

of British intelligence has been higher than it should be. There is not a tree nor a bush, within a mile of the spot, where this *brilliant exploit* was achieved. Memory has placed before us the whole panorama, freshly and vividly. The little sluggish stream winds its devious course through an extensive prairie, as level as the noble strait which bounds it, and but little elevated above it; affording no shelter for an ambush, nor safety against an attack. Yet here, a party of fourteen men, woodsmen too, is *surrounded* in broad day, by a single Indian, who fires and succeeds in obtaining their rear, enveloped in the smoke of his own rifle, while they are firing where he *was*! And three times he thus fires, travelling the circumference of the circle, while his bewildered enemy is employed in facing about, and attacking, not the *shadow*, but the *smoke*! We have seen something of Indian fighting, and know, that in the forests, and behind trees and logs, they are formidable, and even terrible assailants. And when the sleep of the soldier is broken by the war whoop, the firmest heart may well confess its fearful anxiety. But this wonderful improvement in aboriginal tactics, this *ambulatory ambuscade*, we had yet to learn. Certainly the Monk of Canterbury could not have invented gunpowder. This stratagem would seem to afford an explanation of the mode, in which the Trojan adventurer, unharmed and unobserved, advanced to the very palace of the Carthaginian queen. The *neque cernitur ulli* must refer to the very hero of the River Canards.

Infert se septus nebulâ, mirabile dictu,  
Per medios, miscetque viris; neque cernitur ulli.

But lest the Reviewer should lay the flattering 'unction to his soul,' that the trifling skirmishes upon the River Canards, prevented the passage of the American troops, we can tell him, that after the first attack, when the British detachment was driven into Malden, and possession obtained of the bridge, the American parties were expressly prohibited by their commander from crossing that river. For the truth of this fact, we appeal to General Miller, to General McArthur, and to General Findlay. That stream was the *impassable gulf*, beyond which our troops might gaze, but over which they could not pass. We do not here investigate the motives of the American general. That is the province of history.

Our task is finished. Much of it has afforded us no pleasure. But the glove was thrown down, and recreant indeed