

the decisive moment had come and ordered the 89th to charge. They crossed the gully, reformed, and advanced with levelled bayonets. The foe retreated slowly at first, then broke rank and crowded down to where their boats lay. Boyd saw the possibility of a rout and to avert that danger tried a diversion. He ordered a column of fresh troops with two cannon to threaten an attack on the south end of the British line. To repulse this, Morrison had to halt his advance and hasten down across the field to meet this new assault. On coming up with the enemy his men fired a volley and then made a bayonet charge. The Americans fled, leaving one of their cannon and part of their number, who were made prisoners.

General Boyd now realized the day was lost and that the most he could do was to gain enough time to reach the boats. During the fight a squadron of dragoons stood beside the boats as a reserve. Boyd sent the order to their commander to gallop up the road that ran along the St Lawrence bank and endeavor to get behind the British column. On seeing them coming the 49th turned to meet them and the 89th, farther away, hurried to their support. The dragoons came dashing along and the danger of their succeeding was imminent. They had reached the ravine which, if they were able to cross, would have left them free to take the British position in the rear. The leading files dashed down into the ravine and while crowding up the opposite bank a volley, at point-blank range from the Chrysler buildings, that stood on the west side of the ravine, emptied so many saddles that the men were seized with panic, and wheeling their horses galloped back to the boats. That volley was fired by a cluster of sailors and U.E. Loyalists—farmers who had volunteered to save their homes.

It was now 4 o'clock. The plain in front of him was strewn with dead and wounded, and everywhere Morrison could see the Americans running towards their boats, and leaping into them when reached. He ordered a general advance, and his soldiers, now assured of victory, raised a mighty shout. On they swept towards the flotilla, until, on coming within range of the gunboats, Morrison had to sound a halt. Protected by the big guns of the armed boats the last of the Americans got on board, while the routed cavalry stopped not in their flight until they reached Cornwall. On the British taking possession of the