

he was in the saddle, and galloping furiously to the battle-field. He did not check his horse until he reached the eighteen-pounder battery that had been placed to sweep the river, but which was now useless, since the Americans had crossed. Here he dismounted, and swept the field with a general's eye. Suddenly the rattle of musketry above him told that the enemy had gained the height, and he and his staff were compelled to desert their position.

Captain Wool and a number of American soldiers had scrambled up a fisherman's path, and had won a position, one hundred and eighty feet above the river. Lustily they cheered as the Canadians deserted the gun, and calmly they awaited Williams of the 49th, who came against them with one hundred men. These were compelled to retire with great loss, but they were joined by others, and rushed again to the battle, driving the Americans to the margin of the precipice. Their position was a trying one, and some of the soldiers attempted to raise a white flag, but Wool tore it down in great anger, and urged his men on to the fight. Brock was now at the head of a strong party, and as he gallantly rushed up the height shouting "Push on the brave York volunteers," a ball struck him in the breast, and he fell. Unmindful of himself, thinking only of his adopted country, he begged, with his dying breath, that his death should be kept from his men.

On pushed the volunteers under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel McDonnell, but this noble fellow, too, received a mortal wound, and the Canadians had to retire to await reinforcement; but not before the Americans had lost many brave officers and soldiers, and so crippled were they that unless help came from the opposite shore they must either surrender or plunge into the seething torrent below.

General Sheaffe, in command at Fort George, was rapidly speeding to the fight with three hundred regulars, two companies of militia, and a few Indians. On his way he was reinforced by a number of others, and about noon he reached the Heights with eight hundred men.

The Americans were now encircled by a strong force, determined to avenge their fallen commander, and by the seething Niagara. Their friends offered them no assistance, and as the Canadians came to the final charge they awaited their fate like Spartans. The men