

as our readers are already aware, that the subject has elicited the sentiments of various writers on either side, we leave them to judge how far that dissatisfaction was well grounded.

An action before Fort Erie terminated more favourably for the British arms. On September 17th, the Americans stationed in that fort, joined by volunteers from the militia, made a sortie with their whole force, estimated at 5000 men, upon the entrenched position of Major General de Watteville, occupied by the 8th and De Watteville's regiments. Under cover of a heavy fire from Fort Erie, and favoured by the weather, they succeeded in turning the right of the picquets without being perceived, and attacking the picquets and their supporters, whilst another column attacked in front, they gained possession of two of the batteries. As soon, however, as the alarm was given, troops were assembled to oppose the enemy, by whose steadiness and bravery they were finally repulsed; the batteries and entrenchments were recovered, and the assailants were compelled to retire with precipitation to their works, leaving two hundred prisoners and wounded.

While these warlike operations were going on in Canada, the Commissioners of the two contending Powers were actively engaged in Europe in negotiations for the restoration of peace. These Commissioners met at Ghent, on the 6th of August, and being laudably zealous for restoring the blessings of peace to the two countries, they compromised their differences on the 24th of December, 1814, when they signed a treaty of peace and amity between Great Britain and the United States.

TRANSLATION

Of the French Lines under the recently published print of Mary Queen of Scots, and her Secretary Chatelar, supposed to be the subject of the Secretary's Song.

A Queen is mistress of my heart,

She reigns from pole to pole!

Those eyes as bright

As solar light

Are Love's two sceptres o'er the soul;

And when towards me their flame they turn,

My soul the fires of passion burn,

And glow through every part.

Happy I were to reign

Monarch of yon azure plain;

Then might she bid

Wiling be

Nor let me sigh in vain.

But ah! I sigh in silence now!

Venturous to love, but not that love avow.