

at this time were crossing the river with a considerable number of boats having about 30 men each, making towards the land. I ordered the 6-pounder to open upon them which was ably directed by Bombardier Jackson of the Royal Artillery, and acted with much execution. I formed the line on the bank Major Ormsby and the 49th being on the right. After a few rounds from our musketry the enemy retreated to the American shore behind Square Island, having sustained considerable loss. The Indian warriors under Major Girvin having heard the report of our fire immediately joined us. I then marched with the light company of the 41st to ascertain the number and position of the enemy in our front, in which movement I received the greatest assistance from Maj. Girvin and the Indians under his command. The enemy had dismounted the guns and left the batteries; I ordered the line to advance and took up a position in their rear awaiting his further operations. I had been joined by Lt. Col. Clark and his detachment at Chippewa; Capt. Whelan still continued in Fort Erie and had not been attacked during the absence of Col. Ormsby and his detachment. The enemy kept up a strong fire on our lines from their batteries till one o'clock, when a flag of truce came over to summon Fort Erie and to demand the surrender of that fort to the American army; a copy of General Smyth's letter accompanies this despatch. I sent Capt. Fitzgerald of the 49th regiment with my answer, which was:—"That the troops under my command being sufficient to repulse any attack from the enemy, and having received reinforcements from below, I should not agree to his request." The 6-pounder taken by the enemy in the morning, as likewise the 3-pounders were found without having sustained the least injury. Great credit is due to Capt. Kerby and his artillery for their exertion in getting up the guns on the batteries which by the morning of the 30th we succeeded in and have been ever since in expectation of an attack, but which the enemy do not think proper to make. To Captain Kerby, Lieutenants Bryson and Hall, of the militia artillery, and bombardier Jackson of the Royal Artillery, the greatest credit is due, as well as to Lt. Col. Nichol, Quartermaster-General of Militia, and Lt. Bernard, acting Staff Adjutant. I have also derived the greatest assistance from Lieut. Col. Clark, commanding the Militia, Major Ormsby, commanding a detachment of the 49th regiment, and Major Hall of the 5th Lincoln Militia, and all officers in command of corps and companies under my orders. The Norfolk Militia, under Capt. Bostwick, gave a strong proof of the valor which has uniformly distinguished the militia of this country when called into action. I must likewise mention the names of Capt. Whelan of the Newfoundland regiment, Capt. Chambers and Saunders of the 41st, Capt. Fitzgerald, 49th, and Capt. Hamilton of the 2nd Lincoln Militia, who first apprised me of the enemy's movements. I enclose a list of killed, wounded and missing; I have not been able to ascertain the loss of the enemy but from the numbers left on the field and the boats that were sunk it must have been very great.

"I have the honor to be, &c.,
"Cecil Bishop,
"Colonel commanding."

The British lost 17 killed, 47 wounded, and 35 missing. On Sunday, the 29th, the American army was again ordered to embark but owing to a squabble amongst the general officers as to the proper time and place for disembarking, the expedition was

postponed till the following Tuesday, on which day they were embarked but ordered to disembark and go into winter quarters. These proceedings caused a mutiny; Gen. Smyth, nick-named by his troops *Van Bladder*, had to beat a hasty retreat and the invasion of Canada was postponed to a more convenient season.

ANECDOTES OF WATERLOO.

During the battle a British Artillery officer rode up to the Duke of Wellington, and said, "Your Grace, I have a distinct view of Napoleon, attended by his staff; my guns are well pointed in that direction, shall I open fire?" The Duke replied, "Certainly not, I will not allow it; it is not the business of commanders to fire on each side.—*Sergeant-Major's Cotton Voice from Waterloo.*

Towards the close of the day, made ever memorable by this glorious victory, and just previous to the final and decisive charge of the British, the remains of that gallant corps the Scots Greys, took up a position close to another regiment of horse (the Enniskillen) that had also suffered severely. A young Irish officer recognising a friend in the Greys, immediately shouted out in a gay tone, "How are you, Mac?"

"Ugh! as well as I can be, after such butchering work as we've had," answered the gallant Scot; "I'm thinking just now of my poor mother and sister in Edinboro'."

"By the powers, darling!" exclaimed the devil may care Hibernian, "and I'm thinking what a tremendous funk *my tailor* would be in if he knew where I was at this moment."

"What did you think of Waterloo?" I enquired of an old fellow I found one morning digging in my garden, where he had been hired to assist by the head gardener. "I think of it," said the old crib, stopping and leaning upon his spade; "I thought it hell upon earth. I was utterly deaf with the continued roar of artillery on one side or the other, and the sound of the musketry of the men beside me. I could not see my companion's face for a minute (as he stood near me) for the thick smoke; and the next I found him choking, retching, and vomiting in the agonies of death, and clutching my very feet. Sometimes a shot went tearing through our ranks, and almost shaking that part of the square where I had been for some hours standing, seeming to loosen our files as it knocked the poor fellows head over heels, like nine-pins on a bowling green; and then we heard the familiar tones of the old colonel to prepare for cavalry, as those devilish Cuirassiers poured upon us, and we were wedged into a wall of iron again to receive them. That is all I know about my feelings, sir," said the old soldier. "It was a terrible sight and awful to look upon. It was hell upon earth," he muttered as he resumed his spade, and commenced digging with fearful energy.—*United Service Magazine.*

ASSASSINATION OF A QUEBEC PAPAL ZOUAVE AT BREST.—A French-Canadian Papal Zouave named Morrissette, formerly a student-at-law of Laval University, and a resident of St. Rochs, was stabbed at Brest as he was embarking for New York on his return to Canada, after two years service in the Papal army. The deceased was well known here and his arrival was waited with anxiety by his family, who were apprized yesterday morning of the fatal affray.

THE SOUTH.

The social condition of the South is as bad as, if not worse, than that of Ireland. The alien governors of West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee loudly call for troops, and troops, to enforce their authority, and in Washington the higher military authorities agree that the army should be increased, not reduced, or some disaster will probably follow. The conquered region is rapidly regaining its pristine strength and resources and would be a terrible foe to have in the rear in case of a northern war with some foreign adversary. The Washington politicians are well aware of this and will think over it twice and thrice, at least in this generation, ere they force the country into a war with any adversary however insignificant and powerless, even Spain. This is the main spring of their present foreign policy, the cause which has forced their bucanoning instincts into dormancy, although once authoritatively enounced and by no less a man than the late War Secretary Rawlings, a bosom friend of President Grant's, under the guise of an "Ocean bound Republic." If persisted in it will have this good result that by the time the Dominion is thoroughly consolidated and the home of many millions it will have a strong, natural ally in the South, as well as in Europe, and will perhaps be in a position to control, if not dictate, matters on this continent.—*Montreal Gazette.*

The British Government has resolved on withdrawing the last regiment (the 15th) from New Zealand, whereupon the Correspondent of the *London Times*, which has long advocated this policy of abandonment, lectures the colonists in this insolent fashion:—"They are arrogant and oppressive in their conduct towards the native, and they must be taught self-reliance and moderation. "White men, we know, carry matters with a high hand, and the best Colonists are inclined to regard an inferior race as having no rights which they are bound to respect. If anything, moreover, can do to oppose caprice and injustice in the settler, it will be to have a force of Regulars at his back to maintain his assumptions at the expense of the Mother Country. This, at least, will now be at an end, and the Colonists will equally learn the lesson of courage and moderation."

An old veteran pensioner named Richard Tunks, aged ninety two years, lives in the township of Westminster, and the *London Free Press* says he is notwithstanding his great age, and the many trials of physical endurance in his early life, yet hale and hearty. He served in the Peninsular war, wears the medal and clasps won on the fields of Orthes, Nivelle, Pyrenees, Vittoria and Vimiera. He was in hospital at Lisbon during the advance and retreat of Sir John Moore. He also took part in the engagement of Oporto Talavera, Pampaluna, &c. He received his discharge just after the battle of Lundy's Lane, on the 25th February, 1815, nearly four months before the battle of Waterloo, and has received his pension, ever since. His faculties are still fresh and buoyant, and, like Jasper, he loves to talk of the deeds of heroism and bloodshed of which he was a witness.

New York, 15th.—The extensive freight depot of the New Jersey Central Railroad was totally destroyed by fire, with its contents, including six loaded freight cars and six horses.