No thanks, my dear fellow,”—he waved his hand gracefully—“ no thanks, if you please ; you deserve promotion—take it and be happy !”

I was too full to speak (that is, full of emotion, I mean) ; I sat down and burst into tears.

Tom Higgins said I was “ a deuced lucky fellow ;” and he was glad I had been so speedily promoted—on my first campaign, too. He had been a volunteer six years, and hadn't reached the rank of Tent Orderly yet.

Blushing slightly, I tried, but in vain, to conceal my

happiness. Howlett, too, was evidently much overcome, as with his cap over his mouth, he was sobbing violently. Tom Higgins—honest Tom—wept like a child ; and as for Knickerbocker, his emotion was, poor fellow, more sincere than melodious, and for some moments, I feared that apoplexy had ensued. I confess that these touching proofs of affection moved me deeply, and for some minutes I could not speak.

Knickerbocker's sudden disappearance, however, out of the tent-opening, through the instrumentality of the plank and the irate Englishman, Gorton, who wrathfully stigmatized the Teuton's simple-heartedness as "hinferral snivelling," and wanted to know what he was "a 'owlin' in that hawful style for,"—broke the deep silence, and after this trifling *contretemps*, I spoke.

"Sergeant Biggs," was my grateful reply, "I will do my best to deserve the honour."

And I did. I washed up dishes, fetched water, got very dirty, swept up, cleaned down, lost and brushed out useful articles, confiscated and devoured all eatables, and worked general havoc and destruction with all the devotedness of a professional house-maid. I had also the privilege of 3 fights per diem over a broom that belonged to the next tent. I did all this recklessly, for I found that I had been the victim of a base imposition ! Nor was this all. I had in a moment of rashness signed articles to be "tent orderly" for *six* days.

The perjured Biggs afterwards confessed that he had been driven to take this step, owing to the ominous hints thrown out by the boys that, because I was on

certain terms with his (the Sergeant's) sister, I was never "warned" for guard or picket. There may have been some truth in this; but I was indignant with Biggs all the same.

In addition to my domestic cares, I had to attend all parades. This was a severe blow. That confounded Knickerbocker had not to parade at all. My scullion duties had all the charm of novelty at first, but on the second day of office, I became dangerously disgusted, for I could *not* keep clean. But one advantage the tent orderly has—he can have two, and even three meals a day all to himself. One when he fetches the rations from the cook (saving contingencies), another with his mess, and a third—if he be utterly abandoned, depraved—by eating the guard's dinner, when he takes it out to that unfortunate individual. Taking, at last, cheerfully to my duties, it was strange how soon I forgot my dignity. I was "G. Jones, Barrister-at-Law, &c.," no longer. My identity, alas, was completely gone!

But a more dreadful humiliation than this was at hand. I will endeavour to explain in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TALE OF LOVE.

THREE months before I had been introduced to the beautiful Kate Biggs, by her brother. She was at that time receiving the fawning attentions of a scoundrel named Brownson. He might have been strictly honest, but he loved her ! and thought his love returned. My immensely superior attractions, however, were his ultimate ruin. He was discarded, though Miss B. still continued to treat him as a friend—his presents being of the most costly and useless character. Meantime, I, *I* gave her nothing beyond my love—it was cheap and inexpensive.

She was satisfied. Could I then—reader, who hast been in love—could I help loving her ? A thousand (1000) no's. And I knew that she loved me, because she always flirted recklessly with that infernal Brownson, or somebody else, whenever I went to see her brother. Besides, she used to call me names. One was Othello ; for this reason. Kate asked me one day, what object I had in becoming a soldier, and inflicting upon myself the hardships of camp life. I replied in the following beautiful lines :—

“ She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.”

After this the provoking little beauty called me "Othello," "black-a-moor," "coloured person," &c. And I rather liked it, because I could get savage, and "make it up," you know. As to that—I will restrain myself, however,—Brownson, I simply abhorred him. To the outer world, we seemed to be on the warmest terms of affableness and affection; privately we could have annihilated each other, without one pang of remorse. One thing more.—He was in camp with my battalion,—he was in No. 10 company,—he was an ENSIGN. I could never forgive him for this!

On the afternoon of the fifth day (a "field day"), I was sitting outside the tent, just after dinner, in my usual position (on the grass—legs out), engaged in my wonted humble duties, *i. e.*, washing up a formidable assortment of much-begreased plates, cans, knives, forks, spoons, etc., etc., which lay gracefully around, when a voice behind me sent a thrill through every nerve. Divested of my tunic, bare-headed, with a huge tin of reeking hot water in front of me, smoking pensively a short, black clay pipe, I must, without doubt, have presented a somewhat picturesque appearance. I was just putting the last plate on a dubiously-washed pyramid alongside, and was preparing to "go" for the forks, when a voice behind me sent a thrill—but I think I made this remark before. Suffice it to say then—suffice it for me—that the voice had a galvanic effect on me, and by a convulsive and involuntary movement of my legs, I overturned the tin of hot water, and completely deluged those aforesaid valuable appendages.

The voice said—

“ Please can you tell me where I can find Mr. Jones ? ”

There was only one voice in the world like that. It was Kate's. Badly scalded though I was, I retained my presence of mind. I did not dare to turn. I could not fly. To be recognized then by the irrepressible Kate would be death. Never should she see me thus !! After a fearful pause, I heard Miss Biggs turn away, and speak to some one accompanying her. Heavens! that some one was my mother!!! I heard Kate laugh; I heard her as in a dream repeat her question to me. My resolution was taken, and with a tremendous effort I spoke. Despise, spurn me, but oh consider my position—it was agonizing, it was horrible. Stung to madness, I answered hoarsely :—

“ I—I do not know Jones ; he is dead ! ”

The two wretched women shrieked but once, then walked rapidly away, and left me to my remorse. For a moment I did not know where I was. I did the next moment, for on looking up there was Kate and my mother standing before me. Explaining what I was doing, that miscreant Ensign Brownson was staring at me frightfully, and Kate—Kate was laughing.

“ Why, George,” said my mother, slyly, “ what *are* you doing ? ”

“ Tent orderly,” I replied doggedly, without looking up.

“ Oh, George, I should like to shake hands with you,” put in Kate, “ but—— ”

"Yes, I know. Too dirty. No matter," I interrupted laconically.

"How ridiculous, George," said she, smiling destructively. "But how sunburnt you are—quite brown!"

(So I was—with smoke; I'd been hanging around the cooking ranche for an hour before dinner.)

She was complimentary: but I was firm.

"Leave me, Kate," said I, wildly, "leave, and forget me for ever. I am not brown—I am a ruined Jones. I am tent orderly."

Kate laughed, my—yes, my mother even smiled, and that—that—no matter. Brownson said he thought I must be insane. I glared at him, and they went away to where a man was doing something at a square box on three legs, among some trees.

In sullen silence I resumed my work.

* * * * *

These stars represent a terrible pause that ensued. That accursed interval was the bane of my after life. For at its termination, I looked up. I gave one glance at the group around the square box, and then the horrible reality flashed upon me. Then, there, thus,—without a cry, without a struggle—I had been *photographed!!* My shame was complete—my prospects were shattered for ever!!!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PLEASURES OF BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

IT is with extreme difficulty and reluctance that I resume this narrative. Only at the cost of much mental suffering, and by tremendous (though I rejoice to say triumphant) efforts to conquer my natural sensitiveness and fear of ridicule, have I been able to proceed thus far. After the mortifying culmination of distresses which I faithfully (but, oh, at what a cost!) chronicled in the last chapter, it becomes a doubly painful task to record the further humiliations, misfortunes, and perturbations of spirit that it was my sad lot to experience ere the campaign was o'er. In justice, however, to my readers, to myself, to my enterprising publishers, to posterity, and to my suffering companions-in-arms, I will sacrifice all personal feeling, and hasten to bring these confessions to a speedy close. With that unswerving regard for truth which has ever been, I believe, a sore let and hindrance to my worldly prosperity and success, I shall conceal nothing.

Touching that photograph (might I add, that accursed photograph!) I will be frank. It weighs heavily upon me, but I will endeavor to be calm. But for that,—*that*, I should be a happy, a blightless man unto this day. Not so now, however. I am under a cloud,

under a ban ; I am marked, branded, pointed at, and posterity will know me as the soldier-scullion ! that accursed photograph (neatly framed) haunts me, dogs my every step. I have abandoned the perfidious woman that won my love, and photographed me so ruthlessly, but the disgrace remains. In my father's halls they hung up the withering evidence of my shame, and maddened, I left my home. I returned, though, next day, and turned the picture face to the wall. When I came back it was all right, and a crowd round it. I watched my opportunity. I stole it, but did not know how to dispose of it safely. I have tried to lose it, I have hidden it, I have given it away, but like that faithful animal the cat, it always got back somehow. I have only one resource left now ; I shall jump on it !

These are not my only miseries. A lovely woman lost to me for ever, the lost esteem of my best friends, myself an object of ridicule, are poignant griefs enough ; but oh the bitterness, the agony of seeing the object of my affections usurped by an hated rival. But I am digressing. I anticipate when I speak of the sorrows and trials that awaited me on my return home. Return we to the morning of the sixth day in camp.

That I became moody, taciturn and irritable, might be naturally expected. I insulted the peaceable Niegelbock, said disagreeable things to Tom Higgins, and, what was far worse, for it was rashness,—quarrelled with Sergeant Biggs. I had reason to repent it though, for five minutes afterwards he maliciously *warned me for guard duty*. This provocative, added to prior irritating influences, had not a soothing effect,

and it was in no very amiable frame of mind that I sat down to breakfast that morning, devouring it with a viciousness that was the subject of general remark, and some censure. I did not care: I was "riz," I was reckless: I was worked up to a pitch of anger that actually surprises me now, for I am generally considered so even-tempered. But the lamb was transformed into the lion, the worm had turned at last, and I never was so pugnacious, so much upon my mettle, so ready to "go" for somebody, as I was just then. That Somebody came to hand.

CHAPTER XV.

A TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER.

I was using up the last knifeful of a private parcel of butter, when the word "Attention," from Sergeant Biggs, rung on my ear. This signal generally heralded the approach of the Visiting Officer, whose duty it is (appointed by turn from the list of captains and lieutenants) to visit each tent during meal time, and ascertain if there are any complaints. On the Visiting Officer putting the usual formula, "Any complaints, men," I looked up hurriedly, started to my feet like a stricken deer, and with a knife in my hand, and fury flashing from my angry eyes, I confronted the miscreant, the coward Brownson! *He* was Orderly Officer for the day. I eyed him fiercely till I had breath enough to speak. Then in thundering tones of righteous indignation, I spoke.

"Complaints? Yes, I—I complain. You are a—a"—(shortness of breath).

"For heaven's sake sit down, Jones," whispered Corporal Howlett, pulling frantically at the tail of my tunic. I heeded him not. I was desperate.

"You are a—a—" I pointed at him as he cowered beneath my glance,—"*a murderer*," (this was the strong-

est word I could find for the moment)—“a coward, a ruffian, I denounce you!” I paused for a reply.

“Anything matter with this fellow,” he asked of Biggs, trying to appear calm.”

“Fellow, I am no fellow, said I, furiously. I am your rival. Heaven take me to—” an acute pain in the region of my coat-tails, here checked my utterance, and I feel confident that Thomas Higgins would have soon been no more had not Big Gorton, fortunately for him, torn me off. I glared around savagely. That cur, Brownson, was still standing in the opening of the tent. The sight of him maddened me!

“That ruffian is the cause of all this,” I shouted hoarsely, trying to reach him, and should have done only that Gorton and Howlett were hanging on behind, perseveringly.

“What is this man’s name,” asked the cunning scoundrel.

Sergeant Biggs grinned and said, “Jones.” (I have “cut” him since, though).

“Jones, ah, we must punish him. He is insubordinate.”

“Punish me? You?” I exclaimed, laughing wildly, “Come on; do it—do it—villain.” I here made a superhuman effort to get at him. And did. For the tunic tail Howlett was clinging to, suddenly gave way. Gorton let go of the other, and I “went.” The Visiting Officer and I rolled out together. I was just about to despatch the scoundrel with one blow, when a deluge of water completely took away my breath. Nearly blinded, I rolled off him (Brownson) and stood

up. To distract my attention, and fearing that fatal consequences would ensue, Sergeant Biggs had emptied a pail of water over me and my intended victim. He got wet, but this saved his life. And I confess that I felt considerably cooled down myself. Brownson looked at me menacing, as he allowed the Sergeant to dry him down. He said, "Private Jones, for your mother's sake and others' sake, I will let this matter go no further. But, beware." Saying this, he looked sinisterly at me, and walked away.

He had his revenge. But I will not again anticipate.

It was now nearly nine o'clock, and I prepared to mount guard. I will hasten over describing the tedious time I spent in cleaning wrong knapsacks, oiling everybody's rifle excepting my own, innumerable and unsuccessful attempts to fold up my great coat scientifically, putting on wrong cross-belts, fighting for my own cap and pugaree, (ultimately clearing out with somebody else's) etc. etc., suffice it to say that at 9.30 I was saddled and harnessed, and wretchedly uncomfortable. After begging my mess-mates to send me something to eat, and without a word of comfort from them in my great affliction, for they were unjustly incensed at my late spirited conduct, I set off dejectedly to the private-parade ground, only too certain of the dreadful fate that was in store for me. Death from inanition.

As I stood panting in the hot morning sun-light, I would have given anything (except my revenge) to have been at home again; for I was unhappy and

wretched. I had lost the esteem of my comrades, and the opportunity of annihilating my hated rival. "Hah! The villain Brownson, Inspecting Officer of the Guard?" Alas, it was too true. Standing drawn up in a line with the other men about to "go on guard," I looked and saw to my horror and alarm, my discomfited foe passing slowly in front of the rank before me. I knew his dastardly disposition. I knew my fate. I knew now how he would be revenged on me. Let me pause to state that the smartest, cleanest man on guard is made Colonel's Orderly for the day; the unclean, the unkempt are punished. I was not anxious to be Colonel's Orderly for the day, but I did not care to be punished. No matter. The miscreant inspected the front rank, selected a Colonel's Orderly for the day, and turned down the rank in which I was standing. I confess to feeling somewhat nervous; and I thought his baleful eye rested on me for a moment with peculiar and fiendish satisfaction. I despised the man, but the pun—no matter. Nearer and nearer he came. I groaned inwardly, and bit my lips. Alas, I was helpless, I was now completely in his power. At last he stood behind me. With Spartan fortitude, I stood like a statue. The cunning scoundrel hitched up my knapsack, (it was somewhat low down) and grunted in pretended dissatisfaction. I ground my teeth, but moved not a muscle. Yet, oh how I yearned, burned to turn round and strangle the monster on the spot. He again hitched up my knapsack, and opened his hated mouth.

"Sergeant, No. 10 Company?"

"Here, sir," answered that traitor Biggs, with unmistakable alacrity.

"A—a—this man is very dirty. What is his name, Sergeant?" [The serpent!"]

"Jones, sir; Private Jones;"—the parasite touched his cap.

"Jones? Ah—ah—yes. He is excessively dirty."
["Oh, the cowardly monster!"]

"Very sorry, sir, but it is difficult to keep all the men tidy, sir."

"I suppose it is; but this man is disgracefully, slovenly, dirty." [I writhed with impotent rage].

"Well, I'll see to him another time, sir," answered the minion.

"And (without heeding the interruption) unsoldier-like." ["Lying scoundrel!"]

"Yes, sir,"

"And grossly careless; look at his knapsack, Sergeant, half off his back, and two specks of dirt on it."

"Liar!" I hissed between my teeth, turning half round.

"Silence, sirrah," he exclaimed, eyeing me commandingly.

"I'll be revenged on you for this, you cowardly sneak," I shouted in hearing of the whole assembly, and now fairly wound up to a pitch of frenzy.

"Sergeant Biggs!"

"Sir,"—touching his cap for the second time.

"See that this man has two hours' knapsack drill when he comes off duty to-morrow morning!"

"Yes, sir," replied the renegade Biggs.

My rage had reached its apex, and an unnatural calm stole over me on hearing these words, and without uttering a word, I resigned myself to my fate. I could drift anywhere after that. Standing like one in a dream, the words came,

“Duties, fours-deep.” A fellow jerked me one way, and another fellow hauled me another.

“Right-turn ; Quich-march.” I did not move, so absorbed was I, but a brute behind, administering a sudden kick, I at last started off with the rest of the martyrs, like a lamb to the slaughter. My sufferings were intense, but I was prepared for anything now.



CHAPTER XVI.

A RETROSPECT—ON GUARD.

IF the chronicler of these immortal memoirs were to become suddenly serious, or were to begin at this advanced stage of his narrative to indulge in anything approaching grave reflection, or in moral maxims, or in solemn sermonizing, in remorse, or in fact, in any display of a weak tendency to fall on hard facts and the more solid domain of plain common sense,—the probability is that the astute reader would sagaciously conclude that the chronicler had either become suddenly sick, or had, by long-continued and abortive attempts to be funny, or at least entertaining, relapsed at last into a state of hopeless idiocy.

For these cogent reasons, the chronicler is far too wary of his reputation to think of doffing his parti-colored garb at this late hour. As he has gone thus far, so will he proceed to the end.

The foregoing remarks were begotten by recalling to mind the bitter and meditative emotions which filled me as I stood, dumb, dull, and disconsolate in the door of the Guard-Tent on the morning of the 12th day in Camp.

I had come on guard, full of hope, full of manly ambition to discharge my duty as a soldier,—in a

soldiers' most important and responsible duty, perhaps—that of sentry. Engaged for the last six days in discharging a task of the most repulsive and degrading kind,—that of tent-orderly—I had seen the stern and martial-looking sentry pass and repass my tent with a feeling immeasurably beyond jealousy. Comparing his present position with mine—what a gulf was there! I had borne the taunts and jeers of those different and indifferent sentries with much cheerfulness, but I could not scorn them. As the dread symbol of military authority, I revered them.

Judge of my feelings then, when I found myself a dread symbol of military authority myself. Oh, the exquisite ecstasy of contemplating other tent orderlies; oh, the felicity of refusing peremptorily to allow the “men” to go beyond the regulated precincts. How I would insist upon them wearing their belts when I *did* allow them to go out. Shouldn't I be “heavy” on the passes. These were all painful and onerous tasks, it is true, but they were duties, and was I not a soldier?

Full of these noble thoughts I found myself, with fifteen other panting aspirants facing the “old guard” (not Wellington's) at 10 a.m. on a warm June morning.

The appearance of the “old guard” was not indescribably grand.

Eager to commence my duties, I did not notice them at first, as they stood dejectedly in two ranks waiting to be dismissed. Certain preliminaries, however, having to be gone through, before the exchange

MY CAMPAIGN AT NIAGARA.

could be made, we, the new guard, unstrapped our knapsacks which were already becoming irksome, and lying down on them had thus more leisure to inspect our antecedents. The "old guard" looked very old, they looked ancient, mildewed, cobwebby, and suggested the idea that they had been on guard 500 years at the very least. They were haggard, unshaven, woe-begone, unkempt, unwashed, irritable, sullen, used up, snarlish, begreased, broken-spirited, and, as I afterwards learned—breakfastless. I ought to have been terrified at that ghostly group, but I wasn't. *Spes fallit*. And when the old guard vanished (apparently into thin air) I started up cheerfully, buckled on my knapsack, and being duly inspected was drafted off as a "relief." Owing to the unevenness (or lumpiness) of the ground, as we marched off, our straggling appearance, as Tom Higgins observed (he was smoking a pipe outside our tent as I passed) was more lamb-like than soldier-like. This was more possible than complimentary.

Deposited one by one at each successive post, I at last found myself alone, watching the retreating, but not laggard steps of the relieved sentry. I was on guard. For two hours, I was to be monarch of all I surveyed. According to received instructions, I acted strictly on the alert, did my duty, and for the first five minutes walked backward and forward on my "beat" at a vigorous speed of about fifteen miles per hour. I slackened off gradually, and came down to half a mile per hour. But my crushed hopes of ambition were

the cause of this sepulchral speed. I became dispirited.

In my first 'spell,' I had come to the conclusion that guard duty was not exciting. This was between the hours of 2 and 4, when things were pretty quiet, most of the fellows being away on pass (there being no afternoon parade) and the remainder asleep. In the second 'spell,' (8p.m. till 10) I found too much excitement for a man of my quiet disposition. And the insults and abuse I suffered were not soothing, nor were they expected. My post being contiguous to that of the adjoining battalion may account for this in some measure.

But these were not the only troubles that made my heart disquieted within me.

CHAPTER XVII.

GUARD DUTIES EXTRAORDINARY.

I T was easy enough walking about majestically, with a rifle under one's arm, the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," the admired of camp visitors, the scourge and dread of delinquent privates; but one thing, among others, made me particularly uneasy. I could not remember the different salutes, and the various modes of holding my rifle on necessary occasions. To the uninitiated it may seem a matter of indifference how a rifle is held, or what position the body is in, so long as both are smart and soldierlike. But it is not so. In the regular service, a wrong "present" or position of the rifle, on grave occasions, is, I understand, punishable by instant death! As there is a certain compliment for certain officers at certain times, this "saluting" becomes a painfully *uncertain* matter.

After nightfall is the most trying time, as the dusk is inimical to clear vision. Determined to show every respect to my superior officers, (with one exception), I saluted the colonel's groom on my first night on guard with full honors. It was a standing joke among the boys until the end of camp. The junior major was strolling about an hour later, in undress, and taking him for a festive loafer, I adjured him to "clear out

of that pretty early." I was reported next morning, but was discharged by the much-amused colonel. I suppose that I carried my gun in every discription of way excepting the proper way. Had it been loaded, there would have been a military funeral somewhere, I feel earnestly persuaded.

Of course these two hours' spells (four of them, and four hours off each time for sleep, etc.,) may be very good practice for the volunteer,—but, oh! the terrible monotony of that wearisome walk backwards and forwards, the only enemy to contend with your own companions-in-arms. A tread-mill would be a luxury to this. On that salutary contrivance, there is nothing to distract a man's attention,—the very thing itself is interesting, because unless considerable care be experienced, personal damage will ensue. On guard, in the day-time at least, it is the very essence of listlessness. The propinquity of an enemy might impart a degree of liveliness, but this luxury is denied. And then there is the depressing uncertainty of being mealless. The picture of the waiting guard in the tent at meal-times was a study. To see the famished wretches fixing their eyes wildly on the door in expectation of the respective ration-orderlies, who never came, was mournful in the extreme. When a conscientious orderly did bring succour to his mess-mate, it was a bitter satire on our common nature to behold the latent cannibalism which, not till then, developed itself. The public opening of the envied "canteen" which contained the rations, was also singularly affecting. Sometimes the happy guardsman would ravenously tear open the lid, only to find

a knife and fork and some salt carefully tied up in paper. There was always something deficient. If soup were sent, there would be a knife and fork, and no spoon; if meat, a spoon and no knife and fork. Sometimes sugar would be sent instead of salt.

As for myself, I was doomed to utter neglect. I had no dinner sent at all. It was only by means of a cunning stratagem, and the kind-heartedness of Niengelbock, that I was saved from starvation.

It was in this wise :—

The beat I was placed on was not far from my own tent. Watching his opportunity, the good fellow, Knickerbocker, dressing himself as if mounted for guard, stole out of the tent, took my rifle, and walked on the beat, while I, darting hastily into the tent he had just vacated, devoured everything I could lay my hands on, and then returning stealthily, retook my rifle, thanked the good-natured German for the second time, and resumed my march as if nothing had happened.

This put me in good spirits enough. And at the latter half of my second spell (from 9 a.m. to 10,) I had great need of them. Five minutes after last post, that is, 9.30, I began to challenge.

This will give a faint idea of the *modus operandi* :—

Two dark figures just outside the line.

MYSELF :—“ Halt ! Who goes there ?”

DUSKY FIGURES :—Shut up, you darned fool, can't you ?”

MYSELF (sternly). “ Halt ! Who goes there ?”

1st DUSKY FIGURE :—“ It’s all right old fellow ; it’s me.”

MYSELF (irritated).—“ Who the devil’s me ?”

2nd DUSKY FIGURE :—“ Here, come old cock, have a drink.”

Of course I refused.

“ Then, here goes !” and two dusky figures make a dart past in the dark.

I shout “ Guard, turn out !” and give hot chase. But it is useless, the “ blockade-runners” dive into some tent ; I fall over a tent-rope, and give the thing up.

This is the bold form of blockade-running. To creep past across the line on hands and knees is another form. Irritated by my recent discomfiture, I caught one fellow at this. I have a portion of his coat-tails by me at this present moment.

As a trophy I value it.

The quiet hours of early morning I found most trying to bear while on guard. About 2.30 a.m., when all was a quiet as the grave, I could scarcely keep my eyes open. Blinking in a drowsy manner, an apparition presented itself. A figure clad in pants and shirt issued silent, ghost-like, out of a tent alongside, waved its arms wildly, ruffled its hair, waved its arms again in semaphore fashion, and disappeared, leaving me in a cold perspiration. I have never been able to account for the appearance of this spectre, but the sergeant of the guard found me fast asleep under a tree, and it had been raining for a full hour. He was

a good-natured fellow was that sergeant, and he only reprimanded me slightly.



ON GUARD—3.30 A.M.

Although I had a chance to sleep every two hours, the enjoyment of that blessing was almost impossible for above half an hour at a time. The incessant "Guard, turn out," (for no particular purpose) haunted me like a nightmare. Another thing irritated me. The reptile, Brownson, as Visiting Officer, might sicken me with his presence. But whether he was off duty, or was afraid of my vengeance, I know not: He never came.

My sufferings as guard were over at last, and at 10.30 a.m., the following morning, I wearily re-entered my own tent, worn out and hungry, but happy. My shortcomings were forgotten and forgiven, and the few following days passed over in the usual routine of camp-duties, to which I had now become pretty well accustomed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MARTIAL AMUSEMENT OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

WITH the exception of the memorable event* which closed the Campaign and will terminate this narrative, nothing of note occurred during the last four days in camp. The following melancholy incident, however, deserves to be recorded :

On the morning following my release from guard-duty, I was sauntering about the tents (there was no parade that morning) smoking idly, when my attention was attracted by hearing a confused noise of many voices some distance off. Looking in the direction, I saw a human figure that had apparently just dropped from the clouds. I ran hastily to the spot, and found that this strange visitant had been caught in a blanket, which seven or eight sturdy boys were holding beneath. His descent was followed by a roar of laughter, and the next instant, the same individual was sent up again, and, accompanied by another roar, descended as before.

The mystery was then explained.

It was the popular martial amusement I had often heard of, but never seen until now,—Blanket Tossing.

I was immensely amused, and drawing nearer joined the merry throng of jolly jokers.

* The Great Battle of Niagara.—() J

It was while I was indulging in the heartiest cachinnatory fit I ever experienced, that I felt myself suddenly and violently seized from behind.

The truth flashed upon me. I was intended for the next victim. I was to go up next. I was to be the next sacrifice.

But not without a struggle.

I kicked, struck out madly with my hands, butted with my head, shouted, roared, implored. But it was all in vain. Firmly bound at last by sixteen brawny hands (I knocked out one fellow's front teeth though, I rejoice to say,) I looked round imploringly for help, and to my intense disgust, I perceived my arch-enemy, Brownson, standing within three yards of me.

Conceive my astonishment when this officer, seeing who I was, approached, and commanded my assailants to release me instantly.

This was as humiliating to me as unavailing with my captors. They only laughed.

The incensed officer placed his hand on my shoulder, with the evident intention of pulling me off violently. This familiarity was too much. I beckoned him off. Still he was determined, and as he seized me again more emphatically than before, I thought it about time to show him that I was not hopelessly pusillanimous. I closed with him instantly.

A struggle then ensued.

That struggle in the roaring, laughing crowd lasted precisely two seconds; the next second we were grasped by a hundred hands and jerked into that horrid blanket,—a concussion, a gasping for breath,

a passing glance of fiendish faces,—a whizz,—and the next moment my hated rival and myself, locked in a tight embrace, were twenty-five feet high in mid air.

* * * * *



I didn't recollect anything until the following morning and—but this theme is too painful to dwell on. I will close this chapter.

CHAPTER LAST.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF NIAGARA.

THE morning of the memorable 20th of June, 1871, dawned dark and gloomy over the vast camp of the two belligerent forces who were, ere another sunset, to engage in mortal combat, and decide the issue of the most bloodless battle ever fought in the annals of modern warfare. As if an omen of ill portent, - one black mass of cloud hung threateningly over the extreme left of the enemy's position, and seemed to bode evil to the silent soldiers who slept in fancied security beneath. During the night the rain had come down in torrents, and the Canadian camp long before daylight, had been astir and active. Less confident than the sleeping foe of the result of the approaching conflict, the officers and every man under arms had taken all wise precautions, and made every available preparation for the pending struggle. All that night the disciplined Canucks had remained wakeful and watchful, with true soldier spirit. Their sleeplessness, however, may to a slight extent have been caused by the heavy rain and the insecure shelter, most of the tents having been soaked and then blown inside out at an early hour of the morning. Hence their activity, probably.

As early as half-past two, six men and fourteen sergeants were under arms and completely accoutred. The ground being in excellent sticking order, boots, etc., were blackinged and polished with more than usual care, and as the rain was still coming down in a steady drenching shower, wetting everything,—even the men's appetites,—all rations remaining in camp were consumed without loss of time. Under the prevailing impression that no more rations would be wanted, some privates more nervous and hungry than the rest, had devoured all their private stock of provisions; and it is said that by 3 o'clock not a scrap of anything edible was to be obtained for love or money, raw or cooked.

At 4 o'clock, two more privates and thirty-seven sergeants and corporals were in full fighting costume. In the meantime the officers had lighted fires, and were busily engaged in drying the cartridges, and adjuring the men of their respective companies to remove the "muzzle-stoppers" from their rifles.

During all this time not a sign was visible in the enemy's camp, that they were on the alert. Alarm guns were fired in rapid succession, and every available drum and bugle in the Canadian camp was put into play at the same moment, but without a satisfactory result. The enemy had walked ten miles before breakfast the previous morning, and were evidently completely exhausted. Fearing that the enemy might have forgotten it was the eve of a great battle, the General's groom was sent with despatches instantly to the laggard and slumbering foemen, as the Cana-

dians were now quite wet and excited, and thirsting for glory. Most of them, however, would have preferred breakfast.

By 6 o'clock, the smoking camp fires, the braying of bugles, and the neighing of steeds, apprised them of the fact that the enemy was actively astir, and that the battle was at hand.

At 8 o'clock the rain ceased falling ; and as the opposing forces were no doubt fully alive to the importance of being first on the field, the hurried movements of men, the tramping of horses, the incessant sounding of drums and bugles, the hoarse shouting, the rattling of gun-carriages, and the drawing of sundry corks, told that the final preparations were being made, and that the decisive moment had come.

Half-an-hour later, the Canadian force, numbering 300 strong, was drawn up in line ; its right flank resting on the extreme left of Fort-George. As some of the men's stocks had become disarranged, and the enemy had not yet arrived, the men were immediately ordered to "Lie down !" which was done without a murmur. Whilst a few commenced smoking and the majority went to sleep, the Colonel made a manly, appropriate, and cheering speech. He told his brave fellows that they were on the eve of a glorious battle, that the eyes of the whole world were upon them, that their existence as a nation depended upon the issue of the battle. He abjured them with tears in his eyes to fight to the death, to take no quarter, to show no mercy,—to remain sober. That considerable expense was incurred in organizing the immense

army of which they had the honor to form a part, and unless they cut off the enemy to a man, or allowed themselves to be cut off to a man, they would probably be cashiered and deprived of camping next year. Above all, they must keep cool,—and keep fighting. If they could not distinguish the enemy, they must *distinguish* themselves;—in plain words, rather than cease fighting, they must have a set-to among themselves, and slaughter everything before them,—excepting the officers.

By this time we had been reinforced by another battalion of fifty one strong, and as the Colonel's speech terminated just when they arrived, we became suddenly inspired, and a tremendous " Hurrah," shook the ground beneath our feet.

A battery of field artillery had also arrived, and posted themselves in front of us, the guns pointed to the rear,—and this circumstance had certainly a nervous effect upon many of the men, who naturally supposed that the guns might go off unexpectedly.

These last detachments were addressed by their respective Colonels, and at the close, the Brigade-Major suggested that as the enemy had still failed to appear, and as a vast concourse of eye-witnesses (consisting of four little boys and a Yankee soldier) were collected on the heights of Fort George, to witness the fighting and telegraph the result to their respective newspapers, he suggested that in the meantime we should commence the engagement among ourselves.

At this crisis, however, a body of troops was seen ascending the crest of the hill to the right of the posi-

tion held by the Canadians. This changed the face of affairs. The Brigade-Major withdrew his last order, and on the instant, a Junior Major was dispatched in hot haste to reconnoitre, and ascertain the movements of the approaching troops. Quick as thought a Junior Major vaulted into his saddle, and dashed off gallantly on his mission. As the aide-de-camp got half way across the field, his high-spirited horse was seen to execute a series of *pirouettes* and difficult manœuvres, followed by a succession of gyrations, in the rapid whirl of which the officer was lost to view. When the gallant brute came to a sudden standstill at last, it was observed that the unfortunate aide-de-camp had disappeared. Alas! he had fallen off. This episode was the commencement of trouble. For the unfortunate officer, extricating himself out of the thick mud which covered the field, again mounted his horse, and dashed back breathlessly into our midst. Highly excited he communicated the intelligence that the suspicious body of troops was the *enemy*, that they had behind them a whole park of heavy artillery, which they were rapidly bringing into position.

Without a moments reflection, they were instantly formed into square, and with a cheer and a yell, were led at headlong speed against the enemy in front.

Whether the enemy were taken by surprise, or they were unprepared, can never be known, but the moment they saw the Canadian soldiers advancing with such formidable front, a panic seized them and they turned incontinently to fly. But their mad assailants were already upon them, and the frenzied Canadians

failing to see that these were their own troops (the ill-fated 77th,) poured on the devoted 51 with their own 500, and butchered them to a man.

They also captured the artillery, from which the gunners had succeeded in making good their retreat.

This deplorable blunder dispirited the men, and added to the fact that they themselves had spiked their own guns, completely incapacitated them (enfeebled in spirit and resources) from meeting the real enemy who was yet to appear. Nor had they to wait long. Even as they were digging trenches for their dead, a heavy tramping, as of horses and armed men was heard, and away to the left of the wood which skirted the lower extremity of the plain, a vast army could be seen approaching, with its thousand bayonets glittering in the morning sun. At its head could be seen the Commander-in-Chief, waving his wand majestically to the measured tread of his soldiers in rear.

Alas, there was no mistake this time. It was the enemy. And the crisis had come.

The Canadians, confused by their late fatal error, and terror-stricken by the immediate and inopportune appearance of the enemy, now saw that no time was to be lost. But they had little hope of success in the encounter which now undoubtedly was imminent.

Had their cavalry been on the ground, they would have attacked the overpowering enemy with more confidence. But, another blunder, their cavalry had not yet got on the field.

By this time the enemy had halted, and were rapidly bringing four heavy parks of artillery in front of them

"Right Brigade, come to attention," sung out through the Canadian lines, and in an instant the order was given to "Retreat." Quick as lightning the order was complied with by the cheerful Canadians, and in a moment they were scouring the plain, which needed it,—it was very dirty and muddy.

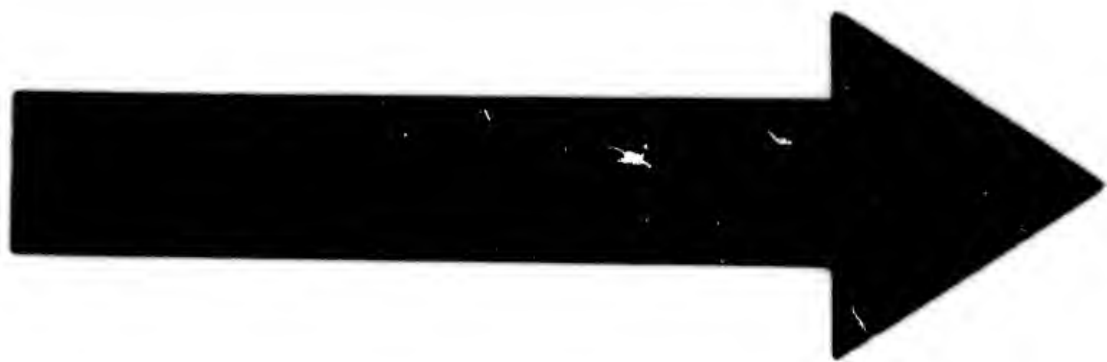
No sooner had the terrified Canadians turned and fled, than a body of mounted soldiers was seen debouching at a rapid gallop out of the wood to the right.

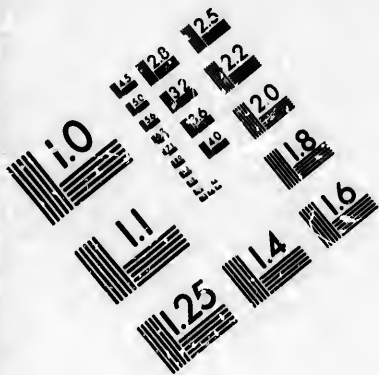
It was the missing cavalry.

Hailed with joy by the dispirited Canadians, the enemy completely failed to notice the new arrivals in the hurry and excitement of pursuit, and ere they could collect themselves, the Canadian cavalry, by a skilful and rapid manœuvre, turned their flank effectively. At the same time the retreating infantry halted, turned about, were thrown into square echelon, and with an extended line of skirmishers in front, and flanked by their artillery, bore down like an avalanche on the now terror-stricken enemy, who were already crippled by the Canadian cavalry in rear, which had routed their own astounded and surprised horsement, and spiked part of their guns.

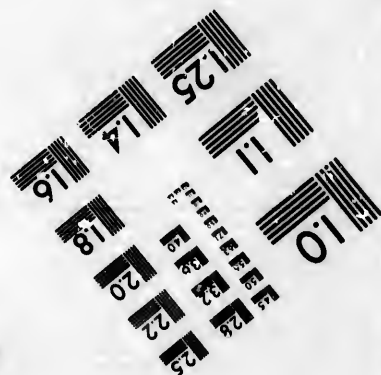
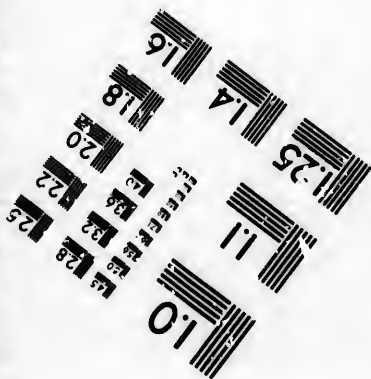
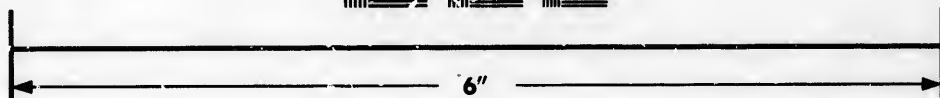
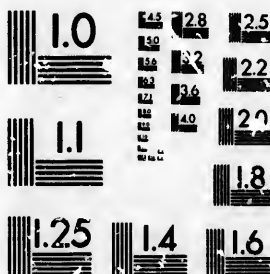
The face of affairs was now completely changed; and a scene of carnage ensued which had never before been paralleled.

The roar of the Canadian artillery, the shrieks of the slaughtered enemy, who were now utterly disorganized, the incessant volleys of the riflemen, the hoarse orders of the excited officers on horseback, the vile





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.5 2.8 12.5
3.2 2.2
2.0
8

10

execrations of the officers who had fallen off, the mad charges, the repulses, the groans, yells, and wild cheers,—all made up a spectacle that only a great battle can afford. Officers who had attended the riding school regularly were seen dashing to and fro to ascertain who were the enemy and who were not.

A general, riding alone into the midst of a regiment, would exclaim,

“Are you the enemy? what regiment?”

“The 44th.”

“Ah, the enemy! Come on, men,” and waving his hand to four gallant fellows who were in rear, they would attack them mercilessly and be cut to pieces.

By a mistake of this nature the enemy effectively annihilated the remaining portion of its cavalry, mistaking it for the Canadian's. The Canadian Cavalry also came to grief. Dismounting their horses, for some stratagic purpose, the ill-conditioned brutes became suddenly furious, made a stampede and rushed at head-long speed, riderless, into the town of Niagara, pursued by the unfortunate cavalry-men, who captured them not till they reached the borders of the lake.

This mishap might have proved fatal to the Canadians, had not the enemy been completely exhausted and ruined by their own blundering. Even now, the battle was decided, and by a tremendous and final charge, the Canadian infantry came down on the ill-fated foes, hemmed them in, and butchered them to a man.

The conflict was now virtually over, and the victorious Canadians adjourned to their respective canteens for refreshments.

Cheering and speeching now became the order of the day, and the fun grew fast and furious.

But it was of short duration.

An officer, looking towards Fort George, discerned to his amazement and disgust, the late annihilated enemy posted on the heights in overwhelming force.

In an instant, the "Assembly" was sounded. In another every man was under arms, and the cavalry having returned from their late chase, the Canadians with irresistible fury bore down for a second time on the enemy. The artillery played on them on either flank, the cavalry charged them in the rear, and the infantry opened a steady fire on them in front; but to the chagrin of the Canadians, not one of the enemy fell. This was disheartening. It was dastardly.

At this point a staff consultation was held, and there was no alternative left but this resource, which was quickly arrived at.

The fire hose must be fetched from Niagara!

It was done!

Keeping the unsuspecting enemy engaged till it arrived, about 500 dollars worth of cartridges and powder was lavished freely on either side, with no apparent result,—till the hose made its appearance.

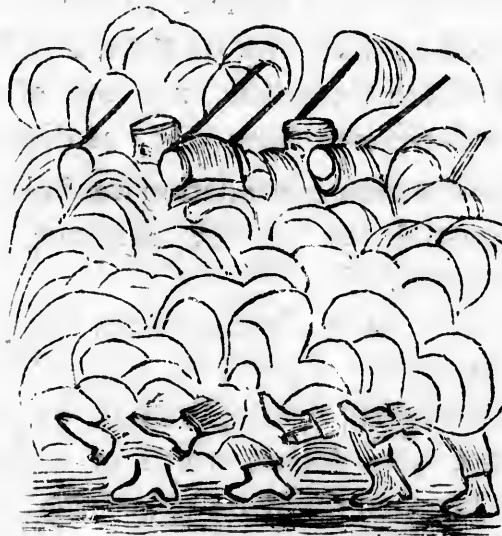
Hastily, but secretly, a pipe was laid to the river,—and, ere a minute had elapsed, a terrible deluge swept down, a death-bearing cataract on the doomed and devoted foe.

Not a man was left!

The battle was o'er!

So ended the Great Battle of Niagara, and who can tell the slaughter: 20,000 men drenched to the skin, 4 men killed by the deadly muzzle-stopper, the field literally strewn with exploded cartridges, bayonets, corks, and muzzle-stoppers, with here and there a coat-tail telling of some deadly struggle—these and a thousand other melancholy evidences, told of the great conflict that had just past,—and the sun went down blood-red on that memorable 20th of June.

* * * * *



I returned home covered with wounds and mud, and decorated with a discolored eye. My uniform is a mere shadow of its former self. Though thankful for my experiences of camp-life, I prefer another suit—a legal one; and though this was my first action, I hope it will not be my last—professionally speaking. Da-

maged in the result of the first action, that successive actions may prove productive of still heavier damages, even that one for breach of promise against Kate Biggs, spinster, is the sincere wish of



THE END.

As it is the fashion in these latter times to consider prefaces, introductory remarks, etc., as mere excrescences, particularly in books of this nature; and as, if read at all, they are frequently read last of all, authors themselves writing them last of all, this afface is put in its appropriate place.

APOLOGY.

THIS little book scarcely deserves the dignity of a preface, perhaps. But as the Afflicted Public have of late years had to digest (or try to) a good *bolus* of what is vaguely known as "comic literature," it may be well to state, by way of palliation, how this book drifted into the market, and for what object it was begotten. It was [the following remarks can be skipped over, if the A. P. doesn't want to know why this book drifted, etc.,] originally intended to form only one or two serial papers in PURE GOLD, but as the subject showed itself unexpectedly fruitful, and also because the readers of that journal (probably, the military element) were pleased to consider the papers palatable, they grew, and grew, and grew, till they reached their present dimensions, just like Jack's Bean Stalk, only not quite so profitable, perhaps.

Without aspiring to be considered a satire, it doesn't

even set out to be a caricature of any description. This, without doubt, the A. P. will find out for themselves, that is, if they read it at all.

What it claims to be is simply an Account of Camp Life and its incidents, with the strictest regard for fiction. The author has tried to be funny in many places,—perhaps successfully in some; but even in those parts where he has essayed to be facetious and failed, the A. P. will find entertainment enough, he is painfully confident. Nevertheless, to those who were in camp with him he hopes these reminiscences will prove as pleasant to them as—profitable to himself.

T. W.





UNBOUNDED SUCCESS
OF THE
FLORENCE
SILENT MOTION
SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE.

W. J. TAYLOR,
Gen'l. Agent.

Office, 131 Yonge St.,
TORONTO.

THE FLORENCE MACHINE is calculated for domestic purposes; it is a splendid article, silent, rapid, durable, and easily managed, it has a reversible feed, and makes four kind of stitches, three of which are made on no other machine, and are stronger and more elastic than any other. In short, it is a most desirable Family Machine, easy to understand and operate; a work of art as well as one of general utility, it is now become a universal favorite and is undoubtedly the best LOCK STITCH MACHINE in the world. We challenge the world for its equal. Every machine warranted for five years. It does more work and more kinds of work than any other machine. Its motions are all positive; there are no cams, cogs, or springs to get out of order, and its simplicity enables the most inexperienced to operate it with the ease of an expert. While we do not insist upon having attained absolute perfection, we do claim and are prepared to prove that the FLORENCE MACHINE is the best in the world. Every purchaser fully instructed; and every machine warranted to be in perfect order. Persons residing at a distance ordering Machines can rely upon their wishes being executed in detail as faithfully as though present in person.

A liberal discount to Clergymen, also to Charitable and Educational Institutions. Liberal Terms to Active Agents.
H. B. MONTREVILLE, TRAVELLING AGENT,

