

THE TWO FLAGS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN CUBA.

Prono from the black-browed Moro—the crested
castle-cren—
Drooped in the drowsy moon-tide the red-and-
yellow flag,
And in the seething city the sun with fiery glare
Flushed on a sea of faces—a thousand bayonets
bare.

Soldiers with sullen faces—a doomed man trem-
bled nigh—
While a motley throng from every side poured
forth to see him die;
And all the mighty multitude beheld with bated
breath
The scene of coming slaughter—the many-
throated death.

But by the pallid prisoner, bare-headed and stern-
browed,
Strode forth two gallant consuls before the surg-
ing crowd;
One waved Columbia's banner, and one the Union
Jack,
While all wore filled with wonder, and warned
the brave men back.

But step by step together, before those armed
bands,
Paced the proud consuls, holding the ensigns in
their hands,
"Present!" The three stood silent, one moment
face to face—
The consuls calm and steady, and the prisoner in
his place.

A sudden flash of crimson, of red, white and
blue—
The trembling captive cowered between the
dauntless two;
The three stood draped together between the
banners fold—
The twin proud flags of Freedom—of the New
World and the Old.

Then turning stern and haughty upon the ordered
line;
"By these broad flags I claim him, and keep him
—he is mine!
Thus England and Columbia stretch their arms
across the seas
To shield him. Strike the prisoner, you strike
through us and these!"

Thus outspoke he of England. Like lions brought
to bay,
The twain with eyes defiant looked round that
stern array,
There fell a solemn silence; the rifle-barrels
shone
Still at the doomsman's shoulders; men shud-
dered and looked on.

Till in a clear voice, crossing the bullets' threat-
ened track,
Rang out the sudden mandate to march the
prisoner back;
And as the shining escort fell back and faced
about,
From all the crowded plaza, went up one mighty
shout.

A mighty storm of "vivas," that rent the sultry
skies,
Greeted the gallant consuls—the deed of high
enterprise,
Still louder, ever louder, went up the vast ac-
claim,
From all the mighty piazza, bathed in its noon-
day flame.
Onward to future ages, far down the teeming
years,
That sea of upturned faces sends forth its storm
of cheers;
Long shall the dead be honored, and proudly
handed down,
To crown the victor consuls with fame's enduring
crown.

Hail to the hero consuls! Hail to the noble twain,
Who dared for truth and duty, the bullets deadly
rain!
How strong to face the mighty, how great to
guard the weak,
Are these, the two twin nations, to whom the
helpless seek.

Still shall our arms protecting, be stretched across
the sea,
Still shall the tyrants fear us, who set their cap-
tives free,
Wrapped in a mighty mantle, from hatred's cruel
scars,
The blood-red flag of England, Columbia's Stripes
and Stars.

The people of New Brunswick seem deter-
mined to make use of the Barracks left
vacant by the withdrawal of the troops from
Fredericton. On Monday, the 2nd of May
next, the Provincial Training School and
Model School will be opened in the building
commonly known as the Stone Barracks,
Fredericton.

THE BATTLES OF 1812-15.

XII.

On the 28th May, 1813, Major General
Vincent had retreated to Burlington heights
with the remnant of the defenders of the
Western Frontier unprovided with all neces-
saries and with ninety rounds of ammunition
per gun. In these days of railway, can-
nal and steam navigation a campaign may
be nothing more than a pleasant gipsy
party; but during the memorable defence
of Canada in 1812-15 the soldier with one
pair of blankets, without tents and often
without food, marched and fought over a
country that their descendants can form lit-
tle idea of, consisting of forest, swamp and
mud, in which he was quite as much a beast
of burden as a fighting machine. The mili-
tia soldiers especially fought in their native
homespun, without uniforms, shoes, or any
of these appliances which people of the pre-
sent day believe to be a necessity of that sol-
diers effectiveness.

General Vincent's entire force did not ex-
ceed 1600 men and in order to drive them
away General Dearborn, the American com-
mander-in-chief, detached from Fort George
3500 infantry, 250 cavalry and nine pieces of
artillery. On the 1st and 2nd of June the
British occupied a strong position on the
heights above Burlington Bay, two miles
west of Hamilton; having the Desjardins
marsh on the north and the waters of the
bay on the south it was practically unassail-
able except in front over a mere neck of the
isthmus connecting the position with the
highway to York (Toronto), it is about 50
miles from Fort George.

The American troops under Brigadiers
Chandler and Winder advanced to Stoney
creek within seven miles of the British
camp on the 5th June, where after driving
in the British advanced pickets they en-
camped for the night. Vincent's Adjutant
General, Lieut. Colonel Harvey, at the head
of the light companies of the 8th and 49th
regiments advanced close to the enemy's en-
campment, made a careful reconnoissance
and at once came to the determination to
propose a night attack on the American
camp. His object was to throw the enemy
into confusion and if possible prevent an at-
tack on the British position, well knowing
that the result would be dangerous in any
case and if prolonged would be fatal.
Luckily General Vincent was quite as clear-
headed as his Adjutant-General and easily
persuaded to adopt an alternative while the
choice remained; he at once closed with
Harvey's offer and at half past eleven
o'clock on the darkest night known for many
years, five companies of the 8th and the
whole of the 49th regiment marched out of
camp, the whole detachment numbering 704
rank and file.

The American army was encamped on the
left or eastern bank of Stoney Creek, the
guns were posted on the high ground on the

left flank and centre. The Generals occupi-
ed a house known as *Jemmy Gap's* farm
house, on the left flank; a quarter of a mile
further on the ground rises to the precipi-
tous sides of the limestone plateau which bor-
ders the road from Queenston to Hamilton.
At two o'clock the watchfires of the Ameri-
can camp were reached, the 49th regiment
under the command of Major Plenderleath,
in column of sections left in front, the light
company under command of Captain Wil-
liams (Brevet Major for Queenston) heading
the advance. The gallant soldier of Queen-
ston, the Canadian Volunteer Jarvis, (now
Judge Jarvis of Cornwall) was at the head of
this company, and as with the quickness of
a true soldier he caught the first gleam of
the fire, he whispered Harvey, "we are
upon them." The latter instantly sent for-
ward a sergeant and a file who bayoneted
the first and second sentries, the third fired
and with a cheer the British dashed into the
American camp with fixed bayonets. The
Americans although surprised rallied at
once and opened fire; as was the custom in
those days the British had removed their
flints and now standing replacing them in the
strong light of the fires they afforded
safe marks to the Americans who had un-
limbered their guns and opened fire. Grad-
ually the British began to return it and a
fierce action ensued which ended in the cap-
ture of Generals Chandler and Winder with
123 officers and privates the partial disper-
sion of the whole force and the capture of
three pieces of artillery and one howitzer.

As the disorganized and dispersed force
was still many times larger than the assail-
ants it was deemed advisable to withdraw at
daylight, and this movement was effected
without molestation, with a loss of 23 killed,
136 wounded, and 56 missing. The loss of
the Americans was very great, but owing to
the fact of the British retiring it could not
be ascertained and the captured Generals
and their friends would be solicitous to
keep it from the public.

As soon as daylight enabled the astounded
Americans to see about them they returned
to camp and in fear of another attack from
such an ubiquitous enemy proceeded in
great haste to destroy their blankets, pro-
visions, spare arms, ammunition, &c., but
this was done in such haste that when a re-
connoitering party of British arrived in sight
a very small proportion was destroyed and
the remainder easily saved relieved the
wants of the gallant soldiers who had ac-
chieved this desperate feat of arms. The
Americans fell back to Forty Mile Creek,
eleven miles in rear of the field of battle
where they were largely reinforced bringing
them up to at least 4000 men.

The following is the official despatch of
this gallant action.

BURLINGTON HEIGHTS, head of Lake Ontario, }
June 6th, 1813. }

Sir:—Having yesterday received informa-
tion of the enemy having advanced from
the Forty Mile Creek with a force consisting