

(Re-printed.)

My Reminiscence of the 13th October, 1812.

I WAS stationed at Fort Erie on the memorable 13th of October, 1812. At day-break, having returned with my escort as visiting rounds, after a march of about six miles in muddy roads through forest land, and about to refresh the inward man after my fatiguing trudge, I heard the booming of distant artillery, very faintly articulated. Having satisfied myself of the certainty of my belief, hunger, wet, and fatigue were no longer remembered; excitement banished these trifling matters from my mind; and I posted off to my commanding officer to report the firing, now more audible and rapid. I found my chief—booted, spurred, and snoring—lying, as was his nightly wont, on a small hair mattress on the floor of his barrack room, which boasted of furniture: one oak table covered with green baize, two chairs of the same, a writing-desk, a tin basin containing water, and a brass candlestick in which had been placed a regulation mutton-dip, now dimly flickering its last ray of light, paling before the dawn now making its appearance through the curtainless window. The noise I made in entering the Major's sleeping and other apartment awoke him. As he sat up on his low mattress, he said, "What is the matter?" "Heavy cannonading down the river, sir." "Turn the men out." "All under arms, sir." "That 'll do." By this time he was on his legs, his hat and gloves on. His batman was at the door with his charger, who, like his master, was in ready harness for any sudden eventuality. He was in the saddle and the spurs in his horse's flanks in an instant, leaving the orderly, batman, and myself to double after him up to the Fort, some hundred yards off. As we reached it the men were emerging through the gate in measured cadence, and we were on our way to the batteries opposite to the enemy's station at Black Rock. Before we reached our post of alarm, the sun was up and bright. We had not assumed our position long before an orderly officer of Provincial dragoons rode up, and gave us the information that the enemy were attempting to cross at Queenston, and that we were to annoy him along the whole line, as was being done from Niagara to Queenston, by any and every means in our power, short of crossing the river.—Everything was ready on our parts. The enemy all appeared asleep, judging from the apparent quiet that prevailed on their side of the river. The command to annoy the enemy was no sooner given than