

Arthur Savile and I, from our *rencontre* at the Grand Hotel in London, did not meet again until last week, so that my behaviour toward him has never been explained until this afternoon, when we verified the proverb, "All's well that ends well." Now, dearie, kiss and congratulate me!"

Auntie says in two weeks more Major Savile and she will be married in Montreal, and that she wants papa to come here for the ceremony, so that he and I may be witnesses to the happiness of the long departed couple. After the ceremony they will return to England, while I, my holiday over, will go back to Halifax, to take again the reins of household management, darn the children's stockings make two dollars do the duty of five, listen to poor father's worries and troubles, and try to be more a counsellor than a scapegoat by judicious dealing when he is annoyed.

However, I don't mind very much, dear Diary, for that Jack is coming to see me in March.

THE END.

THE WAR OF 1812.

(CONTINUED FROM NO. 85.)

Brock replied on the 22nd July to Hull's proclamation by a counter one from Fort George. "The Crown of England," he said, "would defend and avenge all its subjects, whether red or white." Hull had threatened death to the inhabitants if found fighting by the side of Indians. But Brock declared "that the Indians had interests to fight for—property, families, homes and country—as much as the people of Canada, notwithstanding Hull's pretended desire to confer the blessings of freedom upon all on the British side of the frontiers." About 18 miles from Hull's camp was the village of Amherstburg, defended by Fort Halden. The garrison consisted of about 200 men of the first battalion of the 41st Regiment, a very weak detachment of the Royal Newfoundland Fencibles, and a subaltern's command of artillery, making in all about 350 men. The fort itself was in no condition to stand a siege. Quadrangular in its form, four bastions alone flanked a dry ditch. This passed, a single line of picketing, perforated with loopholes for musketry, and supported by a slight breastwork, remained to be carried. The weakness of its defences was well known to the Americans, who determined to make it the first point of attack. A reconnoitring party was sent forward by General Hull, but was speedily driven back by the marksmen whom Colonel St. George, then commanding at Amherstburg, had placed in ambush along the banks of the Rivière aux Canards, a sluggish and sedgy stream, which empties itself into that of the Detroit, about eight miles from Amherstburg. It was crossed by a bridge rudely constructed of timber. Along the banks of this river several skirmishes took place between the troops under Colonel St. George and the enemy, in all of which the latter was successfully defeated and driven back. Two privates belonging to the 41st Regiment distinguished themselves by their brave conduct. They had been left as out-lying sentries near the bridge, when they were suddenly attacked by a strong party of Americans under Colonel McArthur. They refused to give in or retire, and fought with the utmost bravery till one fell dead, covered with wounds; the other still endeavoured to oppose the enemy, but was finally overwhelmed and taken prisoner. At another time a force of 200 Americans, under Major Denny, attempted to force their way across the river and were put to flight by a party of twenty-two warriors belonging to the Minoumini tribe. These skirmishes took place on the 18th, 19th and 20th of July. On the 4th of August General Hull despatched Major Van Horne with two hundred riflemen, of the Ohio volunteers, to open communication with Captain Brush, who was on his way with a supply of provisions for the army, but had been obliged to stay thirty-six miles below Detroit on account of the Indians. Tecumseh, the famous chief of the Shawnee Indians, who played so prominent and noble a part during the war, was then at Brownstown, a small village on the American shore. Indian scouts brought him word of the approach of Major Van Horne. Taking a party of 24 warriors he hastened to a thick wood about three miles distant, through which the enemy must pass. Lining the road on either side as far as possible with his warriors, he awaited the

approach of the enemy. Major Van Horne had, to his cost, neglected to throw out an advanced guard and came suddenly upon the Indians hidden by the thick trees. The latter immediately opened a deadly fire, killing a number of men and horses. The remainder saved themselves by flight. The mail which Major Van Horne had been escorting from Detroit fell into the Indians' hands. When the news of this disaster reached General Hull he was alarmed. He began to perceive the great mistake he had made in supposing that the conquest of Canada was a simple matter, in which the Canadians would be only too willing to take a part. He found, instead, a most determined resistance offered to him and his mighty force in the short time he had been on Canadian soil. The fall of Michilimackinac and the difficulty he had in getting his supplies from distant Ohio through woods in which lurked the Indians, added to his anxieties. On the 8th of August General Hull withdrew his army and returned to Detroit. No sooner did Colonel Proctor, who had been sent by General Brock with a small party to reinforce the garrison at Amherstburg, hear of Hull's retreat than he resolved to intercept a considerable force then on their way to Detroit with a second supply of provisions. Accordingly Major Muir, with 100 regulars, 100 militia, and a few Indians crossed the Detroit to Brownstown, through which the enemy were expected to pass, but some of the Indian scouts brought word that they were not likely to reach there before night owing to the difficulty of getting their guns along the roads. Major Muir then decided to march to Magagua, a small Indian village a short distance off. Here he encountered Colonel Miller with a force of about seven hundred, consisting of the 4th Regiment of United States Infantry, except one company, a part of the 1st Infantry, enough to man two pieces of cannon, and four hundred militia.

In a short while the yells of the Indians told that the fighting had begun. For half an hour it continued without much advantage to either side. When, unfortunately, a misunderstanding arose between Major Muir's men and a party of Indians who had previous to the fighting taken their place in a small wood about 500 yards distant to the right, who, thinking them to be some of the enemy trying to turn their flank, fired upon them; the Indians, falling into the same unfortunate error, returned it. The British then began to retreat in some confusion. Major Muir, who had been wounded in the beginning of the engagement, succeeded in rallying his men near the brow of a hill, which commanded a narrow bridge over which the enemy's guns must pass. There they remained a short time; but, as the Americans did not appear, though firing was heard in the woods at the left, Major Muir ordered a retreat to the boats.

The Americans attach great importance to this defeat at Magagua, which was really nothing more than a sharp skirmish. The British troops were placed at great disadvantage in fighting in the woods, opposed as they were by men taken from the forests of Ohio and Kentucky, who were scarcely inferior to the Indians in their peculiar manner of fighting. Then again, the bright uniform of the British soldier made him an easy mark for the enemy, who, dressed in gray and as expert as the Indian in sheltering his body behind trees, would have proved a formidable foe to the few regulars entrusted with the defence of so great a part of Western Canada, had it not been for the valuable aid rendered by the Indian warriors.

While these things were happening, Brock was busy at York (now Toronto) in forming new levies and preparing for his grand masterstroke in the West. Knowing the great danger that threatened Amherstburg he worked with such energy that he was enabled to go to its assistance on the 6th of August. Embarking in the ordinary boats of the country with a force of about forty men of the 41st and two hundred and sixty militia, principally volunteers from Toronto, he reached Amherstburg on the 13th of August after an extremely stormy passage. Speaking about the journey afterwards, he said that "in no instance had he seen troops who could have endured the fatigue of a long journey in boats, during exceedingly bad weather,

with greater cheerfulness and constancy; and it is but justice to this little band to add that their conduct throughout excited my admiration." His arrival at Amherstburg was hailed with great rejoicing, and, when he made known his daring project, which was none other than to attack Fort Detroit, the news was received with unbounded enthusiasm, and by none more than Tecumseh, who had already taken an active part in the recent skirmishes. With glistening eye and kindling cheek he drank in every word of Brock's plan. This was the first meeting between these two kindred spirits, and each recognized in the other the same undaunted bravery which led to such triumphs.

Brock resolved to carry his plan into operation at once. From the correspondence of General Hull, which had fallen into his hands through the defeat of Van Horne, he learned the anxiety of the General and the demoralized state of his army. Preparations for bombarding Detroit were commenced on an elevated part of the bank opposite to the fort, and on the outskirts of what has since become the town of Windsor. On the batteries were mounted one long eighteen and two long twelve-pounders, with a couple of mortars. By the 15th of August everything was in readiness.

A summons was sent to General Hull to surrender, which he declined to do, after taking two hours to think about it. The batteries then opened fire upon the fort. During the night Tecumseh and two warriors crossed the river and dispersed through the woods; and, as the dawn broke, Brock and the rest of his men embarked in the little squadron of boats and scows that had been gathered together and crossed over under cover of the guns of the Queen Charlotte, a small vessel of war of twenty guns, and the brig General Hunter, of twelve, and landed without opposition at Springfield, about three miles and a half from the fort. The British force consisted of about seven hundred and fifty, regulars and militia, with five light pieces of artillery and six hundred Indians.

General Brock, without a moment's hesitation, led his small force to the assault. As the column advanced upon the main road, they could see before them two heavy guns, which they momentarily expected to be discharged, and which they well knew would play sad havoc among their small but dense columns. But not for an instant did they falter. With such a leader at their head, they felt ready to follow no matter how great the danger might be, and that they knew was imminent as they looked at the fort with its high sodded parapets, surrounded by tall rows of wooden palisades and a wide ditch, and garrisoned by a force of at least two thousand men. As they moved forward to the assault an officer was seen approaching with a white flag. General Hull had resolved to surrender. Articles were drawn up, by which the whole Michigan Territory, Fort Detroit, thirty-three pieces of cannon, a large quantity of military stores, and a very fine brig, the Adams, re-named the Detroit, and 2,500 troops, were surrendered to the British.

The news of the fall of Detroit sent a thrill throughout Canada. Hearts beat high with exultation at the thought of the daring deed done by him whom every Canadian has since delighted to honour.

WILLS IN RHYME.

It is stated in the "Spirit of the Public Journals" for 1824, page 275, that

"the following singular last will and testament of a student at the University of Dublin, was addressed extempore to his friend:

"Cum ita semper me amares,
How to regard you all my care is;
Consilium tibi do impiumis,
For I believe that short my time is;
Amice admodum amande,
Pray then leave off thy drinking brandy;
Vides qua sorte jaceo hic,
'Tis all for that, O sick! O sick!
Mors mea vexat matrem piam,
No dog was ere so sick as I am;
Secundo, mi amice bone,
My breeches take, but there's no money;
Et vestes etiam tibi dentur,
If such foul rags to wear you'll venture;
Pediculos si portes pellas,
But they are sometimes Prince's fellows,
Accipe libro, etiam musam,
If I had lived I n'er had used them;
Spero quod his contentus eris,
For I've a friend almost as dear is;
Nunc vale, ne plus tibi detur,
But send her up, Jack, if you meet her."

—Notes and Queries.