

the last. But it was of no avail. Sheaffe's plan was to enclose the enemy and drive him back the way he had come. Inspired by Sheaffe's arrival, and burning with vengeance for the loss of their beloved General in the morning, the troops that had held their ground against such odds for so many hours addressed themselves to the fight with fury. The village was cleared, the Americans threw themselves into their boats with terrific precipitancy, for the "Green Tigers" fought as though mad. On the heights the tide had turned; the lost redoubt was retaken, and the enemy began to flee. Some one ran up a flag of truce, but the brave Wool tore it down with his own hands, and looked for the reinforcements that should save him. But they did not come. Sheaffe was pressing on him steadily, yet help came not, for the forces assembled on the other side refused to cross, so great was the terror inspired among them by the accounts given by the fugitives already arrived. Their officers rode among them, by turns threatening and entreating; all to no purpose, they would not budge. At last the intrepid Wool saw that the game was up. Closer and closer pressed the little British force, and at length his men broke into a run, not an orderly retreat—it was impossible—but a veritable panic, and in the *mêlée* men threw themselves down the steep precipices on the river bank to perish miserably by fall or flood. *The Battle of Queenston Heights was won.*

I cannot close this paper without one word further. So completely is the Battle of Queenston Heights enshrined in the halo that must forever encircle the name of Brock, the brilliant commander and able administrator, that few persons recognize or remember that it was Sheaffe who won it. Not a great officer, and somewhat of a martinet, Sheaffe, nevertheless, was a valuable man, and did credit to the service, and he was deservedly honored by promotion.

The Battle of Queenston Heights was a terrible struggle marked by nothing less than a tragedy; the death of Brock touched the national heart to the quick, and the 13th of October, 1812, must ever remain a sacred day in the annals of Canada and Britain.