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think I will take this piece of land (pointing to a small clearing) when Canada is conquered." This man was found the next day among the slain. The poor fellow is still waiting for his farm beneath an apple-tree that sheds its bloom at each returning 6th of June over the ground where the soldiers were buried.

A small tributary stream of Stony Creek ran down past Gage's house, distant about half a mile at that point from the main stream, and was enclosed by a low level, woodless strip of ground called the "flat," which was itself walled in on either side by an abrupt bank about ten feet high. The road at this place was not then graded, but pitched immediately down these banks; and it was on the eastern one that Chandler ordered his cannon to be planted, so that they might sweep the road to the west. On each side of the road, near the guns, slept the artillerymen. Immediately in the rear of this (Towson's) artillery, Col. Burns and his cavalry camped. In a cleared field south of the road towards Gage's house, a body of nearly 2,000 Americans pitched their tents, stretching along and above the bank; 500 lay in a lane in the flat west of the stream and to the right front of the artillery. Archer's artillery and another body of men occupied a position towards the lake. And finally, in advance of the rest a party of about 50 took possession of the old church. All the settlers in the vicinity were taken and held as prisoners lest they should carry any information to Vincent. Three of them (whose names I could mention) were confined in Lappin's log cabin, in uncomfortable proximity to the cannon, and a guard placed over them. Chandler, Winder and some of the principal officers occupied Gage's house (while the family were put down cellar) and used his barn and outhouses as store-rooms for their baggage. The troops were ordered to sleep on their arms that night; the cannon stood in readiness to sweep the road; and full directions were given by Chandler when and how to form in line of battle should any attack be made. Thus for the first time, the tents of a Canadian enemy were spread upon Stony Creek ground, and for the first time the smoke of an enemy's camp fires arose on Wentworth air! The men took their much-needed supper, and lay down upon their arms weary and exhausted from their long, tiresome day's march. The noise and bustle of the camp gradually died out, as the men sought their rest, and the darkness closed in. Characteristic of June the night was hot and breezeless, as the day had been clear and sultry. There was no moon; the horizon on all quarters was entombed in a mountain of dark clouds from which the "heat lightning" shot out at intervals, and illumined the tree-tops with its dull flickering glare. Soon the men were asleep, and the only sounds to be heard were the sullen tread of the sentinels, the distant wail of some bird or animal, and the dying crackle of the camp fires, which revealed indistinctly the grey pyramids around them, and the forms of out-lying soldiers.

Let us now leave the Americans to the slumber which was fated to be so suddenly and abruptly broken, and follow the motions of the British.

Towards evening Vincent had sent out Col. John Harvey, his deputy-adjutant general, for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy. Taking ensigns McKenny and George, two officers

of W. H. Merritt's company, he went forward with the light companies of the 49th, and met Williams' company at Big Creek. While Harvey, George and McKenny were ascending the east bank of the creek in advance of the men, they came upon an American with a British prisoner. The American leveled his piece to fire on them, when Harvey called out to the British soldier to seize him, which was no sooner said than the gun was wrested from him, and the captor was captive. Harvey lent his pistol to George Bradshaw, he being without small arms, and the American, whose name was Vanderberg, was conducted by him to the presence of Vincent. The British soldier had strayed from the road in the early part of the day, returned without knowing that the enemy had advanced so far, and was seen and seized. The reconnoitring party now went cautiously forward to a position from which they could view the enemy. Here they saw that the extended line of encampment of the enemy was scantily guarded, was scattered and disconnected, the artillery poorly supported, and the cavalry placed awkwardly in the rear of the artillery. McKenny and George both suggested a night sortie upon them. Harvey saw at once the feasibility of it and concurred. Harvey has always been looked to as the first who proposed this scheme of night attack, but the honor of it really belongs to these two, McKenny claiming to have spoken of it first (see W. H. M's "Journal"). At night they returned and proposed the night attack to Vincent, who without much deliberation moved to carry it into effect. He acceded to it more readily as he knew full well how very critical his situation was. York was in the grasp of the enemy and an active and powerful fleet was on the lake to oppose him. And should he delay action till the next day an outnumbering army would be on his position at the very time when he had but ninety rounds of ammunition for each man. W. H. Merritt, who understood perfectly well the state of affairs, spoke of it thus: "All my hopes depended on this bold enterprise, for had we not attacked them they would have advanced the next morning, and in all probability we would have retired without risking an action, as our force was not one-third of theirs. Proctor and the whole upper country would then have fallen." It was the result, then, of this night attack upon the enemy that was to decide the fate of the western portion of the Province.

An order to move forward startled the sleeping officers and men from the grass where on they were reposing, and instantly the camp was alive with preparations to march. It was about half-past ten that the last of the brave seven hundred and four who were to honor themselves and their posterity in this daring encounter, disappeared from the waning light of their campfires down the lonely road eastward. Stealthily they took their way beneath the grand wall of trees that rose on either side of the road, and in places arched together overhead, closing them in profound night and darkness. As the little phalanx wound along their sinuous path toward the enemy's encampment not a word was spoken nor a sound of any kind escaped their ranks. On they stole down the west bank of Big Creek, then up the eastern like a train of noiseless ghosts. Just as they arrived at Davis's the slumbering echoes of the woods awoke upon their ears with the sound of a gun, in the very direction of the enemy. The whole body halted almost