

the gallant young Bishopp, who fell, it is said, more regretted than any other officer save only Brock himself.

If this harassing war is, comparatively, little known to fame, it certainly extended over an area far wider than that of many a world-renowned European campaign. Along a frontier 1,700 miles in length, border frays of varying importance and success were harassing the country. Far to the west, among the rich alluvial forests and tangled jungles of the Detroit district, Proctor, aided by Tecumseh and his Indians, was waging an unequal and somewhat ineffectual struggle with Harrison and his "army of the west," while near him, on the waters of Lake Erie, Captain Barclay was doing all he could to aid him in naval encounters with Commodore Perry. On the Niagara frontier, within sight of the spray of the Falls, attacks and reprisals were going on as just described. On the broad bosom of Lake Ontario, Chauncey and Yeo were fighting a naval duel, with some success to the latter, while the former made a second descent upon York, just then undefended, and completed the devastation previously begun, demolishing barracks and boats, throwing open the gaol, and ill-treating and plundering a number of the inhabitants. Among the picturesque windings of the Thousand Islands, in the mazes of the blue St. Lawrence, American attacking parties were intercepting convoys of batteaux, carrying provisions for western garrisons—a serious misfortune in days when, in our now rich and fertile Canada, not only the regular troops, but the militia and the Indian allies, had to be fed on the Irish mess-pork, and "hard-tack" from Portsmouth, all stores having to be laboriously carried westward from Montreal. Amid the land-locked, mountain-girdled bays of the beautiful Lake Champlain, hostilities, chiefly in the shape of naval encounters, were proceeding, an American fleet attempting to surprise Isle aux Noix; and in return, destructive reprisals

being made by the British upon Plattsburgh, Burlington, Scranton, and Champlain town. While, far out on the misty Atlantic, British and American men-of-war were "storming with shot and shell," the British *Pelican* taking the American *Argus*, and the American *Enterprise* and *Decatur*—with great advantage of guns and numbers—taking respectively the *Dominica* and the *Boxer*. In the early part of the year, Sir John Borlase, as a prudential measure, had established a vigilant blockade of the American coast, which hemmed in most of the American frigates in their ports, sending their officers and crews to the service of the lakes, harassed the maritime towns and naval arsenals, and, by keeping the merchantmen idle in the harbours, intercepted the coasting trade, ruined the commerce, and diminished the national revenue by two-thirds.

As the autumn of 1813 approached, the American leaders began to make more urgently threatening movements, apparently determined to make some decisive use of their masses of collected troops. Hampton, on the eastern frontier, at the head of nearly 5,000 men, crossed Lake Champlain to Plattsburgh, in advance on Montreal. At Sackett's Harbour, Wilkinson threatened Kingston with a force of 10,000 men. And General Harrison, in the west, was only awaiting the naval success of Commodore Perry, on Lake Erie, an order to advance upon Proctor with an army of 6,000 men.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of procuring facilities for ship-building in that far inland region, Captain Barclay had been doing his utmost, by fitting out the *Detroit*, a larger vessel than his little squadron had hitherto possessed, to keep from Perry the command of the lake. But Perry was well armed and well supplied, while Barclay was driven to the greatest straits for lack of the supplies which it was impossible for him to procure. He succeeded, however, in blockading Perry for a time in the harbour of Presqu'île, where the water on the bar was