

Wool then sent forward a detachment of one hundred and fifty men to press on towards Queenstown. Brock, who had meantime collected a body of a hundred men, gallantly charged the enemy. His charge proved so impetuous that, though fighting with great determination and valor, they could not withstand the rush, and were carried to the verge of the cliff. There, one of the officers raised a handkerchief on the point of his sword, as a signal of surrender; but the gallant Wool tore it down, re-animating the sinking spirits of his men, and once more led them to the charge. The British lost some little ground, and General Brock had just given the command "Push on the York volunteers," when he fell, pierced through the breast by a musket-ball. His commanding height had made him a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharp-shooters. The British, discouraged by the loss of their favorite general and disheartened by the constantly increasing numbers of the enemy, were obliged to fall back. Lieutenant-Colonel McDonell, of the militia, the attorney-general of Upper Canada, and an *aide-de-camp* of Brock's, fell mortally wounded immediately after his chief. The Americans retained possession of the Queenstown Heights for some hours, and then General Sheaffe arrived from Fort George with some four hundred regulars and three hundred militia. These he joined to the remnants of the flank companies of the 49th, and the Indians, who with a few militia-men had so far borne the whole brunt of the fight. With these men Sheaffe, having dexterously gained, by a circuitous march, higher ground somewhat in the rear of the Americans, renewed the attack. It is not to the discredit of the enemy that they fell back before the British charge; it was next to impossible for any human force to withstand the fury of the onslaught made upon them. The men of the 49th especially distinguished themselves. General Brock had long been an officer in the regiment, and they were his favorite soldiers. They were burning to avenge his death, and that they did so terribly is beyond question. On that day they earned for themselves the name of the "green tigers," suggested by the color of their facings, a name by which they continued to be distinguished by the enemy throughout the war. The Americans, pressed back to the face of the cliff, were driven to the direst extremity. Those who attempted to escape were cut off by the Indians, who showed no mercy; many threw themselves headlong down the steep sides of the cliff and were dashed to pieces on the rocks below; some having by great good luck managed to reach the bottom attempted to swim the deep and rapid river, and were drowned in the attempt. The militia, in spite of all the efforts of General Van Rensselaer, could not be induced to cross to the succor of their comrades, the news having reached them of the fury of the "tigers." There remained, therefore, nothing for it but to surrender or be destroyed. A flag of truce was raised and the Americans surrendered. Brigadier Wadsworth and the militia were paroled. Captain Scott, who afterwards distinguished himself in the Mexican war, and the regulars were forwarded to Quebec. In all nine hundred men laid down their arms. The victory, however, and a glorious victory it was, was dearly bought by the loss of the British General.

As the previous armistice had proved of so much value to the Americans, Major-General Sheaffe, immediately after his victory at Queenstown, hastened to conclude another. No reason, civil or military, has ever been assigned for such a proceeding. It therefore does not seem unfair to suppose that on this occasion he followed the example of his superior, Sir George Prevost, and allowed his sympathies for the Yankees to get the better of his judgment. Had Sir Isaac Brock survived, within forty-