

The British troops advanced with a regular step, and in fine order. All was silent in the fort—"Not a discontent broke upon the ear—Not a look of cowardice met the eye." We listened in eager expectation, that each moment our ears would be saluted from the discharge of the 24 pounders. What was our surprise when we beheld the militia retreating towards the fort, and at the same time an American Officer on horseback riding towards the British column bearing a *white flag*, while another was placed on the parapet of the fort. A soldier attempted to knock it down with his musquet—an officer stepped up and commanded him to desist—"There sir," says the soldier, pointing to the American colors, then waving on the flag-staff—"There is the flag I choose to fight under!"—Such was the spirit which animated the whole body of the troops. A British officer rode up to the fort, and in thirty minutes afterwards a capitulation was signed. The Adjutant soon after came in and informed the troops that we must consider ourselves prisoners of war to His Britannic Majesty's forces under Gen. Brock.

Such curses and imprecations as were now uttered by the soldiers upon the head of our Gener-