

fired on. It was wrong, but it was the same instinct that leads a man to protect a friend and prosecute the wretch who would violate his home. If self-preservation is the first law of nature," just retaliation makes a good second. "But the officers," you say. Most of them were of the Militia, some having borne dead to their own homes; and the sternest was only too glad to teach this daring band of marauders a lesson, hoping by their fate to chill any further dangerous enthusiasm across the border.

The clouds had sullenly closed up the rifts of the morning, hurrying and deepening the dusk of the early evening. The batteries on the hillside roared on, and what had under the sunlight been puffs of smoke, now became lurid jets of flame. The large boats steamed up and down the current keeping up an irregular fire upon the mill; and, under the orders of Col. Young, the men were now creeping nearer the beleaguered houses. The rebel fire had well nigh ceased, but now and then a flash from one of the darkened windows told that some fellow had shot in sheer desperation at a moving shadow. Presently the scouts were joined by practically the whole line, and the "creep" became a formal advance. A detailed description of the fight at this stage is simply impossible. The cannonading was reduced to an occasional shot, and the work left to the volunteers. As they surrounded a house the rebels fell back to the next one, exchanging a few shots in the melee; and the troops rushed into the place, securing in a few moments anything worth saving at such a time, set fire to the remainder which soon became a blazing crackling mass of flame. This was repeated at each of the other houses until the rebels were all driven into the Windmill except some few who endeavored to crawl away down the sloping bank of the river and thus through the lines, but to be seized by perhaps not the gentlest of captors. The finding of the dead body of Mrs. Taylor in the cellar of her hotel and her daughter lying wounded—the lower jaw being literally blown off—did not do much to soften the anger of the troops; and they gathered around the ill-fated mill preparing for the final assault under the ghastly light of burning houses which lit up the scene, revealing many a dead comrade and wounded sufferer, and flashing out, red and lurid, against the dark waters and darker sky. Just then the door was flung back at the bottom of the mill and out there stepped into the fitful light, a solemn procession of unarmed men. The "Patriots" had surrendered at discretion. They were immediately seized by the troops, each man pinioned between the soldiers and marched up prisoners to Prescott. A moment's search showed that the chief, Van Shoultz, was not among the number, and after the mill had been ransacked in vain he was found hiding with a few others, in the low bushes that grew in great profusion along the base of the bluff on which the mill stood. He was brought up under the glare of the blazing buildings and stood pinioned and helpless, but hardly conquered, tall, slim and swarthy, a man who had left the tyranny of Poland for the broad freedom of America and found it time. At the whisper that Canadians were in the old struggle to throw off oppression, the hot blood in his veins, fired by the fight of a dozen generations against despotism, surged from his heart to his brain, bidding him go and help them and he went. Ill-advised? Yes, but true hearted, and when the patriot Van Schultz was led off the crest of Windmill Point and up to the headquarters of Col. Young (the residence of a Mr. Geinsford, now standing on the corner of Centre and Henry streets, Prescott,) it would be well for the historian to follow him: but this paper was not written to falsely flatter the actors in this scene.

Now, in a few words, let us crowd together the statistics of the battle for the information of the student. The "Patriots" must have numbered between 250 and 300,—of these some 60 odd men were captured during the battle and 110 surrendered on Friday night. The exact number of the killed and wounded was never ascertained, but various authorities put the killed at different figures between 40 and 70; numbers are known to have escaped through the fields and across the river during the fight. The official British return shows:—Officers killed, 2; wounded, 4. The officers killed were: Lieut. Johnston, 83rd, and Lieut. Dulmage, 2nd Grenville Militia. The officers wounded were: Lieut.-Col. Gowan, 9th Provisional Battalion, slightly; Lieut. Parlow, 2nd Dundas Militia, severely; and Lieut. McDonald, Glangarry Highlanders, slightly.

The rebel prisoners were all tried before the general courts

martial in the spring of '39 for treason and sentenced to be hanged. In most cases, however, the sentence was commuted to transportation to Van Dieman's Land, but the gallant Von Schoultz met his death upon the scaffold. His execution was a necessity as a warning; but, as a Britain mourned when Major Andre was hanged as a spy, all lovers of the brave and chivalrous deeply regretted the fate of Von Shoultz.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE IRREPRESSIBLE RANGER.

*To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MILITARY GAZETTE.*

DEAR SIR.—My attention has been called to an article in a recent issue, in which you say, "How it is that the officer commanding the company to which Mr. Macdonald is attached, does not immediately call for a court-martial on his unsavory lieutenant is a mystery." Personally Mr. Macdonald was not unsavory to me. Knowing him, and knowing that he had served in the School of Gunnery at Kingston, and believing that he knew what was required of him as a soldier, I made deliberate choice of him for the position he occupied, and have had no reason to complain of him in that capacity.

But, as long ago as last April, seeing Mr. Macdonald's political tendencies, I took such action as was within my province. The only "mystery" in the matter is that you did not know this, and that his retention in the service is not due to neglect on my part.

G. VENNELL.

Toronto, October 20th, 1892.

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*To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MILITARY GAZETTE :*

DEAR SIR,—I have lately had the pleasure of perusing an order book of the Second Battalion of Nova-Scotia Militia, a corps in existence during the war of 1812, and in a regimental order under date of 5th April, 1811, whereby Major Andrew Belcher was transferred from the 15th Battalion to be Lieut.-Col. commanding, I find the following, which, with its rich old flavour and commendable spirit, seems to me worthy of preservation. The self deprecation and laudation of the corps are admirable.

"His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor having been pleased to promote Major Andrew Belcher from the 15th Battalion of Nova-Scotia Militia to be Lieut.-Col. commanding of the Second Battalion, vacant by the resignation of Lieut.-Col. Pyke, he with great diffidence assumes command of the battalion, conscious of the high honor conferred on him by the Lieutenant-Governor in placing him in the command of so respectable and meritorious a corps and of his little knowledge of military affairs. He relies with full confidence on the good discipline of the officers and men it is his happiness to command, that they will aid his best exertions to maintain the discipline and good character of the Second Battalion of Nova-Scotia militia, that the officers will zealously support and carry into effect such orders as the Lieut.-Colonel may deem expedient to give, that the men will with cheerfulness and alacrity implicitly attend to the instructions and directions of their officers, and that the whole corps will manifest such a disposition as to justify in the fullest extent the ardent desire of the Lieut.-Col. that the battalion he has the honor to command may not be inferior to any other in the province in those requisites essential to the distinction of a respectable militia regiment, that should it be found necessary to employ the Second Battalion in active service, the commander-in-chief may have the confidence that both officers and men will be found to be animated not merely with a desire to display their superiority in martial array but to distinguish themselves as possessed of that noble spirit the contempt of Death in the Defence of their King and Country."

I give you the order, capitals and all, as it written, and I think the term "Respectable Militia Regiment" is delicious.

Yours,

FUSILIER.