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most of his men. The other boat drifted fairly within range of Brooman's battery and was taken there. The river being so narrow many objects could be distinguished upon the opposite shore when lit up by the flashing of the artillery, and the shouts and shrieks of the combatants could be occasionally heard by thousands of interested spectators at Lewiston. Within half an hour after landing Wool's force was doubled by the arrival of two other companies of the 13th, forty artillerymen under Lieut. Randolph, and a detachment of militia, and all the wounded men were removed, but no officer of superior rank came to assume command.

The gun in the redan continued to throw shells at hazard into the river with little result beyond making the enemy's troops reluctant to enter the boats, although an officer is said to have been killed at Lewiston by one of them, and the darkness and distance rendered the twenty-four-pounder at Brooman's quite ineffective. On the other hand, round shot from the Lewiston batteries soon reduced Hamilton's house to a mere heap of ruins, and drove Crowther's toy gun out of range, while the mortars pitched their shells into the village, and their field-pieces searched the gardens and orchards with grape. The movements of the remainder of their troops continued, however, to be remarkably dilatory. The arrival of the wounded perhaps had something to do with this, and the march of a considerable body of militia was arrested by the sudden illness of their commanding officer. At all events, boats remained lying idle on both shores.

Being convinced by unmistakeable signs that an attack was meditated within a day or two, Brock had been engaged till midnight in despatching orders for the assembly of the militia. It was no surprise then for him to be aroused shortly after ten o'clock by the distant boom of artillery up the river. He rose at once, but still adhering to his opinion that the true attack would not be there, he remarked that it was only a war between the sentries. The steady cannonade and blazing beacons along the heights convinced him at length that this was something more serious, and he mounted his horse and rode out of the gate just as a dragoon galloped up to announce that the enemy had landed at Queenston. As it was not uncertain whether another landing was not intended in the vicinity of Niagara, the British general contented himself with giving instructions for Captain Holocroft to follow him with two guns and a party of Indians, while the remainder of the garrison

remained under arms in readiness to act in any direction until daylight more fully disclosed the designs of the enemy, and then set off at full speed, accompanied only by Captain Glegg and Lieut.-Col. McDonnell. At Field's and Brown's Point he paused for an instant to direct the militia companies quartered there to follow him, leaving behind only a sufficient number of men to man the batteries at each place.

Day dawned grey and chill with a thin fog rising from the river. Four boats filled with men were then seen to push off Lewiston, and at the same instant the head of a column of troops appeared above the bank at the Queenston landing. Dennis hastily called down the light company by sound of the bugle from the heights to his support, and concentrated his fire on this force, which very soon retired again under cover of the bank, where their movements were almost entirely screened from view, although they had lost a few men by the random fire of the light company during the morning.

Observing that the battery on the heights was now occupied only by a few men working the gun, Lieut. Gagevoort pointed out a narrow fisherman's path leading around a rocky point and winding upwards to the summit, and suggested that a detachment might gain the rear of the British position unobserved by this route. Although already bleeding from more than one wound, Wool eagerly adopted the proposal which had also been favored by Van Rensselaer, and leaving a hundred men to occupy the landing and engage the attention of the British in that quarter, he instantly began the ascent at the head of the remainder, giving strict orders to an officer to shoot any man who attempted to turn back.

At this instant Brock rode into the village splashed with mud from head to foot. He was at once recognized and welcomed with a hearty cheer by the men of the 49th, in which regiment he had risen from sub-altern to colonel. Reining in his horse for a moment to acknowledge their salute, he rode up the slope to the redan and there dismounted.

A striking scene presented itself to his gaze. A single glance showed him battalion upon battalion of troops drawn up in rear of the American batteries in readiness to embark; other detachments were entering their boats, some already upon the river, and an uncertain number in possession of the Queenston landing. Their guns were pouring round and grape shot into the enclosures of the village where Dennis still contrived to maintain a foot-