

miles to reconnoitre, and from a slight eminence, saw the whole brigade, in strength, beyond our means of opposition. Repeating my order to fire from behind the wood-piles that flanked the road, to delay their march, I returned to camp. My horse, making a sudden turn and jump, threw me, as weak as I was, over his head a good distance, on the rough, frozen road. The horse caught, I mounted, and proceeded. At another time, I should have required a hurdle for my removal; but, when the mind's energies are strong, the body is at best a mere incumbrance. Its sufferings are unheeded.

In the camp, or might be best called our enclosure, there were about eighty men, who bravely took their places behind the defences. There were more, I knew, in the village, one-third of a mile distant. They must be hurried up. Without an "aide", I must go myself, thinking the time abundant. The fields were covered with men, women, and children, flying before the troops, from their deserted houses, and the more terrified as smoke and flames shot up from barns set on fire.

The last many of my men had seen of me was hurrying from front to rear, as fast as my weak state would permit. Just as I was turning to get back to camp, a stout *habitant* breathless, in his shirt sleeves, came running from above, to tell me that he was sent by the English commander ("General Anglais") to say that if we were dispersed, nobody should be harmed. (This afterwards was corroborated by sworn testimony; and Col. Gagy, accompanying the troops, told me it was he who sent him). Supposing by this that Col. Wetherall was pressed by "Patriots" in the rear, and was hurrying to Sorel, I sought a fit person to carry back answer that if the troops laid down their arms, they would be allowed to proceed unmolested. This cause a few minutes, delay; he had to run for a coat; and but for this incident that day would probably have been my last. I had reached the ravine, within one minutes' ride from the camp, when one round-shot after the other buzzed past me down the road. Musketry was heard, and men falling back showed me their broken and useless arms. All appeared to be coming. My whole duty now was to endeavor to keep them together, and make face on a new front. Finding this was impossible,—for many would break for their homes, and that I remained unsupported,—my "occupation" at St Charles "gone", towards dusk, I joined Doctor Nelson at St Denis.

Wish such disparity of forces, the affair was soon over. Two six-pounder guns firing short and grape, and near four hundred muskets, made short work with the handful in our