

hold, and an occasional shell from their mortar battery rose shrieking into the air. So far everything seemed to promise well. The party that had landed had not gained an inch of ground in three hours, and near a hundred prisoners had been taken with small loss.

Watching intently the flight of a shell from the gun beside him, he observed that it burst prematurely, and turning to the gunner, Brock advised him to try a larger fuse. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a loud shout rose from the hillside above, accompanied by a volley of bullets whistling overhead, and a body of the enemy came charging down upon the rear of the battery. Resistance was out of the question, and there was no time even to mount, so leading their horses by the bridle the three officers ran hastily down the road to the village followed by the dozen men working the gun, who fortunately had sufficient presence of mind to spike it before they came away.

All this was plainly visibly to the troops at Lewiston, whose shouts could be heard amid the roar of the cannon as their flag rose over the battery, and they pressed down eagerly to the boats. It was now evident that the principal and probably the only attack was to be made here, and Brock despatched a hurried message to Sheaffe at Fort George to turn every gun that would bear upon the American batteries opposite, and send forward the battalion companies of the 41st and flank companies of militia. Then mounting his horse he rode at a gallop to the farther end of the village, where the light company of the 49th was drawn up in line awaiting orders. Again he was received with a loud cheer, and wheeling his horse in the direction of the heights, he exclaimed, "Follow me, boys," and led them at a run to the foot of the ascent. There he paused and dismounted, saying: "Take breath, boys—you will need it in a few moments," a significant announcement, which provoked another hearty shout.

The crest of the heights was densely wooded in most places, and their sides dotted with clumps of small trees and shrubs richly spangled with the crimson, russet and golden tints of autumn. These thickets in combination with the natural inequality of the ground furnished excellent cover for the American riflemen. The redan was occupied by the main body of their troops, but they were unable to make any use of the captured gun. Freshly landed men were already ascending to their assistance, and the mortar battery had begun to throw shells in the direction of

Brock's party in the hope of checking its advance.

Convinced of the great importance of regaining the lost position before the enemy was heavily reinforced, he ordered Dennis to join him with the 49th grenadiers and Chisholm's company of York militia, leaving only a few men in the village to hold them in check in that quarter. When their companies came up he detached Williams with a section of his own company and the whole of the militia, making about seventy men in all, by a round about route to turn the left of Wool's position. Observing this movement, the latter detached a party of 150 men to check it, but after a brief interchange of shots, the Americans fell into confusion and began to retire. Seizing the favorable moment, Brock sprang over the stone wall behind which he had directed his men to take shelter, and led the way directly up the steep ascent towards the battery, waving his sword and shouting to the grenadiers, who followed him with a ready cheer.

The rain had ceased and strong gleams of sunshine broke through the clouds. The ground was thickly strewn with fallen leaves slippery with wet, and yielding treacherously, and as men stumbled and fell here and there the line was soon broken. Wool sent a reinforcement to support his advance party and their fire soon began to tell. "This is the first time I have ever seen the 49th turn their backs!" Brock exclaimed angrily as he noticed men dropping to the rear, and the ranks promptly closed up. McDonnell brought up the companies of Cameron and Herward which had just arrived from Brown's Point much exhausted, having run nearly all the way. The force then engaged in the direct assault of the heights including these companies numbered about one hundred and ninety men. The flank companies were uniformed in scarlet and advanced with such steadiness, that Wool was led to believe that he was being attacked by four companies of the 49th. His own command had been increased to about five hundred rank and file two-thirds of whom were regular soldiers, yet notwithstanding their advantage in numbers and position, being at the same time pressed warmly on the flank by William's detachment, they began to shrink from the contest.

Seeing that the supports were pressing at the foot of the hill Brock shouted to McDonnell to "push on the York volunteers." A bullet struck the wrist of his sword-arm inflicting a slight wound, to which he paid no attention but continued to wave his sword and encourage his men. His tall and

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