

and the relaxed discipline which unfortunately characterized Proctor's command—were faced about to strike one last despairing blow. The position taken by Proctor at Moravian Town, on the Thames, seems to have been a good one, but the General seems to have lost all energy and foresight. No protective breastwork was thrown up,—no sharp watch kept on the enemy's advance. The latter, having reconnoitred carefully the British position, opened a skilful and vigorous attack, and in a very short time, the exhausted and hopeless troops were totally routed, Proctor and a remnant of his troops effecting a wretched retreat to Burlington Heights, while a number of the captured British soldiers were taken in triumph to "grace a Roman holiday," some of them, instead of being treated honourably as prisoners of war, being consigned to Penitentiary cells.

Tecumseh, with his band of Indians, had taken up a position in the swamp, to the right of the British force. His last words, as he shook hands with Proctor before the engagement, were, "*Father, have a big heart!*" It was indeed the thing that Proctor most needed and most lacked just then. Tecumseh was to make his onset on the discharge of a signal gun. But the gun was never fired, and Tecumseh found himself deserted by his English allies and surrounded by the enemy. Attacked by the dismounted riflemen in the swamp, like a lion in the toils, Tecumseh and his "braves" fought on till the noble chieftain fell—as courageous a warrior and faithful an ally as ever fought under the Union Jack. Proctor survived, but his military career was closed for ever, and the dishonour of its termination fatally tarnishes the glory of his earlier success. The catastrophe of Moravian Town, giving the Americans complete possession of Lakes Erie and Huron, and undisturbed range of the western frontier, striking a blow at the British ascendancy, and giving renewed hopes of success to the Americans, though it awoke a

spirit of more intense and dogged resolution in the Canadians, was the saddest reverse of the war, and is said to be "unparalleled in the annals of the British army."

But it did not come singly. On the very day of Proctor's defeat, a body of 250 soldiers, proceeding from York to Kingston in two schooners, without convoy, were captured on Lake Ontario. These accumulated disasters, added to the knowledge that the Americans were concentrating their forces on Montreal and Kingston, with the probability of the advance of Harrison's army towards the Niagara frontier, compelled General Vincent to raise the blockade of Fort George, on which Prevost had made another of his undecided and ineffectual demonstrations, and retire to Burlington Heights. The unfavourable aspect of affairs, indeed, spread such consternation at headquarters that Prevost issued orders to abandon the Upper Province west of Kingston. In the face of this order, however, a council of war, held at Burlington Heights, decided at all hazards to maintain the defence of the Western Peninsula. The American Government, sure apparently that the British forces would make good their retreat, recalled their victorious General to Detroit just at the time when his advance would have been most disastrous to the small British force on the Niagara frontier.

The force with which it was now expected, under Wilkinson and Hampton, to make an easy conquest of Lower Canada, amounted to 21,000 men, opposed to 3,000 British regulars in Lower Canada—strongly supported, however, by a gallant and enthusiastic French Canadian Militia, who proved themselves in the day of trial no less loyal and unflinching than their Upper Canadian brothers. Wilkinson's concerted attack upon Kingston from Sackett's Harbour was averted by the timely throwing of 2,000 troops into the Kingston garrison, which changed Wilkinson's plans, and sent him down the St. Lawrence to join Hampton—