

had in various ways evinced their feelings—some in weeping, some in swearing—some in mournful silence—now exhibit demoniac energy. The heavy guns are loaded, traversed and fired, as if they were field pieces.

"Too much hurry for precision. 'Take your time, men; don't throw away your fire, my lads.' 'No, sir, but we'll give it to them hot and heavy.'

"All the guns were worked by the 49th men of my own company, and they wished to avenge their beloved chief, Brock, whom they knew and valued with that correct appreciation peculiar to the British soldier. They had all served under him in Holland and at Copenhagen.

"I had a very excellent reconnoitering-glass; and as I kept a sharp lookout for the effect of our fire, and the movements of the enemy, I observed that powder was being removed from a large wooden barrack into ammunition waggons. The only man of the Royal Artillery I had with me was a bombardier, Walker. I called his attention to the fact I had observed, and directed him to lay a gun for that part of the building wherefrom the powder was being taken. At my request he took a look through my glass, and, having satisfied himself, he laid the gun as I ordered. I, with my glass, watched the spot aimed at. I saw one plank of the building fall out, and at the same instant the whole fabric went up in a pillar of black smoke, with but little noise, and it was no more—horses, waggons, men and building all disappeared; not a vestige of any was to be seen.

"Now was our turn to cheer; and we plied the enemy in a style so quick and accurate that we silenced all their guns just as a third dragoon came galloping up to us, shouting 'Victory! Victory!' Then again we cheered lustily, but no response came from the other side. Night now hid the enemy from our sight.

"The commissariat made its appearance with biscuit, pork, rum and potatoes, and we broke our fast for that day about nine p.m.

"How strange and unaccountable are the feelings induced by war! Here were men of two nations, but of a common origin, speaking the same language, of the same creed, intent on mutual destruction, rejoicing with fiendish pleasure at their address in perpetrating murder by wholesale, shouting for joy as disasters propagated by the chance of war hurled death and agonizing wounds into the ranks of their opponents! And yet the very same men, when chance gave them the opportunity, would readily exchange, in their own peculiar way, all the amenities of social life, extending to one another a draw of the pipe, a quid or glass; obtaining and exchanging information from one and the other of their respective services, as to pay, rations, etc., the victors with delicacy abstaining from any mention of the victorious day. Though the vanquished would allude to their disaster, the victors never named their triumphs.

"Such is the character of acts and words between British and American soldiers, which I have witnessed, as officer commanding a guard over American prisoners.

"JAMES DRISCOLL,

*"Of the 100th Regiment."*