

charge. Sir John Colborne was too good a man—too religious a man to have been guilty of an act of unnecessary cruelty. Even where his own impartial judgment has pointed out to him that mercy were a compromise of duty, more than one life, which had been forfeited to the Crown, has he restored to the prayers and entreaties of a despairing family.

While the troops were advancing upon Napierville in the order above shown, Colonel Carmichael, the Inspecting Field-Officer of that District, having under his command about a thousand of the Militia of Glengarry and a company of the 71st, made a forced march upon Beauharnois, for the purpose of releasing the prisoners taken on the night of the 3rd. But with the exception of one or two, whom they found on board of the Henry Brougham steamer, which had also fallen into the hands of the insurgents, all had disappeared. They had been sent on to Chateauguay, and finally to Napierville, where, on the abandonment of the place by the rebels, they were released, and allowed to make the best of their way, by Laprairie, to Montreal.

On the 11th, the Indians entered Chateauguay, which the rebels had also deserted, and plundered and burned the village. At the head of this party was the young chief who had behaved so well at Caughnawaga on the preceding Sunday, and of whom another noble trait is to be recorded. Among the inhabitants was a respectable old lady who had two trunks containing some valuable property. Amid the general confusion and plundering, she of course entertained no hope of saving what she most prized, yet in her despair entreated a gentleman of Montreal, who was present with a few Volunteers, to do what he could to preserve her property. This gentleman immediately sought the chief, whom he well knew, explained to him the alarm of the old lady, and begged his interference in the matter. To prevent his people from plundering where they could, was not so easy a task, but there was no reason why the chief should not anticipate them by plundering himself. He entered the house, laid his hands upon the trunks in question, and, much to the discomfiture of their owner, who could not be made to believe his object was to secure them for her, carried them off. Her joy was, however, equal to her regret, when, on the following day, quiet having been in some degree restored in the sacked village, the young chief made his appearance before her, bringing with him the trunks he had taken, and depositing them in the house in precisely the same condition in which he had found them.

The 12th was remarkable for one of the best-executed manoeuvres which took place during the whole of the rebellion,—namely, the passage of the St. Lawrence, and occupation of a strong position below Prescott, in Upper Canada, by a numerous band of rebels and sympathizers, under the command of the Pole Von Schoultz. No spot could have been selected so well adapted to the purpose, not of permanent defence, for that was never contemplated, but of holding out until joined by the great body of the population, who, they had been led to believe, were ready to flock to their standard the moment that a footing should be obtained. The windmill itself was a perfect tower of strength, and occupying as it did, and still does, a most commanding position on the elevated bank, might have defied the strongest artillery that could have been brought to bear against it. As it was, the shot from the guns of light calibre that were used on the steamers sent from Kingston, scarcely left their impression on the surface of the wall. The ultimate failure and capture of this expedition, were results, not of any excellence in the measures adopted by the officer in command, Colonel Dundas, of the 83rd, but of the good conduct of the Militia under their several officers. Lieut. Johnson, of the above-named regiment, had on the first intimation of the landing, been despatched with forty men, and Lieut. Parker, of the Royal Marines, with thirty of his corps; and these officers, supported by the Militia, had very gallantly attacked the enemy, then posted in several stone houses and behind the stone walls that adjoined the windmill, but a heavy and destructive fire of rifles drove them back with the loss of Lieut. Johnson and several men. That afternoon, and not till then, Colonel Dundas left Kingston with a reinforcement of three companies of his regiment and a demi-field-battery; but finding that these guns were wholly useless, he withdrew the regular force to Kingston, intending to return on the following morning with heavier metal for a renewal of the attack. Now, this, it must be admitted, was a most unusual military proceeding. To withdraw a force upwards of sixty miles from the scene of action, under the plea of obtaining guns of a heavier calibre, when these might have been sent to him without, in any way, weakening the besieging force, has in it something so incomprehensible to a soldier, that I confess I have never been able to understand the tactics which induced the measure. True, he left a gallant and determined Militia to watch them during the night; but men rendered desperate by the hopelessness of their position, and fighting with a cord around their necks, it was natural to suppose would have made a fierce effort to cut their way through their enemies, or perish in honorable combat in the field. Moreover, knowing that there were no regular troops against whom to contend, but a militia force nearly as undisciplined as themselves, there was the more to induce this course of proceeding, and the only matter for surprise is that it was not attempted. Colonel Dundas ought to have known that, if their leaders were possessed of the commonest resolution and judgment, this was the course to be pursued; and

when he returned from Kingston on the following day and found those still there to whom he had afforded so favorable an opportunity for escaping, he must have been sensible that it was owing to no foresight or judiciousness of judgment of his own that this had not been effected. Even as it was, a number of the brigands did escape on the night of his departure, and the attempt, although made furtively, and with a caution which baffled the vigilance of the Militia, there is every reason to believe, was suggested to them by the withdrawal of the troops.

It has been sought by the friends and apologists of Colonel Dundas to justify this unparalleled military error, by imputing to him an apprehension that, on the night when he did so singularly return to Kingston, the presence of the troops was absolutely necessary there, as an outbreak was to be expected. This is a libel on the people of Kingston than, whom, with a very very few exceptions, a more loyal population is not to be found in any part, not only of Her Majesty's colonies, but of the empire itself, and Col. Dundas must have been well aware of that fact.

Be this as it may, the attack upon the windmill was renewed on the return of the regular force from Kingston, and after a great many of the besieged had succeeded in effecting their escape. After a very faint resistance the enemy, reduced to eighty-six in number, exclusive of sixteen wounded, surrendered at discretion, with three pieces of light ordnance. Colonel Dundas, as senior officer, reaped the laurels, and Her Majesty honored his victory with a Companionship of the Bath.

On the 14th, and the day previous to the surrender of Von Schoultz and his force, the remainder of the "Grand Napierville Army of Occupation," and now dwindled down to eighty men, hearing of the approach of Major Johnston and a company of the 66th, abandoned the position they had taken up at Boucherville, leaving behind them three guns—a quantity of powder—thirty muskets, a great number of pikes, and artillery-cartridges made up in bags, containing some dozens of musket-balls. And with this exploit terminated the insurrectionary movement in Lower Canada. Sir John Colborne, with the 24th and 73rd Regiments, and the heavy artillery, had now returned to Montreal, leaving at Laprairie the Guards, the Hussars, and a few Artillery.

The above, taken from my notes recorded each day, is a brief account of the second rebellion, from the commencement to its close. Independently of one other act of aggression, to which I shall allude presently, the whole outbreak was not more than a ten day's affair.

Some private business requiring my presence in Upper Canada, I left Montreal for Toronto a few days after the Prescott invasion. Everything was tranquil in the neighbourhood of the late scene of contest, and but for the dilapidation of the windmill, there was no evidence of its having been used for a military purpose—unless, indeed, I may except the appearance of a sentinel, one of a small militia piquet posted in the mill, who was pacing to and fro with an air of very justifiable importance, which seemed to announce to each passing stranger, "Behold in me one of the captors of the redoubtable Von Schoultz." As for the windmill itself, it stood unharmed, and apparently as much undefaced by the shot which had been directed against it, as that which sustained the shock of the lance of the Knight of La Mancha. It struck me forcibly at the time that the selection of this position must have been the work of a soldier, who had well calculated his chances before moving in his game.

On reaching Kingston, I found a court-martial already assembled for the trial of the prisoners, and composed of the principal militia-officers of the district. Their proceedings were summary, and conviction speedily followed—sentence of death having been passed on Von Schoultz and several of his chief officers. I had a great curiosity to see the Pole, who, with his fellow-prisoners, was confined in Fort Henry, then occupied by a detachment of the 93rd Highlanders. Availing myself, therefore, of an opportunity which presented itself, I mounted the tedious hill leading to the elevated and rather picturesque fortress, and soon found myself in the presence of him I sought.

I confess I was particularly and favorably impressed with the manner of this unfortunate man. No intimation whatever had been given to him of my intended visit, and yet when the bolt of the prison was withdrawn, and we suddenly appeared before him, his whole demeanor and attitude were such as could not fail to command respect. It being near the close of November, it was, of course, cold; and around a stove of sheet iron, made intensely hot, were clustered a band of shivering wretches, one half of them without coats, and either warming their fingers or cooking some article of food—the whole exhibiting an appearance of despair and misery which left on the mind a sentiment of disgust. But the relief to this picture was in the back ground. Beyond these equal and contemptible-looking beings, with folded arms, and evidently acknowledging no moral assimilation with those by whom he was surrounded, paced Von Schoultz, with the dignified manner of one whose spirit not even in adversity, in her most hideous aspect, could bend into an association with vulgar minds. There was, moreover, a placidity and quiet resolution about his fine countenance, that could not fail to interest, while