

from twelve to fifteen men in each it was impossible to lay in any convenient position for resting or sleep.

Sept. 7.--We arrived at a small village, seventeen miles from Montreal--crowds of people had collected at this place, to have a peep as they said, at Gen. Hull's "*exterminating yankees*,"—Our guard was strengthened by a fine looking company of volunteers, and about three o'clock we were paraded in sections, and commenced our march for the city, where we arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening. The streets through which we passed, and the houses were filled with spectators, holding lights from their windows. A band of music joined the escort, and struck up our much admired ditty, "*yankee doodle*," in which they were joined by all of us who could whistle the tune ; and like merry yankee soldiers we jogged on, and when they ceased to play, yankee doodle was loudly called for by the regiment. At last somewhat mortified at our conduct, they began "*Rule Britannia*," which was cheered by the multitude ; but we still continued our favorite song, some singing and others whistling till we reached the barracks.