

or wounded in this affair, besides numbers of their regulars. All the chief officers were taken prisoners—de Ligneris, Marin, Aubry, de Montigny and de Répentigny, with many more.

While the fight was in progress up the river a French officer thought the British trenches were unguarded, and a sortie was attempted. It was led by de Villars, the captor of Washington, in his youthful essay at Fort Necessity. But as the French approached what had seemed empty trenches, a line of bayonets, those of the 44th, under Col. Farquhar, suddenly flashed in their faces, and de Villars fell back, according to his orders rather than to his inclinations, for though he belonged to a type whose failings were many, lack of courage was certainly not one of them.

There was nothing now for Pouchot but capitulation. Major Hervey, of the Bristol family, was sent by Johnson to demand it, and from him the Frenchman learnt for the first time the full extent of the recent defeat. He would scarcely believe that all these redoubtable partisans were prisoners in Johnson's camp till, at Hervey's request, he sent a witness to verify the fact. This settled the matter. Johnson practically made his own terms, though the "honours of war" were conceded in recognition of the gallantry of the defence. Over 600 prisoners were sent to New York, the women and children to Canada. Fort William Henry was again in the minds of the garrison, and most urgent appeals were made to Johnson for sufficient safeguard against the Indians. This, it need hardly be said, was given, a matter of course, but a weaker man than Johnson would have found difficulty in controlling the plundering instincts of his fierce allies. Everything, however, went smoothly, and the fort, with its forty guns, ammunition and stores, was quietly occupied by the British.

When Johnson returned to Oswego

a little friction arose between Haldimand and himself as to the chief command. It was effectually settled, however, by the arrival of Gage from Crown Point, who superseded both. Gage's instructions were to attack the French posted above the first rapids of the St. Lawrence on the way from Lake Ontario to Montreal. He effected, however, nothing of any practical value in that direction. It was reserved for Amherst himself, in the following season, to make the descent of the St. Lawrence, and with it the final move in the long game. With the British in possession of Niagara and Oswego, the French flag finally disappeared from Lake Ontario and its shores. Their western posts at Detroit and the Illinois, as well as the smaller and remoter ones, were isolated by this severance of the main artery, and could only be approached by the tortuous waterways, even now only known to the sportsman and the lumberman of the far back country of Ontario. General Stanwix, in the meantime operating from his base at Fort Pitt, with 4,000 men, had not been idle. He had clinched the new relations with the Ohio tribes, and had eventually occupied every fort to Presqu'île on the shore of Lake Erie. The main trunk of French Dominion was being girdled by the British axe, and its far-spreading limbs, which brushed the distant prairies of the north and crossed the sources of the Mississippi, must now perish from lack of nourishment. One more stroke, and the hardy growth of empire would shrivel up and die, and this was to be aimed by Amherst at Montreal.

In a letter written on the field of battle at two o'clock by an officer, the duration of the fight is estimated at half an hour. The writer is Colonel de Ruvigny, R.E., grandson of the Count de la Caillemotte, killed at the Boyne, and great-grandson of the celebrated Huguenot statesman, the Marquis de Ruvigny, and himself subsequently fifth Marquis de Ruvigny (*de jure*), and a naturalised English subject. The writer speaks of the fury of the French attack, and the confusion of their retreat.