

"The noise I made on entering the Major's sleeping and other apartment awoke him. As he sat up on his low mattress he said, 'What is the matter?' 'Heavy firing down the river, sir.' 'Turn the men out.' 'All under arms, sir.' 'That'll do.'

"By this time he was on his legs—his hat and gloves on. His hutman was at the door with his charger, and his spurs in his horses' flanks in an instant—leaving the orderly, hutman, and myself to double after him up to the fort, some hundred yards off.

"As we reached it, the men were emerging through the gate in measured cadence, and we were on our way to the batteries opposite the enemy's station at Black Rock.

"Before we reached our post of alarm the sun was up and bright. We had not assumed our position long before an orderly officer of the Provincial Dragoons rode up, and gave us the information that the enemy were attempting to cross at Queenston, and that we must annoy them along the whole line, as was being done from Niagara to Queenston, by any and every means in our power short of crossing the river. Everything was ready on our part. The enemy all appeared asleep, judging from the apparent quiet that prevailed on their side the river.

"The command to annoy the enemy was no sooner given than bang! bang! went off every gun that we had in position.

"Now there was a stir. The enemy's guns were in a short time manned, and returned our fire; and the day's work was begun, which was carried on briskly the greater part of the day on both sides of the Niagara.

"About two o'clock, another Provincial Dragoon, bespattered, horse and man, with foam and mud, made his appearance, not wearing sword or helmet.

"Said an old Green Tiger to me: 'Horse and man jaded, sir; depend upon it he brings bad news.' 'Step down and ascertain what intelligence he brings.' Away my veteran doubles, and soon returns at a funeral pace.

"Light heart, light step," were my inward thoughts. I knew by poor old Clibborn's style of return something dreadful had occurred. 'What news, Clibborn? What news, man? Speak out,' said I, as he advanced towards the battery that was still keeping up a brisk fire. Clibborn walked on, perfectly unconscious of the balls that were ploughing up the ground, uttered not a word but shook his head.

"When in the battery the old man sat down on the platform; still no word, but the pallor and expression of his countenance indicated the sorrow of his soul.

"I could stand it no longer. I placed my hand on his shoulder. 'For Heaven's sake, tell us what you know.' In choking accents he revealed his melancholy information: 'The General is killed; the enemy has possession of Queenstown Heights.'

"Every man in the battery was paralyzed; the battery ceased firing.

"A cheer by the enemy from the opposite side of the river recalled us to our duty. They had heard of their success down the river. Our men, who