

effective fire could reach the fort. General Brock knew that he was needed at Niagara, and he resolved to force an engagement without delay.

On the fifteenth the batteries were completed. Hull's capitulation was demanded. He refused to surrender; and early on the following morning Brock advanced to the attack, his plan being to get around the fort and assault it from the landward side.

The place selected for crossing the river was two or three miles below the fort. It was a Sunday morning, calm and bright. The sound of firing could be heard in the distance, as the guns of the fort answered those of the battery on the Canadian shore. The armed vessel "Queen Charlotte" lay ready to protect the landing, if required, her gay flags hanging motionless; and the quiet surface of the river showed the ripples made by the movements of boats and canoes, for there were Indians crossing with the other troops, though most of them had crossed in the night. The landing was unresisted. The advance on the fort, which began immediately, was also unopposed. Before the fort was reached, cannon were seen to threaten the roadway, but they were not discharged; and, while Brock was preparing to storm the fort he was surprised by the appearance of a flag of truce with an offer of capitulation. In an hour the terms were all arranged, and the fort was formally surrendered at noon. The only British flag at hand was a small Union Jack, which a soldier had tied around him, but it answered the purpose. When it was raised above the fort, it betokened that Detroit, and all Michigan territory with it, had passed into British possession.

General Hull was condemned by his own people for yielding a strong position to an inferior force; but evidently his foes were not all without, and confusion and insubordination within the fort were to be considered. If the place could not be held, he did well to yield before the battle had begun.

Though the capture of Detroit was more like a summer outing than like a serious incident of warfare, it was yet one of the most important events of the war. Thirty-three cannon and two thousand five hundred prisoners of war were taken, almost without an effort. In the very boldness of the movement was its safety. Had it failed, had Hull been able to hold out until relief came, he would at least have been able to divide the British forces, with serious results elsewhere. But it succeeded, and Canada was saved.

The Warblers.

J. W. BANKS.

(Continued from the May number.)

The oven-bird (*Sciurus aurocapillus*), also called the golden-crowned thrush, is a tolerably common summer resident, arriving the second week in May. This warbler is rarely seen except on the ground, where he may be seen walking with a stately step, in a leisurely manner. His food consists of insects and grubs. The oven-bird is found usually in moist, bushy situations. It is shy and seclusive, and is never seen out of the shade of the woods. The beautiful song, heard only during the mating season, will long be remembered by bird lovers. The nest, built in the side of a mossy bank, is very ingeniously roofed over, with the entrance at the side, giving it the appearance of an old-fashioned oven, whence the name of oven-bird. The eggs are usually five in number, pure white, more or less thickly covered with reddish-brown spots and lilac shell-markings. Both sexes are alike: Back, uniform olive green; the crown with an orange-brown patch bordered with black stripes; breast and sides, pure white, thickly spotted with black. Wings and tail, like the back, unmarked.

THE WATER-THRUSH.

This beautiful songster (*Sciurus noveboracensis*) claims, rightfully, such a name by its fondness for the water, being most at home in the swamp, the bog and tangled brake. This warbler, like its near relative the oven-bird, has the same engaging habit of walking very prettily on the ground, with an occasional tipping of the tail, like a titlark. On one occasion, I saw in a rocky ravine, overshadowed by heavy spruce trees, moss-covered, and with curtains of water falling from shelf to shelf, a male and female water-thrush, relieving an otherwise gloomy picture. But the burst of song was loud, clear and melodious. He was telling in grand opera the "old, old story."

Upon the ground they build a very bulky nest of moss, mixed with leaves and dried grass, lining it with slender roots of the fern. Five eggs are laid, of crystal whiteness, spotted with different shades of brown and lilac. The sexes are alike; upper parts, dark olive-brown; breast, pale yellow, thickly and sharply spotted with black.

WILSON'S WARBLER.

Wilson's warbler (*Sylvania pusilla*) is a common summer resident, arriving the second week in May.