

sneer, and many readers will laugh at the idea of these young "gaffers" talking death on the eve of a mere skirmish—but they did do it. Your bronzed veteran, who knows his companions but by their company number, rather likes to tell how "the 18th were wiped out under cannon fire," or that "No. 12"—the next file—"was shot through the brain while lying with him in the trenches." He half-gloats in blood and death as the most vivid back-ground for his own glory—and the dead are strangers to his heart, and often, to his eye. But these young fellows who were hastily dressing amid the shadows of the lantern on that November night, were going to "dress up" in no rank of cold "numbers," but among brothers and cousins and neighbor boys. When a hurtling bullet dropped a man, it did not mean "No. so and so killed," it meant "Jim, my old play-fellow, dead;" it meant carrying a bleeding corpse into a familiar hall-way and laying him down at the feet of old friends; it meant going home after the battle, not to point exultingly to the powder-grimed face and service-stained uniform, but to join a band of simple mourners, and follow a coffin down an oft-trod path and through a love-endear'd gateway. The veteran sees nothing but the rush and bravado of battle, the young lads saw a funeral in a neighbor's parlor.

The men soon unstocked their rifles and got into line in front of the barracks, whence they were marched down to the river's edge. About a hundred of them, all told, they were scattered along the banks in small detachments to watch for the enemy.

Soon the upper parties descried two schooners lying very close together, floating down the river within a few rods of the Canadian shore. The officers hailed the strangers and were told that one of the boats was in a sinking condition, hence they had lashed themselves together and were seeking to make fast to the wharves at Prescott. Failing in this or more probably frightened off by the display of troops upon the banks, the boats parted company and drifted off into the darkness.

Had the invaders but known the true state of affairs and understood the meagre proportions of the garrison—less than a hundred armed men—they might easily have forced a landing on that night, plundered Prescott and entrenched themselves in the then strong works of Fort Wellington. While, of course, no stand could have been permanent, it would have cost infinitely more in life and treasure to drive Von Shoultz and his men out of the stockades and parapets of the Fort than it did to frighten them from the bare and tottlish Windmill cone.

The militia were kept under arms all night; and in the morning one of the boats was seen anchored about half way across the river, between the Windmill and what is now the O. L. C. depot; while the other was found, by the diligent use of the glass, to be grounded upon the bar at the mouth of Ogdensburg harbor.

The historic mill stands a mile and a half below Prescott, upon the edge of a modest bluff, not over ten feet in height, but immensely craggy withal. It is a conical tower of stone some eighty feet high, now resplendent in white-wash and a red cap. A door on the north side admits to a slim stairway that mounts from story to story to the top. The walls are three feet and a half thick at the bottom but grow smaller towards the upper part, and the occasional windows served as excellent loop-holes.

At dawn on Monday large crowds of sympathizers gathered along the American shore, and pressing the not unwilling steamer *United States* into service, began landing the garrison at Windmill Point. This was somewhat interfered with by the plucky little gun-boat *Experiment*, which, carrying two swivels, kept up a desultory fire upon the rebels all day; indeed, towards evening, a shot from her shell battery be-headed the pilot of the *United States* who was at his post in the wheel-house.

The militia had been helplessly watching the manœuvres since sunrise, far too weak to interfere; and at night Captain McDonald marched his men dawn upon the plains in the face of a heavy rain storm to guard against a surprise. In the meantime messengers had been despatched in all directions for help, and that night the steamers *Queen* and *Cobourg* brought to the wharf a body of marines and regulars under Lieutenant Johnston, numbering 70 men; 140 men of the 9th Battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gowan, arrived during the night. In the morning Colonel John Crysler marched in with a battalion of Dundas militia, amounting to 300 men,

and this was soon supplemented by a detachment from the 1st Grenville militia.

Early in the morning Colonel Young, an ideal English officer, stern and gentle, straight as an arrow and courteously bluff, rode down towards the Windmill and carefully looked over the ground; then riding back, he called the officers about him, and in a very few words gave concise and complete directions for the assault. The enemy had not only occupied the mill and several surrounding stone houses, but had utilized the heavy stone fences that then divided the fields, as breast-works behind which they crouched, waiting for the troops to advance. Colonel Fraser took a portion of the Glengarry regiment, 30 marines under Lieut. Parker, and a large number of the Dundas and Grenville Volunteers, and marched them in double file down back of the Fort, and by a detour skirting the "Pines"—a wood lying near the railway—brought his men exactly behind the enemy's position. Colonel Young advanced with the remainder directly down the river bank. The battle was opened by the advance of Col. Fraser's brigade,—the left wing—who immediately encountered a heavy fire from the rebel riflemen posted behind the stone walls; and before the rear files had become engaged at all, wounded and dead friends were carried back from the front through the advancing columns of these callow lads to be laid in a temporary hospital, the residence of a Mr. Wells. The volunteers were marching, wholly unprotected, down a slight incline, making capital targets for the marksmen lying under cover. It was a dark morning, and the advancing lines seemed fringed with fire, while from fence and house and boulder jets of flame shot out. The volunteers were firing rapidly and well, but their shot dropped harmless from stone barriers, while the bullets of the rebels cut through home spun coat or the rarer "tunic" and found no resistance stronger than human bone. It was an unequal fight, and our brave lads were simply butchered on the hill side. Nor much better was the sight of the right wing advancing by the river road and exposed to a galling fire from the houses and mill.

(To be continued.)

#### FRENCH ORDNANCE.

The French press continues to dwell on the success of French ordnance. *Le Matin* publishes an article in which it is stated that Krupp has failed to keep up the prestige which unquestionably belonged to his works some years since. It appears that a report was recently circulated that Krupp had sent engineers to Ekaterinoslaw to make arrangements for the erection of Russian ordnance factories. This, it is stated, has been ascertained to be wholly untrue, and it is added that both Krupp's reputation and the total amount of work performed at Essen have diminished lately. The Russians make their own ordnance now at Obouhnow, Poutilow, Perm and Krell, and obtain guns also from the principal French makers. Experience has shown that while Krupp long excelled in the large masses of steel employed in ordnance, latterly better steel has been made both in France and England. The evils of the wedge breech-closing system, both as to unnecessary weight and also weakness, have been recognized, and not long since some Krupp guns delivered in Russia yielded under a pressure of 2,250 atmospheres per square centimetre. Since 1885 the manufacture of war material in France has caused that in Germany to decline. Canet guns in Greece, Japan and elsewhere, have replaced those of Krupp, and still more those of Armstrong. The de Bange obturator has been adopted in Russia, England and America. Krupp even has made guns with the de Bange obturator by special request from Norway. Creusot has also been manufacturing ordnance. It is further stated that the Krupp quick-fire guns adopted in Germany are feeble and inferior to those which the French navy will have. The great development of private, as well as government ordnance factories in France, allows her to regard the future with confidence.—*Engineer*.

The Canadian Institute, with the Lundy's Lane and other historical societies, are about to send a memorial to the Minister of Militia and Defence, asking for the more perfect preservation of Forts George and Mississauga, on the Niagara frontier.