

The man with earnest, anxious gaze upward, called "Spot." There was a sudden movement in the snow; and the response to his call was another bark of recognition.

"Spot," the man now said, 'fetch somebody, Spot.' Again the snow was dashed aside, and Spot started on his errand as fast as he could go.

(To be Continued.)

A PAGE FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE STORMING OF FORT NIAGARA.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

The Capture of Fort Niagara, on the 19th of December, 1813, was one of the most successful exploits recorded in the annals of military achievement.

The enemy had succeeded on the 27th of the previous month of May, in getting possession of Fort George, (the British military post, nearly opposite Fort Niagara,) by landing an overwhelming force under cover of the guns of his squadron; which anchored as near the shore as possible, and swept the plain around Fort George and the adjoining village of Newark, (the present Niagara,) with showers of shot. A most determined resistance was offered by thirteen hundred men, (regulars and militia,) under Major General Vincent, but 'twas no avail. In fact, the wonder is, that any effort should have been made to repel the enemy, advancing as he did under cover of an iron shower no rampart of human bodies could resist.

After this, the enemy held possession of the place till the 12th December following, when they crossed the river to their own side, previously destroying the village of Newark; delivering up to the flames the houses and property of the unoffending inhabitants, under circumstances of great and unnecessary cruelty.

The weather had been unusually severe for several days previous, to the 10th December, and every one here knows what a Canadian winter is. Towards nightfall on that day, notice was first

conveyed to the inhabitants of the intention to burn the village. They could not believe it true, but they were soon convinced, by the appearance of the incendiaries. Men, women, and children, huddled together outside their dwellings, saw the torch of the brutal enemy applied and their all destroyed;—houseless, they wandered as best they could for shelter from cold and want. It must have been a dreadful scene; many hundreds of old and infirm men (for all the young and able-bodied had taken arms and were away)—these old and infirm men, and women with their children and grandchildren, wandering from their burnt homes, over snow and in darkness, to the nearest farm-houses.

It was a desperately cruel and wanton act. The commanding officer declared he had orders to destroy the place from the Secretary of War, but the latter denied it. The excuse for the atrocity was, to prevent the British troops, who were then rapidly advancing, from finding shelter, but it is entirely insufficient.

Bitterly did the enemy repent the act, (although it was not the first of the kind he had committed—he had, during the summer, destroyed the village of St. David's) bitterly did he repent it, and dearly did he pay for it. In three short weeks from the night when the flames of Newark reddened the sky, the whole of the enemy's frontier from Erie to Ontario was black with smoking ruins; not a house was left standing: fire and sword swept away both population and habitations; and in August of the following year, when the British army took possession of Washington, Newark was not forgotten.

Major General Vincent, then posted at Burlington Heights, having heard of various wanton acts and proceedings of the American General and forces at Fort George and in its neighbourhood, detached Colonel Murray of the 100th Regiment, with 400 men of his own corps towards the enemy;—who abandoned the ground as he advanced. The following despatch from Colonel Murray to General Vincent, will explain more fully:—