

of 704 redcoats, under a leader who was afterwards famous at Waterloo, stole into the American camp shortly after midnight, bayoneted the pickets, dispersed the bewildered battalions as they attempted to form, captured two of the eight field-guns, and retired before daylight should disclose the paucity of their numbers, with the two generals, Winder and Chandler, and over a hundred others as their prisoners. It is one of the best instances on record of "rushing a camp."

The following is the garbled account served out to the American schoolboy:

"A superior force of Americans set out in pursuit (of the British to Burlington Heights), but were attacked at night by the British while encamped a few miles from their lines. The enemy were so warmly received that they beat a retreat, but they had managed in the melee to capture the American generals, and the officer left in command shrank from the responsibility of further offensive operations, and fell back to await orders from Dearborn. This was unfortunate; an immediate attack on the British could hardly have failed of success, for their general also had been separated from his army in the darkness, and was found next day several miles from camp with neither hat nor sword."

He ends here. The real fact is that, before the American army got back to Fort George, the retreat rendered necessary by the demoralization, consequent on the night attack, had turned into a flight; and that the story of the wanderings of the British general in the woods is a silly fabrication. It is on a par with the "Booty and Beauty" yarn with which Hildreth absurdly closes his account of the battle of New Orleans, and with the story of the scalp found above the Speaker's chair in the Parliament House at (Toronto) York. Our historian gravely narrates this fable, and has no space left for the important action at Beaver Dams, where Laura

Second so highly distinguished herself.

Examples like the above could be multiplied *ad nauseam*; but I have quoted sufficient to show how our schoolboys are taught fables after the manner of the Chinese. It is impossible to learn the valuable lessons which history teaches when the writers who have the national ear, through laziness or incompetency, retail garbled or invented historic material, fit only to tickle the national vanity.

A pan-American Exposition is projected for the year 1901. It is to be held at La Salle, six miles south of the great cataract, and near the spot where the intrepid French explorer built the first vessel to navigate the upper lakes. Hundreds of thousands will visit the locality, and will have their minds turned to the deeds of the past. The history of the district begins so late as 1678, and covers no very long period. We are beginning to have history written in a fair and judicial spirit, which scorns prejudice and misstatement. Mr. Clowes, who is now publishing a history of the British Royal Navy, a magnificent work, has magnanimously entrusted to our late Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the task of narrating the naval operations of the War of 1812. He is certain to discharge the delicate task efficiently. We shall have no repetition of the juggling with figures. I quote again from the same precious school history, which makes Perry capture 600 prisoners, when the enemy went into the fight with but 384 men in all! Let us hope that before the Exposition opens some competent historian, of the calibre of Mr. Roosevelt, shall have given us a trustworthy history of the land operations during the same period. The present histories are not staffs to lean upon, but reeds which pierce the hand that trusts them.—By Prof. J. M. Dixon, F.R.S. Edinburgh, of Washington University, St. Louis, in *The Independent*, N. Y.