

Then blazed Brown Bess, with right good will, both round and grape we plied,
 Yet on they came through shot and flame—they would not be denied,
 Those gallant Yankee regulars, right well their duty sped,
 And their leaders did their duty, too, for gallantly they led.
 And, as they landed, as they formed, we fell back from the shore
 To occupy the houses, as it was fixt (4) afore.
 They got it hot, from shell and shot, but their leaders cheered them on,
 "For the honour of America," and the landing-place was won.

The man who minds his order, with a loophole to defend,
 Has but to bite his cartridges, and blaze on without end,
 Amid the smoke he nothing sees, and knows but little more ;
 But this I heard, that, while we fought, fresh hundreds hastened o'er.
 While theirs increased, our numbers waned, for death had marked our track,
 And then our ammunition failed, yet not a man gave back.
 Brave Dennis (5) with his "forty-ninth" and our unflinching few,
 Soon found that, just to hold our own, was as much as we could do,
 While a throng of Yankee riflemen, with many a taunt and jeer,
 Swarmed round our flank, scaled yonder heights, and got into our rear.

We had bare time to look around, or to know the risk we ran,
 When a shout arose, a joyous cheer, which rushed from man to man :
 "Yes, there he comes, our general," just when we want him most,
 At the full speed of his charger : That one man was a host.
 His ringing voice, his flashing eye, his fearless look and free—
 'Twas like God's Providence to men so sore beset as we.
 Few words sufficed, and little time, to marshal our array,
 Our hearts were in our finger-ends, we sprang up to obey.
 "We must carry yonder battery, lads, and clear those fellows out."
 (You may see from hence the earthenwork which covered the redoubt,)
 It swarmed with ready riflemen, all desperate to kill ;
 He drew his sword and led us, first, right up that rocky hill.
 How it befell I cannot tell, but we took it at a run,
 We stormed in o'er the breastwork, and we captured back the gun ;
 And we drove them up, and on, beyond yon crest, which you well know,
 With the precipice behind them, and Niagara below.
 Just then, midst the Americans, up rose a flag of white, (6)
 But brave Wool sternly tore it down, and still maintained the fight ;
 While we had paused, all breathless, and somewhat disarrayed,
 When Wool rang out his rallying shout, and a desperate onslaught made.

The tide had turned—a wave of men came pouring on her crest,
 And forced us down by weight of fire—although we did our best.
 We had to leave our captured gun—we spiked it as we past—
 And then I saw our noble chief—one short look and the last—
 He had rallied some few scores of men, and, with his sword on high,
 Was leading bravely up the slope, shouting his battle-cry,
 "On, on, my gallant Forty-ninth, on, brave York Volunteers,"
 When the fatal bullet struck him—his grand form disappears—(7)

4. Gaffer Sicord, in telling his unsophisticated tale, must be excused if now and then he lapses into the vernacular.

5. Captains Dennis and Williams commanded the detachment of the 49th Infantry at Queenston, and did their work right well. Both were wounded. In after years Dennis became Sir James Dennis, K.C.B., Lieutenant-Colonel 3rd Foot.

6. At this moment some of the officers put a white handkerchief on a bayonet, to hoist as a flag, with intention to surrender. Capt. Wool inquired the object. It was answered that the party were nearly without ammunition, and that it was useless to sacrifice the lives of brave men. Capt. Wool tore off the flag, and ordered the officers to rally the men and bring them to the charge. The order was executed in some confusion. —Niles (Albany) Register, 1812. No. 9, vol. 3.

7. Brock was of powerful frame and imposing stature, 6 ft. 2 inches, says Tupper's "Life of Brock."