

sergeants, proceeded in a boat to the same place. He pounced on them as, nose to nose, one was giving to his friend the light from his cigar. This most unexpected intrusion, and the menacing point of a bayonet in close proximity to each of their persons, and the very intelligible order, "Drop your pistols to the ground, and surrender, or we bury our bayonets in your body," was a suggestion that these two gentlemen knew not how to get over, other than by a ready compliance, and they became disarmed prisoners of war. They now made an appeal to F. G.'s honor, stating that they came on the island to settle an affair of honor, and that their adversaries would soon join them. On hearing this, to which he turned a deaf ear, he placed the two gentlemen in charge of the sergeant, and proceed in quest of the adverse party.— Looking towards the American shore, he saw a second dug-out, with two men, crossing over to the island. Quietly, and in rifleman style, he trees himself close to the landing. As the dug-out grated on the sands, he covered them with his brown bess, called out to them to surrender, and land immediately without their arms, or they were dead men. Surprised at such a reception, bewildered, not knowing how many men were backing the British soldier, they disembarked, leaving their duelling pistols in the canoe, and were then marched by their opponent a few paces to the rear of his position, and introduced to their adversaries; and the four Yankees were marched off by the two Britishers, and landed on the Canadian shore. The whole party proceeded then to Chippewa, where I was stationed, and entered my barrack-room as I and my chum, Dr. Steele, were at breakfast. This addition to a sub.'s breakfast table was only to be hospitably entertained by an immediate relinquishment of our breakfast to the hungry pedestrians, and by borrowing cups and saucers from my brother sub. in the next room. Having made our Yankee cousins as comfortable as circumstances would allow, I did the part of host to my disconcerted guests. During the frugal meal, of bread, butter, and tea, I observed a very perfect duelling pistol on an adjoining table. It was a saw-handle rifle bore, amber flinted, murderous looking weapon, that excited my admiration. It had a steel ram-rod, which I drew and sprung, and ascertained that it was not loaded. At this moment the bugle sounded the officers' call for parade, to which I proceeded, leaving my friends at their breakfast, and a sentry in charge of them, who was posted outside of the room door. Whilst I was on parade, they were removed under an escort to head-quarters, then at Niagara. My chum having visited his hospital, and parade being over, we assembled to have our breakfast. The pistol was just as I left it on