

carrying the bodies of their General and McDonnell and most of their wounded with them. This ended the morning fight on the slope of the Heights, leaving the Americans in possession of

THE ONE GUN BATTERY.

By this time fully 1500 of the enemy had landed, and several hundreds of them made their way to the top of the Heights, increasing their force there to about 900 men. The arrival of Captain Doremy from Fort George, with four companies of the 41st Regiment, Holcroft's Battery of Royal Artillery of two six-pounders, and a few Indians and militia, forming a junction with the retreating force from the Heights, held the enemy in check, and with well-directed shots from Holcroft's guns, placed at first below the village and afterwards within the walls surrounding the "Hamilton home-stead," played havoc among the boats and silenced the guns of the enemy at the Lewiston landing, so that from that time few boats attempted to cross the river. The British force around and below Queenston held possession of the roads leading to St. Davids and in rear and on the left of the Heights, thus keeping open their communication with Chippewa, above the Falls, and also with Fort George; the Americans holding possession of the Heights, while hundreds of them remained below at the landing, under protection of the river bank, ready to find their way back to their own shore when opportunity offered.

By noon all the men that could be spared from Fort George had assembled around Queenston. General Roger Sheaffe arrived and assumed command. The force there consisted of Holcroft's two guns (six pounders) of the Royal Artillery; Swayze's two guns, three pounders, Provincial Artillery; four companies of the 41st Regiment; James Crooke's and McEwen's companies of 1st Lincoln Militia; William Crooke's and Nellies' companies of the 4th Lincoln, Applethorpe's, Hatt's and Durand's companies of the 5th Lincoln; a few of Merritt's Provincial Dragoons and the remnants of the two companies of the 49th and the three companies of the York militia engaged in the morning, in all about 800 men. The Indians in the woods on the Heights, on the left of the enemy, under John Norton and John Brant, made up about one hundred more. The Canadian reader will see and be proud to know that fully one-half of the British force on Queenston Heights was Canadian militia, composed chiefly of the brave

FIGHTING BOYS OF LINCOLN AND YORK.

General Sheaffe left Holcroft's battery, with a small body of militia in support, to guard the village of Queenston and to prevent the enemy landing more men, and then ascended the heights on the left flank of the enemy, in rear of the woods held by the Indians. The Americans had expected the British attack would be straight up the slope and prepared themselves accordingly. The force from Chippewa, consisting of the light company of the 41st regiment under Lieut. McIntyre, and Hamilton's and Rowe's companies of the 2nd Lincoln, with a few volunteers, formed a junction with the main body from Queenston at about two o'clock in the afternoon, increasing their numbers to about 950 men. The line of attack was formed, having the light company of the 41st and the two companies of the 49th, under Captain Dennis, on the left of the line, next to the Indians, supported by a battalion of militia under Colonel Butler. The centre and right were composed of the other companies of the 41st, supported by the rest of the militia under Colonel Thomas Clarke. Swayze's two "three pounders" drawn by men with ropes preceded the advance of the line.

The actual numbers of the enemy facing General Sheaffe's advancing column was between 900 and 1000, the rest of them being around the battery on the slope, while hun-

dreds of them remained below at the landing, under cover of the river bank. Therefore the actual numbers on both sides engaged on the heights were about equal. The battle was opened by the light company of the 41st on the left, by firing a single volley then charging with fixed bayonets upon the riflemen on the right of the American line, who gave way in great confusion, leaving that flank exposed. General Sheaffe then gave the signal for

A GENERAL ADVANCE.

The gun in front of the American position was carried almost without resistance, and the whole body of the Americans was forced steadily back upon the river to the very crest of the precipice in their rear. The fight was short, rapid and decisive! The advance of the British line, having assumed the form of a crescent, overlapping the enemy on both their flanks, General Wadsworth and Colonel Christie with over 500 men surrendered on the very verge of the cliff. Many of the fugitives scrambled down the sides of the Heights towards the landing, with the hope of escaping to their own shore but Holcroft's battery below, in rear of the village of Queenston, had rendered the passage of the river so dangerous that the boatmen refused to cross. Many plunged into the river and attempted to swim across. Half of them were drowned, while the remaining secreted themselves among the rocks and bushes along the shore. During this time our Indians lined the cliff or perched themselves high up in the trees above, firing at the fugitives whenever opportunity offered. The American General, Scott, to preserve the rest of the command from utter destruction, raised a white flag and surrendered his whole force of about 300 men. Some evaded by secreting themselves, but surrendered the next day—making the whole number of prisoners over 950 officers and men, thus closing a glorious victory and avenging the death of General Brock. The American loss in killed, wounded, drowned and missing has never been correctly ascertained, owing partly to the immediate dispersal of a large portion of their militia. Some accounts give their killed and drowned at one hundred and their wounded at two hundred; others placed the drowned alone at one hundred and three hundred killed and wounded.

Another American account stated that 1800 Americans were engaged, of whom 900 were regulars, and the number of killed and drowned were estimated at from 150 up to 400. Take it all in all—it was a great victory, the Americans losing nearly one thousand prisoners and from two to three hundred in killed, drowned and missing. The British loss was small, sixteen killed and sixty-nine wounded. The returns are missing, and this may not include the militia and the Indians. The total casualties, however, it is thought, in killed and wounded on the British side may be set down as under one hundred.

Our standpoint view on Queenston Heights of 1845 is still there. The monument erected to the memory of General Brock by a grateful people still stands. The waters of the Niagara still roll silently but swiftly by as of old. All is now quiet and peaceful around those Heights, and the dread conflict of the 13th of October, 1812, is almost forgotten by the people of Canada, except when aroused by the un-called-for braggadocio of the American press as to how they could "gobble up Canada." Then Canadians proudly point to those "Queenston Heights," and the glorious victory won by their little army of 1812. And so long as breathes a patriotic Canadian, or Canada remains a portion of the British Empire, the battle of Queenston Heights and the name of General Brock, associated with the war of 1812, will ever be held sacred as "Canadian household words."

If you want something delicious and healthful to chew try Adams' Tuff Fruit Gum.

The Poet's Corner

Over the Starry Way.

Gone in her childish purity,
Out from the golden day;
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
Paving a way for her waxen foot,
Over the silent way.

Over the bosom tenderly,
The pearl-white hands are pressed,
The lashes lie on the cheek so thin,
Where the softest blush of the rose hath been,
Shutting the blue of her eyes within
The pure lids closed in rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
Twined her sunny hair;
She was so frail that love went down
From his heavenly gems that soft, bright crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
Light as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep, with the tender smile
Froze on her silent lips,
By the farwell kiss of her dewy breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel Death,
Like the last fair bud of a fading wreath
Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Rose bud, under your shady leaf,
Hid from the sunny day,
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose blue was heaven in your timid sight?
It's beaming now in the world of light
Over the starry way.

Hearts where the darling's head hath lain,
Held by love's shining ray,
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land?
O, she waits for us with the angel band,
Over the starry way.

The Deserted Home.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF THE ROSES.

The humble cot looks out upon the moor,
Now wrapped in silent darkness of the night;
A pall of glistening whiteness hangs around,
And partly hides from this world's vulgar gaze
The slumbering forms that lie upon its cold,
Crisp surface.

The trace of many footprints
Still exists, to mark the spot where contest
Keen and desperate has been waged, where
Armies face to face have met, and bravely
Fought and bled.

Where noble lords and commons,
Side by side have stood in that fierce conflict,
On the snow-clad field of Towton.

Stains still dye the trampled whiteness;
But all is hushed and still, and nought disturbs
The dreary stillness of the silent night,
Save over and anon the howling wind.
In peace the warriors rest, in peace they lie,
Dead to the wintry blasts, dead to the world;
Unmindful of the fleeting hours, they sleep,
'Tis not the slumber from fatigue or care;
Their eyes have closed, and to open no more
Upon this vain, dear earth; they calmly sleep
The long last sleep of death—a warrior's end,
A warrior's glorious death.

Hard have they fought
Throughout the cold, bleak wintry day, with
all

The valour of a nation's true-born sons;
In desperate struggle fighting hand to hand
Their brothers, friends, and fellow-country-
men.

In mangled heaps they lie upon the field,
Just as the fatal blow brought them to earth,
And took from them what man can never re-
call.

They—by his faithful steel, with helmet crush-
ed,
And sword still firmly clasped in death's cold
vice.

The valiant knight is seen; whilst at his side,
As though struck low in vengeance for the
dead.

A sturdy warrior lies, his mace still grasped,
And on which linger yet the crimson stains.
On steel and maul, prominently placed,
Is seen the warlike rose of Lancaster.

Whilst on the breast of him who lies beside,
The pure white rose, the Yorkist emblem, rests,
Though now 'tis crimson with his own heart's
blood.

On yonder fields of Raxton, too, the dead
In mangled heaps lie close and thick upon
The snow-clad earth.

Fierce has the struggle been,
And in its desperate strife the peasant and the
peer

Alike have met a glorious death, alike
Have gone before that Judge with hands steep-
ed in

A brother's blood, to answer at His throne
The errors of a sinful life, and this
The gravest one of all.

Let mortal man
Not judge of such a deed, or seek to pass
Their verdict, for we too, on that great day
Shall stand arraigned for follies of a life.
Let each look to himself, his conscience clear,
Ere he shall pose himself another's judge.

The night is far advanced, the clouds have pass-
ed,
And slowly from the rolling darkness glides
The pale, bright moon.

Now, with a burst of light
It creeps along, and casts its clear, soft
light upon the little cot, now calm and still.
At length the door is gently opened, and on
The threshold stands a dark-clad form.

Descends upon his careworn face,
Upon his aged and silvery hair, his wife's
And flowing beard.

Around the scene, then, is the lamp
Aro east, while holy
Communion with the saint, and
Of home-

The right is slowly raised, until his eyes
Rest on the object in its feeble clasp.
Then to his lips 'tis pressed, as once again
He casts his gaze above and cries:

By this
Dear emblem of our holy faith—this cross—
Help me to bear the worst, and from you miss
Of souls departed, and my boy, 'Jude! Thou
My steps and lead me to his side, that I
May see his face but once, and say one prayer
Upon his lifeless clay.

Then, with a sigh,
And like some silent spirit of the night,
The father slowly wends his lonely steps
Towards the stone of death.

On each pale face
With searching gaze he looks, then presses on,
And on, amidst those cold and blood-stained
forms.

Again he stoops, a warrior's valor lifts;
Then lets it gently fall, and onward wends
His way.

Then suddenly he stops and kneels
His search is over.

There at his feet he sees
A sight that shatters his frame with broken sobs,
And wrings his heart with anguish sore.

There, stretched
Upon the cold, crisp snow, he sees not one,
But both his well-loved boys, his warrior lads,
Clasped in the arms of death.

The throat of one
Is gashed and smeared with blood, whilst o'er
his breast
The brother lies, pierced through and through
the heart.

Calm, peaceful, is the face of each, where once
The happy smiles of youth were wont to play.
The father stoops and presses on the still,
Cold brows a kiss both passionate and warm;
His tears fall on the upturned face of one,
Whilst in his clasp he takes the other's hand.

And silent, anguished, looks down on the twin.
The dawn creeps on, the moon sinks in the
heaven.

The birds begin to wake and sink o'erhead,
But still he heeds them not.

His thoughts are with
Those two loved boys he no longer will see,
Whose voices no longer will greet his ears,
Whose souls have gone to join in that blessed
rest.

The mother who had left them to his care,
In silent prayer he kneels, and prays himself
For death.

Deep from his broken heart he speaks:
"Farwell, my warrior lads, thy race is run;
Glad is thy aged sire that thou didst meet
A glorious death."

Long will thy names go down
On memory's tide, and other lips in years
To come shall speak with pride of those who
fought.

And fell upon this field, and gave their life
In honor's cause.

Rent though thy father's heart,
E'en though I wish thee back, I would that this
Some day had been thy end.

I fain would wish
That Heav'n had called me first; but 'tis His
will.

And I must linger here alone, and wait
My call to part and rest. Then shall we meet
No more to part, where sorrow is unknown.
Farwell, my noble sons; thy father's prayer,
Thy father's blessings, night and day shall rise,
That peace be thine.

Farwell, death is my wish
I can pray its speedy summons now;
But in His time we'll meet again—Farwell.
Again he silent kneels, but does not pray
For death; he knows that like a thief it comes,
But whilst in grief across those prostrate forms
He lay, death placed its hand upon his head,
And as he breathed farewell, his head sank
low.

The broken heart was hushed, the soul had
flown.

—Spare Moments.

Mortgaging the Homestead.

Composed on seeing an artistic painting on
the above subject, by G. A. Reid, F. R. S. A.,
Toronto, on exhibition in a shop-window on
Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

Don't mortgage the homestead, my brother,
'Tis the greatest mistake of your life,
Take courage, and help one another,
For the sake of your children and wife;

Far better a crust in contentment
Than a mortgage and well-battered bread,
Don't risk a mortgagee's resentment,
He may yet make you wish you were dead!

Oh, don't mortgage the homestead, my friend,
Neither work like a slave and be free!
You will find a mortgage in the end
Is the best of a friend could give thee;

Rise bright in the dawn of the morning,
And let hope cheer you till the eve,
List not to the world's proud promises,
Let them see that in God you believe!

Don't mortgage your homestead, my brother,
Mark the voice of your own homestead,
"We now must dispense with the mortgage,
Let us pull well together through."

Our children will soon be a help to us,
We'll have no heavy mortgage to pay,
Let us leave well alone, no more,
I will help you by night and day.

Don't mortgage your homestead, my brother,
Do not risk the mortgagee's hand,
And leave in the end
What has cost you pain.

Be a snail, not a turtle,
None give you a mortgage,
You will find a mortgage in the end
Is the best of a friend could give thee.

Don't mortgage your homestead, my brother,
Mark the voice of your own homestead,
"We now must dispense with the mortgage,
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