

being taken. At my request, he took a look through the glass; and, having satisfied himself, he laid the gun as ordered. I with my glass watched the spot aimed at. I saw one plank of the building fall out, and at the same instant the whole fabric went up in a pillar of black smoke, with but little noise, and it was no more. Horses, waggons, men, and building, all disappeared—not a vestige of any was to be seen. Now was our turn to cheer; and we plied the enemy in a style so quick and accurate, that we silenced all their guns, just as a third dragoon came galloping up to us, shouting "Victory! victory!" Then again we cheered lustily; but no response from the other side. Night hid the enemy from our sight. The Commissariat made its appearance with biscuit, pork, rum, and potatoes; and we broke our fast for that day, about nine, p.m. How strange and unaccountable are the feelings produced by war! Here were the men of two nations, but of common origin, speaking the same language, of the same creed, intent on mutual destruction; rejoicing with a fiendish pleasure at their address in perpetuating murder by wholesale; shouting for joy as disasters propagated by the chance of war, hurling death and agonizing wounds in the ranks of their opponents. An yet these very men, when chance gave them an opportunity, would readily exchange, in their own peculiar way, all the amenities of social life, extending to one another a draw of the pipe, and quid, or glass; obtaining and exchanging information from one and the other of their respective services, as to pay, rations, duty, and so on; the victors with delicacy abstaining from any allusion to the victorious day. Though the vanquished would allude to their disasters, the victors never named their triumphs. Such is the character of acts and words between British and American soldiers I witnessed, as officer commanding a guard over American prisoners.

As I have written the word, prisoners of war, I will here detail an event demonstrating the necessity of caution in the handling of fire-arms. Lieut. F. G., of the 49th Regt., had a separate command, composed of all the men whose names figured in the regimental records, as notorious troublesome characters, who were ever and anon the subjects of courts-martial. They were all Irishmen, speaking the Irish vernacular, as did their countryman and chief. His duty was principally to collect information of the enemy's movements, and do everything in his power to annoy them. On the occasion I am about to narrate, he was scouting the banks of the Niagara river, opposite to Grand Island. Observing two officers in a dug-out, leave the main, and proceed to the island, he decided to apprehend these gentlemen, and, with one of his