

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

the Heights and joined in firing on the invaders, the shots reaching the relay of boats. One was totally destroyed, two were captured and the remainder went back home.

Brock, at Fort George, on the night of October 12th, was in conference with his staff till past twelve o'clock. After the others had gone he spent some time in thought and was preparing to retire. Suddenly, at about three o'clock in the morning, pitch dark, came the alarm, the sound of sustained firing. His servant, too, had heard and excitedly ran to his master. "My good Porter," said Brock, "have Alfred saddled at once while I complete dressing, and inform Major Glegg and Colonel Macdonnell that I am off up the river to Queenston." His charger ready, he mounted and galloped away, to draw up only for a moment, at the residence of Captain John Powell. Although scarcely daylight the household was astir, roused by the sound of the artillery. Miss Sophia Shaw, his betrothed, the daughter of General Shaw, and sister-in-law of Captain Powell, brought him coffee and he drank his last stirrup cup. Sad eyed farewells followed him as he rode away.

Presently came the sound of galloping hooves and Glegg and Macdonnell, his staff officers, rode up. Without stopping the three continued on their way, the Commander issuing orders to the outposts as they went. They arrived at Queenston about daybreak. Taking note of the situation, Brock saw the American reinforcements quickly landing. He ordered Captain Williams, with his regulars and militia, to go to the support of Captain Dennis at the foot of the hill. This move left