

superior officers appeared to have little or no control, for, while at drill, it was a scene of battle and conversation, the front and rear rank quarrelling or chattering, and their whole time was evidently occupied in laughing or chattering to each other, and spitting most intemperately. The officers appeared to have no power, or rather no extreme superiority, over the men, no acknowledged compliments on either side, no saluting; all seemed to be Dick, Bill, and Tom.

The instructors at drill seemed to find an able mode of conveying their ideas, by dealing out a blow on the side of the head, to those who seemed to, in his opinion, lack improvement, or a poke in the ribs with a stick, to any who might not happen to comprehend as readily as he wished them. Thus I saw with utter astonishment—that men, calling themselves “sons of freedom,” should permit themselves to be struck as if they were school-boys. However, such was the case. I continued to go round the square, in the hope of finding my friend, the corporal, and on whom my eyes soon fell, just thrown, as it were, into a sack of blue, sitting, indeed, like a sentry-box; never did I see such a sight! there he stood, pale and dejected, clothed in a garb that did not fit him in any way; on his right were his companions; they all seemed to recognize me; I determined to wait until the drill was over, and, in the meantime, I strolled to the barrack; a small yard, like that of a court, led through an arch into a quadrangle of neatly arranged buildings, apportioned as barrack-rooms. The sentinel at the arch, was a good-looking young man, much cleaner, and evidently a better manufactured soldier than any I had previously seen; and he was sauntering along his oft-trod path, with his mouth half filled with tobacco; whilst one hand supported his musket, the other hand was thrust nearly elbow-deep in his trousers pocket, and his shoulders had, most assuredly, been once square, but loose habit had made him stoop.

The barrack-rooms were small, and contained from eight to twelve beds, the floors dirty, and every thing seemed desolate and irregular; system was absent, and comfort an entire stranger. The accoutrements were dirty, and there was nothing calculated to entice the eye, when compared with the well-regulated, comfortable barracks of our Service, where every thing has a place, and every thing is in its place—all clean, and all system—obedience causing quietness, and quietness comfort; where each man finds pleasure in cleanliness—and discipline has taught him his duty, which becomes a delight and an honour; where each man, when he sees his officer, is pleased to show respect, which is their due; where each man feels

a confidence in his comrade, to whom habit gives a fraternal tie, and from a beautifully arranged chain of responsibility, like that with which our discipline is connected, each feels it a duty to support it in all cases. Not so with the Service of boasted freedom, where all is as I have described, one scene of dissipation and tumult, and all discipline lost through that erroneous idea of equality. I left the yard in perfect disappointment at seeing a place so different to what I had expected, and as I was returning I heard the bugle sounding the dispersal, and in another moment I was surrounded by the five young men they corroborated all I had seen, by informing me that their rations were coarse and badly cooked—chiefly consisting of salt pork and bread, and that they never got pay—were allowed to go to the canteen and run up a score, either in food or drink, which was paid for by their officer at the end of each quarter, I think he said, and the balance, if any—which, of course, was seldom the case—was given to the man entitled to it. They had bad bedding, and comfort was unknown to them. No regularity—no prospect of happiness—the barrack, which to a soldier is his palace, his chamber and his home, there became a rendezvous of misery, filth and wantonness. One-third, he said, at least, then in the barracks, were British subjects, either emigrants or deserters, chiefly the latter, and they were employed in all the drudgery employment they could get for them, and never trusted to any extent. And they were not only open to the scell and persecution of every man who happened to be an American, but were deprived of many of the indulgences allowed to others, on the pretence—and that a very just one—that they were not to be depended upon—since they would desert their own country, they would do anything. Yet, said they, they will encourage our men on the margin of a lake, within a stone's throw of our shores—hold out the highest prospects to those who will desert—thus entrapping, in the most dastardly and cowardly manner, men from a really free nation to one to whom freedom is bludgeoned. They said they had not yet received the other half of the bounty, and that they expected to be drafted off to Mexico in a few weeks—and most fervently some of them prayed that it might be sooner, and that they might never return. Their arrival from Buffalo was hailed by all the old hands—i. e. deserters—with joy, inasmuch as they saw fresh faces from Britain's side; but the corporal said that it was a general feeling of one and all, the regret at so far forgetting themselves not only as to desert so good a Service as the British, but to

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