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British cannonade the Fort without effect.

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keeping us in constant alarm, but doing little injury on either side. Often, while we sat huddled together in the ravine, did the ill-directed balls from the enemy's cannon plow through the orchard, tearing up the ground, but, fortunately, doing no other damage. A few shells also burst near us, harmlessly. Near midnight, those remaining in the ravine were persuaded to remove to a large stone root-house in the orchard, that we might be protected from the chilly dews of the night.

"My health had been failing for some time previous, and the fright, fatigue, and bad air of the crowded root-house, brought on an illness so violent that my friends were obliged to convey me to the dwelling-house, the basement of which we found already crowded. I was placed in an upper room, a most dangerous position, as, it being nearly daybreak, the firing was more frequent. Alarmed for the safety of my two children, who with my mother had accompanied me, I prevailed on my mother to leave me alone, and seek a more secure place for herself and my little ones. My father and husband were at the fort, and, though my wants were all supplied, none else were willing to peril their own lives by remaining with me, as their presence would be no safeguard to my life. Hour after hour I passed thus alone, listening to the booming cannon, and now and then starting and shrieking as a ball whizzed by the