

gallant and devoted fellows belonged. Their names, which from some unaccountable cause, have not been given in the General Order, were Hancock and Dean, the former killed, the latter taken prisoner, as shown in the following extract from that order dated Quebec August 6th, 1812.

"The Commander of the Forces takes great pleasure in also announcing to the troops, that the enemy under Brigadier General Hull have been repulsed in three attacks made on the 18th 19th and 20th of last month, upon part of the Garrison of Amherstburg, on the River Canard, in the neighborhood of that place; in which attacks His Majesty's 41st Regiment have particularly distinguished themselves. In justice to that corps His Excellency wishes particularly to call the attention of the Troops to the heroism, and self devotion displayed by two privates, who being left as sentinels when the party to which they belonged had retired, contrived to maintain their station against the whole of the enemy's force, until they both fell, when one of them, whose arm had been broken again raising himself, opposed with his bayonet those advancing against him, until overwhelmed by numbers. An instance of such firmness and intrepidity deserves to be thus publicly recorded, and His Excellency thinks that it will not fail to animate the Troops under his command with an ardent desire to follow so noble an example, whenever an opportunity shall hereafter be offered them."

Nor, among the very many daring exploits performed at the Canard river, during the brief period of General Hull's occupation of the Western District of Canada, must omission be made of the gallant conduct of 22 Warriors of the Mincumini tribe of Indians, who defeated and drove in a detachment of 200 Americans, under the command of Major Denny, who had advanced as far as the mutilated bridge, with a view of forcing a passage. The river, as it is called is not more than three or four rods in width.

While these unimportant events were passing in the neighborhood of Amherstburg, the small Garrison of St. Josephs, the most remote of our North Western defences, was not idle. Information having been conveyed to Captain Roberts of the 10th. Royal Veteran Battalion, commanding that post, that war had been declared by the American Government, that officer lost no time in availing himself of the advantage afforded by the ignorance of the fact, and consequent absence of preparation on the part of the adjacent American Post of Michimilimackinac, and marched his disposable force to compel a surrender of that fortress. Captain Roberts' official despatch on the subject has, we believe, never been published, but the following letter from a gentleman connected with the Indian Department, to Colonel Claus, the Superintendent-in-Chief of Indian affairs, sufficiently details the nature of the operations of the little detachment.

Mackinac 18 July, 1812.

Dear Sir.

I am happy to have it in my power to announce to you that Fort Mackinac capitulated to us on the 18th inst. at 11 o'clock A. M. Captain Roberts at our head with part of 10th R. V. Battalion. Mr. Crawford had the command of the Canadians which consisted of about 200 men. Mr. Dickson 113 Scaoux, Fallsowines, & Winnebagoes; myself about 130 men, Ottawas and Chippewas, part of Ottawas of L'Arbre Croche had not arrived. It was a fortunate circumstance that the Fort capitulated without firing a single gun, for had they done so, I firmly believe not a soul of them would have been saved. My Son Charles Lanlade, Augustin Nolin and Michel Cadotte Junr. have rendered me great service in keeping the Indians in order, and executing from time to time such commands as were delivered to me by the Commanding Officer. I never saw so determined a set of people as the Chippewas and Ottawas were. Since the Capitulation, they have not tasted a single drop of liquor nor even killed a fowl belonging to any person, a thing never known before, for they generally destroy every thing they meet with.

The Hon. Col. W. Claus,
&c. &c. &c.
Fort George.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your most ob't. Servant
(Signed) JOHN ASKIN, Junr.
Store Kr. Dep.

On the 6th of August, information having been conveyed to Colonel St. George, that a body of the enemy were on their march to convey a quantity, of provisions for the use of the garrison of Detroit. Brevet-Major Muir, with a detachment of a hundred and fifty men of the forty first regiment, and a few militia, received orders to cross the river and occupy Brownstown a small village on the American shore through which they were expected to pass, and thither we repaired accordingly.

It was on this occasion, that one of these rigid customs peculiar to the Indians was observed. Previous to our arrival at Brownstown a detachment of American troops, consisting of 200 Riflemen of the

Ohio Volunteers, under the command of Major Van Horne, had been sent from Detroit to escort the Mail, and to open a communication with Captain Brush who, on his way with a supply of provisions for the army of General Hull, had been compelled to halt at the River Raisin, thirty six miles below Detroit, his route having been intercepted by the Indians. The spies or scouts of these latter, having given intimation to Tecumseh, who was then at Brownstown at the head of a small force, of the approach of Major Van Horne, he took with him a party of 24 warriors, and with these formed an ambuscade about three miles from the village, & lining the thick woods on either side of the road which passed through them, as far as his little band would permit, there awaited the advance of the enemy. Major Van Horne, having neglected to throw out skirmishers or an advanced guard of any kind, came suddenly, with the main body of his riflemen chiefly mounted, within reach of the Indians, who opened upon them a most destructive fire, killing many men and horses, and compelling the remainder to wheel about and seek their safety in flight. The Indians rose from their ambush and, uttering fierce yells, pursued them for a considerable distance, but without much subsequent loss to the enemy, the fleetness of whose horses enabled them soon to distance their pursuers.

The only loss sustained by Tecumseh was one man killed, and that by almost the last shot fired, in their confusion, by the enemy. This individual was a young Chief named Logan, who often acted as an interpreter, and who, from partially understanding the English language, and being in frequent communication with them, was nearly as great a favorite with the Officers and men of the Right Division, as he was with his own people. At the close of the action, Logan's dead body was brought in, and placed in a long, low, log building which the Indians chiefly used as a council room. Here the recently engaged warriors now assembled, taking their seats in a circle, with an air of great solemnity, and in profound silence. Up to that moment one prisoner only of the American detachment had fallen into their hands. This poor fellow had been wounded, although not in such a way as to disable him from walking, and he was made to take his seat in the circle. Among the 24 Warriors selected by Tecumseh, was the eldest son of Colonel Elliott, the Superintendent of Indian affairs, a very fine young man who was afterwards killed, (and scalped I believe) and who, dressed as an Indian throughout the day, now took his station as one of the war-party, among his late companions in arms. It chanced that the prisoner was placed next to him. After having been seated some little time in this manner, Mr. Elliott, observing the blood to flow from some part of his neighbors body, involuntarily exclaimed—"Good God you are wounded." The sound of an English voice operated like magic upon the unhappy man, and his look of despair was in an instant changed for one of hope. "Oh Sir," he eagerly exclaimed "if you have the power to save me do so." Mr. Elliott, who related the whole of the above circumstance to us later, stated that he had never experienced such moments of mental agony as he felt during this short appeal. Bitterly repenting the indiscretion which had been the means of exciting an expectation, which he well knew he had not the slightest power to realize, he was compelled to reply somewhat harshly that he had no more voice there than the prisoner himself, which indeed was the fact. The American said no more; he bent his head upon his chest, and remained silent. Soon afterwards a bowl with food was placed before him, evidently with a view (as the result proved) of diverting his attention—of this he slightly partook or seemed to partake. While occupied in this manner, a young warrior, obeying a signal from one of the elders, rose from his seat, and coming round and behind the prisoner, struck him one blow with his tomahawk on the uncovered head, and he ceased to live. Not a yell not a sound beside that of the crashing tomahawk was heard, not a muscle of an Indian face was moved. The young warrior replacing his weapon, walked deliberately back, and resumed his seat in the circle. The whole party remained a few minutes longer seated, and then rose to their feet, and silently withdrew—leaving to those who had not been of the war-party, to dispose of the body of the victim. Tecumseh was not present at this scene.