

ground left by their foe, they found they had abandoned part of their stores, which they did not stay long enough to reship. Among the spoil were overcoats, blankets, and knapsacks of which the Americans had lightened themselves before advancing to the fight, and which they did not tarry long enough in their flight to recover. The storm now broke, first rain, then sleet, which changed to snow. The victors, cheered by their success, bore cheerfully the discomforts, the hunger and exposure, of a miserable night by their camp fires. The American boats found their way by the moonlight to the landing at the head of the Soo rapids on the U. S. bank, which was reached at 9 p.m. In the wild storm the wounded were carried ashore to find such cover as barns and stables afforded. Their moans and cries in the boats and now when lifted on shore increased the distress of the shivering soldiers and sailors as they faced the blast, and they clamored before their officers it was time to give up and go into winter quarters.

Wilkinson naturally minimized his losses, reporting 102 killed and 237 wounded. This is certain, the British found over 40 American wounded on the field of battle and the day after the fight gave honorable burial to 100 of their dead. Americans taken prisoners numbered 100. The British had 22 killed, 147 wounded, and 12 missing, so that one out of every five who took part in the engagement had dropped out—an unusual percentage.

Daybreak found the crews in charge of the flotilla astir and as the boats got ready they steered into the current, which swept them into the Long Soo, when its mighty tide hurried them swiftly to calm water at Barnhart island, where they found General Brown with his brigade, and who had made preparation for their camping. Shooting the rapids was an expeditious method of transporting the army and Wilkinson had soon his command once more concentrated. There was only one sentiment in that army about him, and it was, that he was an incapable. The defeat of the previous day was due to his lack of executive ability. The flotilla had spent eight days in making eighty miles enabling Mulcaster and Morrison to overtake them. A log, set adrift in the channel, would have made the distance in two days. With proper management the army ought now to have been on the island of Montreal. As it was, between the weather