

ven from their camp, with the loss of three guns and a brass howitzer, and two brigadier-generals, with more than 100 officers and privates made prisoners. The British afterwards marched back to their cantonments, and the Americans, still greatly superior in numbers, after re-occupying their camp in order to destroy their incumbrances, commenced a precipitate retreat to the place whence they came. The appearance of the squadron of Sir James Yeo off Forty-mile Creek, determined the Americans to a further retreat, in which almost the whole of their camp equipage, and a quantity of stores and provisions, fell into the hands of their adversaries. General Dearborn then concentrated his forces at Fort George; and Colonel Vincent, in consequence, made a forward movement from the head of the lake, in order to support the light infantry and Indians who were employed in cutting off the supplies of the Americans. On the 24th of June, an occurrence took place, which General Dearborn in his dispatch terms unfortunate and unaccountable. He had detached on the evening of the 23d, Lieutenant-Colonel Bastler, with 570 men, to march by the way of Queenston to the Beaver Dams, eight or nine miles thence, in order to disperse a body of British collected there for the purpose of procuring provisions. This detachment were attacked by the Indians from an ambuscade in the woods, and retired to clear ground, whence the commander sent express for a reinforcement. In the meantime Lieutenant Fitzgibbon arrived with a British force, the American leader seems to have lost his presence of mind, and without waiting for succours, agreed to a capitulation, by which two field officers, 21 other officers, 27 non-commissioned officers, and 482 privates, were surrendered prisoners of war, with their colours, and two field-pieces.

THE KEEP-SAKE.

BY MRS. KNIGHT—AUTHOR OF "A WINTER IN CANADA."

Oh! know'st thou why, to distance driven,

When Friendship weeps the parting hour,

The simplest gift that moment given,

Long, long retains a magic pow'r?

Still when it meets the musing view,

Can half the theft of time retrieve,

The scenes of former bliss renew,

And bid each dear idea live?

It boots not if the pencil'd rose

Or sever'd ringlet meet the eye;

Or India's sparkling gems enclose

The talisman of Sympathy:

"Keep it—yes, keep it for my sake!"

On Fancy's ear still peals the sound;

Nor time the potent charm shall break,

Nor loose the spell by Nature bound.