

was shot through the body. His wound was fatal; but to the last moment he tore cartridges for his comrades,—the blood, at every exertion, gushing from his heart, and bathing his hands with its sanguine stain. Yet to the last he bore up nobly—no sigh escaped him.

"He died amid the battle's broil,  
A time that heeds nor pain nor toll;"

and his last breath was spent in cheering us to our duty. A braver youth never lived—a truer heart never was hushed in the sleep of death; and his grave is now trod on by the feet of tyrants, and his memory is "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." During the engagement, George Butterfield was wounded in one of the out-buildings, and borne to the windmill, where he lived till evening. He was mild and gentle in his manners; but when the battle commenced he was brave as a tiger, discharging his duty faithfully. In fact, he was the "Noy" of the battle of Prescott—"bravest among the brave." His dying words were, "My poor dear mother! I fear her heart will break when she knows that I am dead." Then for a moment his words were incoherent, and the names of kindred hung upon his lips; and in the next, his soul was disentangled from the net of clay, and was before its God. In the morning's engagement, there was an incident transpired worthy of remark. A matron, with a daughter of seventeen and a babe of six months old, whose husband had left her during the battle, seeing that the British outnumbered the Patriots by many hundreds, started with her children to join and claim protection of the loyalist army. (It must be remembered that she was one of those who resided in the out-buildings that we had taken possession of.) When we saw the little family on their way, our commandant gave orders not to fire in that direction. His orders were strictly obeyed. Yet when she had arrived within ten rods of the loyalists' line, a shot was fired, which broke the jaw of the daughter, and another pierced herself and her child to the heart, and both found an untimely grave upon the field of battle;—the dead child clasped in the arms of its dying mother, a metaphor of that affection which is stronger than death. And this murder was committed by the very men who boast of being governed by a woman! Oh! shame, where is thy blush! Humanity recoils from the recital of such cold-blooded massacres of the innocent. I would here contradict a report which has been circulated, regarding Charles E. Brown's being burned alive in one of the out-buildings after having been previously wounded. He was shot through the head, and died instantly, without a groan,—falling within a few feet of the spot where I stood. During the assault, Lieut. Johnson, of the 83rd Regiment, with about thirty men, undertook to seize our decoy cannon, and when within a few paces, was shot down by our riflemen, his party abandoning the expedition after his death. One of our soldiers stole his coat and cap, and escaped through the British camp. Passing himself off as an officer, he reached in safety the American shore. This was all the indignity which

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