

The text will be further sustained, by an allusion to the action that was fought within these walls. The people who delight in war were only scattered for a little while. The crest-fallen leaders of the revolutionary army sallied forth from their stronghold at Napierville, breathing threatening, vengeance, and slaughter! and this day twelve month, nearly at the same hour too, did they, at the head of hundreds of their deluded followers, come up against you. "But the God of Jeshurun who rideth upon the heaven" went before you and was your reward. Bare deliverance would have satisfied his people, but this did not satisfy his love, and therefore he gave them a complete victory. When it is remembered that the Volunteers, in this affair, did not exceed 180 men; that they resisted, for more than two hours, an incessant and furious attack from more than five times their number; and that they eventually compelled them to retire broken and discomfited, none but those that are wilfully blind could require clearer evidence *that the Lord was on our side*. The arrival of Col. Taylor, who just came *in time*, with a seasonable supply of ammunition; his *judicious distribution* of the little force under his command; his presence and example; his bearing and manner; and the total defeat of the rebels, without any succour from the *regular troops*; and the salutary effect that impressive fact produced, are the "great cloud of witnesses" to which we appeal in support of the assertion—"The battle in which you were engaged, and the victories that resulted from them, are an unequivocal proof that the Lord was on the side of the Loyalists." *

* In these actions eight of the Volunteers, viz., Captain McCallister, Corporal Flowers, and six privates were killed. Eleven were wounded, none severely, however, but Lieut. Hiram Odell, and private James Kidd, the latter very severely. Many were saved, as by the skin of their teeth. A rifle ball tore open Major March's cap, and was found lodged in the wadding of it after the action was over: a ball from a musket entered the cartouche-box worn by Ensign Van Vleet, and dropped down among the rest of the ammunition. A bullet struck the breast plate of private Patrick Armstrong, of Capt. Straker's company, with such force, that it was indented, and his breast discoloured. The captured gun was effectively served by Lieut. Curran, of the Hemmingford Militia, assisted by Sergt. Beatty of the First Royals. Lieut. C. was for several years in the Royal Forge Artillery; he served for some time in the Nether-