

the side of the wounded. I was glad to be allowed to recline upon a short bench, having for a covering an outside coat which had belonged to one of the dead. I had found it necessary to change the position of the arm of private White, after which he slept for some hours. Routh did not rest so well. Towards midnight the pulse of each was considerably increased in frequency; but this was in a few hours remedied, and in the latter part of the night they both rested tolerably well. Probably they would have rested better had it not been for the shameful conduct of a person in an officer's uniform, who having purloined a bottle of stimulant, made himself somewhat noisy. In striking contrast to him I must mention the kind nursing of an elderly lady, Mrs. Rebecca Danner, upwards of sixty-five, who lives within a mile of the battle-field. When our volunteers were advancing, she, like a prudent woman, at once thought they would be wanting bread, and set to work to bake for them; before she had completed this noble-hearted work, she was alarmed to see them retreating in some confusion. They rushed to her door demanding water! water! She and a young daughter, who indeed were the only females who had not left the neighbourhood, drew water for them—first one and then the other; and when there would be a lull, they would fill pails and vessels of every kind for the next that came; but, bye-and-bye, Fenians came. These suspicious wretches would not drink the water thus drawn, lest it had been poisoned, and the women were compelled to draw afresh. It is but justice to say that they treated Mrs. Danner and daughter unexceptionably. Shortly after Mrs. Danner set out for the battle field, and all the night long was engaged with others (among whom was her sister, a Mrs. Douglas, and a young lady) in administering to the wants of the agonized men. It was this Mrs. Danner who sat up the livelong night, and patiently and tenderly watched over private White, applying ice to the wounded arm and wetting the dry lips. In this connection I must mention the name of Dr. Brewster, who lives at Ridgeway, and who, when our forces retreated, advanced into the enemy's lines and did all he could for the brave fellows who had been left behind. He worked all the day and all the night, in connection with the brave, noble woman, to whom I have referred. The following morning I found the three men in all respects better. My own patients were particularly comfortable. The bowels had not yet moved, so I proceeded to administer an injection to each, having brought with me the necessary syringe. After repeating, each had a free evacuation. But I now felt it my duty to leave. Information reached us in the forenoon, direct from Toronto, that fighting had commenced below Kingston. As my fellow townsman had been ordered to that point, and my family lived in that region, I deemed it right that