

of mist as incense to the sky. Von Schoultz hailed the dawn as a good omen of the glorious sun-burst of Canadian liberty, but many an eye which gazed that morning upon the resplendent orb of light, ere night had closed for ever. At nine o'clock A. M., three British steamboats came down from Prescott, anchoring opposite the mill, and opened a fire of balls and bomb-shells; at the same time, fifteen hundred of the Canadian militia and regulars made their appearance, the 83rd regiment occupying the centre and the militia forming the right and left wings. They were formed three deep when in line of battle. We formed likewise a line of battle, each man spreading from two to three yards apart, so as to cover their front, protected on three sides by walls and stone buildings and the river, whose steep banks prevented the shot and shells thrown by the enemy's marine from doing us any mischief, which passed above our heads and created death and disaster among their own land forces. Before the engagement commenced, a six-pounder was placed between the mill and one of the stone out-buildings, but so placed that in case of a retreat it would receive, if attempted to be taken, a raking fire from four different points; and would also serve as a decoy in case of an emergency. Our orders were not to fire a gun until we had received an assault from the British, under any circumstances. As the enemy advanced, their bugles sounded, and when within about twenty rods they halted, and fired by platoons. We returned their fire, and fought for three hours and ten minutes without cessation. The Canadian militia retreated, and left the centre of their line supported by the 83rd regiment (which fought fiercely and bravely) alone, but finding our hail-storm bullets a little too effective for their use, they soon followed suit, and retreated behind the rising ground that fronts the mill, leaving us in fair possession of the field. We followed up the retreat a short distance, but finding that the enemy wished to flank us, we advanced no farther, as our case would have been hopeless had we been cut off from the mill and stone out-buildings, which proved our only bulwarks of safety. Losing some thirteen men, we retreated to the mill and made it our strong-hold, fortifying it as well as we could with our three field-pieces; but judge of our surprise and desperate condition, when we found that there was not a solitary ball left to load our guns, rendering them next to useless.

During the engagement, I looked often toward the shores of Liberty, and saw thousands thronging the beach at Ogdensburgh, whose faint cheers reached us across the wave; and it embittered our hearts to know and feel, that they whose tongues could beguile so successfully had not the moral courage to aid us in the hour of trial. We loaded our guns with pieces of broken iron, butts and screws, that we tore from the doors and fixtures of the mill. No sooner had we retreated, than the British, encouraged by the sight of a vacant field, rallied, and attempted to take our strong-hold by storm. In that assault the writer received a wound in his left arm by a musket-ball, and his friend, Charles West,