

sound of guns was heard and Brock arose, and leaving orders to follow him, rode away up the Queenston road to meet the rider on the pale horse. A small force at Brown's Point of York militia, another at Vrooman's Battery, a few in Queenston, and a still smaller number on the Heights—these were all, at hand to resist a large American force, and at first these seemed enough as many of their boats were sunk and taken prisoners, but a pilot had shown the way up the fisherman's path concealed from the view of our men and these soon had possession of the Heights. When Brock passed the York volunteers setting out from Brown's Point, he waved his hand and called out to them to push on. On reaching Queenston he boldly advanced up the Heights with the troops there, his tall person and general's uniform being a sure target for the enemy. A few words were all that could be heard ere his spirit took its flight. The body was carried to a stone house, which still stands, and another attempt was made at 10 o'clock by the brave Macdonell, A.D.C., a young man of great promise; he, too, gave up his young life in the attempt to dislodge the enemy. Thus there were, we may say, three engagements. First, under Brock; second, Macdonell; third, under Sheaffe, with additional forces from Fort George and Chippawa. This time a detour was made around the mountain, and the American troops found themselves assailed unexpectedly on both sides. The appalling warwhoop of 150 Mohawk Indians under Norton, was heard. There were, besides, Merritt's troop of cavalry, part of the 41st Regiment and a company of colored troops (refugee slaves) York and Lincoln militia, part of the 49th Regiment; only half of the force consisted of regulars. Our forces, maddened by the death of their beloved leader, fought as never before and soon the enemy showed the white flag and nine hundred prisoners were taken. But, though victory crowned our arms, with what sad hearts did our men return bearing that form, majestic in death. The body was taken to Government house, where it lay for three days, and on the 16th was committed to the grave in the Cavalier bastion of Fort George, lately constructed under the General's orders.

Our narrative might here end, but to few mortals is it given to have four burials. For twelve years the bodies lay at Fort George. During six months of that period the Americans had possession and the line describing the funeral of Sir John Moore is recalled "that the foe and the stranger will