

the order to fire, and a blaze of musketry burst from the *abattis* and the swamp. The column halted, paused for a moment, made a turn to the left, formed line and opened a vigorous fusillade—but the fire of the left was, by this movement, thrown into the wood, where it had but little effect. Not so with the fire of the right, which compelled our pickets to retire within the *abattis*. The enemy mistook this falling back for a flight, and raised a great shout, which we returned with interest, and it was all they got from us, for they never had possession of one inch of the *abattis*. While the cheers on the one side were re-echoed by cheers on the other, taken up by the troops in our rear, suddenly Salaberry ordered all our bugles to sound, to augment in imagination the strength of our force. The *ruse* had this effect. We learnt from prisoners afterwards that they had estimated our force at 6,000 or 7,000 men. But for all the shouting and bugling, the musketry fire never ceased. It was so hot and uninterrupted that the enemy never attempted to carry the *abattis*. After a time their fire slackened, and they appeared to await other events—they looked to the other side of the river.

Here the bugle indicated an advance, and Colonel Macdonnell, eager to add to the laurels he had won at Ogdensburg, moved rapidly in the direction of the fire with two companies from the first and second line of retrinchments under Captain Levesque. The Beauharnois militia, defending the ford, had been attacked by Purdy in superior force, and had been compelled to retire. Macdonnell ordered Captain Daly with his company of the 5th Incorporated to cross the ford in their support.

At this moment de Salaberry, perceiving the fire in his front to relax, and the shouts of combatants and the fire of musketry to increase on his left flank and rear, saw, at once, that a diversion was about to be operated at the ford, and betook himself to his left, where the company of Juchereau Duchesny was drawn up *en potence*, and came down to the river just as Daly crossed the stream. From a stump he watched the advance of the enemy with a field glass, exposed the while to a heavy fire, and gave words of encouragement to Captain Daly as he waded through the water. This gallant officer got his men into order and most bravely thrust the enemy home. They fell back, rallied and reformed, and opened a well-sustained fire. Daly was over-matched. He and his brave Canadians slowly fell back. He had been wounded in the advance, and while retiring, while encouraging his men by word and example, he was wounded a second time and fell. Captain Bruyere, of the Milice de Beauharnois, was also wounded at the same time. Their men, unequal in numbers, were compelled to recede, slowly, and with face to the foe, under the command of the gallant Lieutenant Schiller, and once more was heard the joyful shouts and jeers of the advancing enemy. But their exaltation was brief, for rushing forward, unobservant of the company formed *en potence* on the other side of the river, they became suddenly exposed to a crushing fire in flank, which at short distance arrested their march and threw them into utter confusion. Vain was the attempt to rally—they broke and scrambled back into the bush. There it is believed that advancing parties fired upon their retiring comrades, mistaking them for enemies. On the other hand, Hampton, learning that his stratagem had failed, and that the attack on the ford, on which he had so much relied, had resulted so disastrously, drew off his left attack, which for an hour had been inactive, though incessantly persecuted by our skirmishers from the *abattis*. The Canadian troops remained in position, and slept that night on the ground on which they had fought.

In the morning, being reinforced by the company of Voltigeurs under Captain de Rouville and the Grenadiers of Captain Levesque, of the 5th Incorporated, and sixty of the Beauharnois Division, de Salaberry confided to Colonel Macdonnell the defence of the *abattis* against any renewed attack, and pushed forward cautiously—incredulous of Hampton's retreat. About twenty prisoners were taken, and the line of flight was indicated by muskets, knapsacks, drums and provisions strewn in the way. Forty dead bodies were interred by our people, many graves were found, and notably, those of two officers of distinction, buried by their own men. The wounded were carried off, but we knew afterwards that the enemy estimated their own loss *hors de combat* at upwards of one hundred.

This brilliant achievement cost the Canadian force two killed sixteen wounded. Among the officers most prominent on this occasion—and all did their duty nobly—were Captains Fergusson, de Bartzch and Levesque, of the 5th; Captain L'Ecuyer, of the Voltigeurs; the two Duchesnays, of the Voltigeurs, who both distinguished themselves by their *sang froid* and precision in the execution of difficult manœuvres. To these must be added the gallant Captain Daly, of the Canadian Fencibles, and Bruyère, of the Chateauguay Chasseurs, both of whom were wounded. Captain Lamothe made the most of his handful of savages, Lieutenants Pinguet, of the Light Infantry; Guy, Johnson, Powell and Hebben, of the Voltigeurs; Schiller, of Daly's company—all displayed intelligence and vigour. Captains Longtin and Huneau, of the Milice de Beauharnois, gave to their men an honourable example. Of the former it is related that, on the commencement of the action, he knelt down at the head of his company and offered up a brief and earnest prayer. "And now, *mes enfans*," said he, rising, "having done our duty to God, we will do the same by our King." Here spoke out that olden spirit of chivalrous devotion which the history of a thousand years has made the heritage of the Canadian people.

Nor should we pass over in silence the names of the

*simples soldats*,—Vincent, Pelletier, Vervais, Dubois and Caron—all of the Voltigeurs, who swam the river and cut off the retreat of the prisoners who were taken.

It will be seen at once that the whole brunt of the action fell upon the advanced corps under the command of Colonel de Salaberry. This force barely numbered 300 combatants. The battle was fought in front of the first line of entrenchments, at the *abattis*, and at the ford in the rear. On this part of the field de Salaberry commanded alone, and to him alone is to be ascribed the glory of the victory.—*Coffin's* "1812."

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We to-day commence a series of illustrated articles on the early history of this country. The few remaining mementos of the pioneers of France and England in Canada are rapidly falling into utter ruin, and it is the duty of all who value the past to cherish its traditions and associations, and to as great a degree as possible embody them in the permanent literature of the land. As war in some form or another stands prominently out from almost every page of our early history we propose dealing first with the old forts—both French and English—of which any ruins or buildings remain. On another page may be read a description of the old fort near St. Annes, illustrated with a series of sketches. Both letter-press and sketches are from the pen of that most zealous antiquarian, Mr. R. C. Lyman.

Ontario has been celebrating the Battle of Queenston Heights. Surely Quebec has a right to remember the victory of Chateauguay, the anniversary of which occurs this week. "The French population of Lower Canada, writes Colonel Coffin, "are very proud of the victory of Chateauguay, and with just reason. The British population of the Upper Province had achieved a like success over the common enemy at Queenston Heights. It was gratifying to the natural pride of a great national origin, that the fortune of war should have thus equitably distributed her honourable distinctions. They had, moreover, a stronger motive, both for resentment and exultation. The American Government and democratic press, with unexampled effrontery, had cast upon a race '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' the dishonouring imputation of an easy political virtue. They had been charged with a readiness to violate plighted honour, and with disaffection to the British Crown. Truthful and generous in all relations, whether of peace or war, they resented this indignity, as a stain felt more keenly than a wound, and they gave the '*Bostonnais*' their answer on the field of Chateauguay."

Is it possible that after all we Canadians are an inferior race and that our neighbours can teach us everything—those of us who are capable of being taught? What is the essential difference between an "American" and a Canadian? Has the latter a less vigorous frame, less propelling and staying power, less of that quick-wittedness which makes the most of things, which can always turn the environment to account and adapt it fruitfully to

one's own needs? Is it true that Americans (we use the word under protest), coming into a Canadian community, can, at a glance, detect natural advantages which we, the lords of the soil, had been apathetically contemplating for years without the slightest notion that there were any such advantages in our neighbourhood, and that, thereupon, in the presence of their stupid admirers, they will set to work and build up industries and make fortunes, in the first place for themselves, and, in the second, for those who enter into their spirit and coöperate with them? Is it true that our mines of all kinds—gold, copper, phosphates, coal—have been largely worked by these shrewd aliens, but for whom, in many cases, they might have remained for scores of years longer like the buried talent of the Parable? Is it true that our lumber resources, our unequalled wealth of water power, our natural entrepôts of industry, have, to the extent that they have been utilized, owed their exploitation largely, if not mainly, to American suggestion, capital and enterprise? Is it true, as we are often reminded, that no literary, scientific or artistic periodical can flourish in Canada, that books published in Canada have no sale, that a Canadian writer to have his work read must seek a foreign publisher, and that our intellectual movement is in the dead-alive state of a people without inspiration, without faith in themselves, and too senseless or obstinate to take example by others who have more initiative? If the answers to these questions must be in the affirmative, all the Queenston celebrations in the world will not rouse us out of the slough of despond. Nay, what kind of parents, it may be asked, have the children who, at this late date, have to be reminded of their country's glories?

The trumpet-call of Principal Grant, heard first by the Toronto National Club, cannot fail to stir the patriotism of every Canadian worthy of the name. But we are too apt to let such brave words have a mere sentimental reverberation, instead of taking their lesson to heart and girding up our loins in earnest to work out our destinies. As soon, moreover, as the echo dies away, we are so prone to be overawed once more by the vaunting of our bigger neighbour and to humble ourselves in the dust before him. We are ashamed to be called annexationists, yet we speak and act as if the world's history afforded no precedent of a smaller nation maintaining its independence side by side with a larger. What we need is firmness and self-respect. We should deem it an insult to be asked to forswear our allegiance. As for the taunts of inferiority, we must accept them as wholesome incentives to renewed exertion. It is no disgrace to be taught by an enemy or an alien. The greatest of ancient peoples understood and practised that principle long ago. It was when they ceased to practise it that their decline began. Our schoolmasters are the past and present of the two hemispheres, but it is on ourselves that our future, in the last resort, must depend.

What we really want is not so much to look backwards as to look forwards. Our neighbours spend a good deal of their time in a sort of idolatrous retrospect. They are very proud of the founders of their Republic. The Father of his Country, especially, they are never weary of exalting in hymns and speeches. Those who carefully study the time, are surprised to discover that the first President was by no means a popular man. Distance (in time as in space) lends enchantment to the view, and even those who despise it are deceived and misled by spread-eagleism. For our own part, we had better eschew it. Deeds, not words, should be our motto. We waste too much time in controversy. In one week we commemorated the repulse of Phips from Quebec and Brock's victory. That is a little absurd and gives outsiders the impression of a house divided against itself. We must beware of Provincialism, which, if not the enemy, is certainly no friend of ours. Akin to it are the absurd jealousies of our cities, which do not always even inspire (the only profit there is in any rivalry) more strenuous endeavours after excellence. How can we present an effective