

hundred yards of it, and the latter behind a ridge. Major Kirwin commanded the cavalry, and he sent forward a portion of his regiment to draw Rasin into the trap. In this he succeeded, and the gallant fellow, charging only cavalry, as he supposed, suddenly found himself in the presence of an overwhelming force of infantry, cavalry and artillery. The shock was terrific, and it was a miracle a man or horse escaped the dreadful fire of musketry and cannister that was poured into their ranks. Rasin, singling out Kirwin himself, never faltered until their sabres were crossed. But Kirwin was the stronger of the two, and a savage cut over the head brought Rasin to the ground, and his horse was killed at the same instant.*

* The author has met Major Kirwin since in New York, where he resides. He is a noble-hearted, brave, stalwart Irishman, and he spoke freely of the affair. He said: "That brave fellow, Rasin, came at me like a bullet, but I was the stronger and quicker and got in the first blow."