

BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS, OCTOBER 13, 1812.

Now listen U. E. Loyalists
The high immortal praise
Won here upon this sacred Mount
In old paternal days.

For native land our fathers bled ;
For right and glory's crown ;
And double vengeance winged their swords
For wrongs their blood had known.

Fierce Mars came on at first with foes ;
And gave our Chief to death ;
Then changing sides their ranks he smote,
And stamped his feet beneath.

The first year's war had passed far on :
Success our arms sustained :
Our leader, during summer months,
Applause from all had gained.

With skill intuitive he formed
A various force and good,
Of soldiers trained, militia new,
And children of the wood.

With these he pressed his rapid way
To far Detroit's stronghold ;
And snatched it from our neighbour's grasp
With knightly hand and bold.

But now Americans are strong
On broad Lake Erie's wave ;
They hope to wrest the honours back ;
And more than credit save.

The storm-cloud gathers day by day
Along our river's course :
It threatens soon to burst in rage
And test our manhood's force.

Now bright October paints the woods
With flame of leafy dyes ;
But Autumn gales have not as yet
Assailed the resting skies.

Late peach and apple fruits still cling
Among the foliage sere—
They help to show the country's worth ;
And make its homes more dear.

Deciduous woods on Queenston's crest
Show now their colours bright ;
While cedar clumps adorn the slope,
Half-grown and fair to sight.

The juniper and cedar join
In dense and sombre mass
To shade the vast and swirling stream
Which here sweeps through the pass.

The river here, its strangling way,
Through cloven mountains takes ;
Nor can, at once, its step restrain,
When new its bonds its breaks.

A dread will come to inland youth
When first he sees that tide,
As there it rolls in volume huge,
Rock-gored on either side.

Alarming too mount up those crags
Precipitous, and high :
They too have fear-inspiring look
For young home-loving eye.

Along the mountain's steepy base
The Queenston Hamlet sleeps :
And pleasant homes, though not of wealth,
Its narrow limit keeps.

And westward spreads a fair rich land ;
A land by bright suns blessed :
This land from no weak-handed men
The foe come here to wrest.

October now its Thirteenth day
Brings in with challenge high :
The foe by night have crossed our lines :
Our men must fight or fly.

With dawn of light the cannon's voice
Calls forth to combat stern :
The blood of all runs fast and high
And fiercest passions burn.

Excitement boils through both the Hosts :
No soul has calm or rest :
Not all who see the rising Sun
Will see him in the west.

Sir Isaac startles in his sleep
Within Fort George's walls :
He guesses what has now transpired ;
That gravest peril calls.

His aids and he to saddle spring :
Tow'rd Queenston spur their way :
Their rapid steeds will reach the hill,
—Ere yet 'tis fully day.

But first before he leaves the Fort
Brief charge—as suited need—
He gives to eager waiting men,
To follow on with speed.

Two Companies of Forty-First
With fiery haste fall in :
Militia too and Indian force
Their equal march begin,

Americans have crossed the stream
In strong well-armed array :
They now are on the mountain top ;
And but await the day.

Our two gun battery on the bank
Poured down its iron hail
When morning showed still coming foes :
E'en then with some avail.

It struck mid-stream some labouring boats
Low-pressed, with soldiers full ;
And plunged their men to bubbling deaths
In deeps unfathomable.

The fight began upon the mount
While shadowy night prevailed :
Americans with five-fold force
Our battery there assailed.

Two Companies of Forty-Ninth,
With help which near they found,
Militia men and Indian scouts,
Awhile had kept their ground.

But step by step, by numbers forced
They had their guns to yield ;
Yet battling fierce and struggling hard
They slowly left the field.

They now are pressed quite down the slope :
In flight all hope is placed :
That moment Brock and staff come up
In swift and breathless haste.

Straight up the rapid steep they turn ;
Nor stop—though most fall dead :
They think not now of dear sweet life
When by loved General led.

They almost gain disputed line ;
Ten paces still they want ;
But, ah ! those hoped-for paces ten
The fates will never grant !

Our mighty Chief here ends his course,—
He falls ! Stand back ! Give light !
He breathes ! What word was that ? He's dead !
Gone forth to death's dark night.

That spirit brave, that brightest soul,
That lived for soldier's fame ;
That had on distant Europe's fields
Won earth-pervading name,

Now reaches here its last sea verge ;
Its record now is done ;
That masterful and restless soul
Its fated course has run.

His comrades bear him down the hill
With under-clasping arms :
And deeply tender anguished love
Each hero's great soul warms.

Now while he thus is borne away
Macdonald steps to front ;
Nor cares he now to live or die,
As is a brave friend's wont.

But he too falls in briefest space :
The force again recedes.
Macdonald falls as fell his chief :
He too for glory bleeds.

Now men from old Fort George are come
And Sheaffe is in command ;
But he will not renew the fight
Till better mode is planned.

Now silence reigns o'er all the scene ;
Save that, at intervals,
The Indian's deadly rifle crack,
Tells where the invader falls.

Our foes had won the upper guns,
As has before been shown,
And so the battery on the bank
Was by their shot o'erthrown.

The battery thus upon the bank
In silence now is lost :
Its silence tells how much we miss
Our well-placed mountain post.

One gun away at Froman's Point
Still sweeps the channelled stream ;
Nor stops till victory crowns our arms,
'Neath day's far westering beam.

This single gun seemed ruling Fate :
The stream could not be crossed :
The foe could not his succours bring ;
Nor fly when fight was lost.

Good Sheaffe now leaves the northern slope,
His other course has planned ;
The assault must be on level plain,
Or e'en from higher land.

The mount still higher climbs to south
With smooth and easy grade
Above the ground by foes possessed :
The fight must there be made.

And with this view he leads his force
Some miles away to west ;
And thus by easy secret paths,
Ascends the mountain's crest

While this proceeds till past mid-day
The foe are kept in fear ;
Young Brant and fifty Mohawk braves
Infest the thickets near.

And once this clan of fiercest souls
Burst forth from green-wood night
Upon the foe's unsheltered lines,
With wild Plutonian cry.

With frightful yells and arms upraised
Their startling fear produced :
Their hatchets cleaved a score of skulls :
A score of hearts they sluiced.

Now, Winfield Scott, use well thy nerve ;
This is no sportive task ;
If thou, thyself, shalt see the night,
'Tis much of Fates to ask.

And well thou prov'st thy val'rous soul ;
Thy lines stand firm and fixed ;
Which but for thee and words of thine
Had with red earth been mixed.

But soon the cloud of Indian braves,
The wood absorbs again ;
Yet ever more that vengeful force
Hangs round the wooded plain.

And other help these good friends give,
They keep the highway clear,
And word is so to Chippewa sent
—Of battle waging here.

The mid-day hour is now long past ;
Converging troops are met—
Calm Sheaffe is on the table land
At place himself had set.

From far Fort George he has his men ;
Of Forty-Ninth those few,
Who first had made that struggle fierce
To do what none could do.

From Chippewa now a regular force
Pour in with soldiers' zeal
And dauntless good militia troops,
Whose hearts these hard fates feel.

Brant's band had been all day at hand ;
A subtle deadly foe :
And Norton now brings other bands
In paints of gaudy show.

Now Sheaffe his various force arrayed ;
First Red Coats take their place :
It makes the blood run fire to see
Their gallant martial grace.

These troops have fought o'er half the world :
No men more proud than they ;
They march with readiest step to death,
As if to scenic play.

Next Loyalists take place abreast,
Inornate is their host ;
No handsome uniform they wear ;
Nor measured step they boast.

Yet they will travel step for step
All ground the veterans gain ;
And arms of theirs in that red fight
Will take e'en redder stain.

They would not live as coward knaves
On soil which once was theirs ;
But while they live their hands shall do
What freest freeman dares.

They come from scattered dear loved homes
To take this soldier's post ;
And each one here his life devotes,
Nor thinks too much the cost.

And feathered Indians come long side ;
A semi-savage clan,
They come to vindicate their claim
To common fame of man.

Their soul is filled with grateful sense,
For words kind Brock had said
And they will now avenge his shade,
Or they lie stark and dead.

Chiefs Brant and Norton lead their tribes
High clamouring for their prey :
And scarce the chiefs have rule enough
Their forward course to stay.

The final deadly strife begins,—
Two field guns' horses fly
Forth on the plain at fullest speed
The ranks of foes to try.