

too shallow to allow his ships to float out with heavy guns on board. But, a gale driving Barclay away, Perry got out, and established his position between the land-force and the vessels acting as their store-ships. It became absolutely necessary, at last, to fight the enemy in order to enable the fleet to get supplies, there being, in Barclay's own words, "not a day's flour in the store, and the squadron being on half allowance of many things." A desperate engagement took place, in the course of which Barclay reduced the *Lawrence*, Perry's flag-ship, to an unmanageable hulk; and the mixed crews of seamen, militia and soldiers, in the proportion of *one* of the first to *six* of the last, fought as true Britons fight, till, overpowered by superior numbers and heavier metal; aided by a favouring breeze, Barclay's squadron was forced to surrender, only however, when every vessel had become unmanageable, every officer had been killed or wounded, and a third of the crews put *hors-de-combat*. Barclay himself, when, some months later, mutilated and maimed, he appeared before the Admiralty, presented a spectacle which moved stern warriors to tears, and drew forth a just tribute to his patriotism and courage.

But that defeat was a fatal one for General Proctor. It destroyed his last hope, and retreat or ruin lay before him. Without supplies, deprived of the arms and ammunition of which Fort Malden had been stripped in order to supply the fleet, his prospects seemed gloomy indeed. Retreat across the wilderness behind him in rainy autumn weather might be arduous and ruinous enough, yet it seemed the only escape from hopeless surrender. And so, despite the earnest and eloquent remonstrances of Tecumseh,* who thought he

should have held his ground, and who, doubtless, remembered the bold and victorious advance of General Brock at the head of his little force one year before, he abandoned and dismantled Fort Detroit, crossed over to Sandwich, whither he transported his guns, and commenced his retreat upon Burlington Heights with a force of 830 men. The faithful Tecumseh, grieved and indignant as he was at the General's determination to retreat, adhered to the fortunes of his British allies with noble constancy, and accompanied Proctor with his band of 300 Indian followers. The English General did not expect to be immediately followed up by Harrison, knowing the difficulties in the way of his progress. But the Kentucky "mounted infantry," or forest rangers,—each carrying, wherever practicable, a foot soldier behind him,—proved capital bush warriors. Harrison's army of 3,500 men came up with the little retreating force before it could have been supposed possible, surprised Proctor's rear-guard, captured his stores and ammunition, and 100 prisoners. Thus brought to bay, the British General, apparently stunned and bewildered by accumulated misfortunes, felt compelled to risk an almost hopeless fight. His little band of footsore and weary men—dejected, hopeless, exhausted by a harassing and depressing retreat, weakened by the effects of exposure and fatigue, and by the ravages of fever and ague, insufficiently clothed, scantily fed, and further disintegrated by the want of harmony

draw your foot off British ground. But now, Father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our Father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our Father's conduct to a fat dog that carries his tail upon his back, but when affrighted it drops it between its legs and runs off. Father! you have got the arms and ammunition which our great Father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be His will we wish to leave our bones upon them."

* Extract from Tecumseh's despairing appeal to General Proctor:—"We are astonished to see our Father giving up everything and preparing to run away without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us you would never