



"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

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REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WAR.

NUMBER ONE.—LUNDY'S LANE.

What with a long and harassing winter march from New-Brunswick to Kingston, and with hard fighting during the campaign of 1813, our Regiment, the 104th, was much cut up. The campaign of 1814 began by the enemy landing in strength on the Niagara frontier; and immediately on the report reaching the British head-quarters at Kingston, Sir Gordon Drummond marched in person with a force to meet him. I was Lieut. of the Grenadier Company, which, as well as the Light Company, was completed in number by Volunteers from the Battalion, and both of which were placed under the command of Maj. ***** of our own regiment. We were soon put in motion to meet Jonathan, and arriving at St. Catherines on the 24th of July, were attached to Colonel Scott's brigade;—hardly, however, had we got nested in a barn, when orders arrived for a march on to the Falls; the enemy, as was afterwards ascertained, having attacked our advanced guard at Lundy's Lane—we had been marched and counter-marched from two o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening, in a hot July day, when, within about a mile and a half, we heard guns—order was given for double quick—the night was pitch dark, but just as we proceeded, we were met by a staff officer with orders to form on the right of the Royals, who were posted in a ploughed field. The Grenadier company of the 103d regiment was added to our Major's command, and we were immediately hotly engaged, our right being thrown back to protect the flank. I often heard Sir G. Drummond's voice, "stick to them, my fine fellows," and our Major's word, was "level low, fire at the flashes." After being at this *pleasant work* for more than three hours, and when I began to be heartily tired of it, the enemy's fire ceased, and we had orders to bring forward our right shoulders, and charge. This movement was promptly executed, and in a few minutes we were close on a confused mass of the Americans. Our Major standing on a fence, had just cried out

"wait for the word, fire," when at that very moment a staff officer came with orders not to fire, as the 89th had driven the enemy down the slope of the hill. Jonathan took the hint, and called out "the 89th"—the word "recover arms" was given, and, even at such a moment of excitement, I could not but admire the discipline of British troops—not a shot was fired—but in one instant more, at least two hundred blue pills would have been given as a dose, and been washed down with cold steel. At the same time I must do justice to the American troops, they fought gallantly, and caused us great loss, and, at one period of the action, had possession of all our guns, but we got them back with interest, as we recaptured our own, and took and retained one of theirs.

The enemy retired on fort Erie, pursued by our troops. And here our Major had an opportunity of playing off a Yankee trick upon Jonathan. I was one of the subs of the advanced picket placed in a wood. Col. Drummond commanded on the left, the Major on the right. The enemy wished to take a peep at some batteries getting upon the left on the lake shore, and, coming out in force under cover of the wood, commenced a heavy fire on Col. Drummond's picket, but made no attack on our part of the position. No movements could be made by the Major to support his friend without endangering our right flank: but not long after the firing began, I saw him take the bugle boy, Lang, with him, and run down a road on our right, and soon after I heard the advance sounded on our front, and in rear of the enemy. Upon this, the American fire instantly ceased; the Major soon returned, and appeared somewhat exhausted with the exertion he had made in clearing himself of the riflemen, who were pelting back to the fort.—Thus the Major, and his bugle, completely defeated the object of our assailants.

Dr. D*****, who was surgeon on duty at the pickets, observed to me when he saw the Major run with the bugle boy at his heels, "the De'l is in the man; he is daft!"

A few days after, Col. Drummond was killed—the Major received a severe wound—and