

but they were quickly taken aboard of the steamer, apparently uninjured.

During Wednesday and Thursday, the sharp-shooters on both sides kept up a guerilla warfare all around, and several times we had to get out our cannon and fire bullets sewed up in strong cloth bags, our cannon balls having been all exhausted on Tuesday. The fact was noted also, that the enemy was constantly receiving accessions to his force. The weather was cold and disagreeable, with sleet and rain. We could have no fire in the Mill, and consequently had no warm food—scarcely any kind of food in fact, excepting “hard tack,” which with little sleep, materially discouraged and demoralised our little band.

Thursday morning a steamer came down from Kingston with a large reinforcement of men and three eighteen pounders on board, and two gun barges in tow. Most of the men landed at Prescott and marched down to assist our other enemies in guarding our little band of 113 men able to do duty, and 28 wounded, while one of the big guns in position in the potato field was doing effective work on the stone houses, killing and wounding several of our men. The other two big guns were on barges out in the middle of the