

"That when a fight becomes a chase

"Those win the day that win the race,"

he instantly gave orders for every mother's son to make the best of his way to the side of the river where he belonged.

We now behold the redoubtable army of the North West, after having invaded Canada, *taken all of it that was worth taking*, and effected a masterly retreat homeward; at last quietly encamped upon their own dung hill at Detroit. It was confidently expected that hostilities in this quarter would cease, and that no more would be heard of the din of arms, until the god of war should light up the flame of discord in the east, and hurl the firebrands of devastation about the ears of the astonished Quebeckers. But all attempts at pacification were vain and hopeless, notwithstanding that John Bull had been on his marrow bones at the capitol, earnestly begging an armistice to gain a moment's breath from his merciless beating. The great Mogul had sworn by the beard of his secretary,