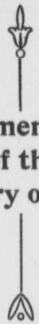
IN COMMEMORATION OF
THE CENTURY OF PEACE

THE ANNALS OF THE WAR

J. M. HARPER



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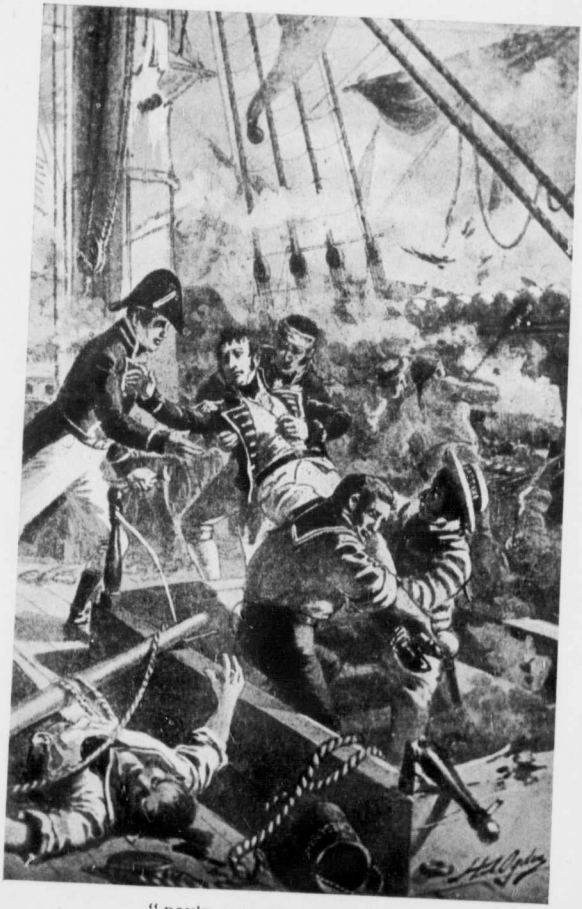

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"

[*Frontispiece*

In Commemoration of
"THE CENTURY OF PEACE"

The
Annals of the War

Illustrated by a Selection of
HISTORICAL BALLADS

By

J. M. HARPER

Author of "The Battle of the Plains"
"The Montgomery Siege" etc.

MUSSON BOOK COMPANY, LIMITED
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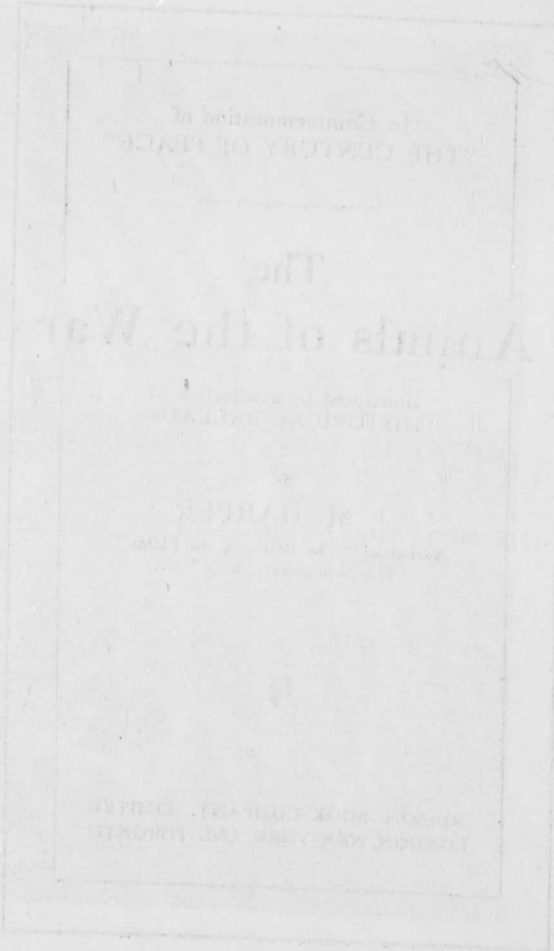

TO MY FRIENDS

THE RIGHT HON. R. L. BORDEN
PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

AND

THE HON. SIR LOMER GOUIN, K.C.M.G.
PREMIER OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

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THE War of 1812 placed the assets of its results, in no inconsiderable measure, to the credit of Canada. The prestige of Canada to-day, as a consolidating colony whose patriotism has continued pronouncedly British during the century that has transpired since the time of the war, is a determinate outgrowth from the prestige of an Empire which continues to hold its own as a first among the sovereignties of the world. If the colonial disaffection on the south side of the boundary-line of Canada gained from the War of Independence what it aimed at gaining by a severance from Great Britain, there was certainly no final loss of political freedom to those who stood loyally by such connection before and during that war. And this is no doubt the reason why Canadians have ever taken a pride in recognizing the War of 1812 as their very own national war, presaging, as it did, what is to be seen to-day in a prosperous confederated Canada. Indeed, it is needless to say that the political and commercial aggrandizement which is Canada's to-day as an intrinsic part of the British Empire, is as highly to be prized as a national asset, as is the phenomenal progress of the United States under Independence.

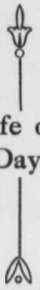
The purpose of this volume is to take a secondary share in the centennial commemoration of the hundred years' peace which has happily followed the terms on which the strife was brought to an end. The story of the war itself has already been given to the public by more than one author of high literary repute. That story, as herein repeated, with omissions to be detected by the student of historical detail, is put on record in this present volume, under divisions of narrative pertinent to the three sections of the Canadian frontier where the invader sought entrance into Canada to subdue it. Each of these divisions has been given, as far as possible, a unity of its own, under the guidance of the *natura loci*; and a nucleus of ballad-verse has been provided as a memory-help to the reader while following the sequence of events as they occurred respectively in the vicinity of the Detroit River, the Niagara River, and the St. Lawrence. Otherwise the plan of the book is much the same as that of the volume entitled *The Battle of the Plains*. General James Wolfe died victorious on the Plains of Abraham. General Isaac Brock's death was a prelude to the victory on Queenston Heights; and there can be nothing inappropriate in commemorating the military prowess of the days of their heroism in companion volumes, such as the author would humbly place in the hands of his British compatriots and the world at large in his *Series of Studies in Verse and Prose*.

This volume has been issued contemporaneously with the movement in favour of celebrating "The Peace of a Hundred Years" that so happily brings the United States and Canada as neighbour-nations down to the year 1914–15. The Treaty of Ghent was signed on Christmas Eve, 1814. The fratricidal war had resulted in an honestly expressed

desire for peace on both sides, and a wider cosmopolitan patriotism that longed to give the progress of North America its fuller chance in amity. There had been little else to contemplate in the dubious contests along the several sections of frontier, outside of the gaining of military experience and varying battlefield renown, save a serious loss of lives and money, and a very harassing interruption to commerce and industrial advancement. And the fact that the terms of the treaty of peace made no reference to the vexed questions that had been made so much of in an inflammatory way to bring about an appeal to arms, stood then, as it does now, as a lesson of forbearance in the discussion of political differences of opinion between the two peoples. The lesson of forbearance is now a hundred years old. A continuing peace is now recognized on both sides of the boundary line as an inherited policy—a binding of interests on the part of the two communities that have a common pride in tracing back their earliest beginnings to a common motherland. And it cannot be out of the way to look upon the celebration of 1914–15 as being about to have an influence in perpetuating such a policy as the birthright of the nations of the earth, if they would only pause in their passion for the shedding of blood on the battlefield, to accept it as theirs.

Since the date of the War of 1812, the world has moved on apace. The news of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent was hailed with delight by the belligerents, coming though it did while yet the war was in progress, even while the British forces were being driven from the vicinity of New Orleans, amidst slaughter on both sides, by the victorious troops of the United States. And surely the celebration of " The Century of Peace " closing in 1914–15

may be hailed by every one as an illustration of how the world continues to go on apace, while fostering the universal desire for peace among the nations, even while they are busying themselves about being prepared for war as a seemingly best means of promoting and perpetuating peace!



The Strife of Other Days

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR

The Causes of the War

THE War of 1812 was a legacy of antipathies from the War of Independence. The latter came to an end in 1783; and a lapse of thirty years had hardly been sufficient to allay the suspicions, in the minds of those who had demanded their independence and had secured it after much shedding of blood, that Great Britain would be only too ready to make reprisal for what she had lost of colonial prestige on the continent of America, whenever opportunity presented itself. After the war was over, these suspicions were fomented by a spirit of intolerance towards every resident of the new independency who had sympathized openly or covertly with the mother country in her efforts to maintain her ascendency in transatlantic affairs; and when a way of escape from the local intimacies that made them a mark for the persecuting spirit was given to these residents, thousands of them making homes for themselves in Canada, it can readily be understood how the boundary-line between Canada and the new republic came to be more or less of a mere treaty-fence over which Anglo-Saxon enmities stared at one another with something like bloodshot in their eyes, waiting patiently or impatiently, for reprisal's sake, until war had again been declared between Great Britain and the United States. In the nature of things, there could

hardly be much love lost between the United Empire Loyalist settled in Canada and his previous persecutors across the line, much as there was in earlier times no love lost between the French-Canadian and the New Englander. And thus it was, when President Madison declared war against England on the 19th of June, 1812, his invading armies found themselves face to face with a Canadian patriotism—Loyalist and French-Canadian—that was prepared to uphold to the death the British connection, as the Canadian yeomanry rallied in the open field with the redcoats of British birth and discipline, to save Canada from the invader. This the invading generals soon found out, even before a musket had been fired; their proclamations promising every advantage, should the Canadian colonists change their allegiance, having little or no effect save the arousing of scorn and indignation.

And yet, in face of the bitterness between the colony and the republic, there was anything but unanimity within the borders of the latter, when it culminated in the open strife of the battlefield. Indeed, but for the politicians, the proclamation of war might have been obviated, as far as the direct voice of the people was concerned. The claim advanced by the politicians that the republic had won its freedom but not its independence, when the Treaty of Peace had been signed at the close of the War of Independence, had come to be more of a party shibboleth than a national conviction. In President Madison's day, there was not a State in the Union without its "peace-party" as a set-off to its "war-party." Madison himself at first showed no great eagerness in favour of open hostilities; and it was not until he had been assured by his party intimates that there was no chance of his being re-elected to his high office, should he fail to implement

the demands of those who had made up their minds to have war proclaimed, unless he undertook to favour open war. The influence of the so-called "war-party" was paramount in Congress; and Madison took a first step to place his views concerning war on record, by incorporating certain phrases in a presidential message to Congress, which insinuated that Great Britain had virtually been at war with the United States for years back, even while the United States were the advocates of peace. And, as if to discover to the world the inconsistency of the message, with discretion finally thrown to the winds, Congress decreed, by a vote of nineteen to thirteen, on the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, that the president should at once proclaim war in actual fact, the proclamation to be couched in these words: "War is hereby declared to exist between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dependencies thereof and the United States and their Territories."

Thus it was that the politicians brought into service, for their own ends, the reciprocal antipathies that had been left as a legacy from the War of Independence. Through their husting-vapourings these antipathies became inflamed from New England to Virginia with varying intensity. "We have complete proof," said Henry Clay, "that England would do everything to destroy us"; while John C. Calhoun, in a moment of oratorical ecstasy, assured his hearers that the proof of Mr. Clay's statement was as palpable as would be the nation's degeneracy, were it any longer to submit to Great Britain's pretensions of superiority whenever international questions came up for consideration between the two countries. Yet, in face of all such pleading on the part of the leaders of the "war-party," the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a

resolution against open warfare—a remonstrance followed up by the people of Connecticut, Vermont, Rhode Island, and New York. John Randolph, from his place in Congress, implored the Madison administration to act with the greatest caution in proceeding to open hostilities; while that veteran statesman, Josiah Quincy, was not slow to maintain that a declaration of war with Great Britain was tantamount to placing the United States in vassalage to France and its ultra-ambitious autocratic emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon Bonaparte was at this time master of the continent of Europe. From victory to victory he had reached the zenith of his renown, as one of the greatest of potentates. But for England, nothing seemed to be able to withstand his prowess in the battlefield. In 1806, with no naval resources competent to wrest the ascendency on the seas from Britain, he thought to do an injury to that country's commerce, by issuing what is known as the Berlin Decree, which virtually forbade English vessels from trading with the ports of France or other countries under France's supposed guardianship. By way of retaliation, the British Government issued certain so-called Orders of Council, which had the effect of curtailing the trade of France and its allies. In the case of American commerce, it soon found itself falling between two stools. Britain was equipped to enforce its Orders in Council: Napoleon found himself impotent to enforce his Berlin Decree. And the merchants of the United States, with a foreign commerce of their own to foster in its infancy, at once began to cry out against the mistaken policy of the French emperor, interfering, as it did, with their sharing in the shipping trade of the Atlantic as competitors with British vessels. As a neutral nation, the United States

were under a disadvantage. And, as this disadvantage seemed to emanate from the hostility of Napoleon to Britain, apparently to the advantage of the latter, there could not but be somewhat of a mixed public feeling throughout the States, one side blaming Napoleon and the other hating Britain all the more. Finally Congress passed a law entitled the "Embargo," thinking no doubt to assert for the American republic a political status of equal importance with that of the two great contending European powers. But the "Embargo" only came in for its share of denunciation with the "Berlin Decree" and the "Orders in Council." The three of them were declared to be interruptions to international trade. As Josiah Quincy put it, from his place in Congress, the said "Embargo" was more or less a ridiculous challenge alike to France and England, virtually saying to these two countries: "Rescind your Decrees and your Orders in Council, or we will in our wrath abandon the ocean." All this, however, did not prevent the politicians of the "war-party" from laying the blame for the annoying interruption to trade on Great Britain, possibly in terms of the legacy of distrust and enmity that had become embedded in the American national feeling from the time of the War of Independence.

And of all the demands enforced by Great Britain, while asserting herself as mistress of the seas, none of them was so obnoxious to the people of the new republic as was that of "impressment," or the process of recruiting the British navy by whatever seamen happened to fall into the hands of the British recruiting agent on sea or land. Even before the birth of the American republic, the British system of impressment was looked upon as a grievance too heavy to bear by a people who prized their

political freedom. And, when Britain continued to sanction, after the Treaty of Peace, the seizure of American citizens to act as British seamen, and more particularly the right to search American vessels for deserters from British vessels, there was no lack of touchwood to further inflame to the exploding point the national antipathies that had been left as a legacy from the War of Independence. Eventually, when everybody learned that the *Leopard*, one of the four men-of-war sent out from Halifax to keep watch on the coast-waters of New England, had enforced the *right of search* on the American frigate the *Chesapeake*, when that vessel happened to be out at sea, the politicians of the " war-party " were quickened into greater activity than ever, with an inflaming of the public mind which neither statesmanship nor diplomacy was allowed to overcome. Even when the British Minister of Foreign Affairs disavowed his responsibility in the affair of the *Chesapeake*, and had the admiral at Halifax recalled and the captain of the *Leopard* dismissed from the service, there was no staying of the pleadings of the " war-party " in fomenting the feeling against the mother country.

Another grievance that was made to take shape by the politicians of the republic against Great Britain had its basis in the suspicion that the Indian War of 1811 had been secretly encouraged by British emissaries from the Canadian side. Tecumseh, the best known of the Indian chiefs of these times, had ventured to accuse, with every show of resentment, the government of the United States of having deceived his fellow-tribesmen over the transfer of certain Indian lands. And, if his brother, " The Prophet " as he was called, was rightly accused of having relations with outside agencies urging him to raise the tribes against the new republic, his antipathies had no

doubt a somewhat similar origin to Tecumseh's own, with a similar inclination induced by a sense of injustice to urge his fellow-warriors to become the allies of the British, when once the invasion of Canada had been decided upon by the Madison administration.

And a further suspicion that other secret missions had been sent from Canada for the purpose of promoting a better or worse feeling between the two peoples on both sides of the boundary-line, seemed to gain strength from the allegations of the adventurer John Henry, who claimed that he had in his possession certain letters that had passed between him and Sir James Craig, the Governor-General of Canada, and which he eventually sold to President Madison for fifty thousand dollars. Henry claimed for his secrets that they revealed a plot on the part of the British authorities to bring about the secession of the New England States; whereas all that has been historically established from them is that they were used, possibly concocted, to advance the personal interests of Henry himself, who had been unable to secure a government appointment he had had his eye on during his temporary residence in Quebec and Montreal, and who, for purposes of revenge, had only been too willing to make public certain confidences that had passed between him and the governor's set in Canada. The governor himself was naturally anxious to find out the state of public opinion in the republic near by. The elections were on in Boston when Henry arrived in that city; and so great was the excitement at the time, that the "war-party" stood eager to make whatever political capital they could out of the so-called disclosures of the Irishman who, it was said, had come all the way from England to make them. As he found things, Henry had no difficulty in

getting closeted with Madison, who bestowed on him for his information the large gratuity referred to out of the secret service fund. The so-called revelations soon set fire to the touchwood the "war-party" had been so strenuously heaping up against Great Britain for years back; and immediately there was a hastening to arms for a projected invasion of Canada by way of Lake Erie and the Niagara frontier.

At the time war was proclaimed, the population of Great Britain did not exceed eighteen millions. The population of the republic was not more than seven and a quarter millions; while Canada, the proposed seat of war on land, had only about a million and a quarter of a population scattered over its far-reaching territory. To guard this far-reaching territory, there were less than five thousand British troops, mostly stationed at Halifax, St. John, Kingston, and Quebec, with further military posts at Montreal, Prescott, York, Niagara, Fort Malden, and St. Joseph's Island at the remote end of Lake Huron. On the other hand, the Americans had military stations in the Maumee or Miami district, with Fort Meigs as a nucleus, and Presque Isle as a naval station. Along the frontier they had troops stationed at one or two places on the Niagara, at Sackett's Harbour, and in the neighbourhood of Plattsburg on Lake Champlain. In addition to the regulars, the British military officers had the Canadian militia to count upon as a supplementary force, including the fencibles and the voltigeurs, further supplemented as these were by the Indian warriors who had taken the field, on their own account, against the United States government some time previous to the declaration of war against Canada. And, when a full estimate was being made of the military resources at hand to contend

with an invading army, the Governor of Upper Canada had to confess that the loyalty of the residents around the great lakes, who had come from the south to take up lands in Canada, was in many instances hardly to be depended upon; while General Brock seems to have had something of a similar misgiving concerning the French-Canadians. These forebodings were happily unfounded. Yet the outlook was anything but auspicious for the safety of Canada as a British colony. But for the prospect that Great Britain would come to the immediate saving of Canada with all the troops to be spared from the battlefields of Europe, it seemed as if Canada was on the verge of being forced into joining its fortunes with those of the republic to the south of it. And it is only after a diligent examination of the greater and minor events of the war, from its first campaign to its last, that one comes to appreciate at its right value the Canadian pluck and perseverance which did so much to check the military operations that sought to overwhelm the faith of Canada in itself, as a helpmate to Great Britain in saving the country from the hands of an invader who had so little of a justification for his intrusion. It was a war incited by the too often misunderstood idea that to him who hath, it shall be given, irrespective of all sense of justice or injustice.

The Strife of Other Days

O miracle of madness, in a world manhood-grown,
With a soldier raised an idol [1] on revolution's throne !
What a marvel in the shedding of old Europe's veteran blood,
That sent the world wool-gathering [2] in search of where it stood !
What a panic in man's reason, what alarm in every home,
Till law evolved the sheen of peace from the clouds of hatred's gloom.

The Atlantic, smiling, frowning, like the majesty of fate,
Carries sanction—hither, thither—to the tidings soon or late,
Of the masterhood of tyranny, astride a nation's will,
And the ecstasy of freedom, blending claims of good and ill ;
While England, queenlike England, the mistress of the seas,
Withstands encroachment from the twain,[3] defiant of their pleas.

Do you hear the cannon booming from the battlefields of Spain,
Where Wellington and Soult outvie,[4] the victor's palm to win ?

Do you hear the turmoil raging, in hall and market-place,
With Madison and Quincy pleading terms of war and peace ? [5]
Then listen to the after-strife, whose echoes to us bring,
From the far-away of other days, the deeds our own to sing.

'Twas not our own the quarrel—this strife of other days,
But the outcome of a hatred, inflamed by rebel frays,[6]
As it sought alliance with the foe that threatened Britain's might,
By force of arms and trading checks,[7] her nationhood to blight :
And the stripling born across the seas, with fealty for his fame,
Slung his armour on his shoulders, to shield his home from shame.

Yea, was it not Napoleon, with Europe at his feet,
Stood as Mentor to the partisan's ambitions all elate,
Firing his democratic eye, to view the whole his own,
Regardless of all other claims, no matter who should frown ?
" Nought can restrain the Corsican," [8] he blinded seemed to say,
" And whose will then be Canada, or who our hand will stay ? "

" The passions of our people are raging all a-flare,"
As once they did, when the land was steeped in internecine war—
" When Lafayette espoused our cause [9] and France stood by our friend,
When we drove the redcoats and their king back to their own Land's End ;

And now 'tis ours to enhance success, sharing with Bonaparte,[10]
The world partitioned off for two, with none our plans to thwart.

"The *right of search*[11] hath played its part, as the justice of demand;
And now we'd seek a foothold, to implement our bond:
The Canadas are ours, we said, when Arnold made his way,[12]
Along the Chaudière Valley, to bring them under sway;
And now the time has come again to fret our olden foe,
By paring down his hither realm, while striking final blow."

And, strange to say, while yet the din of rumours spread afar,
With the North all in a ferment, assured of coming war,
The nonchalance of England[13] kept a-rhyming in return—
"Alliance with a despot can freedom fail to spurn?
Would these our kith and kindred, attack their kinsmen north,
Or sully the escutcheon of their nation at its birth?"

But the triple fiat, all the same, flashes its thunderbolt,
Startling the world yet again with justice gone a-jolt.
The challenge comes from Madison to raid the frontier lakes:
The Spanish seat of war again the Iron Duke awakes;
While Napoleon, flushed to blindness, with half a million men,
Starts on his way to Moscow, to urge a new campaign.

And nearer swell the tidings from Niagara's sullen roar,
As the message wings from Amherstburg along the Erie shore :
From York and Kingston runs the news by stream to Montreal,
And even the far St. Joseph [14] has heard the crescent call :
" Where will they land, these kinsmen-foes ? What is their strength in men ?
Has General Brock his muster made to open the campaign ? "

No thought was there to supplicate the invader drawing near :
" To arms, to arms ! " arose the cry from courage reft of fear.
Troop after troop made brave response to the call from hopes awake,
Ready to march from trail to trail or dare the storm-swept lake :
Brother to brother, heart to heart, they stand for loyalty,
Prepared to shed their quickening blood in the cause of liberty.

And would we hear the tale re-told, we must linger by the stream,
Where Sandwich overlooks Detroit, weaving its summer's dream ;
Or wander where the rapids seek a silence from their flow,
Past Queenston's vineyards where they fringe the river all aglow,
With parallel lines historic, enshrined in lustrous green,
And nooks romantic peeping forth to share the shifting sheen.

Yea, brother to brother, our hearts we fill with Nature
at her best.
Scenting our souls with the charms of life born of the
golden West:
And, from the vantage of some fort, hushed in a peace
its own,
Keep wondering why a country's fame so oft by hate
is sown,
In a world where love and brotherhood, in a home-
land full matured,
Bring echoes blending far and near of concord now
secured.

Notes on "The Strife of Other Days"

1. "*A soldier raised an idol.*" Napoleon Bonaparte was born in 1769; was chosen First Consul of France in 1799; was proclaimed Emperor of the French in 1804; and died in 1821. The record of his career is one of the marvels of history. Though his military career was at first identified with the French Revolution, he did not fail to be idolized by a revolutionized France, even after he had seized the reins of government as one of the most encroaching absolute monarchs the world has ever known.

2. "*The world wool-gathering.*" The achievements of Napoleon on the battlefields of Europe seemed to stun the world of his time, as if no combinations on the part of the nations could possibly stay his hand as a conqueror. The problem of his career still carries with it a dizzying effect on our modern ideas of law and order. The age in which he lived seemed to have become for the moment, through his effronteries of rule, the slave of false ideals. Under present-day international relationships, a Napoleon would be all but an impossibility.

3. "*Encroachment from the twain.*" When war had once been proclaimed, it was stated openly in the Legislative Assembly held at York (Toronto) that the Americans, in their threatened invasion of Canada, were being influenced by Napoleon. Be this as it may have been, it is well known that the Emperor's hatred of England and Englishmen was so intense that he could not refrain from denouncing them on all occasions; and on one occasion, indeed, he so far forgot his imperial dignity as to offer a personal insult to the British ambassador at his court in Paris. The enmity of the United States towards the same power has been referred to elsewhere, and it is not too much of a poetic licence to say that there was at least a partnership of hatred on the part of France and the new republic against British ascendency.

4. "*Where Wellington and Soult outvie.*" Wellington was sent to take charge of the British army in the Peninsular War in 1808: Soult was appointed commander-in-chief of the French army in the same war in 1809.

5. "*Pleading terms of war and peace.*" James Madison, after serving under President Jefferson as Secretary of State, came to the presidency in 1809. Josiah Quincy was a prominent member of Congress from 1805 to 1821. Madison's attitude on the question of the invasion of Canada does not seem to have been born of the higher statesmanship. Quincy, on the other hand, persistently withstood the "war-party" even to the point of accusing its adherents of cowardice in their views against England, and of claiming that their outcry of hatred was more or less a party device for the providing of the partisans of the Madison administration with lucrative positions in the American army. Madison, we know to a certainty, went so far in his pleadings against Great Britain, as to announce on one occasion that, since Napoleon was the first to abrogate his obnoxious Berlin Decree before Great Britain had consented to annul its Orders in Council, the latter had to bear the burden of blame for the international friction that had fomented the desire for war.

6. "*Inflamed by rebel frays.*" The War of Independence virtually began in 1773, when the "Boston Affair" took place, though it was not until 1775 that the first collision in arms took place at Lexington, a year before the formal signing of the Declaration of Independence. The war was brought to an end in 1783. When John Adams, the first of the American ambassadors to the Court of St. James, was presented to George III, that monarch is reported to have said: "I was the last man in the kingdom to consent to the independence of America; but, now that it is granted, I shall certainly be the last man in the world to sanction a violation of it."

7. "*Trading checks.*" The Berlin Decree, issued in November, 1806, by Napoleon while he was holding his court in that city comprised nineteen articles, each of which went to explain that "the British Isles were in a state of blockade," as far as the despot could will the same. The British Orders in Council were issued in 1807, prohibiting all trading with France and the allied nations under Napoleon's sway. Afterwards Napoleon issued his so-called Milan Decree, Milan being another of his capitals; and according to it declared that every vessel submitting to be searched by

British cruisers or paying any tax duty or licence money to the British government, or sailing for a British port, would be looked upon as a lawful prize to any French cruiser on the high seas. Napoleon had said that he desired to see America a naval rival to Great Britain. But how his attempts at humbling England, through the enforcing of such promulgations as the above, were going to lead to the aggrandizement of the commerce of the United States, very soon became more and more of a puzzle to the shipowners of that country. As an attempt at providing relief from the outer tension arising from Napoleon's enactment in its antagonism to the British enactment, the so-called "Embargo" was called into being by the American Senate, which had for its effect the issue of an idle threat to both France and England that the ports of the United States would be closed against both French and British vessels, if the two European belligerents continued to enforce their obnoxious demands.

8. "*Nought can restrain the Corsican.*" There was no end to the insolence of Napoleon towards the country he was impotent to subdue. The Bourbon princes had sought a refuge in England, but this "elevated Corsican Corporal" who delighted in making a football of princes, issued his orders to the "land of the free" that these royal-born refugees should be driven from beyond the borders of Britain. He also had the effrontery to demand that all editors discovered in Britain criticizing his military movements or administrative acts should be severely punished. He even went the length of issuing instructions to his consular agents in England to procure for him all information to be had relating to the approaches to the harbours in that country, as a prelude to actual invasion. Indeed his emissaries were suspected of being everywhere—in Ireland to stir up rebellion against England, and in America to urge the "war-party" to persevere in the political campaign that had for its final design the declaration of war. He had laid his conquering hand upon so many of the European nations that to be dictator on both sides of the Atlantic seemed, at one time, to be the only culmination that would satisfy his ambitions.

9. "*When Lafayette espoused our cause.*" Lafayette, a captain of French dragoons, fitted out a schooner at his own expense, in order that he might carry across the Atlantic a body of men to take part in the American Revolution. He landed at Georgetown in 1777. For a time he acted as a major-general under

Washington, furnishing clothing and camp-equipment to his own men, and otherwise giving of his ample means to the American cause against Great Britain. He revisited the United States in 1784. He died in 1834, at the ripe age of seventy-nine, while residing at Paris.

10. "*Sharing with Bonaparte.*" This may be taken as a poetic licence. Yet, whenever the news was carried across the Atlantic that Napoleon had gained another victory, the idea came to prevail that the victor would not stay his hand from conquest until he was able to dictate terms to every part of the world. That he was willing to share with the American republic the partitioning of the governance of the world was given colour to by his sale of Louisiana to the latter power for fifteen million dollars, without concerning himself as to what the people of Louisiana thought about such a transfer at such a small sum.

11. "*The right of search.*" This was the feature of the British Orders in Council which led to the most virulent indignation against England on the part of the American people. The matter of the *Leopold* attacking the *Chesapeake* on the high seas for deserters from the British navy has been referred to elsewhere. Previous to this, a British cruiser, the *Leander*, had fired into a coasting vessel hailing from New York and had killed its captain. Other American vessels had suffered in the same way, though without loss of life. Thereafter, there was issued what was called the Bayonne Decree by Napoleon, the last of his international promulgations against Great Britain as mistress of the seas, directing the seizure of all vessels sailing under any flag but the French flag; though, strange to say, such a measure only seemed to inflame the Americans more and more against England. Such a decree was virtually laughed at by the merchantmen of British ports. The protection of a powerful fleet was their safeguard, while American vessels, besides being subject to the right of search, with no French fleet to protect them, were now in danger of being seized by any French cruiser as well. The right of search, it may be said, was persevered in, to Britain's discredit, until the affair between the American frigate, the *President*, and the British sloop-of-war, the *Little Belt*, brought on a crisis of public opinion throughout the new republic that enhanced the virulencies of the "war-party" to have President Madison finally proclaim war against Britain and her colonies.

12. "*When Arnold made his way.*" General Benedict Arnold invaded Canada in 1775, with the primary object of taking Quebec as a first step towards coercing the people of Canada to throw in their luck with the new republic. The campaign ended in defeat and in the death of Arnold's superior officer, General James Montgomery.

13. "*The nonchalance of England.*" The feeling in England, up to the moment of war being proclaimed, had been lulled with the thought that the new republic had its hands too full with its own internal affairs to undertake a war with any outside nation. Besides, it had not been so long since Canadians had given their kinsmen on the other side of the boundary line to understand that they preferred to live under the protection of Great Britain rather than to be absorbed by the United States.

14. "*The far St. Joseph.*" This, the most westerly British fortified post in Canada at the time of the war, was the first to report a British victory in 1812. It consists of an island of considerable extent, lying in the narrow waters of Lake Huron to the east of Sault Ste. Marie. Captain Roberts had been put in charge of this station by General Brock, as a precautionary protection to the fur-traders of the North-west; and, when war was proclaimed, the decision that had to be come to was whether the outpost itself should be abandoned and its garrison organized as an attacking party to lay siege to its next-door neighbour, Fort Michillimackinac, which belonged to the United States, and which usually went by the name of Mackinaw. This latter fort stood on a small island lying in the strait of the same name that connects the waters of Lake Michigan with those of Lake Huron, just round the corner from the British outpost which went by the name of Fort George. Between the two places there was a distance of not more than fifty miles; and the moment that final despatches arrived from York, instructing Captain Roberts to use his own discretion as to the manner of his proposed attack on the rival fort, an expedition set out on the 16th of July, 1812, and arrived next morning at the American fort. Roberts had under his charge over six hundred men, including regulars, militia and Indians, while the threatened fort had no more of a garrison than sixty-one men. What was to be gained by resisting the besiegers, with so many Indians to aid them with their atrocities? Indeed, there was nothing for them to do but capitulate; and, as soon as Captain

Roberts had made a demand for surrender, the place was immediately evacuated without the shedding of a drop of blood. The victory at Michillimackinac was thus one of the easiest possible, though it was none the less far reaching in its effects. As a first victory for Canada, the event had a very depressing effect on the American army around Detroit; and, when the defeated garrison arrived at that place to repeat their dismal tale in the hearing of General Hull, it became but the prelude to that wavering commander's surrender to General Brock. The spoils of Michillimackinac included seven hundred packages of valuable furs; while the seizure of the place transferred for the time being the main oversight of the western fur-trade to the British Colonial Office, at the same time giving an impetus to the friendly feeling of the Indian tribesmen towards the British interest. The term Michillimackinac means "big turtle," having been originally applied by the aborigines to the island, on account of its massive resemblance to that animal. It was first located by La Salle in 1679, when he was on his way to discover the course of the Mississippi.

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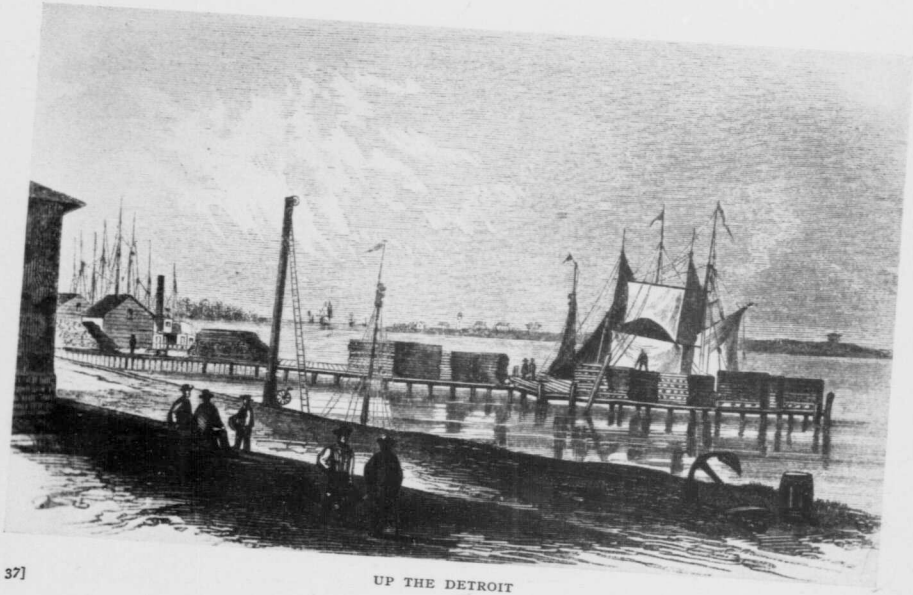

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UP THE DETROIT

The Surrender of Detroit

ON THE FRONTIER OF DETROIT

The Detroit Campaign

In selecting officers for the divisions of the American army that had to be mobilized, in the event of war, on or near the frontiers of Canada, President Madison met with not a few obstacles. The demands of the party men, to have themselves or their friends appointed to military positions, had to be listened to, whatever might be their fitness or unfitness to take command in active warfare. General Henry Dearborn had been made commander-in-chief; and, though recognized by everybody as a soldier of matured experience and judgment, he had too often to leave the selection of his associate generals to the representatives of the party in power. On the other hand, in Canada, the selection of officers was made under the British system, appointment or promotion being determined by efficiency. General Isaac Brock was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada in 1812; but, when war was once proclaimed, there was no one to doubt his ability as a military man to deal with the mobilization of whatever forces there were in Canada, with a full professional knowledge of what ought to be done to meet the invader in the open field. This was hardly the case when General William Hull was called upon by Governor Meigs of Ohio to act as brigadier-general over the American forces in the west. Some time before war broke out, these forces

had been under process of mobilization on a camping ground at Dayton, then a small town some twenty-five miles north-east from Cincinnati; and it was there that General Hull was called upon to assume the command of an army in active service for the first time in his life, with the confidence neither of himself nor of his men in his favour as a prospective successful commander. The various contingents mobilized at Dayton numbered nearly three thousand men; and these, in face of his inexperience, the newly appointed brigadier-general was called upon to conduct, through an all but impossible country, to Detroit, two or three hundred miles away.

War was proclaimed on the 19th of June, but Hull did not hear of the actual fact until the very last day of the month. So expeditiously, however, had the announcement that Madison had declared for war been carried to the official centres in Canada direct from New York, that Sir George Prevost knew of it in Quebec on the 24th; General Brock at York on the 27th; and Colonel St. George at Amherstburg on the 30th, the same day General Hull heard of it while he was still in the woods on his way down the Miami River, to the head of Lake Erie. The delay in the delivery of such intelligence involved a serious mishap to the American general as a sequel to his laborious and disheartening march through the morasses of Northern Ohio. From the estuary of the Miami, a day or so before he received a final despatch that the proclamation of war had been issued officially, he had sent forward, by the schooner *Cuyahoga* on its way to Detroit a consignment of war implements and military stores, including his official trunks and other valuable baggage, together with thirty soldiers, three of his officers' wives, and several of his men who were on the sick list.

This he would hardly have done had he known for a certainty that war had been proclaimed, or that the colonel in command at Amherstburg was likely to know of it, as soon as he was to know of it. Nor was it until he had reached Detroit that he received the depressing news that the *Cuyahoga* had been seized by the British as it was passing Fort Malden, on its way up the Detroit River. Such a mishap could not but impress the general that his troubles were by no means over, grievous as they had been on his way through the wooded marshlands of Ohio.

On reaching Detroit, General Hull no doubt had it in his mind, as the veriest novice could not but have had, the idea of crossing the river, in order to make an immediate descent on Fort Malden. But, when he saw the British soldiers busy with their fortifications immediately on the other side of the channel at Sandwich, he suddenly halted in his intentions; and, in spite of the urgent pleadings of his staff, decided to remain quiet at Detroit, until, as he said, he had received more explicit instructions from the War Office at Washington as to what course he ought to adopt. When these instructions arrived he learned, to the ill-concealed amusement of some of his officers, that he was expected to do what his staff had advised him to do, namely, to make instant descent on the poorly equipped Fort Malden, and otherwise to act as his discretion bade him. By this time reinforcements had been sent forward by General Brock down the River Thames. There was also time to concentrate the British troops and Indians around Amherstburg. For, when the troops at Sandwich saw that the Americans had decided to cross at a point above their fortifications, they immediately withdrew and retreated to join their comrades

at Fort Malden. When Hull had succeeded in getting a large contingent across, only to find Sandwich deserted, he determined to exploit the road between Sandwich and Amherstburg, with a limited number of men under successive commanders; and, when these returned disheartened or asking for reinforcements, the wavering general began to think that it would have been better for him not to have crossed the river, but to have awaited results in and around Detroit. Indeed, the only injury that befell Fort Malden, from Hull's men getting across the river, was the seizure of a quantity of military supplies at Moraviantown up the River Thames, which were being transmitted to Amherstburg in advance of the troops that were on their way from the east to the western seat of war, under orders from General Brock.

Nor was Hull's generalship seen to any better advantage in his operations on the Detroit side of the river. Governor Meigs had sent a train of supplies from the Miami district for the relief of the invading army. The captain of this relief party discovered, before he had gone half-way along the western bank of the river, that a company of British soldiers, who had crossed from Fort Malden with a band of Indians to guide them, lay in ambush to intercept any advance on his part to Detroit. And, when a messenger was sent post-haste to General Hull to ask him for an escort, word was returned that no such escort could be sent. Afterwards, Hull did decide to send the necessary escort; but the force in ambush proved too much for the rescue-contingent, the men being forced to return to Detroit, after leaving behind them several of their comrades killed and wounded. Among other things, the Britishers seized a mail-bag which was being carried forward by the proposed escort, and from its content

they learned something of the difficulties that were besetting the unwary Hull, with evidence enough in some of the officers' letters that a serious disaffection was breeding against his mismanagement of the campaign.

A second attempt was made by a larger contingent to provide an escort to Governor Meigs's relief party; but this ended even more disastrously than the first. Before a third attempt was made, Hull had brought back all his troops from the Sandwich side, with the exception of a few who were left at what was known as Gowris House, to protect those of the settlers in the neighbourhood, who had given heed to the somewhat bombastic proclamation which General Hull had issued when he first arrived in Canada, promising to grant Canadians all they could possibly desire, if only they would become citizens of the United States. Yet, with his army re-concentrated around Detroit, he had to face the necessity for additional supplies. The disaffection of his troops was fast assuming the virulence of open mutiny. An escort to the intercepted relief party had to be provided for. A third attempt had to be made with a very much larger force in command, notwithstanding the reports that had been forwarded by scouts that the intercepting force had been greatly augmented by additional troops sent across from Fort Malden, including a company of grenadiers sent from Niagara by General Brock. Finally, Hull sent forward six hundred men to break up the ambush, which by this time had increased to army-size. The issue of this meeting of army with army was the pitched battle of Maguaga, in which the Americans, after gaining a first advantage, were at last driven back to Detroit, without accomplishing their task of securing the supplies sent forward by Governor Meigs. Shortly after this, General

Brock arrived by water at Amherstburg, to take charge in person of the campaign.

When General Brock heard that an American army was on its way through the woods of Ohio towards Detroit, he knew that there was no time to be spent in delays for further mobilizing. On the eastern side of the Detroit River, the defence numbered hardly five hundred men, exclusive of the Tecumseh warriors. These he knew had to be supplemented at once, while the relays were as yet being mustered at York and Kingston. He had sent forward one of these relays by way of the River Thames. A second relay was sent forward under Colonel Proctor, and at last he himself appeared upon the scene with a third relay. On his arrival at Amherstburg, Colonel Proctor was in command, with Colonel St. George for his associate. Nearly two months had transpired from the time war had been proclaimed, during which the troops in the Detroit district had been measuring their strength in secondary engagements on both sides of the river. Brock arrived on the 13th of August. His resources were by no means more than he needed. He had brought with him three hundred men, and had received promises of further additions to his militia and Indian contingents, should the campaign be prolonged. A war subsidy had been raised for him before he left the Niagara frontier, by the yeomanry of that district, in addition to what had been voted by the Legislative Assembly at York. And, before a day had passed, he had matured his plans for an immediate assault on Detroit. The story of that assault is the subject of the accompanying ballad, with further details in the Explanatory Notes that follow.

. . . . .

The surrender of Detroit was a serious blow to the

American cause, involving, as it did, the disintegration of the western army and a temporary suspension of hostilities at the end of Lake Erie. The relief party which General Hull failed to succour was forced to seek safety in flight to Ohio, while the last of the rescuing parties, sent out by the same general after much hesitancy, was obliged to take a circuitous route back to Detroit, only to learn that Hull had surrendered, and that those comprising it were included as prisoners of war, in terms of the capitulation drawn up by General Brock. Hull's career as a general was now at an end. As a prisoner, with hundreds of others, he was conveyed to Fort Malden and thence to Fort George on the Niagara. Afterwards he was sent to Montreal, where he was courteously received by Sir George Prevost, and finally allowed to return to his own country on parole. Eventually he was summoned before a court-martial at Philadelphia, which returned a verdict against him for all manner of soldierly misconduct, and which was no doubt arrived at, in large measure, in order if possible to allay the public indignation aroused all over the United States against the war department at Washington, by providing a scapegoat of incapacity in Hull's person. He was sentenced to be shot. It is well for the good name of his country, however, that such a cruel sentence was never carried out. After some suspense as to what should be done to him, he was pardoned by President Madison, and allowed to retire to his farm in Massachusetts, where he lived until time had thrown new light upon his conduct, to the better understanding of his true character. He had proven himself a failure as a general, simply because he had not been trained a soldier. In a word, he had carried to the field of action at Detroit the predilections of the

politician, having taken up his task at the bidding of Governor Meigs, with the conviction that the attempt on Canada was premature, if not more or less a bit of administrative folly, indulged in to retain favour with the adherents of the "war-party." And who is there to say that the results of his generalship, as well as the after events around the Detroit region, did not prove it to have been a folly, with so little to be gained from the effusion of blood, beyond the intensifying of the passions of internecine hatred?

The immediate advantages arising from the surrender of Detroit included much that General Brock had immediate pressing need of, namely, arms, ammunition and other military stores, with a breathing space during which to prepare for future emergencies at Niagara as well as at the head of Lake Erie. In securing these advantages, it can hardly be said that General Brock succeeded more on account of the incapacity of his opponent than from his own skill and courage. When he had once arrived at Amherstburg, he found that he was face to face with an enemy numbering more in men and much better equipped than the force at his command. He heard of the deadly struggle at Maguaga, where Hull's sub-commanders had shown courage, skill, and persistency. He saw Detroit stronger in every respect as a fortified place than Fort Malden. And yet he showed no hesitancy in crossing over to Spring Wells with his whole available force, and in thence marching up to the mouth of Hull's cannon. Lucas, the historian, says: "Detroit might not have fallen, if another general than Hull had commanded the Americans; it certainly would not have fallen if another general than Brock had commanded the English."

This view of the case may or may not find support

from what occurred in the succeeding campaign around the upper waters of Lake Erie, when Colonel Proctor had been left in full command by General Brock, on his having to leave for Niagara, and when General Harrison had been appointed to the command so ingloriously vacated by General Hull. At the close of that campaign, Proctor found himself forced to flee before Harrison's approach, leaving as many prisoners in the latter's hands as had General Hull in Brock's hands. The first of the events of that campaign, however, gave ample proof of Proctor's skill and experience as a soldier, even if he was afterwards accused of the very opposite, after the engagement at Moraviantown. At the battle of Frenchtown he defeated Winchester and contrived to capture five hundred of the enemy. He also invaded the Miami region, and there won credit for himself in several engagements. Even before Fort Meigs, he succeeded in driving back a sortie, although he was unable to capture the place itself, on account of the insufficiency of his resources and the fickleness of his Indian allies. At length, he made his way back to Fort Malden, doing what he could to concentrate his strength at Sandwich and Detroit, under cover of the Canadian vessels in the roadstead of the river, when all at once Commodore Perry appeared on the scene with his naval armament, and wiped out the British naval force for the time being, in what is known as the Battle of Lake Erie. This was succeeded by the approach of General Harrison with an army drawn from the Miami region, having for his object the re-taking of Detroit and the further invasion of Western Canada. Under such circumstances, there was nothing for Proctor to do, save to retreat with all his belongings up the River Thames. He was now General Proctor, having been raised to the

rank of major-general, as a reward for the victory he had gained at Frenchtown, as well as for his previous good services as a soldier. Up to this time he had nothing but plaudits from those in authority. And yet, before long, his retreat from the Detroit region, which was the only prudent step for him to take, came to be as loudly decried throughout Canada as General Hull's surrender had been throughout the United States. In both instances the regret over the misfortunes of the battlefield were buried out of sight in the indignation of the people.

When General Brock had taken over Detroit, he issued a proclamation annexing the Territory of Michigan to Canada; and when General Harrison had re-taken that place, he restored the same Territory to its former status as a part of the United States. Then he started in pursuit of Proctor. The latter reached Moraviantown a day or two ahead of his pursuer, and there he decided to make a last stand against a force more than twice the size of his own, thus making good his record as a brave soldier to the bitter end. And the end for him was bitter enough. On the battlefield of Moraviantown the odds were all against him. His opponent's skill and experience were equal to his own, with an equipment vastly superior and a purpose more definitely marked out as to what had to be accomplished by a body of fresh troops. Proctor's men were disheartened on account of their tedious advance and the delays up the river. Their labours had been incessant and their victuals were neither plentiful nor palatable. They felt that they were face to face with a forlorn hope. Hence the first volley from Harrison's vanguard at once decided the fate of the day, with no less than six hundred of the redcoats taken prisoners and their commander fleeing from the field as fast as a pair

of fleet steeds could carry him towards Burlington Bay. The same thing had happened to many a brave general other than Henry Proctor. Had he fallen mortally wounded, as some one has said, while leading his men, he might have escaped all the calumny that was brought to stain his character as a soldier. Even, as was the case with General Hull, with very much less reason, Proctor was eventually court-martialled, and accused of all manner of deficiencies. He had delayed too long before retreating from the Detroit River, it was urged against him, and had lingered by the way more than was necessary; while Sir George Prevost claimed that he ought to have made more of a struggle before leaving Amherstburg. He had hampered his progress up the Thames with unnecessary impedimenta. His inferior officers accused him of having made blunder after blunder; while General Harrison, who overcame him at Moraviantown, claimed that only his infatuation could have led him to take that last stand against superior numbers. From being a soldier worthy of being created a major-general, he was denounced as one who was incapable of making a proper disposition of his men on the battlefield; and finally was publicly reprimanded and suspended from service for six months. General Hull had been accused of cowardice and incompetency for having surrendered, in presence of his own superior numbers, a section of the United States to Great Britain; and General Proctor was condemned for having allowed a portion of British territory to be invaded by an army of the United States. And when we try to establish the cause of these dissimilar cases of condemnation we locate it for the most part in the desire to allay the public indignation aroused by a loss of prestige on the battlefield. Had Hull held his ground at Detroit he

would in all probability have been hailed by his countrymen as a great general; and had Proctor been successful at Moraviantown or had died on the field, we would have heard little or nothing about his deficiencies as a commander.

In referring to Hull's surrender to General Brock, Lossing, the American historiographer, places the American general in a light which ought not to be overlooked by those who would read the story of the Detroit campaign aright. "The conception of the campaign was a huge blunder," says that writer, "and Hull saw it; and the failure to put in vigorous motion, for his support, auxiliary and co-operative forces, was criminal neglect. Hull was actuated throughout the campaign by the purest impulses of patriotism and humanity. When he saw that there was no alternative but surrender or destruction of life, he bravely determined to choose the most humane course." In other words, the general in the field is too often made the scapegoat for the blundering of those who have failed to provide him with the means of making a success of the campaign he is called upon to undertake.

And in referring to General Proctor's flight from the battlefield of Moraviantown, the British historian, C. P. Lucas, in his animadversions against that soldier, finds an excuse for him, which he really does not need, in such a sentence as this: "There are many instances of officers who, having done good service and shown high fighting qualities, when a particular crisis comes, are found unequal to responsibility, and, it may be through temporary loss of health and nerve, break down hopelessly under the strain." Yet he is honest enough to say that General Proctor was fully acquitted by the court-martial that tried his case of any misconduct in the battle, and that his

whole previous career as a brave soldier spoke in his behalf.

Immediately preceding General Proctor's retreat up the River Thames, the culminating events included the raising of the siege of Fort Meigs and the seizure of the Canadian vessels of war by Commodore Perry. Fort Meigs had been erected as a point of concentration for the American army that had been mobilized for the protection of Michigan. The stronghold had been built at the foot of the lower rapids of the Miami River, not far from its estuary at the south-western extremity of Lake Erie. When General Proctor invested the place he had over two thousand men under his command; but for the first three days of the month of May he was able to make little or no impression on its fortifications. On the 4th of May the garrison of the fort was reinforced by twelve hundred men who had descended the river to provide relief against the besiegers; and thus Proctor soon found his attacking batteries in a state of siege by a force overwhelmingly superior in numbers to his own. There was no chance for him save in open battle, severe as it turned out to be for both contestants. Proctor held his own in the fight, and drove the Americans back with a loss of twelve hundred men. Afterwards, however, he was unable to follow up his advantage on account of the disintegration of his own forces. A number of his militiamen went back, without asking his leave, to their own homes. Many of the Indian tribesmen also forsook his camp, until all that were left of them was the faithful Tecumseh with twenty of his more reliable associates. In presence of such defection and his failure to make good his attack on Sandusky, there was no recourse left him but to cross over to Amherstburg, and there prepare, as

best he could, for the approach of Harrison, the brave and soldierly trained American commander-in-chief, on his way from the district of the Miami.

Between General Proctor's retreat from Fort Meigs and his final evacuation of Amherstburg and Sandwich, a naval engagement, as has been said, occurred, in which Commodore Perry overcame a British squadron of six vessels that had been stationed at Amherstburg, to provide relief to Proctor in case of his being hard pressed by land or water. The story of this naval engagement is given elsewhere. The victory was a decisive one for the Americans; and immediately after the loss of ships and men it involved, General Proctor had to make up his mind to withdraw from the district around the Detroit River, and leave General Harrison in possession of all that had been gained from the generalship and foresight of the brave Isaac Brock.

The Surrender of Detroit

The August sun makes double fringe of the pickets on the wall,[1]
As the bugle wakes reprisal, in every sergeant's call:
There is zeal in every movement, save in the general's eye,
As company stands to company, their colonel's word to obey;
For well they know the Britisher has brought his lines in sight,[2]
To invest Detroit, should he win the day, after an open fight.

And all the while from Sandwich come encroaching peals of wrath,
Making target, in their hardihood, of the general's failing faith;
For had he not foresight betrayed, when he let Fort Malden 'scape,[3]
With Maguaga's battle won and lost [4] from counsel gone agape?
Where is the olive branch he brought? [5] Withered and trampled down!
Should prudence rank as cowardice? Is there fear in caution's frown?

'Twas thus within his marquee, the invader pondered fate,
When the summons came from General Brock, involving short debate;

While conned he still the lesson of the soldier's woes
and pains,
That were his of late as he led his men, through the
forest's friendless lanes [6]—
Yea, still are pressing round him sore, in his game of
do or die,
With the foe near by impatient to fight, where'er the
chances lie.

"Alas the task! Is duty distrust? Is the choice of
the right accurst?
The saving of life! The enhancing of pride! Which
of these is it ours to choose first?
When the news spread afar of Mackinaw's fate, the
tribes of the north broke away,
To join with the tribes of the south—east and west—
their compact with us to betray;
And this call for surrender, rejected, will loosen the
passions of hell:
While, conceded, the pride of our nation will reel, as
if some one had sounded its knell.

"'The forces I have at my command,' this Britisher
says in his pride,
'Demand your instant surrender, howe'er your nation
may chide!'
And his attitude stands as an omen that mine will be
the blame,
When the Indians break from their bridle, beyond all
counsel to tame!
O God, what answer is mine to make? Must I humble
myself to the dust?
Giving the lie to a nation's pride, betraying a nation's
trust?

"My army counts only a thousand or two,' courageously trained to face death;
While the trenches vibrate with the helpless, afraid of the redman's breath;
The trails are pregnant with ambush, the tomahawk threatens each glade;
While our enemies fight for their hearths and homes, inflamed beyond being afraid.
What strategy is there in parley, to save us from instant disgrace?
Is this campaign all of a roistering mistake, that courage can hardly efface?"

Thus pondering, the general sits waiting the truce-flag the British have sent,
Till his wavering seized with a spasm, he proceeds to the door of his tent:
"Tell your master," he said to the ensign, "that, army to army, I await
The contest out in the open, his message there to debate:
Perchance he may learn from the issue thereof, with victory coming our way,
That the fate of Fort Malden is yet in our hands, as a staying to British sway."

And when the general's staff had heard, they heard it with delight:
From never a soldier on duty escaped a sound of affright:
And the bravest of all the subalterns was speeding it soon to Spring Wells,
Returning hot haste to the general's tent, wherein these tidings he tells:—

"The English are marching to Sandwich, their gun-
boats lie close to the shore:
With a twenty-four pounder handled well, we can
make them their rashness deplore.

"Yes, their musterings advance on the yonder bank,
one can see them all in their red,
With their general leading the vanguard's ranks, one
can see the flash of his blade;
And all we need is a battery near, armed with the
heaviest gun,
To forbid approach to the Spring Wells strand, with
their plans for a landing undone."
But the wavering Hull was gloom-struck again, and
waved the subaltern aside:
"There is no gun to spare, nor would it be wise!"
was the tell-tale in what he replied.

And when a further appeal was made for a hundred
men or more,
To spike the guns on the Sandwich side, that were
vexing the townsfolk sore,
Hull muttered again, "'Twere well to delay," as he
passed from within to the court,
Giving orders to urge concentration, from the out-
works into the fort—
With his colonels sorely disheartened and the men
they had under command—
Militia and regulars and sutlers, a sad disconcerted
band.

And still the guns kept bellowing, from the Sandwich
side of the stream,
With alarm and death in their passion-play, enough
to make patience blaspheme:

Within, there was anguish from waiting; without, there was hailing of men,
Still plying the general for orders, as they ward off the ominous strain.
What outlook is still in the reckoning? Will he hold us in agony long?
Was there ever such lingering in action, with the weak defying the strong?

At length, near the line of the casemates, disaster tears loose in its rage,[8]
Swooping down on the officers' quarters, as if mocking the general's gage—
Strewing its chambers with corpses, amid the wrath of despair:
O Fate, what a wringing of purpose there is in the rampage of war?
What say you? The general is waiting still! Waiting for what so long?
Waiting to nullify action, till the weak make a sport of the strong?

. . . . .

Far other was it with General Brock, when once he had sailed from York,
With Niagara's frontier well in hand, and its Loyalists leal at work:
There was rallying round his standard, whatever the rough array,
As he made for Burlington Heights beyond, to muster around the Bay—
As he marched across to Point-aux-Pins to re-embark his men,
For the seat of war at Amherstburg, where Proctor for weeks had been.

The August wind is winged full strong and the waves
are running high,
As they sail along the unsheltered shore, under a rain-
swept sky—
Three hundred men as true as steel, two hundred miles
to steer—
Four days and nights in the open, as their boats swing
to and veer ;
And all the while the intrepid Brock, with courage in
his eye,
Keeps the courage lit within their breasts, as a gage
of loyalty.

And when they reach the rounding point, where
Amherstburg keeps guard,
With Fort Malden for its surety, the frontier there to
ward,
A joy-gun bids them welcome, as they muster on the
shore,
To hear what has been happening within a month or
more.
" 'Tis the General ! " shout the villagers, and the
battery booms *Amen* :
" 'Tis our General ! " shout the soldiers, as the guns
give tongue again.

And soon the general learns it all, all that there was to
know,
Reading the wavering counsel in the makeshifts of
the foe—
Piecing it out as a soldier may when a soldier is telling
the tale,
Of Hull and his concentrations, as a weakness to
assail :

"Up to the Glacis we must march, and that without delay,
Daring the worst there is to dare and win the victory!"

And what was't Proctor had to tell of the campaign under way—
Of the brave St. George on the Malden Road, keeping a strident eye;
Of the invader's advance from the Maumee trail, from Frenchtown to Detroit;
Of the *Cuyahoga's* seizure; of the Bloody Bridge exploit;[9]
Of that wondrous proclamation that was greeted with a laugh,
As a something worth the handing down as a bit of idle chaff?

And what was't others well could tell, of other deeds and aims,
Of Aux Canards and its battle drawn,[10] of the raiding of the Thames;[11]
Of Denny turned from Turkey Creek;[12] of the hastening back to camp;
Of Malden saved to Canada; of the tribesmen on the ramp;
Of the final march of timorous Hull back from his landing-place,
Deeming it best to keep Detroit as a refuge fighting-base?

And what was it Tecumseh told,[13] of the part his tribesmen played,
In the Brownston fight against Van Horne,[14] with his orders brave obeyed;

How they lay in ambush on the trails to aid the musketeers,
Amid the crash in the woodland glen by the vanguard grenadiers;
And how they had sworn to shun their bane, till the "Big Knives" were subdued,[15]
Prepared to march on the doomed Detroit, and fight to the end of the feud?

And when the redcoats marched to cross, with Brock in full command,
Company by company embarking, for the Spring Wells height of land,
'Twas urged on General Hull again, while yet they were afloat,
To send some guns to the river's brink, to check them boat by boat;
But the waverer still, with plans his own, turned down the brave request,
Waiting to wait, as his men declared, while Brock made urgent haste.

. . . . .

'Twas a meek-faced Sabbath morning, with the clouds all gone to bed,
When General Brock saw landed his army, gun and blade—
Eight hundred redcoats all in line, to march at column speed;
Six hundred tribesmen in the woods, to guard his flank in need:
"Up to the Glacis!" he had said, "march we without delay,
To dare the worst there is to dare and win the victory!"

And what was there to dare them, within the fort or
town ?
What was there, there, to dare them, from the Glacis
up or down ?
'Tis army up to army ! Is it ? Behold these guns—
These omens of throat-threatening the bravest soldier
shuns.
Will the redcoats dare these storm-spouts of grape and
shell beyond ?
Ay, dare they will the very worst, if their general gives
command !

" Advance ! " is still the order, as the British stride
ahead ;
" See ! Yonder we must meet them, from shred of
blue to shred ;
Around the fort, within the town, or at the Glacis'
base ;
Foot unto foot and eye to eye, our march must keep
apace ! "
" But these twenty-pounders, what of them ? Silent
though still they be,
Must we really dare such danger to gain the victory ? "

Nor other are the boys in blue intent on what's to
come,
With the fort behind them for support, to thwart
impending doom.
They see the invader hastening, through the vineyards
to the south,
From slope to slope advancing, up to the cannon's
mouth.
" Why are our gunners silent ? Is our general yet in
doubt,
While the guns of Sandwich bellow still, to circumvent
a rout ? "

Retreat, you say, with no gun fired! What means
this dastard call?
Is our general in his senses? Has he mind to ruin all?
And the answer comes from Sandwich, disaster winged
with rage,
Sweeping down within the ramparts, as climateric to
the siege:
Oh, what a stay to purpose lurks, within the deafening
wail
Of men and women and children, making all purpose
pale!

A flag on the fort! Another in hand! 'Tis a white
flag, too, they say!
Is this the ending to courage? Is it cowardice stays
the fray?
Can no one counter the order? Is our general pre-
paring for flight?
Has he weighed with others his counsel? Is he
poltroon not to fight?
Let us fire these near twenty-pounders, in spite of
what he may do!
Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes, boys! Show front,
ye boys in blue!

Nay, nay, too late for mutiny! The flags their work
have done!
Sandwich is silent, the troops stand still, the parley's
well begun!
Brave Isaac Brock has ta'en Detroit: Hull's sword is
in his hand:
The terms of capitulation can have no countermand.
See! Yonder floats the Union Jack, where the Stars
and Stripes once waved:
Old England is victorious and Canada is saved!

Notes on "The Surrender of Detroit"

1. "*The pickets on the wall.*" At the time of the War of 1812, Detroit was but a small community of about one thousand people, French and English. The place was surrounded by a picket fence provided with openings here and there for musketry defence against Indian incursions. The fort proper, erected on a height of land overlooking the town, was rectangular in form, and provided with bastions and barracks—all enclosed within a double row of pickets. When General Hull arrived, there was a garrison guarding the place of about a hundred men.

2. "*The Britisher has brought his lines in sight.*" General Brock landed his men at Spring Wells, which lies at the base of rising ground immediately opposite Sandwich, and about three miles from Detroit. It is said that Brock had clothed the militia with red tunics; and, when he had brought his whole line to within five hundred yards of the American line drawn up outside the fort to meet a first attack, Hull suddenly, and to the surprise of his officers, issued an order for retreat within the fortifications, no doubt thinking that the British array in red consisted entirely of regulars.

3. "*When he let Fort Malden 'scape.*" Fort Malden held a commanding position at the entrance to the River Detroit, a little to the north of Amherstburg and overlooking the narrow channel between Bois Island and the mainland. When Hull arrived on the scene, it is said that he knew little or nothing of the strength or weakness of the place. Indeed, it was on account of its weakness as a stronghold that Proctor subsequently did not wait until Harrison had invested it. The place comprised four bastions, flanked by a succession of dry ditches surrounded by a single picket fence. All of the buildings were of wood roofed with shingles. Before the arrival of Proctor, Colonel St. George

had orders not to attempt its defence should it be attacked, but rather to risk an engagement on the outside should any armed force approach it for the purpose of besieging it. When Harrison arrived at the fort, crossing from the Miami region, he found it destroyed by fire. Proctor had ordered its destruction on the day he made his retreat towards the River Thames.

4. "*With Maguaga's battle won and lost.*" The battle of Maguaga was the most important of the hand-to-hand engagements in the skirmishing undertaken by Hull's officers preliminary to the final surrender of Detroit. The site of the battle lies fourteen miles from Detroit and four miles from Brownstown, a village on the Huron River and nearly opposite Amherstburg. The collision occurred in connection with the last attempt on the part of Hull to send an escort to the relief party on its way on the southern side of the River Raisin. The American troops were placed in charge of Colonel Miller. Major Muir had charge of the British troops, strongly supported by Tecumseh and his tribesmen. In the first onset, Muir was driven back; and, even after a daring rallying against Miller's line, with the Indians on his right and left, he failed to drive the Americans from their vantage-ground. Thereupon, during a pause, Miller sent to Detroit, claiming a victory, and asked Hull for more men and an additional supply of provisions to help him out in following up his advantage. But before these arrived, Muir had again faced the American lines, and withstood them so stubbornly that Miller, on the advice of Hull, withdrew his whole force to Detroit. The preliminary repulse would have been a complete victory, at least so it was said by Hull's officers in command with Miller, had additional support been sent out more expeditiously from Detroit. But for their general's timidity, they afterwards claimed, the battle would have been a victory for them from start to finish, and the surrender of Detroit obviated.

5. "*The olive branch he brought.*" The proclamation which General Hull issued to the people of Canada, immediately on his arrival at Detroit, had about it more of a blatant philanthropy than the astuteness of the experienced commander, who knows that there are difficulties in his way that have to be overcome before he can think of asking favours from the enemies he would subdue. As it was, he offered to Canadians emancipation from tyranny and oppression and a restoration to "the dignified station

of free men," without thinking how much of that kind of thing had to be done in his own country. "After thirty years of peace and prosperity the United States have been driven to arms." Who drove them to arms, if it was not the virulence of their own "war-party" over-ruling the wise counsels of their "peace-party"?) "I come prepared for any contingency. I have a force which will frown down all opposition, and that force is but the vanguard of a much greater." (See his own confession about his lack of resources from the very first, and then deny, if one may, that such a document was utterly unworthy approval at the hands of the authorities at Washington, who could not but be privy to the bombast about the whole thing.)

6. "*Through the forest's friendless lanes.*" The route which Hull's army had to take from Dayton lay through an all but unbroken wilderness of forest lands, including the morasses and swamps of Northern Ohio. A first pathway had in many places to be cut out of the thickets. Streams had to be bridged, and malaria and flies of all kinds had to be contended with. No wonder the inexperienced Hull became disheartened as he passed through a territory beset with terrors real and imaginary. For was it not the land of the wild Indian who had not yet forgotten the bloody battle of Tippecanoe, and whose most prominent chiefs—the astute Tecumseh and his brother "The Prophet" among them—were even now contemplating an alliance with the English, the moment open war was proclaimed between the two great "white" nations?

7. "*My army counts only a thousand or two.*" In the army mobilized at Dayton, there was said to have been two thousand five hundred men. When Hull capitulated, there were nearly two thousand taken prisoners. General Brock is said to have had thirteen hundred men with him when he appeared before the fortifications of Detroit, these including the Indians under Tecumseh. In reporting the surrender of the place to the American Secretary of War, General Hull, among other things, said: "The surrender of Detroit was dictated by a sense of duty and a full conviction of its expediency. The bands of savages which had joined the British force were numerous beyond any former example. Their numbers have since increased; and the history of the barbarians of the north of Europe does not furnish examples of more greedy violence than these savages have exhibited. A large portion of the brave

and gallant officers I commanded would cheerfully have contested until the last cartridge had been expended and the bayonets worn to the sockets. I could not consent to the useless sacrifice of such brave men, when I knew it was impossible for me to sustain my situation. It was impossible in the nature of things, that an army could have been supplied with the necessary supplies of provisions, military stores, clothing, and comforts for the sick, on packhorses, through the wilderness of two hundred miles, filled with hostile savages. It was impossible that this little army, worn down by fatigue, by sickness, by wounds, and by deaths, should have supported itself against the collected force of the northern nations of Indians, and against the united strength of Upper Canada, whose population consisted of more than twenty times the number contained in the Territory of Michigan, aided by the principal part of the regular forces of the province and the wealth of the north-west and other trading establishments among the Indians which have in their employment more than two thousand men."

8. "*Disaster tears loose in its rage.*" The incident is thus given in detail by Lossing. "A ball came bounding over the wall of the fort, dealing death in its passage. A group standing at the door of one of the officers' quarters were almost annihilated. Captain Hanks of Mackinaw, Lieutenant Sibley and Dr. Reynolds, who accompanied Hull's invalids from the Miami, were instantly killed, with Dr. Blood severely wounded. Two other soldiers almost immediately were killed by another ball, and still two others on the outside of the fort were slain. Many women and children were in the house where the officers were slain. Among them were General Hull's daughter and her children. Some of the women were petrified with fright, and were carried senseless to the bomb-proof vault for safety. Several of them were bespattered with blood; and the general who saw the effects of the ball from the distance knew not whether his own child was slain or not. These casualties, the precursor of future calamities, almost unmanned him, and he paced the parade backward and forward in the most anxious frame of mind."

9. "*Of the Bloody Bridge exploit.*" The American army, before it embarked from the western side of the Detroit to invade Canada, had to cross the so-called "Bloody Bridge" which spanned a streamlet to the north of the town then known as the "Bloody Run." The names originated as far back as the days of Pontiac,

when that chief and his warriors drove an English troop back to Fort Detroit. Hull's army landed in Canada at a spot a little distance from the site of the present town of Windsor.

10. "*Of Aux Canards and its battle drawn.*" On the road between Sandwich and Amherstburg, there are the estuaries of one or two streams which run into the Detroit River, the principal of which are Turkey Creek and Aux Canards. Across the latter, about four miles from Amherstburg, a bridge had been erected; and, when Hull sent out his first reconnoitring party, he learned that a detachment from Fort Malden had established itself on the south side of the bridge. The American captain in charge of the reconnoitring party, on finding the road to Fort Malden impeded, made a détour of three or four miles up the stream to a ford, whence he returned on the other side, and forced the English soldiers guarding the bridge to retreat towards Fort Malden. A few days after, a report was carried to the American camp near Sandwich that the bridge had been partially dismantled and that the road and mouth of the stream were strongly guarded by a British gunboat. The Americans made another attempt to fight their way to Fort Malden, but were again worsted and finally forced to retreat to their camp.

11. "*Of the raiding of the Thames.*" From Sandwich to the mouth of the Thames is a distance of a little over forty miles by the shore line of Lake St. Clair. Chatham is about fifteen miles up the river. The battlefield where General Proctor met defeat when overtaken by General Harrison, is about fifteen miles beyond Chatham, not very far from the Indian settlement of Moravian-town. When General Hull called a halt to his attempts on Fort Malden by way of the Sandwich Road, he sent one of his colonels up the Thames on a foraging tour, the raiders bringing back with them a large stock of provisions and other military supplies.

12. "*Of Denny turned from Turkey Creek.*" Turkey Creek was twelve miles from Hull's encampment on the east side of the Detroit. Major Denny was sent out one day by Hull to drive the Indians from the district between the estuaries of Turkey Creek and Aux Canards, and thus open up the way for a dash on Fort Malden. The Indians were, however, not to be driven back. On the other hand, the tribesmen drove the Americans back to their camp, where Denny was court-martialled for his lack of success. It is needless to say that the Major was exonerated. At least we know

that when Hull decided to take his army back to the Detroit side of the river, he left Major Denny with a troop and sundry convalescing soldiers at Fort Gowris, or what had been the residence of a gentleman-farmer whose name was Gowris. On Brock's arrival, Major Denny received immediate order from Hull to betake himself with his mixed charge across to Detroit.

13. "*And what was it Tecumseh told?*" Tecumseh was one of the most sagacious and influential of all the chiefs of the Shawnee tribe. In 1805, he joined with his brother, Elakwatawa, otherwise called "The Prophet," to organize an Indian confederacy against the new republic. The issue of the confederacy was the battle of Tippecanoe, which was fought during the absence of Tecumseh from his compatriots. Afterwards, in the Detroit campaign, Tecumseh and his followers were of the greatest service to the defenders of Canada. He shared in the victory of Maguaga, as well as in the subsequent siege of Fort Meigs by Colonel Proctor. He was killed in the battle of the Thames or Moraviantown. His name will ever be a household word in Canada, for bravery and persistency on the battlefield. He was wise in the counsel he gave, and is especially to be remembered for the restraint he had upon his warriors in their cruel practices of outraging the dead and dying on the battlefield. When Proctor set out on his military exploitations in the Miami region, Tecumseh is said to have taken fifteen hundred of his tribesmen to take part in the campaign. With a second force rallied from all parts, after the defection at Presque Isle after Proctor's enforced withdrawal from before Fort Meigs, he joined in the retreat up the Thames. It is said that, having a premonition of defeat in the battle of the Thames, he laid aside his war accoutrements and then rushed into the hottest of the fight, his dead body being found on the battlefield clad in the ordinary habiliments of an Indian returning from a hunting expedition. He was born near Springfield, Ohio, in 1768; and met his death in 1813.

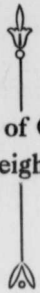
14. "*In the Brownston fight against Van Horne.*" Major Van Horne was the officer who had charge of the first of the proposed escorts sent out by Hull to bring to Detroit the Meigs relief party, which could get no farther than the River Raisin, the English and Indian reserves at Brownston, shrewdly sent over from Amherstburg, interrupting the way.

15. "*Till the big knives were subdued.*" When General Brock

had his first conference with Tecumseh at Amherstburg, the latter had under his command nearly a thousand warriors. And when the Indian chief was asked whether he could restrain his men from drinking whiskey when out on service, he informed the English commander that every man of them had taken a vow to shun the fire-water until the "Big Knives," that is, the white men of the United States, had been subdued by the British and themselves fighting in company under the Union Jack.

Photo] [*Notman, Montreal*

WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS, FROM BRIDGE, NIAGARA



The Battle of Queenston Heights

ON THE NIAGARA FRONTIER

Events on the Niagara Frontier

General Brock, relieved of his duties as lieutenant-governor at York on the 6th of August, 1812, arrived at Amherstburg on the 13th of that month. Detroit surrendered on the 16th, and Brock returned to Fort George on the Niagara on the 27th. In such a short space of time had the British commander-in-chief in Upper Canada proved his self-reliance and intrepidity, the two elements in his character that were, a few weeks later, to win for him the very highest renown, as the hero of Queenston Heights. And, strange to say, the events, in connection with his campaigning at Detroit, occurred during an armistice that had been sanctioned by General Dearborn, the American commander-in-chief. Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General of Canada at the time, was able about the end of July to announce that the King had rescinded the Orders in Council that had been made so much of by the " war-party " for the inflaming the minds of the people of the United States against Great Britain. And, in the anticipation that the act of abrogation might lead to negotiations for a better understanding, the American commander-in-chief, of his own prerogative, proclaimed an armistice, which, as things turned out, lasted for nearly a month. General Brock had, therefore, ample time to complete his arrangements with Colonel Proctor as

to the placing of the Detroit frontier under his military oversight. Without fear of interruption from the enemy, he was also able to see to the transportation of his five or six hundred prisoners of war, as well as the troops there were to spare as far as Fort George, where he was to have his headquarters, as defender of the Niagara frontier. Nor was General Van Rensseler, with his American headquarters at Lewiston, as a second in command to General Dearborn, in any way inconvenienced by the armistice. He had found affairs in a sorry plight, when he arrived at the frontier. He had not only to mobilize an army, but to provide for the securing of supplies by way of Lake Erie as well as by Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. Had Dearborn been able to extend his armistice as far as Detroit, the surrender of that place to Brock would have been delayed. But there were political reasons why General Dearborn's military jurisdiction should not include the Detroit frontier. In fact, the American commander-in-chief was not sure for a time whether the Niagara frontier came under his oversight; and when Van Rensseler arrived at Lewiston, he found that there were barely a thousand men located here and there under his control, in garrison or encampment, along the river's line from Buffalo to Fort Niagara. Like the unfortunate Hull, Van Rensseler was not a military man by profession. His wealth and political influence had brought him into prominence as a public man, and the appointment to a generalship came his way much as it had been pressed upon Hull as a reward for services rendered to the "war-party." His cousin, Colonel Van Rensseler, had seen some service in the American army; and the general being allowed to associate that gentleman with himself as his chief military adviser, there seemed to be no very serious risk in the

newly appointed general assuming full command at Lewiston, as long as his cousin the colonel gave him sound advice. From the latter's own pen we learn how things were during the early days of the armistice. The men had received no pay for some time. They were poorly clad, poorly fed, and even more poorly housed. Neither artillery nor artillerymen were to be found in the immediate vicinity of Lewiston. The ammunition in stock did not amount to more than a dozen rounds or so for each man. The camp conditions were unhealthy. The medical staff was wretchedly equipped. The spirit of the soldiers was down to the zero point of confidence in their officers. Altogether, there was more likelihood of an American mutiny than a successful invasion of Canada.

The length of the Niagara frontier from lake to lake is not more than thirty-five miles. And all along that distance, with the exception of the nine miles or so, where the crossing by boat is dangerous, a keen soldier's eye had to be kept open for encroachments from either side. Before leaving Detroit, General Brock had given orders to have whatever troops could be spared from Fort George located at Chippawa and Fort Erie above the Falls. A battery had been erected at Vrooman's Point a few hundred yards below Queenston, another at Brown's Point a little lower down the river, and a third within a redan on the breast of the hill overlooking the village. The plan of General Brock was one for defence. The purpose of the Van Rensselers was one of invasion. General Dearborn had told General Van Rensseler in a letter, that he expected to hear of the subjugation of Upper Canada at his hands before the winter set in. Van Rensseler replied that this could not be done without immediate reinforcements ; and these, as happened, were only forthcoming after repeated

demands had been carried to American headquarters at Washington. At length the proposals of both American generals were heard; and, before the end of the armistice, no less than six thousand troops were located at the military stations on the east side of the river. In all, the American force included over thirty-six hundred regulars and twenty-six hundred militia, waiting to force their way across the current to take possession of Canada, as soon as a first landing-place had been decided upon.

With the aid of a map the reader can readily enough form a bird's-eye view of the situation as it was to be taken in by General Brock on his return from Detroit. It was a case of an army of six thousand against one of fifteen hundred under his command, with General Sheaffe for a second, in charge at Fort George. Four thousand of these six thousand were concentrated around the fairly well equipped garrisons of Black Rock and Fort Niagara, the remainder of them being located at Lewiston, under the protection of an improvised battery on the hill behind the village. Brock had therefore to keep his eye on the whole frontier, from Fort Erie with its batteries directed against Buffalo and Black Rock, to Fort Chippawa with its small detachments of regulars and militia watching Fort Schlosser, thence to Queenston with its two or three companies of regulars and York militiamen guarding the river channel from Lewiston, and thence to the mouth of the river where Fort George was eager to know what Fort Niagara opposite it was going to do, with or without reinforcements from the troops in reserve at Four Mile Creek on the shore of Lake Ontario.

The authorities at Washington having refused to entertain any proposals for peace on the part of Sir George Prevost, as long as Great Britain refused to abandon the

"right of search," the Dearborn armistice came to an end on the 29th of August. Up to the 13th of October, Brock continued to hold by the notion that it was the intention of the Americans to let loose their wrath at the mouth of the river, before venturing to cross at Queenston or farther up. He believed it was their intention to bombard the village of Newark, and thereafter to assault Fort George in front and rear. Nor was he far astray in his conjecture, since we have it on record, as coming direct from General Van Rensseler himself, in an invitation issued to certain of his officers to attend a war council, that he had it in mind to send the regulars from Four Mile Creek to make a first landing from the open lake, on or near the mouth of the river to the west, while the batteries of Fort Niagara were attacking it in front and behind. "I intend to pass across the river here and carry the heights of Queenston. We shall thus effect the discomfiture of the enemy, by breaking their line of communication, driving their shipping from the mouth of the river, and leaving them no rallying point on this side of the country—at one and the same time appalling the minds of the Canadians, and opening a wide and safe communication for our war supplies. We will thus save our land and wipe out the disgrace of Detroit." The invitation and the augury accompanying it alike failed to materialize. General Smyth, the sub-commander at Black Rock, had his eye on the sub-command at Lewiston, which had been placed, as has been said, in the hands of Colonel Van Rensseler. Smyth deemed it beneath his dignity as a general in the army, to share with a mere colonel in the command of the troops about to invade Canada; and hence he not only refused to attend the council of war, but made himself intolerably disagreeable in other ways, while the Van Rensselers were maturing

their plans for an immediate invasion. The idea of a council of war had to be abandoned. General Smyth held aloof at Black Rock. Colonel Van Rensseler had charge of the regulars at Lewiston, and Brigadier-General Wadsworth had charge of the militia. The delays had been grievous to the militia. In their inexperience, they knew little of the patience demanded of the soldier in active service. One day they were clamouring for orders to advance, and the next day they were counselling one another to refuse to take part in the invasion. They had joined the army, they said, to defend their own country, not to go beyond its borders to take part in the invasion of another. Neither government nor general could force them against their will to cross the Niagara. And so, to obviate insubordination on the verge of open mutiny before a blow had been struck, and thus sort out the medley of opinion that prevailed even among their officers, the Van Rensselers at last decided, on their own initiative, to take action, by arranging to send the more reliable of their men across the river early in the morning of the 13th of October, for the purpose of scaling the heights on the opposite side, in face of the battery at Vrooman's Point, the redan on the breast of the hill, and the defender's troops ranging along the river's bank on the outskirts of the village of Queenston.

The prelude to the battle of Queenston Heights brought not a little heart to the invaders. For a whole month General Brock had been on the *qui vive* for what was going to happen at any point on the frontier. All kinds of contradictory rumours kept him on the move from day to day. He was almost as often to be found inspecting the fortified places above the Falls as he was to be found at Fort George and Queenston and the outposts between

them. Sir James Craig had presented him with a horse, which was known all along the thirty-five miles of the frontier, as the general's good steed Alfred; and the steed and its rider formed a familiar sight to the settlers of the Queenston Road during that memorable autumn. At length, there could be seen a restlessness around the encampment of Black Rock, as if the calcitrant Smyth was making up his mind to implement on his own account the suggestion he had made to General Van Rensseler that a first attempt at crossing should be made somewhere between Fort Erie and Chippawa. And, as if to give point to this conjecture, an occurrence took place at the Buffalo end of the river, which alarmed Brock for the moment, and in its issue gave a fillip to the courage of the troops at Lewiston. On the 8th of October, two Canadian vessels dropped their anchors in the roadstead opposite Fort Erie—the one called the *Chesapeake*, of about two hundred tons burden, and the other the *Detroit*, somewhat smaller—both of which had seen service at the head of Lake Erie during the Detroit campaign. Next day a lieutenant of the American navy, who had been engaged to buy and fit out whatever vessels he could find on the upper lakes for war service, conceived the idea of making a midnight seizure of the two vessels referred to. After having secured the co-operation of one hundred and fifty sailors, armed for the moment as corsairs, he set sail in three boats from Buffalo, and made a simultaneous attack on the newly arrived craft. The raid was successful in the hands of the American lieutenant. The *Chesapeake*, laden as she was with valuable furs and war supplies, was towed across the current and beached on the strand at Black Rock; while the *Detroit*, relieved of her anchor, was carried down stream until it grounded on Squaw Island, where

General Brock and one or two members of his staff saw it set fire to by the enemy, while a band of Canadian soldiers from Fort Erie were doing their best to bring it back to their side of the river. There were great rejoicings over the event at Lewiston ; and, when a rumour became current at that place that General Brock had returned in all haste to meet General Harrison, who was said to be on his way from Detroit to the Niagara frontier after his victory over Proctor at Moraviantown, the Van Rensselers were all the more determined to take immediate action in their proposed attempt on the Queenston Heights. On the 13th of October the attempt was finally inaugurated. Early in the morning of that day Colonel Van Rensseler and General Wadsworth effected a landing at the base of Queenston Heights ; and, before the arrival of General Brock on the scene, had gained a footing for their regulars and militia respectively on the slopes above. The accompanying ballad takes up the story of that landing and the victory which fell to the British and the Canadians before the close of the day.

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One of the immediate results of the victory of Queenston Heights was the transfer of the command on the Lewiston side of the river from General Van Rensseler to General Smyth. The latter was no sooner gazetted than he issued a curiously characteristic manifesto to his army, which, whatever else it recommended, placed the new commander in anything but a favourable light. "One of our armies," he said, "has been disgracefully surrendered. Another has been sacrificed by a precipitate attempt to take it across the Niagara at the strongest point of the enemy's lines. The cause of these miscarriages is apparent. The commanders were popular, but destitute alike of theory

and experience in the art of war. In a few days the troops under my command will plant the American standard in Canada." And, as if to make good his statement with an appearance of haste, he immediately fixed a date for a general mustering of his troops in the vicinity of Black Rock, declaring that the selected landing-place must be at a point somewhere above the cataract, in terms of his neglected suggestion to General Van Rensseler. The undertaking under Smyth proved more or less of a fiasco, partly from the incompetency of Smyth, but chiefly from the foresight of General Sheaffe in giving orders that the section of the American army occupying Fort Niagara should have its attention engaged by a hostile activity on the part of the garrison at Fort George just across the river from it. Besides, Sheaffe, in maturing his plans after his momentous victory, had seen to the strengthening of every outlook along the river from Fort Erie to Chippawa ; and it was well that such had been done, since, twelve days after that victory, Smyth did send two detachments across, one to seize in advance the guns which Sheaffe had ordered to be stationed at a point two and a half miles below Fort Erie, and the other to take possession, if possible, of the road leading to Chippawa. These detachments were driven back across the river ; and then, like Caligula of old, who claimed to have conquered England by apostrophizing it from the shore-line of France, Smyth issued a second manifesto and made a parade of his whole army of invasion on his own side of the water, thereafter sending over a flag of truce to the Canadian side, subsequent to his summoning a council of war to decide whether an invasion should be ventured upon, before reinforcements had been forwarded from Fort Niagara or elsewhere. Needless to say, there was no invasion under General

Smyth. As Lucas tells us: "His countrymen, when the proposal miscarried, felt that he had made fools of them; and, when he wound up his official report to his government by asking permission to visit his wife and children, whom he said he had not seen for fourteen months, the authorities met his wishes by dispensing with his services altogether."

General Sheaffe had by this time returned to York, where he took up the duties of governor in place of General Brock, and where he learned in time that a baronetcy had been bestowed upon him for his services on the Niagara frontier, just as Brock had been similarly honoured for his services on the Detroit frontier, though he knew nothing of it at the time of his death. Meantime, ways and means had to be devised for additions to the garrison at Fort George, if it was to contend successfully with its deadly rival opposite, namely, Fort Niagara.

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The second campaign in the district of Niagara did not open in any seriously active way until the 27th of May, 1813, the first victim being Fort George, which had for its protection within and without an army of not more than fourteen hundred men under the command of General John Vincent, as opposed to one of five thousand on the other side of the river, within and without Fort Niagara and under the direct command of General Dearborn. The position at the mouth of the river was a difficult one to guard, with the village of Newark lying so near Fort George, and with such poor defences at Missassauga Point and the adjoining creeks. At last, at four o'clock in the morning of the 27th of May, there seemed to be more stir in the air than the tentative booming of the Fort Niagara cannon. And, when the mist rose from the mouth of the

river, Vincent and his officers saw certain American vessels approaching Lighthouse Point. This meant a premeditated landing on the part of the Americans, if not a pitched battle between invader and defender in the open space between Newark and the shelving beach of the lake. Vincent, though he knew how unequal his little army was to take the open field against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, did not shrink from opposing the landing. His efforts were, however, unavailing. The invader drove his weak lines in upon one another with great loss of life; and, eventually calling his men off, he decided on an evacuation of the fort and a retreat along the road leading to Burlington. The story of the retreat has been made the subject of the ballads to follow.

Vincent's retreat brought him, in a couple of days, to the height of land at the end of the limestone ridge that runs in an irregularly parallel line with the shore of Lake Ontario, and which ends a little beyond the apex of the lake, in the vicinity of the site where the busy town of Hamilton now stands. Immediately on his arrival the alarm spread that the whole of the Niagara peninsula was doomed to fall a prey to the invader. This led to a close and careful rallying within Vincent's camp, and a desire on the part of Vincent and his officers to recover the ground that had been lost. Nor was there any hesitancy on the part of General Dearborn as to what had to be done, if he was to retain Fort George for the Americans. If Canada was fated to fall into the hands of his country at this juncture, he had to follow Vincent up to his Burlington encampment. And so, on the 5th of June, he sent forward several heavy detachments of troops along the shore road, for the purpose of driving Vincent from the neighbourhood of Burlington Bay back to York or Kingston. It was

suspected that General Proctor was in retreat from Detroit towards Burlington ; and Dearborn's orders were that as soon as Vincent had been driven from his encampment, every precaution should be taken to prevent a coming together of his army and Proctor's. The precaution, however, had never to be taken. The result of the expedition in pursuit of Vincent issued in a hand-to-hand engagement at Stoney Creek, and a hasty retreat of the Americans back to Fort George, incidental to a bombardment of the American halting-place on the shore-road, by Sir James Yeo's war-sloops. The stores and provisions that had to be forsaken by the Americans in their flight back the way they had come, afforded a much-needed relief to the men of Vincent's camp at Burlington. In a word, the repulse at Stoney Creek infused new courage in all who had bewailed the seeming loss of the Niagara frontier for the British, awakening an instant determination to have it recovered for Canada. (See the Ballad on "The Repulse at Stoney Creek.")

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As soon as General Vincent had learned through his scouts sent out from Burlington that the Americans were again all concentrated on the Niagara frontier-line between Fort George and Queenston, and that they were neglecting their outposts above the Falls on the Canadian side, he took pains to locate small detachments of his increasing army at or near the several creeks on the lake shore, three of such being placed at a settlement called Beaver Dams ; another at the inlet on which the town of St. Catharine's now stands ; and a third at the junction of the branch road from Beaver Dams with the main road on the shore-line. To reach Burlington Bay from the Niagara front, one could take the high-road through St. David's and

Beaver Dams from Queenston or the low road by the shore-line. And Vincent prudently decided to guard both of these approaches to his camp with three detachments but a few miles apart. The main detachment was located near the creek not far from the present site of St. Catharine's under Colonel Bishopp; the second was held as a reserve by Major De Haren at the cross-road; while a third was held as a kind of an advance-guard by Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, near a building called De Cou's House, a mile or so from the settlement of Beaver Dams. From Fort George to Beaver Dams or Fitzgibbon's outpost by way of Queenston, as may readily be seen from the map, was rather a roundabout way for a detachment of soldiers to take if they wanted to make an attack on Bishopp's camp on the shore-road, unless they thought to get at his position from behind, after dealing with whatever obstacles of skirmishers or Indians might be in the way. The men in Fitzgibbon's charge were a sort of Irish Brigade, rough and ready for any escapade that had in it danger and renown: while the Indian bands in the woodlands, where Fitzgibbon's company of "rough-and-readies" roistered and bivouacked, were under the command of John Brant, son of the brave Joseph Brant of the times of the War of Independence. And all Vincent's plans for the recovery of lost ground were fairly well matured before he had had any inkling of what Dearborn's plans were for further prosecuting the campaign.

At length Colonel Boerstler was heard of as preparing, under instructions from Dearborn, to advance from Fort George towards Burlington, with what he himself afterwards called an inadequate force; and one day the news spread to Queenston that he was going to march by the roundabout road from Fort George, namely, the one that

ran from the vicinity of Queenston through St. David's to Beaver Dams and past De Cou's House, in order no doubt to come upon the British outposts unawares. Mrs. Laura Secord was among the first of the villagers to hear the news about the proposed surprise. As the wife of one of Brock's soldiers, she was much exercised over the expedition. And when she heard for a certainty that Colonel Boerstler had started from Fort George up the Queenston Road, or was on the point of starting, she took counsel with her sick husband and set out on a journey on foot across the country, to carry the news to any officer she might find near the settlements where Vincent's outposts were stationed. As soon as Fitzgibbon was informed by the brave woman what was in the way of happening, he set out with his Irish irrepressibles, who numbered about a hundred and fifty, along the line of the St. David's road, keeping well out of sight from any one approaching, as did also the Indians whom he called upon to follow. As things turned out, when Boerstler's force put in an appearance on the road, there was little need for either attack or defence. The so-called Irish Brigade of Vincent's army did not even require to fire a shot. With the help of the whooping Indians in the woods and through the strategy of Fitzgibbon, who brought his men in sight here and there as the part of a larger force in their rear, Boerstler was made to think that he had fallen a prey to overwhelming numbers. While the Indians were still raising their war-yells and firing off their muskets in the woods, and Fitzgibbon was resolutely making his demands for Boerstler's surrender, Major De Haren came on the scene with his men, to receive Boerstler's sword and to complete the capture of over five hundred prisoners and a large quantity of army supplies. The issue of the event—afterwards to

be spoken of as "that unaccountable affair at Beaver Dams"—was the resignation of General Dearborn from the American army, just as the affair on Queenston Heights resulted in the resignation of General Van Rensseler, and as General Smyth's unfulfilled invasion above the Falls led to his removal from the position he had been so anxious to assume, to the disadvantage of his superior officer. (See the Ballad on "The Surrender at Beaver Dams.")

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The campaign of 1813, as far as the Niagara frontier was concerned, did not come to a close until late in the month of December. Besides the three greater events above referred to, there had been an attack on Black Rock by a British force under Colonel Bishopp, in which Bishopp had been mortally wounded. Sir George Prevost had for a time taken up his governor's quarters at St. David's, to see if he could in person further the re-capture of Fort George. The Americans, however, refused to meet the British in the open field, and Sir George had to give up the idea of a re-capture of the place under his personal oversight. But General Vincent took up the task where Sir George laid it down. He had been able to hold his own bravely and well at Burlington, by organizing sundry minor excursions along the shore-line, and finally succeeded in confining the operations of Brigadier-General McClure, the new American commandant of Fort George, within the immediate neighbourhood of that rather poorly equipped stronghold. And in time, when General Sir George Gordon Drummond had assumed the military command in Canada, and had commissioned Colonel Murray to do his best to re-capture Fort George, McClure became convinced that, should a strong and well-organized attack be made upon the place, he would be unable to withstand it successfully.

On the advice of his military colleagues, he therefore decided to evacuate the place, even before Colonel Murray appeared upon the scene. Such an evacuation took place in the depth of winter, though not before the American troops were called up by their commander to destroy the village of Newark by fire. The cruelty of that latter act aroused the indignation of Murray as he approached the place; and, before many days had elapsed, the year's campaign was brought to an end by the capture of Fort Niagara by the British, and a subsequent laying waste of the frontier on the eastern side of the river as far up as Buffalo. The latter place, which was then only a village, was treated by the British much in the same way that the village of Newark had been treated by the Americans. Was the war to go on very much longer from reprisal to reprisal, to the ravaging of the one side of the river as the other, with little or no advantage to the combatants? Such a question was soon in the way of being discussed not only by the residents on both sides of the Niagara, but by the people of the United States at large. (See the Ballad on "The Taking and Re-taking of Fort George.")

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Early in 1814, a second movement was set on foot to negotiate for peace. But nothing came of it. In spring hostilities were renewed, with no armistice favoured by either side. General Drummond, as has been said, was now in charge of the military affairs in Upper Canada. And, when Sir George Prevost's suggestions in favour of negotiating for peace met with a rebuff even from the authorities in the motherland, General Drummond went to work with a will to organize a sufficient force to withstand any further attempts at invasion by way of any of the fortified places above the Falls. He was sadly in need

of reinforcements, even after he had done his best to secure them, in face of the necessities of Great Britain on the other side of the Atlantic. Americans and Canadians alike knew of his straits in securing recruits. As it was, however, he was able to garrison Forts George and Niagara, now living in harmony as strongholds under Canadian military rule, with eighteen hundred men. At Burlington there were stationed five hundred men; at Queenston three hundred; at Fort Erie and its vicinity nearly six hundred and fifty; and at Chippawa and its vicinity about five hundred. These numbers discover in themselves the situation in the Niagara district at the opening of the campaign of 1814, with Brigadier-General Riall in command at Fort George, during the absence of General Drummond at Kingston and elsewhere in the colony.

On the other hand, Major-General Brown was in charge of the American army concentrated around Black Rock and Buffalo, where hundreds of new recruits were being drilled and brought into line for the coming campaign. In all, there were over five thousand of a concentration of troops in Brown's hands. At length, on the 3rd of July, notwithstanding Riall's watchfulness, the larger part of the American army did find its way across the river into Canadian territory. Fort Erie was the first place seized upon, after its garrison had surrendered without putting forth much of an effort to hold their own. Next day the invaders by a forced march had reached the stream known as Street's Creek, with the intention of making an assault on Fort Chippawa, situated, as it was, a mile or so from the bridge that spanned the River Chippawa. On the morning of the 5th of July, General Riall, who had hurried forward reinforcements from Fort George to the support of the Canadian army around Chippawa—including, as

they did, regulars, militia, and Indians—decided to make an advance against the American lines drawn up on both sides of Street's Creek. It was again the case of an army of two thousand against five thousand—no longer, however, the trained soldier against the raw undisciplined recruit, as in former engagements, but a skilful general against a skilful general leading men, all but equally well in hand under military control. The result was a stubborn resistance, with military movement trying conclusions with military movement on level ground. The issue of the contest was the repulse of Riall's army, in a well-ordered retreat to Chippawa on the other side of the Chippawa bridge, which was guarded by an improvised fortification. The loss in killed and wounded was five hundred men on the British side, and all but as many on the American side. Had Riall been content to defend Chippawa against Brown's superior numbers, he might have been forced, as he veritably was, to abandon the river front above the Falls for the time being; but the heavy loss of his men would have been avoided, and he could not but have known, as was afterwards said of his seeming mistake, how greatly there was need for all the men he could save or otherwise procure, if the British were to retain their hold of the Canadian frontier and the district to the west of it. As it turned out, however, notwithstanding the rejoicings indulged in by the people of the United States over the event as a "great and glorious" set-off to the taking of Queenston Heights by Brock and Sheaffe, the advantage gained from the Battle of Chippawa did not last for more than a fortnight.

To risk a second engagement at Chippawa after his enforced retreat would have been suicidal on the part of General Riall. Even to remain at Chippawa was to invite

further attack from the Americans. Hence he thought it best to retreat to the shore-line of the lake, with his main encampment near the baylet near which St. Catharine's now stands, in line with Burlington at the one end of the lower road and Fort George at the other end. (See Ballad on "The Battle of Chippawa.")

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The fortnight's pause gave General Brown time to secure Queenston as a temporary base of operations against Forts George and Niagara, and his skirmishers an opportunity of alarming the settlements with their devastating irregularities, even to the burning of the village of St. David's, as a sequel of cruelty to the burning of Newark. During the pause, the armies were still virtually face to face with each other, and none the less so when the Americans found it prudent to withdraw to Chippawa, there to await events. General Drummond had his eagle eye on the situation, though he was still detained on the other side of the lake. Riall was busy mobilizing all the troops he could muster around Twelve Mile Creek (St. Catharine's), not forgetting to station outposts near the branch roadways that had connection with the highway from Burlington to Fort George. By the 22nd of July, he found himself in charge of over three thousand men, including a band of Indians under the leadership of Norton, the Scottish half-breed; and by the 25th of the same month he had half of that army taking up a position for a second encounter with General Brown, the American troops being ranged on one side of the Chippawa River and General Riall's force on the other side. And here it was that the battle of Lundy's Lane was fought, the last of the more momentous engagements in the district of Niagara, during the war. General Sir George Gordon Drummond arrived from York

the morning General Brown gave the order to his army to move forward against General Riall's lines; and it was well for the latter and the Canadian cause that he arrived so opportunely. Indeed, he was just in time and no more to reach the scene of the battle, to rally the British forces while they were under orders from Riall to retreat from Lundy's Lane to the highway leading to Queenston. (See Ballad on "The Battle of Lundy's Lane.")

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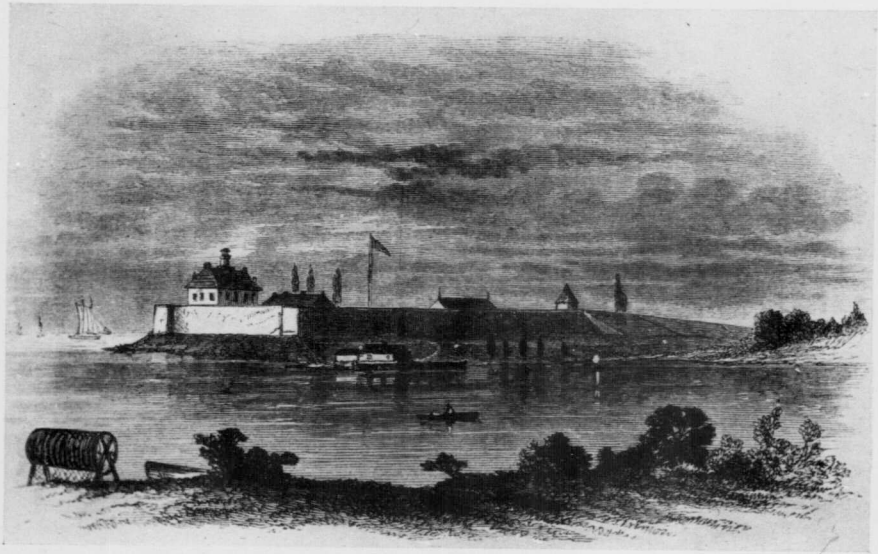
The day after the Battle of Lundy's Lane, the American army had retreated towards the entrenchments of Fort Erie. General Brown had been disabled in that engagement, and interim arrangements had to be made to fill his place as the first in command, until the arrival of Brigadier-General Gaines eleven days after. Meantime General Drummond sent out an expedition across the Niagara to surprise Black Rock, but the attempt was unsuccessful. By the 14th of August, the British troops had taken up a position to invest Fort Erie, stretching, as its fortifications did, for nearly half a mile along the lake front, from the Douglas redoubt, situated immediately behind the fort proper between it and the lake, and the Towson redoubt that was situated on a rising ground called Snake Hill at the extreme north-west end of the fortifications. As is represented in the ballad which follows, Colonel Fisher was placed in charge of the right division, including about thirteen hundred men; and, when everything was ready for the night attack therein described, he set out under cover of the woods to his right, to seize if possible the Towson Battery, as a prelude to the general attack. Colonel Hercules Scott was placed in charge of about six hundred men to seize if possible the Douglas Battery; while Colonel Drummond, with three hundred men or so, was expected

to make a final attack on the fort proper. It was understood, moreover, that should Fisher and Scott be successful in their operations, they would rally to Colonel Drummond's assistance, and thus take possession of the whole half-mile of fortifications. (See Ballad on "The Siege of Fort Erie.")

The enterprise resulted in the death and disabling of over nine hundred of the British troops, including the loss of two of the colonels in command. By the 24th of August, however, reinforcements arrived for General Drummond's army; and though he was in sore distress for a time from the lack of provisions, the sickness of his men, and foul weather, he did not fail to withstand General Brown, who had assumed command early in September, when the latter ordered a sortie from the fort to attack the British field batteries. Two of these batteries were seized; but before the third of them had met with a similar fate, Drummond ordered up the full strength of his reserves and drove the Americans back within their fortifications. The issue of that repulse, after a day or two, was the withdrawal of the Americans to their own side of the river, when they had taken time to demolish the fort and all its extensions. They were loath that these should be taken possession of, as they certainly would, by the British commander, who had deemed it best for his purposes to raise the siege after his valiant repulse of the enemy incidental to Brown's sortie. After the 21st of October, the Americans were driven entirely from the Canadian side, and kept there up to the date of the ratification of the Treaty of Ghent. General George Gordon Drummond had, therefore, before he retired from his active duties in the war, the satisfaction of seeing the Niagara frontier delivered from the invaders, or as the accompanying ballad says "to see the country free."



FORT NIAGARA, FROM FORT GEORGE

The Battle of Queenston Heights

In the martial and majestic, inwoven thread by thread,
Niagara finds the glory-robe that canopies its bed—
From the brilliancies of landscape around its battlefield,
To the potencies of Nature in its cataract revealed;
And its story comes a message from the turbulence of war,
To the sympathies of peace restored in the ascendent everywhere.

High on the heights of Queenston,[1] where Sheaffe once took his stand,[2]
To wrestle with his country's foes and Canada defend—
A vantage-ground transcendent, when summer's sweetness reigns—
A nursery for the memory when what is best constrains—
We may read with pride the lingering tale of triumph and defeat,
From the wondrous scope of hill and dale, with ecstasies replete.

Down yonder, through the woodland glen, beside a hawthorn tree,
A cenotaph bears record[3] of a general's bravery,
As he stemmed the rush of Rensseler's men[4] to the staying of his own,

Giving up his life, as a hero may, to win a hero's crown ;
And a wreath, perchance a tear, is ours, to bestow upon his bier,
As we pause to make obeisance to a soldier's proud career.

Up yonder, on the hillside's brow, with its outlook far and wide,
A monument stands the emblem [5] of a people's blending pride :
It speaks of internecine strife, on the near-by battle-field,[6]
It tells us of a prestige won, sheltered by Britain's shield—
Tale within tale of the sullen days for the patriot-pioneer,
As he slung his musket on his plough, his enemies to dare.

Ah, would you climb that column, to discern the marvels round—
To muse amid the mellowing you hear in every sound—
To trace the river's silver-grey, the mist of the water-fall—
To catch a glimpse of the wear-and-tear of the rodent whirlpool—
Perchance to measure your thoughts of heaven by the hymn the woodland sings,
Or solemnize the light-and-shade as a flitting of angels' wings ?

Nay, rather, look you northward, where the river seeks the lake,
See, yonder—'tis the days of yore—a horseman leaves the brake,

Around Fort George for the Queenston Road,[7] hasting
from mile to mile,
As if he would some change of plan and his purpose
reconcile!
'Tis Isaac Brock on his favourite steed,[8] in the mirk
of early dawn,
Riding as if to outrun the sun, his purpose to attain.

Word he has left with General Sheaffe, his second in
command,
To prepare for instant marching, should the foe at
Queenston land;
And well he knows his aides-de-camp will follow, speed
for speed,
Along the historic highway soon, to be nigh him in
his need:
Will the invader cross from Lewiston before he reach
his goal?
And response is heard from Vrooman's Point,[9] in its
cannon's echoing roll.

At length, all know the foe has crossed,[10] ardent as
foe can be,
With his vanguard facing the slopes below and the
hillside battery—
Has come at last, with the vantage his, at the dawning
of the day,
Waiting for reinforcements, to assure his first assay:
"Would that my seconder Sheaffe were here!" said
Brock as he took the lead—
Summoning all to follow him, in this his hour of need.

"On to the battery! Take the redan!" is the
enemy's first command:
"Cut down the gunners! Spike the guns! Let the
fight be hand-to-hand!"

And the redcoats read the message in the movement
down the hill,
And instant reply with a counter rush, their duty to
fulfil:
What's that you say? The guns are ta'en? The
gunners disappear?
The rescue seeketh shelter, as if struck with mortal
fear?

Too true, the guns are taken: but the general's voice
and eye—
That eye so full of valiance wherever dangers lie—
That voice which knew no tremor when uttering
duty's call,
On land or sea or battlefield, or else in council-hall—
Beget an instant rallying in his "Charge for the
redan again!"
And before his voice is silent, the redan once more
is ta'en.

Was it sacrifice of valour amid the battle's din?
Was it daring outvying courage in a battle still to win?
Alas! that voice is silent now, that eye has lost its
light,
And the wounded hero is carried thence by his soldiers
in their flight:[11]
The field is in the invader's hands! "Ah me, the
general's dead!"
God help us all! The wail of it! Is it true they all
have fled?

God help us all! And the wail's ta'en up, as the
soldiers the village reach:
God help us all! And the cry is heard; "Who now
will fill the breach

Left vacant by our leader's death? Must we count
the day for lost?"
And Vrooman's Point again responds, from the gunners
at their post.
"Has word been sent to General Sheaffe? Has he
left as yet Fort George?
There ought to be some one ready to ride, his instant
advance to urge!"

The Indian chiefs and their tribesmen [12] are still in
the woods above—
Disordered, 'tis true, as in stealthy guise they flit
from grove to grove:
And still the villagers marvel at whatever tidings they
hear,
Lingering, lamenting, wringing their hands, seeking
relief from despair:
"Surely the death of the general is not to stay the
fray!
What! News at last! From the Queenston Road?
Brave Sheaffe is on his way!"

. . . . .

And the afternoon made good the news that the contest
was not o'er,
Howe'er the foe were blessing the pause, their courage
to restore:
The heights were theirs; and, reinforced, they held
themselves in rein,
Till up the hill, perchance, attack should meet repulse
again.
Ah, little they dream surprise is near—an army in
close array—
Marching across the upper woods, with the Indians
showing the way.

'Twas by St. David's Sheaffe had come,[13] making a wide détour,
In order to climb the western slopes, and the level lands secure:
And, augmented by the troopers from the camp at Chippawa,
His front, in open order, confronts the foe's array,
With no halting on the onward march, no hill to overcome,
Eager to time his musketry with the cannon's wakening boom.

And Rensseler soon perceives the fate that now besets his path,
With half of his force on the other side, still wavering in their faith[14]—
Sullen from lack of loyalty or thinking to bide by chance,
Refusing, with mutinous fretful frowns, all urging to advance:
"One last appeal is mine to make," said Rensseler, pacing the strand,
While bidding the valiant Wadsworth take his place in the command.

And when the after-message came that the lingerers would not go,
To the aid of their comrades sore beset, as Rensseler had to avow—
The British drums in the distance awakened the woodland glen—
The advance of a solid army, with muskets in line amain,
The absence of succour or refuge, the chances unequal to share,
Made the crisis of army to army a crisis of pluck and despair.

. . . . .

"The Britisher's muskets are thinning our ranks,"
Cries Colonel Scott to his men ; [15]
"And soon his bayonets will pierce our breasts,
The blood from our hearts to drain :
Stand firm, my lads, and the foe defy !
What though we die in the fray ?
From our life's blood shed other heroes will rise,
To avenge us as they may ! "

But no such words could ameliorate the revel of war's demands,
For a general's death is unavenged and his spirit still commands :
The morning saw unequal strife, the invaders all elate,
And now the defenders, in their turn, follow the law of hate :
Attack, defence, and death for death, war and its wear-and-tear !
Are these but angels of wrath aroused, making hell of the summer's air ?

. . . . .

"Charge for their right, and hold your own,
Until their lines give way !
Volley for volley, and then détour,
To hive their disarray ! "
Such was the British foreword,
And such was soon obeyed—
Redcoats, pioneers, Indian scouts,
All eager for the raid.
Volley for volley, a shout, a rush,
Musket to musket in hand !
Nearer and nearer across the sward,
Under the word of command !
And who may challenge the scene of blood,
With the rout thus well begun,

Amid the din and the final rush
Of the vanguard on the run,
To huddle the enemy in on his ranks,
With his hardihood undone ?

. . . . .

Ah, whither in flight is there safety now,
From the carnage all around,
With the river behind and the steeps to the right,
And all else guarded ground ?
A flag of truce ! Nay, 'tis too late !
The assault must have its way !
There is death in front, there is death behind,
The rout is a save-who-may.
Back to the edge of the precipice,
Driven by musket-wrath,
Down through the woods and over the rocks,
Down by some headlong path ;
Helter-and-skelter the vanquished rush,
Turbulence out of breath :
Hither and thither and whither away,
Dismay contending with death !
A victory, say you ? Nay, 'twas more,
For yonder on his bier,
A hero lieth cold in death,
Whose name we all revere ;
And who of us can e'er forget
For what he fought and died ?
Though the deed of his valiant comrade
His fame has amplified.

. . . . .

Who claims the issue of that day in what we now possess ?
God grant it find fulfilment in further years of peace !
The battlefield is the cradle of a nation's aching pride,
And the hum of hero-worship its fame has amplified :

And here, within the splendour of Niagara's wide
domain,
We may prize the peace its heroes bought, our freedom
to maintain.

Yea, the martial and majestic, inwoven thread by
thread,
For Niagara finds a glory-robe, to canopy its bed—
From the brilliancies of landscape around its battle-
field,
To the potencies of Nature in its cataract revealed;
And its story comes a message from the turbulence
of war,
To the sympathies of peace assured in the ascendent
everywhere.

The Repulse at Stoney Creek

THE general sat within his tent,[1] with a cloud upon his face,
As if grim fate were pencilling there some omen of disgrace:
His outposts have been driven back, his camp is open ground,[2]
The invader's force is hovering near, his army to surround:
And who would bid him march afield, with York refusing aid,
And Proctor still in the Maumee wilds, held up within some glade?

Then thought he of his late retreat, and his lips repressed a sigh:
"If death be but a victory, in this game of do-or-die,
The test is ours on the battlefield, with foe 'gainst foe in line,
Where dangers ride on every wave of the battle's countermine:
Dearborn's relays, six thousand strong, may overwhelm us all;
But what of that? With heaven's help we must answer duty's call."

Then in came brave Jack Harvey,[3] to say where he had been,
On duty's call to Stoney Creek,[4] to scan the foe's terrene;

And he and the general counsel took, to make a night attack,
With two of their steadiest regiments, the foe on the sudden to take:
"We can trust the lads: they're the best of stuff: dauntless as lads can be:
And who's to tell, ere all be done, they may steal a victory?"

And forth these stalwarts silent march to the levels of the Creek,
Wary of pace through the brushwood, cautious the foe to seek—
Brave Harvey and his the first to arrive, in sight of the watch-fires' glare
Waiting the advance of the others, under the general's care,
Waiting the assault in concert, with only a gun-shot to run,[5]
Suppressing all noise, as well's they may, till the onset be once begun.

But sudden the silence is broken, by the newcomers raising a shout,
Firing their guns in disorder, too reckless to compass a rout:
In sooth, that premature uproar,[6] cancelling all nearer surprise,
Drives Harvey and his to rush the attack, regardless of every disguise:
Bayonet and sword and musket-stock make common cause in the dark,
In the hither and thither of friend and foe, wherever a foe may lurk.

Thus, reeling and rallying, the tumult evolves its
harvest of wounded and slain,
And it looks as if Harvey and his were lost, in the
mirk and smoke of the plain:
The British general is thrown from his steed, and his
men are thinking to flee,
When Plenderleath's lads [7] rush in on the scene, with
resolute energy:
Bravo! Jack Harvey is now in command, with
victims untold in his toils—
Two generals ta'en and a hundred men being counted
among his spoils.

And just as the dawn discovers the brook, a line of
silver-grey,
Meandering through the meadow-lands, near where
took place the fray,
The foe is seen in full retreat back by the way they
came,
Across the bridge, by the shore-line road, seeking a
refuge from shame;
While Harvey and his seek Burlington Heights, count-
ing their loss a gain—
The gain of a gift from disaster,[8] rampant to close the
campaign.

'Twas a victory seized at the turn of the tide, with the
frontier all but lost—
The British arms at the edge of defeat, triumphant
over a host.
And soon the ships of Commodore Yeo [9] will finish the
task begun,
Till Dearborn, perchance, may find his plans for a
conquest all undone:

Ay, ay, a triumph for Harvey and his, proving what
courage may do—
A token of what he afterwards did on the field of
Waterloo.

But where is the valiant Vincent, now the turmoil
has spent its force ?
Was it he who was seen in the tumult, overthrown from
his wounded horse ?
'Twas he ; but an escort has found him,[10] though far
in the forest belate,
And now he joins in the triumph, where the soldiers
his coming await.
Is he like to be found in his tent as before, with a cloud
suffusing his face,
As if grim fate were pencilling there the lines of a
soldier's disgrace ?

And yet with him may we not all ask, with due com-
placency :
" If life is to be a victory, in the game of do-or-die,
The test is on our battlefield, with our foes drawn
up in line,
Where dangers ride on every wave of destiny's
countermine.
The ills of life, a thousand strong, may overwhelm
us all,
But come what may, with heaven's help, we must
answer duty's call."

The Surprise at Beaver Dams

'Twas a time of sore disheartening, with the invader
everywhere,
And the villagers of Queenston were all but in despair:
There were whisperings at the doorsteps, as the troops
went marching by:
There were secrets over their hastenings in search of
victory:
Ah, who could tell what was to be, with hope beclouded
so?
Who was to say their own would win, in this running
to and fro?

From Newark up to Erie, west from the river's line,
The redcoats have been driven back, as if by fate's
design:
The town of York has fallen: Fort George is Dearborn's
prey;
Vincent has gone to Burlington, for refuge round its
Bay;
Hither and thither, on every side, haste scout and
skirmisher,
Stealing around the homestead farms, alarming the
far and near.

At length a rift in the lowering clouds a blink of hope
revealed,
When at Stoney Creek Jack Harvey and his held their
own on the battlefield;

And the whisperings, fringed with caution, when the foe marched out and in,
Made more and more of the secrets, as omens of who was to win.
Hush! Is it true that Dearborn's men are out on the Queenston Road,
Détouring by way of Beaver Dams,[1] to shed more British blood?

'Twas late at night the whisper reached brave Laura Secord's ear,[2]
And she pondered over the outcome, if once they should get there:
The child of a Loyalist pioneer, the wife of one who had fought
With General Brock on the heights near by, she thought and better thought,
As if her throbbing heart would burst, when the faith within her grew,
That even a woman may play the part of a patriot brave and true.

At early dawn the die she cast—this soldier's wife so brave—
Brave to the heat of passion, as an instinct fain to save
Those of her own in danger's grip—those of her own beset,
With wrath impending, rounding in, as if it were a net:
Yes, *brave as Laura Secord* as a proverb still is heard,
Where freedom, crowned with courage, maketh keen the patriot's sword.

Her secret! Ah, that secret! Will it save the lives of men?
Can she reach Fitzgibbon's camping ground, ere the day is on the wane?

Bedraggled and footsore, yet how brave she sped from
glade to glade,
Till a mile or so from her journey's end, she fell to her
knees and prayed.
Listen! An Indian's war-yell! Is't a call from friend
or foe?
Oh could she but find a hiding-place under some
friendly bough:

Again that curdling outcry! See! A savage with
musket in hand!
Has she courage left, for her secret's sake, more dangers
to withstand?
And soon she is led before the chief, to explain as best
she may
How the British commander she would see, if one would
lead the way:
A woman! What can a woman want, in this moonlit
disarray?
But all the same he led her where Fitzgibbon's outpost
lay.

And she tells her tale to the soldier, with a quaver in
her voice,
Her courage all but giving out, though she feels her
heart rejoice:
She has played her part, as a woman may—a woman
brave and true—
True to her home and kindred, with no reward in view:
And who of us will ever think to belittle what she did,
Or grudge a nook in history for her tale of fortitude?

And when we weigh the issue of that hastening to
Beaver Dams—
Of the rift in the cloud that widened, to courage the
patriot's claims—

How Fitzgibbon hailed his Irish lads[3] next day at early dawn,
To range around the front and rear of the invader on the run,
And how he forced surrender with a company or two,
As if the whole of the British force was ready to pursue,—

Yea, when we read of the captives—five hundred men or more—
Of the rout and retreat of the invaders, with disaster at their door,
Of the loyal Brant and his tribesmen, ready to raid a host,
Of the doing and daring the defenders displayed, and what the war them cost,
We would ever acclaim the matron brave, who carried forward the word,
To uphold by instant sacrifice the prestige of Britain's sword.

The Taking and Re-taking of Fort George

THE lingering mist at the river's mouth delays the dawn of day,
As the rival forts stand sentinel [1] in the midst of war's dismay—
Fort George, its glacis torn to shreds, its bastions all but gone,
Defiant still of the invader's wrath, though all but overthrown—
Niagara proud of its strength restored, under Dearborn's guiding hand,
Rampant to do its best or worst to aid the invaders land.

Nor could the secret of that mist remain for long concealed,
When once the sun the curtain raised and Chauncey's ships revealed—
The *Madison* and kindred craft threatening the anxious shore,
As the transfer-barges, filled with men, gave way to the strenuous oar:
From Four Mile Creek to Lighthouse Point,[2] the lake is all alive,
As the commodore stands on his quarter-deck to watch the boats arrive.

What think you, valiant Vincent? Can your soldier-gifts avail
To ward them off Missassauga,[3] as the shelving beach they scale?
Such a massing of thousands will you dare withstand, with your thousand and one of men?
Now that your outpost batteries no longer protect the plain?
See! Company by company, their phalanx of strength they form!
Would any one call on courage alone to encounter the threatening storm?

Till late last night the cannon's boom gave token of its wrath,
Pent up across the river, against the defender's faith;
And Vincent, with his colonels, scanned well the face of fate,
With Dearborn's men and Chauncey's fleet besetting Niagara's gate:
Think you 'twas strange, when morning came, their plans were well in hand?
What? Muster, you say, against a host, with courage alone in command?

Ay, there that little army waits,[4] in its threefold thin array,
To meet the invader's wide advance in the flare of open day:
Its general holds in check its van, Harvey the outer flank,
While Myers the left all eager leads, the onset to disrank;

Bravo, the daring of the deed! Bravo, 'tis pluck
'gainst pluck!
Now all will know how the time-worn fort its royal
standard struck!

That first advance! What a marvel it was, with the
guns on the fleet on the roar,
'Mid the sweep of the canister over the plain, and
the run and rush from the shore!
See! Yonder lies Myers,[6] the brave of the brave, in
the midst of wounded and slain!
See! Yonder runs Harvey across from his own, to
rally his comrade's men!
Alas! what is left for Vincent to do, after that draining
of blood,
Save order the call for retreat to the fort and thence
to the Queenston Road?

Then, hark and away by Beaver Dams, to Burlington
Heights they hie,
With their scouts behind to guard their rear, should
the enemy hasten nigh!
Hark and away in a two days' run, till they reach the
head of the Bay,
And there make sure of their camping-ground, relay
within relay!
Another day? Yea, such will come, heartrending
though it be,
To see what Empire claims its own in the hands of
the enemy!

That other day! Reprisal's chance! Alas, the bitter
tale!
A prelude stained with cruelty, scorching Niagara's
vale!

Winter and war, relentless twain, have ta'en each other's hand,
To the harrowing of the innocent and the harrying of the land:
That other day is nigh at hand, with vengeance in its train,
Now Murray is sent McClure to end the year's campaign.

December's wrath besets the homes along the Newark streets,[6]
With the snow-drifts for its ramparts, as the north-wind dominates;
And the villagers keep pondering what fate has yet in store,
For them and for their children, before the war is o'er.
McClure is master of the fort, and they say he fain would flee
From Murray's valorous redcoats who now are on the way.

And for reply, one callous night, McClure instructs his men
To devastate these Newark homes, with fire and sword in train.
O God! Has all compassion died? What meaneth this demand?
Is war the counterpart of hell? Has a dastard ta'en command?
Give way, you demons! Are you mad, such orders to obey?
Is your hell-hound rage of a she-wolf born? Would you all that's good betray?

Ah, who can check such tumultuous hate, with destruction all around,
As the cry of women and children bring a moaning in every sound ?
Hither and thither the ghouls indulge in deed after deed of shame :
Yonder and near the flames leap up, as if to join in the acclaim
Of cruelty surfeiting cowardice, before they return to Fort George,
To embark for Fort Niagara, so soon to sing their own dirge.

Yea, that other day has come at last, which Vincent longed to see,
Now Murray has taken Harvey's place,[7] the frontier in time to free :
Fort George again is Canadian, with the Newark sufferers there,
And the quickening of the cannonade says revenge is in the air :
Will the foe be forced to surrender their fort—the stronghold across the way,
And bring about the reprisal of that other longed-for day?

The blow has fallen ! The prize is won ! The rival fort succumbs !
Brave Murray has taken possession, amid the beating of drums :
And General Drummond is now in command [8]—the General Brock of his day—
To fight that fight for Empire under Old England's sway.
Ay, ay, that other day has come, with its sequel of renown
To British arms and Canadian zeal in the fight for what's one's own !

The Battle of Chippawa

All face to face two armies stand, out on the open plain,
The one for Canada's defence ; the other, alas, her bane !
All marshalled there in proud array, on Chippawa's battlefield,[1]
They have sworn to dare the very worst, till the one or the other yield ;
And, close at hand, their generals watch the lines as they advance—
Both soldier-trained to obviate whatever breeds mischance.

The one has crossed from the Buffalo side, to seize Fort Erie first,[2]
And, all of an afternoon's exploit, its garrison had dispersed :
The other had hastened to bring relief from the stronghold of old Fort George,
Only to find Fort Erie ta'en, and the foe from the woods emerge :
And now, with Brown and Riall to lead,[3] they scan the battle-ground,
That will drink the blood of friend and foe, as soon as the bugles sound.

The rustic bridge across Street's Creek and the bridge of the Chippawa,
Two miles apart, brought face to face these armies in array,

To give full vent to the battle-wrath of hate defying pride—
To bid the river hide its face in a smoke-stained far-and-wide.
Ah, who'd have thought the brilliancy of Nature at her best,
That summer's morn, by blight of war, was to be so dispossessed ?

When violence runs, it has no pause, after the strife begins,
Till fate steps in to give decree in favour of him who wins.
So the battle-cry of the Royal Scots [4] is the signal to advance,
And the other cohorts, firm of line, give it instant countenance :
Even Ripley and Porter [5] hearing the cry give heed to answer back,
As if 'twere theirs to overcome brave Riall's main attack.

But soon 'tis seen that Scott's brigade [6] whoe'er be made to flee,
Is what the redcoats have to dread the most in their urgency :
Its steadfastness is like a rock, turning all strength aside,
With its ceaseless volleys of musketry, between its cannonade.
Against its front the British charge ; but their charge is all in vain :
Is a battle only a massacre for the harvesting of wounded and slain ?

"Give over, my lads!" shouts Riall at last; "if we would escape defeat,
Such overwhelming is overcome only by sounding retreat:
Across the bridge in our camp again, we can muster further aid:
To-morrow the fight can be renewed, should the foe our camp invade":
Then, fearless of death, he keeps his eye on the rear of his wavering lines
As company by company takes its place, and the march in retreat begins.

'Twas a victory, say they? Nay, a retreat, with the victory still to win,
When fate has issued its after-decree on the field of Lundy's Lane—
The campaign nearing its climax—a prelude of what is to come—
A retreat for the pioneer's saving, defending his hearth and home:
And yet the story is ours to repeat of the field that was to decide
That nation should neighbour with nation, as friends in their friendship confide.

The Battle of Lundy's Lane

FROM lake to lake, Niagara's shores are passioned with alarms,
Dame Rumour bearing burdens of recurring calls to arms—
The invaders from Fort Erie, the defenders from Fort George,
In a concentration of soldiery near the torrent's resonant gorge,[1]
Where the rhythm of the centuries unrolls its wondrous lay,
In the hearing of the human and its brief from-day-to-day.

Intent to burnish with its gold the landscape for a shrine,
The summer's sun has banned the clouds beyond the horizon's line,
As General Brown his army leads from his camp at Chippawa,[2]
To meet once more the British lines and force them to withdraw—
Elate to think the fight renewed for him has no defeat,
Since he had forced, ten days before, his opponent to retreat.

There have been wavering omens, within the long campaign ;
But now that General Drummond approaches Lundy's Lane,

A strength renewed comes throbbing to General
Riall's arm,
As his redcoats range in a crescent line, to await the
coming storm—
While yet the sunset's glory bespeaks approaching
night,
Lengthening the shadows, foe to foe, eager arrayed for
fight.

Yonder, on rising ground, behold, with a threat of
guns in front,[3]
The British centre guards the Lane, where the wood-
lands meet aslant;
While, north and south, on either side, the wings
extend their ranks,
Along the winding highway near by the river's banks;
And well did Brown discern at once where his main
advantage lay,
In the capture of these guns in front, if his would be
the day.

. . . . .

The twilight deepens o'er the scene,[4]
As the storm emits its breath,
To blurr the blue of the sky o'erhead,
With its meeting clouds of wrath,
As if to flout the rising moon,
Or mock the sinking sun,
Or mourn, as 'twere, the swelling din,
Ere the worst has yet begun.
Troop after troop the invaders rush,
Against the northern wing:
Troop after troop is held at bay,
In the strident hurrying;
Till yonder through the brushwood's screen,
Bold Jesup gropes his way,[5]

To brave the centre at its edge,
And the southern wing waylay.
Doubt unto doubt in the blending rage,
Advance, retreat, advance,
Volley to volley answering back,
Eager to jilt mischance:
Ah, who can tell how all will end,
In the ravelled resonance?

. . . . .

At length the sun forsakes the strife,
Up-winding his golden thread,
Leaving the moon to rule the night,
With her features stained blood-red—
To mask the turmoil raging still,
Disorder turned on end,
Line daring line, foe facing foe,
To the doubting of foe and friend.

. . . . . .

"Check the advance of the southern wing!"
The intrepid Jesup cries;
And Captain Ketchum, rounding up,[6]
Out from his covert hies,
As if he were of Drummond's lead,
Hastening to Riall's aid,
Under the pall of eventide,
From the fringes of the glade.

. . . . . .

"Receive the general's bodyguard,
Make way for the general's advance!"
Calls one of Riall's officers,
Heedless of all mischance—
Detecting not in the uncertain light,
'Twas the foe was marching up,
To attack the redcoats' outer edge,
And with their onset cope.

. . . . . .

"Ay, ay, give way!" did Ketchum say,
Drawing his men aside,
"Ay, ay, make way!" he cried again,
As he bid his men divide.
But when the British guard had passed,
Far other words he gave,
Words startling to the approaching Riall,
Nor meant now to deceive.

"Seize one and all!" the captor said;
"Their further course impede!"
And rushing near he laid his hand
On the bridle of Riall's steed:
"Turn back with us, our prisoners,
To our general's tent beyond:
'Tis meet that we report should make
Of what we have in hand!"

. . . . .

And what reply could the captive make,
Faint from his dripping wounds,
Amid the din of the battlefield,
With no rescue in its sounds?
"These guns in front are active still,
And while they speak there's hope,"
Was all the captive general thought,
As he followed down the slope.

. . . . .

Ay, ay, these guns are active still,
Presaging victory,
Howe'er the captured general's eye
Is now beyond the fray.
And General Brown, discerning well
How their havoc grows apace,
Wonders and ponders how he may
The sore suspense efface.

Ah, who is there to say them nay,
  Driving the gunners back,
Or even, perchance, their hurtling turn
  On Drummond's near attack?

. . . . .

Who wins the day? The gunners flee,
  As Miller's volleys sweep
Across the edge of the rising ground,
  Where his marksmen cautious creep.
Who wins the day? The guns are ta'en,
  And the defenders, driven back,
Return in time all undismayed,
  As repulse renews attack,
Across the Lane and the Niagara Road,
  Down to the river's bank,
Hither and thither from fence to field,
  Fighting both rear and flank.

. . . . .

Who wins the day? The day has fled,
  And the moon looks sore dismayed,
As through the smoke it giveth light,
  To welcome Drummond's aid:
And then Brown thinks retreat is best
  To his camp at Chippawa,
Since Drummond's skill has laughed to scorn
  All pressing to withdraw.

. . . . .

Who holds the field? The verdict comes,
  When the dawn reveals the day—
With Lundy's Lane in the redcoats' hands,
  Standing in saved array:
The guns in front are still in line,
  To guard the slopes again:
Sir Gordon's there in high command
  His prestige to sustain.

Yea, yonder on the rising ground, with that threat of guns in front,
A British army guards the Lane, where the woodlands meet aslant,
While, north and south, on either side, the wings extend their ranks,
Along the winding Niagara Road, near by the river's banks;
And who would say the advantage lies within the invader's hand?
Who is there near to wrest the field from Drummond's strong command?

The Siege of Fort Erie

Sir Gordon holds the frontier line—all honour to his name—
Save only the stronghold to the south, near by Niagara's stream—
Fort Erie of dismal remembrance, far up from the cataract,
Which the foe has strengthened all anew,[1] since last it was attacked;
And as he thinks of the laurels won, on the field of Lundy's Lane,
He fain would have the place re-ta'en, ere ends the year's campaign.

That fort had fallen, the invader's prize, a month or so before,
An easy prey to General Brown withstanding Britain's power;
But amplified and girt around, as a citadel may be,
A menace it stands to Drummond's *braves*, who would the country free;
And its demilunes and bastioned walls, its batteries all in train,
Are his to seize in England's name, her prowess to sustain.

And still, of a summer's day, the book lies open to our hand,
As we linger amid the ruins, its tale to understand.

In the light and shade of the landscape, dotted o'er
with homestead cheer,
We still may trace how the besiegers came to test
the arts of war.
From the lintel-stone of some ruined keep, we may
dream of the bloodstained din,
In the open field or round the walls, where mastery
sought to win.

Who says the rival nations think to end their long-
drawn feud?
Has any one heard in the ravelin such tiding there
intrude?
Nay, rather, Sir Gordon is on his way, past the
cataract's echoing roar,
Awaking the hamlets, one by one, with nought but the
tidings of war,
See, yonder is where his army lay,[2] beyond gun-range
of the fort,
Prepared to dare every danger that lurked in its
garrisoned court!

And the August sunsets come and go, like fringes of
tragedy,
With bastion responding to battery, to the throbbing
of woodland and lea;
While Sir Gordon is ever evolving his plans, to compass
the place about,
In a nearer approach to its front and rear, from ravelin
to redoubt;
And, when he learns of Dobbs' success,[3] he decrees a
night attack,
With three of his trusty colonels, the assault in line
to make.

. . . . .

'Tis Fisher commands the wing to the right :
'Tis Towson's he seeks to beset ; [4]
And its twenty-four pounder greets his advance,
From its ominous parapet.
Will he dare these throbs of disaster ?
Will he reach the edge of the lake,
Where under or over the palisades,
An inner attack he may make ?
Yea, his courage will dare, whate'er the despair,
All blasts from that cavern of wrath,
As he keeps hovering near, his comrades to cheer,
Amid the turmoil of death.

But, alas, there is nought but the shedding of blood,
No victory for him in the strife—
A scaling of walls that cannot be scaled,
Not even a life for a life.
Five times does he gallantly rally his men,
Five times have his men to retreat,
Worn out from a spending of courage mis-spent,
As they wrestle against defeat.
And at last there is heard his word of command :
" Give over, my lads,[5] and re-form ! "
And at once they escape to the woodlands near
From the overwhelming storm.

. . . . .

'Tis Scott who commands the wing to the left :
Fort Douglas he seeks to beset ; [6]
And stoutly he braves that battery's frown,
As its cannons roar and fret.
The sheen from the lake is all the light
That guides him to the rear :
The entrenchments deep and all aghast
Bespeak for him despair.
Yet up to the cannon's mouth he leads
His lads all undismayed,

His part to play, as a soldier brave,
At the head of his brigade.
But all in vain! There's nought for him,
Save the recompense of death—
The reward of a hero fulfilling his task,
Up to his very last breath.
Brave Hercules Scott! Yea, think how he died,
As many another has done—
As many another must do in the siege,
Ere rises the next day's sun!

. . . . .

'Tis Colonel Drummond the centre leads,'
And his goal is the central fort—
The old Fort Erie of the brave Brock's time,
Renewed from wall to court.
Like Fisher and Scott, he is brave to the core,
As Sir Gordon knoweth full well—
And his soldier's courage, that fatal night,
Is a tale for pride to tell—
A tale these ruins still repeat,
From ravelin to moat,
As the zephyrs play round what is left
Of bastion or redoubt.

. . . . .

Under a cloud of battery smoke,
A fourth assault is made,
Across the ditch to the parapet,
Despite the cannonade.
By rope and ladder the redcoats stream
From trench to inner wall,
Till at last the outer bastion's reached,
As a striven-for countervail;
And now the strife is hand to hand,
In the confusing pall of night—

Cry against cry, with bayonets fixed,
With nought to do but smite.
"A life for a life to save the fort!"
The besieged demand in train:
"A life for a life!" cries Drummond in turn,
"Fight till the fort be ta'en!"
"Stay ne'er a hand!" is wrath's command,
In every redcoat's eye:
"Who fears the carnage in the game
Of a soldier's do-or-die?"
Ha, ha, the bastion's ta'en at last,
The victory's well in hand:
The besieged are dismally in flight,
A disconcerted band:
The besiegers, flushed as with success,
Pause for a moment's breath:
What next to do? And still they pause,
As if in face of death.
What next to do? There's nought to do,
Save, rushing as one may,
To shun the fringe of calamity,
As it cruel claims its prey.
Oh God, what's that? The bastion heaves!
Has Doomsday tolled its knell?
Give way! Give way! The bastion's gone!
As with a blast from hell!
Yea, scattered and strewn in one vast heap,
The slain and wounded lie.
Amid the ruins of what was lost
By a soldier's do-or-die.

And still the woe and wonderment of that wrath-begotten night [8]
Keep thrilling the passing century, as it brings to pride a blight.

Fort Erie of dismal remembrance! The bier of
Drummond the brave!
There is writ on thy weather-worn ruins the record of
bravery's grave!
And still of a summer's day the book lies open to our
hand,
As we linger from lake to river its tale to understand.

Notes on "The Battle of Queenston Heights"

1. "*High on the heights of Queenston.*" The view of these heights as seen by one sailing up the Niagara River towards Queenston and Lewiston is one of a most striking character. The highway from the village of Queenston to the gateway leading into the grounds around the Monument has many points of interest to be examined, including the site of the redan battery and the spot where Brock, the illustrious general, fell in battle. The grounds themselves are about forty acres in extent; and, in order to understand the sequence of events on the memorable day of the battle—the 13th of October, 1812—one has to do some patient prospecting on foot, while taking note of the landing-place of the American invaders and the steeps up which they had to climb, as well as the easier ascents up which General Brock led his men before the first onset of the battle, and the roundabout route taken by General Sheaffe in the afternoon to reach the levels above. At the time of the raid on the frontier, Queenston was a thriving village of about the same size as Newark (now Niagara-on-the-Lake), each with a population of about five hundred people. The distance across from Queenston to Lewiston is about a quarter of a mile. The highest point on the heights is about two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river, and not more than one hundred and eighty feet above the levels on which the modern village is built. The village is seven miles from Niagara-on-the-Lake and six miles from Niagara Falls. A careful study of the map is necessary to understand the movements of the two armies that met on the heights in deadly conflict.

2. "*Where Sheaffe once took his stand.*" Sir Roger Sheaffe took up with the military profession under the patronage of Earl Percy. From the year 1801 he served in Canada, having risen to the rank of major-general before he came to be associated with General

Brock in his defence of the Niagara frontier. His meritorious leadership on Queenston Heights was rewarded by a baronetcy.

3. "*A cenotaph bears record.*" This memorial marking the spot where General Brock fell mortally wounded had its foundation-stone laid by the hands of the Prince of Wales, who became afterwards Edward VII, during his memorable visit to Canada in 1860. It stands near the highway leading up to the heights from the village of Queenston.

4. "*The rush of Rensseler's men.*" Colonel Solomon Van Rensseler was in charge of the invading troops on the day of the battle, before Sheaffe came upon the scene in the afternoon. His superior officer, General Stephen Van Rensseler, the colonel's cousin, was stationed at Lewiston throughout the day. The first attempt the colonel made to cross the river was undertaken on the 10th of October. But it came to nought through the conduct of the miscreant Lieutenant Sims, who ran away with the oars of the boats he had undertaken to direct in the transit at midnight. The second attempt, three days after, was made by Colonel Van Rensseler in person, who led the first detachment to land at the large rock still to be seen on the margin of the river. The first rally was therefore made at the base of the heights above, where the Suspension Bridge now stands. Early in the contest, with the redcoats hastening from the village to meet him, the American colonel was disabled; and to Captain Wool and Colonel Winfield Scott was entrusted the divided leadership of the day, after Van Rensseler had re-embarked for the Lewiston side of the river, to join with his cousin, the general, in pleading with the troops who had not then crossed to take part in the contest as it proceeded. At least to Wool and Scott is due the credit of withstanding Sheaffe, however hopeless their task must have appeared to them.

5. "*A monument stands the emblem.*" This memorial to Sir Isaac Brock is one of the most attractive public monuments in Canada, and is said to be the highest but one in the world. The first monument erected to commemorate the battle was so disfigured by the act of a wretched vandal in 1840, that the residents of Upper Canada undertook, at their own expense, to erect the one that now stands, and which had its foundation-stone laid on the 13th of October, 1853. The inscriptions on the monument read as follows:

"Upper Canada has dedicated this monument to the memory of the late Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K.B., Provincial Lieutenant

Governor and Commander of the Forces in this Province, whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath. Opposing the enemy, he fell in action near these Heights on the 13th of October, 1812, in the forty-third year of his age, revered and lamented by the people whom he governed and deplored by the sovereign to whose services his life had been devoted."

"In a vault underneath are deposited the mortal remains of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K.B., who fell in action near these Heights and was entombed on the 16th of October at the bastion of Fort George, Niagara, removed from thence and re-interred under the monument to the eastward of this site on the 13th of October, 1824; and in consequence of that monument having received irreparable injury by a lawless act on the 17th of April, 1840, it was found requisite to take down the former structure and erect this monument; the foundation-stone being laid and the remains again re-interred with due solemnity on 13th of October, 1853."

6. "*On the near-by battlefield.*" As C. P. Lucas the historian says, there is something of a repeating of history in the battle of Queenston Heights for Canadians, recalling, as it does, the famous fight on the Plains of Abraham. "We have on either occasion the landing from the river in early dawn and the ascent of the heights by a path unguarded or insufficiently guarded. We have the leader of the British force on both occasions killed on the field of battle, Brock being, like Wolfe, before and after death the idol of his army. We have the assailants of the heights in both cases given ample time to establish their position, and the main force opposing them brought up from a distance; for, as Montcalm had to bring up his troops from the Beauport lines below Quebec, so Sheaffe had to march his men from Fort George. The issue on the second occasion was reversed, and the invaders were defeated; but there was a touch of similarity in the main outlines of the two battles, and the setting of the later fight was sufficiently picturesque and dramatic, the crisis was sufficiently grave, to give to Upper Canada, in the battle of Queenston Heights and in the death of Brock, the memory of a national achievement and of a special hero. All this was to the good for the making of a nation, widening and enriching its history. From this date onward the interest in Canadian story no longer ended with the twin deaths of Wolfe and Montcalm, where the river of Canada flows by the rock of Quebec; for, far up on the

same waterway, another landmark, the monument to Brock, overlooking the gorge of Niagara, told and tells of a good fight and a noble death in the Province of Upper Canada." Perhaps the day is not far distant when, as Wolfe and Montcalm have been honoured by monuments to their name and fame near the ground on which they valiantly fought against each other, so General Sheaffe may share in the honours conferred on General Brock as he shared in winning the victory due to the valour of both.

7. "*Around Fort George for the Queenston Road.*" Fort George, as has been said, was built within a mile or so of the village of Newark. Its ruins are still well defined, whatever may be said of the condition in which they are to be found by the sightseer of to-day. The fort stood facing the river within the thickets that lay between it and the road leading to Queenston. The approach to it from Queenston is still adorned with woodlands of a striking appearance. Between the fort and Newark there extended an open space which is still spoken of as the "Common" by the people of Niagara. The contour of the fort and the location of its main bastion can best be made out from the site of the magazine erected after the battle of Queenston Heights. The place was laid out after the system of fortification of these times, the main bastion having an inner enceinte overlooking an outer enceinte, the inner one being cornered by five demilunes and the outer by two. The breastworks of these enceintes can still be traced from what was called the cavalier battery, wherein the remains of General Brock first received sepulture, and which is still indicated by a memorial stone, half hidden in a thicket of hawthorn.

8. "*'Tis Isaac Brock on his favourite steed.*" This same favourite steed, as has been said, had been presented to General Brock by Sir James Craig, the Governor-General of Canada. It went by the name of Alfred and was a well-known object of interest to the settlers from Newark to Chippawa, as the general passed up and down the main highway, on his trips of camp inspection for the month or so before his death. The general's aides-de-camp were Major Glegg and Colonel McDonell.

9. "*And response is heard from Vrooman's Point.*" The battery at Vrooman's Point commanded the crossing from Lewiston to the base of the cliff up the river from the village. From the site of the homestead occupied at the time of the battle by a settler of the name of Vrooman, who had changed his allegiance after coming

from the United States, may still be seen why it was selected for purposes of challenging invasion from the American side of the river. The view from the site of the battery up the river is most attractive, giving evidence of "the martial and majestic" in a way never to be forgotten by the thoughtful visitor.

10. "*At length, all know the foe has crossed.*" The first detachment was sent over from the American side about three o'clock in the morning. By the time General Brock arrived at Queenston, the same morning, the troops stationed at Queenston had gone out to oppose the debarkation of Van Rensseler and his associates in command, at a point a short distance above the site of the present Suspension Bridge. The passage across had been to some extent covered by the battery on the rising ground behind the village of Lewiston. The firing from Vrooman's Point did not to any serious extent interrupt the American boats. The story of the overcoming of the declivities by the invading troops is as full of interest as is the record of the climbing of Wolfe's men up from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the Plains of Abraham. Against obstructions from the Queenston redcoats both by the brink of the river and on the inner slopes, Van Rensseler gained a footing; and through the intrepidity of Captain Wool and others of his subalterns, he was able to drive Captain Dennis back to Queenston, even in presence of a steady fire from the British troops farther up the sloping ground. It was at this juncture that Colonel Van Rensseler was wounded and was forced to delegate his immediate command of the general movement to others. By the time General Brock arrived at Queenston, the cross-firing had been going on for an hour or so. Captain Wool and his company had climbed the steepest part of the basal cliff, and were on their way down to attack the redan or V-shaped earthwork that had been erected by the British to obstruct an inimical descent from the plateau above. The miniature fort was taken by Wool's men, and the redcoats had to retire for the moment until Brock rode up with additional troops from Queenston and ordered the retaking of the captured redan.

11. "*Ah me, the general's dead!*" After the retaking of the redan, the Americans found themselves attacked in front by Brock in person, and in flank by Captain Dennis, and it looked for a moment as if they were overcome; but, rallying from a short retreat, they renewed the attack and drove the men of the Forty-ninth in confusion down the hill, very much to the surprise of Brock, who made the

remark that it was the first time he had ever known of that regiment doing such a thing as retreat. It was while making another attack on the Americans, with the help of Colonel McDonell, his aide-de-camp, that Brock received his death-wound. He was at first wounded in the wrist, and then a second bullet struck him in the breast. As he fell from his horse, he made the request to those around him to say nothing of his fatal accident to his troops until the struggle for victory was over. The fighting continued for a short time after the death-stricken general had been taken from the field. But when, in a last rally on the part of the men of the Forty-ninth, Colonel McDonell met with his death-wound, and Captain Dennis was disabled, the redcoats retreated down the hill to await the coming of General Sheaffe with reinforcements. In their retreat they did not fail to carry with them the body of their general, placing it eventually in the keeping of one of the villagers. Thence it was taken to Newark, where it was placed in the building known as the Government House. After lying in state for three days it was buried, as has been said, in the cavalier bastion which had been erected under the general's own supervision. His aide-de-camp's body was also buried in the bastion referred to.

12. "*The Indian chiefs and their tribesmen.*" These tribal allies came from the settlements around Grand River in Upper Canada. The chiefs included John Brant, the son of Joseph Brant who took such a valiant part in the War of Independence, and his lieutenants Jacobs and Norton. Brant was only a stripling of eighteen when he led his tribesmen to the field of Queenston Heights. Afterwards he took an active part at Beaver Dams and Chippawa. His home was a short distance from the site of the modern town of Brantford, where he died in 1842, at the age of forty-eight. In 1850, a monument was erected by the people of Brantford to the memory of the Brants, father and son. That monument stands in the graveyard of the Indian church of the settlement in which these aboriginal heroes were born and brought up.

13. "*'Twas by St. David's Sheaffe had come.*" The circuit which General Sheaffe made in order to reach a fairer fighting ground on the plateau above was no doubt incidental to the difficulty which General Brock and the Queenston troops had encountered in facing the foe, with the advantage of the hill in the latter's favour. It is still a matter of surprise that the slopes leading to the plateau had not been more strongly protected by the Americans during the

pause in the contest. Possibly it was thought that the ascent was impracticable by any other way than by the redan. The road which Sheaffe took turned off from the Queenston highway a short distance below Queenston. The situation had no doubt been brought to Sheaffe's attention, as soon as he heard of what had happened to his superior officer. In going round by St. David's there was a serious delay, involving a march of several miles before arriving in the presence of the enemy. St. David's at that time was but a small hamlet that had received its name from its first settler, Major David Secord, brother-in-law of the brave Mrs. Laura Secord. On reaching the heights above, Sheaffe came in sight of the road to Chippawa, and was there joined by certain troops from the Chippawa camp and a band or two of Indians.

14. "*Still wavering in their faith.*" When the Van Rensselers made a last appeal to the troops on the Lewiston side to cross the river to the support of their comrades sorely beset, they were met by a stubborn refusal on the part of the rank and file of the militia. These maintained that they were legally exempt from military service outside of the State in which they had been enrolled. When Sheaffe came within firing distance of the American troops about four o'clock in the afternoon, the officers in charge were General Wadsworth of the militia and Colonel Winfield Scott and Captain Wool of the regulars.

15. "*Cries Colonel Scott to his men.*" Colonel Winfield Scott's name occurs frequently in connection with the field events of the war. Having the rank of general, he arrived post haste at Lewiston from Fort Schlosser, the night before the battle, to plead for chief command, but had to content himself with the subordinate position of colonel in command under General Van Rensseler's cousin. When the latter had to withdraw from the field on account of his wounds, he left Wadsworth in charge; and it was to Wadsworth Scott finally offered his services, a general subordinating himself to a general and not to a colonel as Solomon Van Rensseler was, when it became known that the battle was going to be renewed by the British in the afternoon.

Notes on "The Repulse at Stoney Creek"

1. "*The general sat within his tent.*" This was Brigadier-General John Vincent, who is first heard of during the war as being in command of four companies of the Forty-ninth Regiment located at Kingston. Subsequently he was placed in charge of Fort George, when General Sir Roger Sheaffe retired from the Niagara frontier to take up the administrative duties of General Brock. At Fort George he had a force of fourteen hundred men, a thousand of them being regulars. The army he had to contend against, when he was forced to retreat from Fort George, was estimated by him as numbering nearly ten thousand. He did not surrender his command of military affairs in the Niagara district, until General Sir George Gordon Drummond assumed the general military oversight in Upper Canada.

2. "*His camp is open ground.*" The site of Vincent's camp at Burlington was in the vicinity of the site on which the present city of Hamilton is built, and has been located near what was known as the McNab Farm. It stood on a ridge behind the first of the cemeteries of the district.

3. "*Then in came brave Jack Harvey.*" Colonel John Harvey, afterwards Sir John Harvey, had been second in command under Vincent at Fort George, and at Stoney Creek he was acting for the moment as a deputy adjutant-general. Vincent in his despatches gave him full credit for the success of the night attack. He had at first been attached to the garrison at Fredericton, and so keen was he to take part in the struggle of 1812 in Canada, that he made the winter's march across from Fredericton to Quebec on snow-shoes.

4. "*On duty's call to Stoney Creek.*" The site of the battle lies about six miles east from Hamilton. The American camp lay

near a branch of the Creek, the mouth of the Creek proper being about three miles from the scene of the contest.

5. "*With only a gun-shot to run.*" Vincent's men at first halted about a mile from the American camp; but, drawing closer in cautious silence, after they were assured that the outer sentinels had been secured by force, Harvey and those under his immediate command were not more than two or three hundred yards from the watch-fires of the enemy.

6. "*That premature uproar.*" As Fitzgibbon of Irish Brigade fame afterwards said about the event in which he shared: "The great error made was in the shouting before the line was formed for the attack." That disobedience to orders, indeed, might have resulted in serious disaster for the British. As it was, it brought down a storm of musketry upon them from the higher ground of the camp, which added to the confusion of the close attack, with no light for the guidance of the combatants save the glare from the watch-fires.

7. "*Plenderleath's lads.*" Major Plenderleath had charge of a body of men selected from the Forty-ninth Regiment, and but for his charge up the roadway towards the Creek into the very centre of the enemy's main line, thus breaking it in two, Harvey would have found it impossible to hold his own in the hand-to-hand engagement.

8. "*The gain of a gift from disaster.*" The loss on either side was about the same in killed and wounded. Two of the American commanders, Generals Chandler and Winder, were taken prisoners, with over a hundred of their men. Four field-pieces were captured; and, when the deserted camp of the vanquished was visited next morning, a large quantity of military supplies was secured to supplement the deteriorating stores at Burlington. The Americans did not halt in their retreat until they had encamped at Forty Mile Creek.

9. "*The ships of Commodore Yeo.*" When those in retreat towards Fort George had succeeded in their improvisation of a camp at Forty Mile Creek, they very soon found themselves beset by troubles anew. They had to ward off a bombardment from Sir James Yeo's fleet on their left wing which rested on the shore-line of the lake, and intermittent volleys of musketry from the Indians in the woodlands. Commodore Yeo, after seizing the most of their provision boats which had followed them along the

lake shore from Stoney Creek, demanded the surrender of the whole army. The answer to such a demand was an immediate retreat along the shore road towards Fort George, with a second and more abundant seizure of stores by Vincent's soldiers, who had been sent out in pursuit from the British camp at Burlington.

10. "*But an escort has found him.*" In the confusion of the night attack, General Vincent was thrown from his horse, and in the darkness he lost his bearings in the woods. For a time it was thought that he must be among the slain. Search parties were sent out to discover what had happened to him, and in the afternoon he was found in the woods, miles from the scene of the conflict, dazed, as one generally is, when he has lost his way in the thickets of an extended forest. There was no little rejoicing in the camp over his return, adding, as it did, to the *éclat* of the victory won by his men.

Notes on "The Surprise at Beaver Dams"

1. "*Détouring by Beaver Dams.*" The route which Boerstler and his troops took was by way of the road to St. David's—the road which General Sheaffe had formerly taken to reach the Queenston Heights. When they came to St. David's they saw several British officers mount their horses and ride to the westward. Thence the Americans proceeded to within a short distance of what is now the town of Thorold, and from that turn in the road continued over the height of land overlooking the lake slopes. The hillsides were then covered with a thick forest; and, when they had passed within and out of the thickets, they halted on an elevated level. A mile or two from this halting-place they were beset by the Indians, whose attacks from sundry ambuscades became so incessant that Boerstler began to look upon further advance as too dangerous for him to attempt. By the time he had all but made up his mind to turn back, the intrepid Fitzgibbon, forewarned by Mrs. Laura Secord, made such use of his few soldiers, as to lead the enemy to suspect that they were being beset by a large British force.

2. "*Brave Laura Secord's ear.*" The story of how Laura Secord carried the news of Colonel Boerstler's détour, as a surprise advance on General Vincent's three outposts in the neighbourhood of Beaver Dams and the roadways leading to Burlington, is thus interestingly told in her own words: "It was at Queenston I gained the secret plan laid to capture Captain Fitzgibbon and his party. I was determined if possible to save them. I had much difficulty in getting through the American guards. They were ten miles out in the country. When I came to a field belonging to a Mr. Decou in the neighbourhood of Beaver Dams, I then had walked nineteen miles. By that time daylight had left me. I yet had a swift stream of water to cross over on an old fallen tree, and to climb a high hill, which fatigued me very much. Before I arrived at the

encampment of the Indians, as I approached, they all arose with one of their war-yells, which indeed awed me. You may imagine what my feelings were to behold so many savages. With forced courage I went to one of the chiefs, told him I had great news for his commander, and that he must take me to him, or they would all be lost. He did not answer me, but said: 'Woman! what does woman want here?' The scene by moonlight to some might have been grand, but to a weak woman certainly terrifying. With difficulty I got one of the chiefs to go with me to their commander. With the intelligence I gave him he formed his plans and saved the country."

3. "*How Fitzgibbon hailed his Irish lads.*" Fitzgibbon's men followed up their commander's instructions to the letter. As soon as they had come in sight of Boerstler's troops, Fitzgibbon approached the American commander with an order to surrender, as if coming from his superior officer, leaving him to understand that a large British force was in the neighbourhood, prepared to oppose his advance. He further told him that, should he refuse to surrender, it was not to be expected that the Indians would refrain from indulging in their merciless methods of warfare. When the surrender did take place in the presence of Major De Haren, who at the moment came upon the scene with an additional force, no less than five hundred and forty-one prisoners were taken, with two field pieces and a large quantity of military stores. Boerstler had been wounded by a musket ball fired by one of the Indian marksmen. When the conditions of the surrender were being drawn up, he made the request that he and the other prisoners should be allowed to leave for their homes in the United States; but this was over-ruled. All of the prisoners were taken to Vincent's camp at Burlington. The result of the surprise was of the greatest importance to the Canadian cause, since it convinced the British that the time had come to attempt the re-capture of Fort George from General Dearborn.

Notes on "The Taking and Re-taking of Fort George"

1. "*The rival forts stand sentinel.*" The main features of Fort George, as to its site and fortifications, have been referred to elsewhere. The mouth of the Niagara River was in a fortified state as early as 1679, when De Salle took up his temporary quarters there, on his way to explore the Mississippi Valley. On the other hand, Fort Niagara was in existence, as a quadrangular fortified enclosure with four bastions, eight years after De Salle's visit. In 1759, it was taken from its early French owners by the British, in whose hands it remained up to 1796, when it became the property of the United States. The fort in 1812 consisted of one main enclosure in the form of an irregular pentagon, with guns stationed at each angle, and with a circular broad tower overtopping the whole structure. On taking charge of affairs in Upper Canada, General Brock saw that, in the case of war on the Niagara frontier, he would have to invest Fort Niagara sooner or later. It was from Fort George he issued his counter-proclamation to the one issued by General Hull on the latter's arrival at the Detroit frontier. He had, however, to lay aside the problem of an attack on Fort Niagara until his return from Detroit. When it was decided that the Niagara frontier should be put in an efficient state of defence, it came, as a first suggestion from those in command, that Fort Niagara should be made as strong as possible, not only to resist any attempt on it from the Fort George side, but in order that it might be a protection to the approaches from Four Mile Creek, whence provisions and reinforcements might be landed from the St. Lawrence route. Besides, if Brock had decided that one of his first efforts would be the investiture of Fort Niagara, Van Rensseler had not been long at Lewiston until he saw the necessity of capturing Fort George by a land force as a supplement to bombardment. Indeed, it is on record that the Americans had in their minds the taking of Fort

George as an after-step to be taken immediately, should they gain a footing at Queenston. The daily cannonading between the rival forts, therefore, became a special feature of the campaign, while strife was going on elsewhere up the river. On the day of the battle of Queenston Heights, the two forts were ordered by their respective commanders to keep their guns going, Brock thinking thereby to deceive Van Rensseler at Queenston, and Van Rensseler thinking to turn Brock's attention from the approach of reinforcements by way of an inland road from Four Mile Creek to Queenston. After the battle, General Sheaffe did not countenance the bombarding. This was laid to his charge as a mistake. Major Evans, before the memorable day was over, had done his part so well from within the ramparts of Fort George that the American garrison was forced to evacuate Fort Niagara for the moment, while the Americans were being driven from Queenston Heights. Had Sheaffe ordered reinforcements to strengthen Evans's hands, it is said that it would have been an easy matter to take possession of Fort Niagara. Be this as it may, later on a similar reciprocal bombardment was ordered by Generals Sheaffe and Smyth, when the latter had set a day for a second invasion at a point above the Falls, and when the former had to despatch reinforcements to withstand the danger. During the Dearborn attack, which ended in the capture of Fort George, in concert with the guns of Chauncey's fleet, General Lewis was in charge of the garrison of Fort Niagara, and it was he who kept up an interrupted bombardment supplementary to Chauncey's, until Fort George was for the most part in ruins in its outer aspects, and General Vincent forced to evacuate it. Subsequently, as has been said, Fort George was recovered by Colonel Murray under instructions from General Drummond. When the time was ripe for Canadian action against Fort Niagara, Colonel Murray began his memorable siege of that stronghold. The manner of the capture of the place by men in boats brought overland from Burlington is of the greatest historical interest. In these boats a large detachment of the Hundredth Regiment was taken up the river by night and landed a mile or so above the hamlet of Youngstown. Withstanding the weather of a cold December night as best they could, the invaders started on their march towards the doomed fort about four o'clock in the morning. The American sentries having been overpowered without any raising of an alarm, and the countersign having been secured from one of

them, Murray sent one section of his force to attack the outer corner of the fortress on the land side, and another to the main gateway, which happened to be open at the time for a change of guard. For a few moments the contest raged, to the disadvantage of the besieged. Then, after a long hand-to-hand struggle in the inner court, the place was forced to surrender, Murray's troops taking over three hundred prisoners, with all the guns and ammunition within the place and its immediate vicinity. When the task had been accomplished, so easily did it appear to have been done, the Americans raised a charge of treachery against Captain Leonard, the officer in charge for the night; and, though the charge was proved to be entirely unfounded, the issue of the affair drove him from the service. During the remainder of the war, Fort Niagara continued in British hands; and this explains why the Americans, during the subsequent campaigns, were forced to look for a landing-place above the Falls rather than at Queenston or the mouth of the river. General Riall was at Queenston when he heard the pre-arranged signal from Murray, namely, the firing of the heaviest gun in Fort George. Thereupon the former passed over at once to Queenston, as if with the intention of taking possession of the American frontier, north and south. With Fort Niagara in their possession, the British sought to strengthen their position at the mouth of the river by erecting an additional fortification known as Fort Missassauga, referred to in a subsequent note. There were thus three forts in British hands at the mouth of the Niagara, at one and the same time; and, at the moment of General Brown's incursion across the river above the Falls, they were all under the charge of Colonel Tucker, while General Drummond was as yet at York, and while General Riall was consolidating his strength of arms at Forty Mile Creek (St. Catharine's). When General Riall was ready to face the Americans at close quarters again on or near Lundy's Lane, Colonel Tucker was ordered to segregate in Fort Niagara all the troops he could safely withdraw from Forts George and Missassauga, so as to keep in check the invader on the one side of the river as Riall proposed to do on the Canadian side. After this, several movements were inaugurated by General Brown and his successor, General Izard, and others to re-capture Fort Niagara; but when the Treaty of Peace was nearing its consummation, that stronghold was still in the hands of the Canadian authorities, to be finally transferred to the Americans as a kind of exchange for Amherstburg.

2. "*From Four Mile Creek to Lighthouse Point.*" The former was on the southern shore of the lake, about four miles to the east of Fort Niagara, being connected with Lewiston by a highway in the interior. The latter was on the western side of the entrance to the river, where Missassauga now lies in ruins, though it had never to withstand a siege.

3. "*To ward them off Missassauga.*" A battery was placed at Lighthouse Point and another two or three miles west of it. Fort Missassauga was erected at the instance of General Drummond, after Fort Niagara had fallen into the hands of the British. The name Missassauga is of Indian origin: it denotes a rattlesnake, and was at one time the name belonging to an Indian tribe. The main building within the ramparts is of brick, and traces still remain of the barracks and storehouses.

4. "*Ay, there that little army waits.*" The troops of the invader, as they landed from the boats, were met by one or two companies of British troops and a band of Indians; but these had been sent forward only to give Vincent time to marshal the larger body of his force on the level ground between Newark and the shore-line of the lake. The cannonading from Chauncey's vessels prevented a very near approach to oppose the Americans as they landed.

5. "*See I yonder lies Myers.*" Colonel Myers is first mentioned as being in command at Fort George under General Sheaffe, during the absence of General Brock at Detroit; and it was he who was left in charge of the place when Sheaffe was called upon to march out on the memorable day of the battle of Queenston Heights. In the first advance of his men to oppose the landing of the Americans at Lighthouse Point, Myers was severely wounded and had to be carried from the field.

6. "*Along the Newark streets.*" The original village of Newark lay very much where the charmingly picturesque town of Niagara-on-the-Lake stands at the present time. Newark was selected in 1792 by Governor Simcoe for his capital. At the time of the McClure outrage, the village comprised one hundred and fifty houses. The warrant to set fire to the place, it is said, came direct from the War Office at Washington. When McClure's emissaries had done their work, only one house was left standing. As an eye-witness has said, there was nothing to be seen next day save the smoking débris, with groups of men, women, and children turned out on the streets and huddling for shelter from the December cold

around whatever furniture or other household belongings they had been able to rescue from the wreckage of their homes. An attempt was made to justify the ruthless act on the plea that it would have been impolitic for McClure, when he had received his orders to evacuate Fort George, to leave behind him any kind of a shelter for the British soldiery, should they return to take possession of such an important post. As soon as Murray's troops arrived from Burlington, the homeless ones were provided with temporary quarters within the barracks of Fort George.

7. "*Now Murray has taken Harvey's place.*" Colonel Harvey, the hero of Stoney Creek, was otherwise in command at this time under General Drummond on the St. Lawrence frontier, subsequently being with him at the battle of Lundy's Lane.

8. "*General Drummond is now in command.*" When General Sheaffe was withdrawn from Upper Canada after his somewhat hasty surrender of York (Toronto), General De Rottenburg took his place; and it was as successor to the latter that General Sir George Gordon Drummond became Lieutenant-Governor and generalissimo in Western Canada. His first act in connection with the Niagara frontier was to give sanction to Colonel Murray's suggestion that an effort should be made to re-capture Fort George, as a first step towards the storming of Fort Niagara and the raiding of the frontier on the American side of the river.

Notes on "The Battle of Chippawa"

1. "*On Chippawa's battlefield.*" The site of this battlefield lies between Street's Creek and the mouth of the River Chippawa. The distance between the two bridges which span these streams is not more than two miles or so. The British commander, General Riall, had his fortified camp on the northern side of the Chippawa, while the American commander, General Brown, had his army arranged in close order on both sides of Street's Creek. Riall had his divisions arranged in double lines a mile or so from the Chippawa bridge, with Colonel Jesup's battalion stationed in the woods as a protection to his inner flank, and with his reserves on both sides of the stream. It was the strenuous side-attack on the part of Jesup which led to the forced retreat of the British, after they found it impossible to make any successful reprisal on Brown's central lines.

2. "*To seize Fort Erie first.*" Colonel Winfield Scott's brigade was one of the first detachments to cross the Niagara, at a spot a mile below Fort Erie, while Colonel Ripley shortly afterwards landed his division a little above that fort. Between these two detachments there was no chance of escape for the garrison. And, when the fort was summoned to surrender, with two hours given for compliance with the demand, Major Buck chose to place himself and his two hundred men as prisoners in General Brown's hands.

3. "*With Brown and Riall to lead.*" General Jacob Brown and Commodore Chauncey were instructed to take special charge of military affairs on the Niagara frontier, on the retirement of Dearborn, and while Chandler and Winder were yet prisoners in British hands. General Phineas Riall, before he had to confront Brown on the Chippawa battlefield, was able to report to his superiors on his return from his raid on the American side of the river that no fortified place had been left standing to the enemy from lake to lake. His retreat at Chippawa before superior numbers, while

defamed by some, was strongly justified by General Drummond, who maintained that, but for the overwhelming numbers of the opposing force, Riall's military tactics would have resulted in a victory for his army.

4. "*The battle-cry of the Royal Scots.*" General Riall had ordered five companies of this famous regiment to be sent up from the forts at the mouth of the river, to augment his troops during the Chippawa engagement. The first charge made by these broke up Porter's division and drove it back with serious loss. Joined with the men of the Hundredth Regiment, they subsequently charged the main divisions of the American army; but, from the overwhelming numbers offering them resistance, they had finally to withdraw and join in the general retreat towards the Chippawa bridge.

5. "*Ripley and Porter.*" Both of these American officers attained to positions of the highest distinction in the American army. At the close of the war, medals were struck in their honour, as was also the case in honour of the military skill of General Brown.

6. "*But soon 'tis seen that Scott's brigade.*" General Brown, in his report to Washington, gave the very highest praise to Brigadier General Winfield Scott. "To him more than to any other man," he said, "I am indebted for the victory of the 5th of July. His brigade has covered itself with glory."

Notes on "The Battle of Lundy's Lane"

1. "*Near the torrent's resonant gorge.*" This contest has been otherwise called "The Battle of Niagara Falls," on account of the proximity of the battlefield to the famous cataract. The site of the battle is best to be studied from the height of land on which the British had established their field battery that came to be taken and re-taken during the contest. The lane itself turns in from the main highway, a short distance from the Horse Shoe Fall, near the village of Drummondville.

2. "*His camp at Chippawa.*" General Brown's camp was near the site of the fortified camp from which Riall and his troops made a second retreat after the battle of Chippawa.

3. "*A threat of guns in front.*" On the height of land referred to there is preserved the little graveyard, and it was near the corner of that sacred lot where Riall had stationed his field battery of seven guns, only one of which the Americans were able to capture.

4. "*The twilight deepens o'er the scene.*" The battle was inaugurated by Winfield Scott, the American officer, leading his brigade to within gun-shot of the British right wing; and it was nine o'clock in the evening before he succeeded in driving it back.

5. "*Bold Jesup gropes his way.*" There was a thicket between the Niagara and the Queenston highway; and, under his superior officer's special orders, Jesup succeeded in taking his detachment through this thicket to make an attack on the British left wing. For over forty years the name of Thomas Sidney Jesup was as well known as that of any other American officer, during the first half of the nineteenth century.

6. "*And Captain Ketchum, rounding up.*" The incident of General Riall's capture took place much as it is recorded in the preceding ballad. He was conducted first to General Scott and afterwards to General Brown, who was in charge of the reserves at

Chippawa, and busy at the time in arranging to send on reinforcements to join the battle.

7. "*These guns in front.*" When General Brown finally arrived on the scene, he at once perceived that the key of the situation lay in the position of the field battery of the British. Turning to Colonel Miller, the American general said to him: "Colonel, do you think you and your regiment can storm that battery of theirs and take it?" And the answer he received from Miller was ever remembered afterwards in barracks, it being given in the simple modest form of "*I'll try, sir.*" And he did try, and for the moment succeeded too; though, when Brown called for a general retreat, the guns had been recovered by the British under orders from General Drummond himself, who had come upon the scene to take charge of things, now that Riall was a prisoner of war at Chippawa.

8. "*Since Drummond's skill has laughed to scorn.*" The victory of Lundy's Lane was due to the personal bravery of General Sir George Gordon Drummond, who arrived just in time to prevent a retreat for the second time towards Queenston and Fort George.

Notes on "The Siege of Fort Erie"

1. "*When the foe has strengthened all anew.*" The Fort Erie besieged by General Drummond was a very different kind of stronghold from what it was when the Americans seized it as a prelude to the battle of Chippawa. After that engagement, the American engineers were set to work not only to amplify and strengthen the fort proper, but to extend supplementary earthworks along the rising ground parallel to the lake shore, between two additional redoubts—the one called the Douglas Battery and the other Towson's Battery. The plan of attack was such that the British officers placed in sub-command were ordered to direct their attention to these fortified points in turn.

2. "*See, yonder is where his army lay.*" General Drummond's camp was protected by three earthwork fortifications in a field well in sight of Snake Hill, the height of land on which the fortifications of the Americans extended from the fort proper.

3. "*And, when he learns of Dobbs' success.*" Captain Dobbs of the Royal Navy had arrived from Queenston in charge of a company of sailors and marines; and, after certain preliminaries, succeeded on the night of the 13th of August in capturing two of the three American vessels that were lying off Fort Erie in the defence of the place.

4. "*'Tis Towson's he seeks to beset.*" Towson's Battery, named after Captain Towson, an American officer who had won renown at the battle of Chippawa and Lundy's Lane, was situated at the extreme south-eastern end of the fortifications. As a redoubt it was enclosed from the shore of the lake by palisades and an inner ditch.

5. "*Give over, my lads!*" The column entrusted to Colonel Fisher numbered about thirteen hundred men, including a large contingent from his own regiment, which had been organized in Spain and was

known as the Watteville Regiment. The said regiment had been sent out to Canada by Wellington.

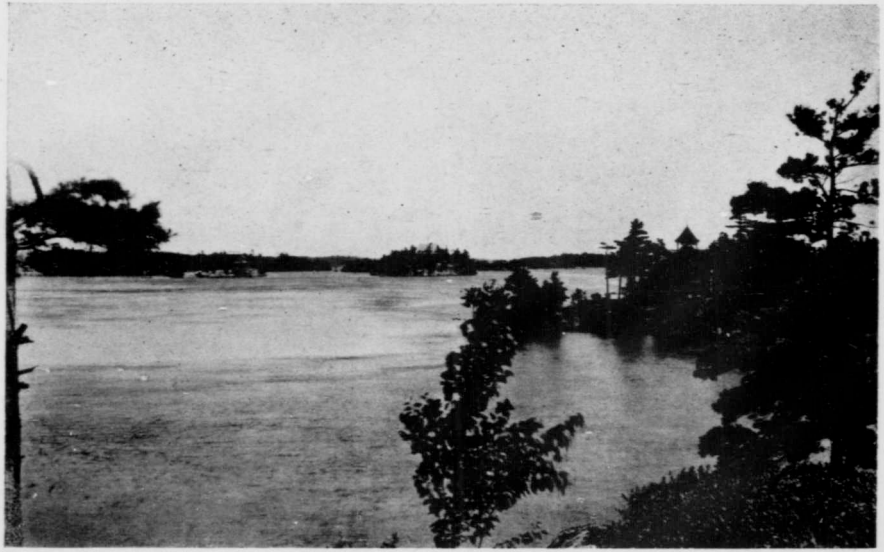
6. "*Fort Douglas he seeks to beset.*" The Douglas Battery was situated at the north-eastern end of the fortifications, immediately behind Fort Erie proper, and between it and the lake. It had been given its name in honour of Lieutenant Douglas, the engineer who had superintended its erection. It consisted of a strong redoubt built of solid masonry, and was mounted with two large guns. Between the Douglas Battery and Towson's, a distance of about half a mile, there had been raised continuous earthworks seven feet high with a ditch in front. Facing the lakeside there were sundry parapet breastworks provided with a double ditch. Colonel Hercules Scott was in charge of the men of his own regiment, namely the 103rd, to the number of six hundred and fifty, when he advanced to the battery allotted to him to assail. After he had been struck down mortally wounded, what remained of his force joined the main attack under Colonel Drummond.

7. "*'Tis Colonel Drummond the centre leads.*" Colonel Drummond's task was perhaps the most formidable of the three. Within the outer ramparts of the fort proper there were two demi-bastions at the outer angles of the pentagon facing the British camp. There were likewise two bastions at the angles looking towards the lake, with a ravelin at the fifth angle; and all of these had to be captured before the inner redoubt could be said to have come into the possession of the besiegers. In one of the demi-bastions Scott's men had gained a footing, and were virtually in possession of the fort proper, fighting hand-to-hand for a further advance towards the inner redoubt, when the memorable disastrous explosion took place with agonizing effect on the assailants pressing forward to complete their task. An eye-witness has said of the dire event: "Every sound was hushed by the issue of an unnatural tremor beneath our feet, like the first heave of an earthquake. Almost at the same instant the centre of the bastion burst up with a terrible explosion, and a jet of flame, mingled with fragments of timber, earth, stone, and bodies of men, rose to the height of one or two hundred feet in the air, and fell in a shower of ruins to a great distance all around."

8. "*That wrath-begotten night.*" The explanations as to how the explosion originated have never been corroborated. One account of the event points to it as having been an accident, while another would have us believe that it was the commander of the

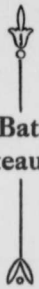
fort himself who gave direct orders that a match should be set to the store of gunpowder located under the bastion, when once he learned that the besiegers had gained a footing within the inner ramparts.

9. "*The bier of Drummond the brave!*" We are told that the remains of the gallant colonel, with those of many of his comrades, were consigned by the Americans to a plot of ground to the rear of the Towson Battery. In all, there were as many as seven hundred of the besiegers killed and wounded, with one hundred and eighty of them taken prisoners. The loss of the Americans is reported to have been seventeen killed, fifty-six wounded, and eleven missing.



Photo] [*Notman, Montreal*

THOUSAND ISLANDS, FROM DEVIL'S OVEN



The Battle of Chateauguay

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE FRONTIER

Events on the St. Lawrence and Elsewhere

THE story of the campaign of 1812, on the frontier of the St. Lawrence, is fragmentary, and includes no event of the importance of the capture of Detroit or the contest on Queenston Heights. There had been an exchange of hostile greetings between Sackett's Harbour and Kingston, which ended in the retreat of the latter's guardian warship from the open river, to share with the land batteries the task of keeping at bay Commodore Chauncey and his fleet of five vessels. Subsequently a raid was made from the American side of the river on the hamlet of Gananoque, as an ungentle reminder that a possible test of strength had yet to be made between Sackett's Harbour and Kingston. Later on a small force crossed over from Prescott, to assail, though without effect, the strength of the American position at Ogdensburg. Farther down the river, St. Regis was seized by the Americans, only to be re-captured a month afterwards. Finally the campaign of the year was brought to a close by the futile attempts on Odelltown and Lacolle, as a first attempt on the part of General Dearborn to approach, from his headquarters at Plattsburg and Champlain, the outposts which the British had established for the protection of the routes to Montreal, all the way from St. Regis to the Yamaska River. The capture of Lacolle

Mill proved to be of no lasting advantage to the invader; though, as an historical incident, it brings the reader in presence of the obstacles that lay in the way of the enemy as well as the line of defence which had been warily set up on the south side of the St. Lawrence for the protection of Montreal, and which was placed under the military oversight of General De Watteville, with Colonel De Salaberry for his second in command. At this time, General Dearborn is said to have had no less than ten thousand men under his charge with which to beset Montreal from different directions. De Salaberry's troops, comprising a regiment or two of regulars and a composite muster of militia, and voltigeurs, with Colonel Macdonell of the Glengarry Highlanders in sub-command, hardly numbered a fifth of the American forces; and probably had it not been for the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the American militia, as was witnessed on the Niagara frontier, the invasion of Canada along the St. Lawrence frontier, during the first year of the war, might have proved more or less of an overwhelming by numbers.

The plan of the campaign on the part of the invader was to attack the more important places on the north side of the river in turn, before a final concentration of strength had been made in the immediate vicinity of Montreal. The campaign of 1813 opened, however, not as was expected, by an attack on Kingston by the ships of Commodore Chauncey sailing from Sackett's Harbour, but by a raid upon the hamlet of Elizabethtown, now the town of Brockville, when the fate meted out to the villagers of Newark was inflicted on the settlers of the place. The dwellings of the helpless inhabitants were looted, and all they possessed by way of provisions carried across to Ogdensburg on the ice—wanton ruthlessness being evidently the only

incentive to the act, seeing the place had fortifications of no kind about it to entice a military craving for renown. Reprisal for such cruelty was immediate and effective. Colonel Macdonell, who at the time was stationed at Prescott with his Glengarry Regiment, received permission to cross the frozen river and seize Ogdensburg. Accompanied by about five hundred men, he divided that force under two commands, the one to take possession of the village, and the other to attack the fort which stood opposite on the other side of the tributary stream on which the village was first built. At first, Macdonell's men were held in check by the guns of town and fort acting in concert. The deep snow was a serious impediment to the operations against the former, while the latter could only be laid siege to from a rising ground overlooking its guns. Every impediment, however, was finally overcome by the intrepid Macdonell. After a first check, he rallied his ranks to make a bayonet charge against the field battery that sought to protect the houses of the village ; and, when the American gunners had been dispersed, the redcoats climbed the declivity overlooking the fort and demanded its surrender. When once the fort was secured, Macdonell set fire to the barracks and several river craft lying near, marching back to Prescott laden with booty and having in charge over seventy prisoners. Thus was brought about a first event in the campaign of 1813, for the protection of the river route to Montreal.

This blocking of the way to Montreal against the invader no doubt caused Dearborn and Chauncey to turn their attention for the time being to York and Kingston, as a carrying out of the instructions from Washington which decreed that Sackett's Harbour should be made the centre of operations during the campaign. The first idea which

these leaders took up with was to make an assault on Kingston previous to making an attack on York; but, during the month of April that first idea was abandoned, and, on the 25th of that month, Chauncey's fleet set sail from Sackett's Harbour, carrying on board seventeen hundred men under Dearborn's command, and having for its purpose the taking of York. What has now grown to be the large and prosperous city of Toronto was then a mere village of not more than three hundred houses. Governor Simcoe had made the place his capital in 1797, and in 1813 it was still the seat of government, with General Sir Roger Sheaffe of Queenston Heights fame holding the office rendered vacant by General Brock. The harbour was enclosed more than it is now, the village being laid out in streets at right angles to one another near the mouth of the Don. The entrance to the harbour was between the jagged end of what is now called Hanlan's Island, and the site of the old Magazine, there being a blockhouse at the mouth of the Don and another at the western end of the said jagged promontory, known as Gibraltar Point. The fortifications erected to check the landing of an enemy from the lake front were for the most part located beyond what have since become the Exhibition Grounds, the outermost of these being designated Fort Toronto, near the outskirts of what is known as the suburb of Parkdale, and in sight of the mouth of the Humber. Indeed, it was but a short distance from the mouth of that river that the American troops effected a landing, half a mile to the west of Fort Toronto, and all of three miles to the west of the village proper near the Don.

General Sheaffe was there in readiness to receive them, but was forced to retreat towards the Western Battery, which stood almost half a mile to the east of Fort Toronto,

and about a mile from the entrance to the harbour. But here again there was no safety for General Sheaffe and his troops; and, when the Magazine burst, through the negligence of those in charge of it, a rush was made for the Half-Moon Battery, and thence towards the outer fortification facing the entrance to the harbour.

When the Americans were taking possession of the garrison building proper, a terrible explosion occurred in an adjoining magazine, making sad havoc of the invader's onset, killing General Pike, who was acting for General Dearborn, besides fifty of his men, and otherwise disabling nearly two hundred others. Eventually the Americans re-formed and marched towards the outskirts of the village, which they did not reach until the afternoon, and where they latterly met the officers of the militia and others of the village to arrange the terms of capitulation. For, in the meantime, General Sheaffe, for some reason of his own, had assembled all the regulars within his reach and hurriedly taken the road towards Kingston, after having set fire to the largest of the Canadian vessels in the harbour and what naval stores he was able to collect before hastening across the Don.

When the Americans had made themselves masters of the situation, no restraint was put upon the invading soldiery in their raiding of private or public property, even to the burning down of the Parliament Building. The rage was incontinent, and it soon became evident that the sole purpose of the invader was to destroy the place. Dearborn seems to have had no intention of retaining it as a prize of war. His purpose seems to have been the mere infusing of terror, as a preliminary to the possessing of the St. Lawrence frontier as a means of getting at Montreal. And it has not been left unsaid that the place need not have

fallen into the hands of the invaders, had the fortifications, on the shore-line running out towards Fort Toronto beyond the entrance to the harbour, been previously looked after as they ought to have been. General Sheaffe reached Kingston in safety, but he was removed from the office of governor as soon as General de Rottenburg arrived in the west to take his place.

The destruction of the capital of Upper Canada was the occasion of great rejoicings all over the republic. The place fell into Dearborn's hands on the 27th of April, 1813, was retained by the invaders for only four days, and then forsaken as a place utterly desolated and not worth the having. By the middle of May, however, the site was again being fortified by the Canadians. The misfortune that had befallen its inhabitants had not rooted out their courage. They rallied to the task of making the approaches to the harbour more strongly fortified than they had been, giving evidence in their enterprise of the spirit that has made of the village of York a great and growing city. It was Governor Simcoe who gave to the place the name of York. Its present name of Toronto means "the place of trees on the water," as the Indians used to call it, in their way of speech, "Tarontah" even before Simcoe had given it the name of York.

The attack on York by General Dearborn and Commodore Chauncey had its counterpart in the descent made upon Sackett's Harbour by Sir George Prevost and Commodore Sir James Yeo. When General Sheaffe arrived in Kingston to make his report of what had happened to the captured capital, there was instant demand on all sides for an immediate reprisal. And, when the tidings were carried to Kingston that the American troops had been carried across the lake to lay siege to Fort George at the mouth of the

Niagara, Prevost and Yeo decided to take advantage of their absence to invest Sackett's Harbour. The distance from Kingston to Sackett's Harbour is only about thirty-five miles. As rival havens, they were the main concentration-points on the river frontier for the fleets of the combatants. Their fortifications were of an advanced type for the times ; and during the war they were repeatedly called upon for men and supplies, as distributing centres, to meet the necessities of contending outposts on frontier and lake. Fort George was taken on the 27th of May, and at sundown on the same day the Canadian fleet consisting of six vessels took up a position during a calm on the outer bay, at the head of which Sackett's Harbour hid itself and its fortifications away from the open waters of Lake Ontario. General Brown was in charge of the military arrangements of the place, all the way from Fort Pike at the one end of the harbour proper, to Fort Tompkins at the end nearest Horse Island. Brown had placed the said islet in charge of his militia, as a sort of outlying guard against surprise ; but, as soon as Yeo's ships were seen in the offing near Stoney Point, the militia were ordered to wade ashore to the mainland and hold themselves in readiness to oppose the British troops who were seen to be making for Horse Island in their bateaux.

Next morning word was brought to General Brown that the Canadian vessels seemed to be on the point of turning back, the bateaux laden with troops having all been recalled. And indeed Sir George Prevost did think of returning to Kingston, when he was told that sundry American bateaux, crowded with armed men, were on the point of landing for the reinforcing of Brown's garrison. Through the intrepidity of the Indian canoe-men, however, who came with the fleet from Kingston and who fiercely

interrupted, of their own impulse, the approach of the new-comers, the original idea of landing on Horse Island and thence to the mainland was carried out. A combined attack from the canoes and the Canadian bateaux on the American floats ended in the capture of twelve of the latter with seventy prisoners ; and in time it came to be army against army for the possession of the fortifications in the immediate vicinity of the village.

A safe landing was made from the island to the mainland, in face of the mustering of the American militia and a field gun. Under British command there were over seven hundred regulars, the number of American regulars within and around the fortifications between Forts Pike and Tompkins being about the same. The American militia and volunteers, who numbered about five hundred, formed the supplementary force to withstand the redcoats as they landed ; and, after a first volley or two from the British muskets the American colonel in command found it impossible to prevent his men from wavering. Soon the wavering became a panic ; and, when General Brown rode out from his little army drawn up in the rear of the town, in order to find out for himself what was happening, he was not long in learning that the British troops were on the march towards Fort Tompkins, one division of them in the open, and a second one by way of the near woodlands. After an hour's fighting from fort to fort in the rear of the town, the victory seemed to lie with the redcoats, so much so that one of the American naval officers, believing that the place had been taken, gave orders to set fire to some of the store-houses, so that there might be all the less booty left in the hands of the victors. And yet, strange to say, just at the very point of the victory being assured to the British, an order was issued by Sir George Prevost for

an immediate retreat of his troops to the boats and thence to the fleet. The message startled every British officer in command, and could only be explained by the besieged as a ruse before the renewal of the attack. When the fleet returned to Kingston and spread the news of the *contre-temps*, there arose a strong feeling all along the St. Lawrence frontier against Sir George, somewhat similar to what had led to the withdrawal of Sir Roger Sheaffe from the governorship. The descent on Sackett's Harbour had cost the British in killed and wounded and missing over two hundred men and officers ; and even in face of the reasons advanced by both commanders in justification of the withdrawal of their troops and vessels at a moment when victory was all but in their hands, the pride of the people was touched to the quick, as they laid the blame for the fruitless sacrifice on the governor-general and his lack of courage. After the futile attack, the Americans proceeded to improve the fortifications of the place, continuing to hold it as one of their most important naval and army centres while the war lasted. They could have no thought of ever compassing the taking of Montreal, if they allowed the decline of Sackett's Harbour as a centre for the building of war-vessels and the storing of supplies.

. . . . .

Sir James Yeo and Commodore Chauncey had for some time after this the conducting of the war very much in their own hands, while struggling for naval ascendency on Lake Ontario ; and the story of their victories and reverses from the one end of the lake to the other is one involving a mere catalogue of details, secondary in a narrative of this kind, which deals, for the most part, with the more important events of the campaign. Eventually, with the Niagara and Detroit frontiers in their hands, the Americans turned

to the enterprise of making a concerted descent on Montreal by way of the St. Lawrence and the stretch of country west of the Richelieu. They had in all three armies at their disposal. One of these, under General Harrison, had its time taken up with the securing of the permanent possession of the Upper Canada peninsula from Amherstburg eastward. Of the other two, one had been placed by General Armstrong, the Secretary of War at Washington, when he had made up his mind not to take the command himself, in the hands of General James Wilkinson, who had come into military life very much as General Van Rensseler had done, through political influence. The third army was located around the head of Lake Champlain and was in the hands of General Wade Hampton, who looked upon himself as the superior officer of Wilkinson by rights of seniority. If these two latter bodies of troops could be brought together somewhere on the St. Lawrence route, near to Montreal, it was felt that the combined force of twenty thousand men, more or less, could be in position to attack successfully that all-important centre. One of the drawbacks to the success of the project, however, lay in the rivalry between the two generals—a rivalry which was only partly kept out of sight, when the Secretary of War went to Sackett's Harbour to mature with General Wilkinson's co-operation the details of the expedition. The after-interruptions to the junction of these two armies, at St. Regis or elsewhere on the lower stretches of the river, was the saving of Montreal—with the battles of Chateauguay and Chrysler's Farm intervening as victories for Canada.

Hampton's army was at first concentrated at Burlington, Vermont; but after a test of strength on Lake Champlain between the vessels sent down the Richelieu by Sir James Yeo and the American squadron on Lake Champlain, the way

was cleared for Hampton to embark for Plattsburg, where he received orders from Armstrong to be in readiness to set out to meet Wilkinson at a given point on the St. Lawrence on or about the 20th of September. At first he thought to cross the boundary-line from the village of Champlain, which lies about fifteen miles north of Plattsburg. His advance-troops had not gone, however, more than a few miles across the line as far as Odelltown, when he changed his plans and decided to shun the voltigeurs and militia who were guarding, under the orders of De Watteville and De Salaberry, the approaches to the St. Lawrence north of the forty-fifth parallel, as well as to escape from a serious lack of water on that route. The change of plan involved a march of about forty miles eastward from Lake Champlain, until the upper current of the Chateauguay River had been reached, whence he might follow that tributary stream down to its outlet at Isle Perrot on the main river, where a muster might be made of both armies when the boats of Wilkinson's expedition came to hand.

Meantime the angle of the frontier or neck of land between Lake Champlain and Lake St. Francis was being guarded by a mixed force of militia, fencibles, voltigeurs, and Indians, under the direction of General De Watteville, with Colonel De Salaberry and Colonel Macdonell ably seconding him. These numbered in all hardly a thousand men ; and, when it came to be known that Hampton had given up the idea of following the course of the Richelieu to reach Montreal, their concentrations had to move farther westward from the Richelieu, to prepare for the obstructing of the way down the Chateauguay against the invaders. From the crossing of the main highways known as the Four Corners, Hampton's troops finally found a second encampment farther down the river at a spot where the

Chateauguay receives one of its larger subtributary streamlets. From this place they proposed to march towards the barricades on the Chateauguay where De Salaberry had been able to muster about eight hundred of the men in his charge in the midst of a thick woodland, with Colonel Macdonell near by to support him. On De Salaberry's left there was the river, which was fordable in his rear, and near this ford he had erected a barricade or breastwork supplementary to the barricade in front of his lines. Beyond this barricade there were other barricades placed in the gully tracks along the river which Hampton's men would have to overcome, even were De Salaberry forced to give way. Altogether the situation had been made a serious one for Hampton through the foresight of De Watteville and his two brave colleagues. Nevertheless the American general determined on making an attack front-and-rear on De Salaberry's position, giving Colonel Purdy instructions to make his way towards the ford near that position on the one side of the river, and issuing orders to Colonel Izard to move on towards De Salaberry's front and left, and there await the approach of Purdy on the other side of the stream. But, as things turned out, Purdy met untold interruptions in reaching the ford, and De Salaberry, raising an alarm in the woods as if there were a large army behind him awaiting the onset of the Americans implemented by firing from Macdonell's troop and the Indians, drove the invaders back to their improvised camp. There Hampton was confronted with so many impending difficulties in his way, not only in the failure of Purdy to turn up, but in the knowledge that he had advanced contrary to the orders of the Secretary of War, who had bid him remain at the Four Corners until he knew for a certainty that General Wilkinson was on his way down the St.

Lawrence to meet him, that he finally issued orders to return to the place called the Four Corners. There he eventually received a despatch from Armstrong ordering him to advance into Canada, where he would meet the flotilla of Wilkinson, if not at the mouth of the Chateauguay, at least at St. Regis. (See the accompanying historical ballad representing the close of the contest down the Chateauguay as a victory for De Salaberry.)

. . . . .

The discomfiture of General Hampton on the Chateauguay was not a prelude to further disaster for the invaders on their way down the St. Lawrence, under the command of General Wilkinson. In face of the friction and lack of confidence between these two generals, the one an experienced though rather irascible commander, the other lacking in military acumen as one of the political breed of generals, an understanding had been reached by General Armstrong, the Secretary of War, that the two sections of the American army should coalesce somewhere on the south side of the St. Lawrence, before making a final concentration against Montreal. That concentration was to take place on Isle Perrot, the flotilla of Wilkinson to take up Hampton's army at St. Regis or Chateauguay Basin. After sundry delays arising from Wilkinson's military hesitancy, the invading party for the clearing of the way towards Montreal was ready to start from Grenadier Island, at the outlet of Lake Ontario, on the understanding with Hampton that he was not to move from his encampment at the Four Corners until he had been told of the sailing of Wilkinson's flotilla. This understanding was not acted upon by Hampton; and when Wilkinson had all but completed his incursion down the main river he

had not heard of Hampton's repulse on the Chateauguay by De Salaberry.

The final embarkation of the Americans under Wilkinson was from French Creek, on which the modern town of Clayton now stands. That commander had met obstacle after obstacle from the moment he went about mobilizing his troops at Grenadier Island from Sackett's Harbour and elsewhere. Storm after storm impeded his preparations, until he had to confess, in one of his despatches to headquarters at Washington, that he was all but in despair of making a speedy and successful start down the river. There was danger to be dreaded direct from Kingston, where Commodore Yeo was keenly watching the comings and goings on Grenadier Island, while in all readiness to withstand any attempt by Commodore Chauncey to blockade that town. And, when Wilkinson eventually saw his flotilla on its way—consisting, as it did, of three hundred and fifty transport boats, bateaux, and scows under the protection of twelve gun-boats, extending for five miles, with flags flying and bands playing, a veritable armada against the community that held in its hand the keeping of the St. Lawrence for Canada—he soon become aware of the presence of an armed British galley or two and several British gun-boats following in his wake. Lieutenant Mulcaster had succeeded in getting the better of the vigilant eye of Chauncey in the vicinity of the Thousand Isles, and had been joined by Colonel Winton Morrison, with eight hundred British infantry and Canadian voltigeurs, who were ready to pounce upon the invaders on the mainland or water, whenever a propitious opportunity was given them. The first collision, slight as it was, took place two miles below Alexandria Bay in the Thousand Isles; and, when Fort Wellington at Prescott

came in sight, a three days' halt was called about three miles from Ogdensburg. There the Americans landed men and supplies to be conducted overland to a point four miles below Ogdensburg, where the boats of the flotilla, after running the gauntlet of Fort Wellington, could be re-loaded with them.

Two days after setting out, Wilkinson was told that a large body of British troops had been sent out from Kingston to supplement Colonel Morrison's land force and the swarming belligerent settlers along the highway on the Canadian side of the river; and he was induced to send ashore over twelve hundred of his men to interrupt the progress of these troops should they meet with them, and to drive the British from any point of vantage they were in possession of, at the narrower parts of the river. In addition to this, and just as foolishly, he issued a proclamation to the residents of Canada, somewhat after the manner of General William Hull at Detroit, saying that it was his intention to overcome the army opposing him, not to subdue the people. At a spot beyond Ogdensburg, the Americans held a military council, at which it was decreed that they should hold on in their course down the river, to meet Hampton at St. Regis; and that General Brown should be placed in charge of the flotilla and conduct it closer to the Canadian side of the river, having under his command Colonel Macomb and supplementary troops, to check Morrison should he advance towards the Longue Sault.

Meantime the invaders assembled in the vicinity of Williamsburg. Here Wilkinson was laid on a bed of sickness, brought on in part from his anxiety over the varying reports brought to him concerning the strength of the forces he was likely to be called upon to contend with

before he could even come up with Hampton's army at St. Regis. He was not even sure that Hampton had started from the Four Corners, nor had heard of his repulse on the Chateauguay. Thereupon he changed his mind and had his flotilla find moorage at a point on the river on the Canadian side known as Cook's Point, and had given General Boyd charge of the main encampment a short distance from it. He had ordered General Brown to proceed by land to the foot of the rapids as far as Cornwall, where it was said a body of Canadian militia had fortified themselves in order to waylay the American boats, when once they had traversed the stretch of rough waters of the Longue Sault. In time Wilkinson was told that the force under Colonel Morrison was far from being the formidable affair, as far as numbers were concerned, that it had been represented to be. The ill-informed Wilkinson had been told that the military concentrations between Kingston and Quebec had an enrolment of twenty thousand troops, and that, in the immediate vicinity of his camp near Cook's Point, there were over four thousand men in arms waiting to attack him at any moment. Whereas the truth was that, after leaving Fort Wellington at Prescott, following up the invader by land and water, Colonel Morrison had under his command only about a thousand men with which to oppose Wilkinson's army of several thousands on the field of Chrysler's Farm, situated four and a half miles from Williamsburg.

On receiving word from Brown at the foot of the rapids that he was in need of men and supplies, Wilkinson gave orders, from his bed of sickness, that the flotilla should start for the rapids, and that Boyd should proceed to follow it up on the Canadian side. But when Boyd saw Morrison's divisions pressing threateningly on his rear, he

issued a countermand of his own to face his opponents, hoping to overwhelm them by his superior numbers. After five hours of changing fortune on both sides, the contest ended in the enforced retreat of the Americans, as is recorded in the accompanying historical ballad on "The Battle of Chrysler's Farm."

The all but immediate sequel to this memorable engagement between defender and invader was the abandonment of the attempt on Montreal. Wilkinson joined Brown's detachment of troops three miles from Cornwall on the day of the battle, and there received intelligence of the defeat of Hampton and of his refusal to advance for a second time towards the St. Lawrence or to have anything further to do with the implementing of Wilkinson's plans. If Montreal was to be further assailed, Hampton said he would undertake the assault by way of the Richelieu on his own account. The refusal led to the bitterest of open quarrels between the two generals—a quarrel which had its issue in the resignation of Hampton at Washington headquarters, and the passing of an order that the divisional troops under General Wilkinson should be removed to French Mills on the Salmon River (now Fort Covington), and there go into winter quarters as well as at Malone. In the month of February, however, one section of these troops under General Brown was removed to Sackett's Harbour, and another to Plattsburg. The latter was continued under command of Wilkinson, who was anxious to reinstate himself, as an accredited officer through his political friends, and as a promoter of an expedition against Montreal by way of the Richelieu such as Hampton had thought of, when he refused to have any share with Wilkinson in further military operations. Meantime the people of Montreal and Canada owe a monument to Colonel

Joseph Winton Morrison, the victorious hero of Chrysler's Farm. But for his courage and skill, Canada might have fallen a prey to the United States, just as the same has been said of the valiant De Salaberry.

. . . . .

In dealing with the events of the war along the St. Lawrence frontier, it may not be out of place to put on record here the events which marked the struggle on or near Lake Champlain. There had been two previous attempts by the Americans to force a way by land and water down the Richelieu, one under the command of General Dearborn and the other by General Hampton. The Lacolle is a small mud-stained stream which flows into the Richelieu four miles or so below the latter's outlet from Lake Champlain. On its banks, about two miles from the main river, there had grown up a village which took its name from the little tributary; and, to protect the villagers and the provincial highway which was run across by a bridge a little below the hamlet, a blockhouse had been erected. The American general had sent forward from Plattsburg a force of five thousand men to Rouse's Point, with the intention of centralizing an encampment there as a station from which detachments might be taken across the boundary-line either by land or water when the occasion arose. The road from Rouse's Point to Lacolle ran through the straggling settlement of Odelltown, and the first attempt to take a detachment of six hundred men into Canadian territory was made overland by the Odelltown highway. Around Lacolle as an outpost, De Salaberry was on the look-out for a first inroad from his main encampment on the Richelieu; and, although the blockhouse fell for the moment into the hands of the invaders, the rallying of De Salaberry's voltigeurs and

militiamen finally drove the Americans back through Odelltown to Rouse's Point.

On a second incursion made later in the year by General Hampton along the same highway towards Lacolle, the American troops came to grief at Odelltown, on account of the scarcity of water arising from a prolonged drought in the district. The fear of a continuance of the drought was advanced by Hampton as an excuse for not facing De Salaberry's soldiers on the yonder side of the Lacolle River, little thinking that he was to meet his fate later on at the hands of the brave French-Canadian on the Chateauguay.

The third attempt to invade Canada by way of Lacolle from Rouse's Point was perhaps only a military feint on the part of the ill-balanced General Wilkinson. Towards the end of March, after his November adventure down the St. Lawrence, he sent forward from Rouse's Point and the village of Champlain, a division of his army to the number of over three thousand men, including artillery and infantry, through Odelltown towards Lacolle. When these troops arrived at the Lacolle bridge and blockhouse, they found Major Hancock awaiting their approach in the building known as the Lacolle Mill on the nearer side of the stream, with about two hundred regulars in charge of the position. The Americans soon found themselves exposed on the open ground around the Mill to a steady fire from behind the masonry of the solidly built structure; but, after various charges, they succeeded in driving Hancock's men across the bridge to seek shelter in the rear of the blockhouse, where they were reinforced from Isle aux Noix, seven miles down the Richelieu, and from Bartonville, two miles from the bridge. When General Wilkinson heard of the augmentation to Hancock's force, he ordered a retreat

towards Odelltown, where, pausing to count his losses, he found that thirteen of his men had been killed and over one hundred and thirty wounded, with sundry others missing. The affair, instead of reinstating the American general as an officer of skill to be relied upon, was looked upon as a last blow to his military reputation. As an after event to the victories of Chateauguay and Chrysler's Farm it added to the renown of De Salaberry and placed Hancock for the moment on the list of Canadian heroes.

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Early in May, 1814, it became apparent from the military activities on both sides of the boundary-line, north and south of Rouse's Point, that either Montreal or Plattsburg was to become the point of attack. Wilkinson and Hampton had been removed from their commands, and General George Izard had been placed first in command of the army around Plattsburg. From Montreal, as key to the future of Canada, Sir George Prevost was maturing plans for an invasion of American territory by way of the Richelieu. The arrival of British troops from Europe who had served under Wellington had strengthened Prevost's hands. Between Montreal and Lacolle he had concentrated here and there over five thousand troops; while in Plattsburg and in the smaller places north of it, General Izard had under his command six or seven thousand of an army. The first collision involved a naval trial of strength between Captain Pring of the Royal Navy and Captain Macdonough at Otter Creek, in which the former was driven back to Isle aux Noix, on the Richelieu. The second collision occurred at Odelltown, when the American officer in charge was mortally wounded. Then Sir George Prevost arrived in person at Isle aux Noix; and, as chief in command, with General De Rottenburg for a second, he eventually

concentrated a force of eleven thousand men on the clearings between Lacolle and Odelltown, with the intention of advancing on the military camp at the village of Champlain, five miles on the other side of the boundary-line. Just before a forward movement of the British took place, General Izard was called upon by the War Office at Washington to proceed westward with a large contingent of the forces mobilized around Champlain, to aid his compatriots on the Niagara frontier. General Macomb thereupon took General Izard's place as chief in command; and, notwithstanding the diminution in the American forces from Izard's draft of men for the west, he was able to locate strong outposts at the villages of Champlain and Chazy, to guard the highway approaches to Plattsburg against Prevost's projected advance southward. Strange to say, with every advantage in his favour, Prevost failed to reach Plattsburg before the lapse of five days, even though he met with no opposition from Macomb's village outposts, since the men in charge of these had been ordered to retreat towards Plattsburg whenever the redcoats came in sight. And, when Prevost did invest Plattsburg, he delayed active operations against it for five days more, excusing his dilatoriness on the grounds that it was safer to await the arrival of the British flotilla under Captain Downie, as a challenge to the American gunboats which had been anchored in Plattsburg Bay.

The town of Plattsburg is situated on a bay of the same name, bounded as that body of water is by a fluke of land called Cumberland Point, and having, at its entrance from the lake, Crab Island. Generals Prevost and De Rottenburg found the approaches to the town guarded by sundry forts on the creeks which had to be crossed on the land side, and by a small fleet of gunboats on the bay. As the

British forces drew nearer and nearer to the town, they were galled on either hand from the enemy's forts and gunboats. The preliminary skirmishes led to losses on both sides, the forts being harassed from the entrenchments thrown up behind them by the redcoats as they advanced. At length, on the 11th of the month, after further delays on the part of Prevost, to the advantage of the besieged, it was decided to make a concentrated attack on the town by land and water, the signal for a final forward movement to be the appearance of Captain Downie and his vessels round the promontory of Cumberland Point. But, as things turned out again, the commanders of the land forces failed to carry out the intention of concerted action. Sir George Prevost, it seems, thought it best to await the issue of the struggle in the bay between Downie and Macdonough, at least the British land forces were restrained, for no justificable reason, a period of three hours, before being ordered to make the necessary circuit to co-operate with the brave but unfortunate Downie. The fleet under Downie's direction included his own flagship, one brig, two sloops, and twelve gunboats, the whole armament possessing ninety guns ; while the fleet under Macdonough's command included about the same number of vessels of corresponding size and armed with about the same number of guns. The contest would no doubt have been a more protracted one but for the death of Downie. As it was, it lasted three hours, ending in the surrender of the British vessels, with no eagerness, however, on the part of the Americans to follow the escaping Canadian gunboats. The loss to the Americans was about two hundred men, and to the British about three hundred.

That very night Sir George Prevost withdrew the land forces under his charge from the immediate neighbourhood

of Plattsburg; and afterwards sought to justify his precipitancy to the British authorities in these words: "The possession of the enemy's works offered no advantage to compensate for the loss we must have sustained in acquiring possession of them. The most complete success of an attack would have been unavailing in view of what had happened to Captain Downie." Yet his generalship came to be looked upon by not a few of his associate officers much as General Hull's had been when he heedlessly surrendered Detroit, with no effort to hold it. Grave charges of incompetency were urged against him before the authorities of the British War Office, and in answer to them he was recalled to England. But, taking sick on his way home, he died in London before his case was brought to trial. This was not his first offence of wavering generalship. He had formerly turned his back on an all but assured victory at Sackett's Harbour, much as he had retreated from Plattsburg. And his personal lack of courage before these two places might have been forgiven by the Canadian public had he not indirectly condemned himself in these words: "It appears to me and I have good reason to believe that Captain Downie was urged and his ships hurried into action before he was in a fit state to meet the enemy. I am also of the opinion that there was not the least necessity for our squadron giving the enemy such decided advantages by going into their bay to defeat them. Even had they been successful it would not in the least have assisted the troops in storming the batteries, whereas, had our troops taken the batteries first, it would have obliged the enemy's squadron to quit the bay and give ours a fair chance." No man could go much further than this in condemning himself out of his own mouth. He it was who had delayed the advance of the troops on

land until Downie's squadron should appear round Cumberland Point. He it was who, as chief in command, had countenanced Downie's advance, imperfectly equipped as some of his vessels undoubtedly were. The fact is, it was not Downie's death that saved Plattsburg from British hands, but rather the hasty and unnecessary retreat of Sir George Prevost himself. Indeed so unexpected was the withdrawal of the British troops from their improvised and comparatively safe entrenchments, that neither General Macomb nor Commodore Macdonough could believe the first report brought to them of the retreat of the besiegers. They looked upon such, for an hour or so, as a mere *ruse de guerre*. At last it was all made clear. With an army of ten thousand veterans under his command Sir George Prevost had actually turned heel from the remnant of the American army left behind by General Izard, when he was called to set out for the Niagara frontier. It was a case of the fate of Detroit reversed.

The Battle of Chateauguay

THE October winds vibrate alarm,[1] war-notes are in the air:
The invading generals plan a tryst, to storm the lion's lair:
An army joining army,[2] to capture Montreal—
A campaign-climax to the pride that rides towards a fall;
For is not Hampton now *en route*[3] to thread the Chateauguay,
While Wilkinson the St. Lawrence sails, to share in the affray?

Do they know De Watteville's lads keep watch,[4] around from creek to creek—
Guarding the frontier 'gainst the foes, who there a pathway seek?
Have they heard of Colonel Morrison, with his thousand men or more,
On his way to Prescott,[5] soldier-keen to defend the northern shore?
Do they deem their task an easy one, to reach their trysting-ground,[6]
Through the woodland's silence where they think no redcoats may be found?

The redcoats, true, are in the West, on watch with gun and blade,
But the fencibles are near at hand to check the approaching raid;

And the story of their stubborn pluck is ours to read
and prize,
In these days of nation-building, before an Empire's
eyes :
Yea, a tale of two proud chapters our loyal hearts
still warm—
This victory of the Chateauguay and the rout of
Chrysler's Farm.

Eastward and west the invaders move, mustering their
thousands strong—
One army down the St. Lawrence, the other a Platts-
burg throng [7]—
Intent to reach their rendezvous, with Lachine for
outer post,
To invest Mount Royal near at hand,[8] a coalescing
host,
To seize the land—their kinsmen's land—and make it
all their own,
With the prestige of Old England in Canada overthrown.

. . . . .

The boys in blue [9] have pitched their tents
Where the cross-roads come and go ;
And the word goes forth that they must march,
When the dawn betrays its glow.
" On to the Outard ! " [10] is the call,
" Thence to the Chateauguay glades,
Where lurks the foe on the farther side,
Within his barricades !
'Tis from St. Regis we will hear
Of General Wilkinson ;
But now 'tis ours to march ahead,
Before our chance be gone !

" The rascals hug the river's line,
And we must march in twain,[11]

To compass them within their lair,
If victory we would gain.
Purdy will take the hither side,
And cross the ford below,
While General Izard makes advance
On the vanguard of the foe:
The signal for the final rush
Should come from our brigade,
As with musketry they scorch the rear,
When first the ford they wade!"

Thus Hampton pondered out his plans,
Deeming the victory won,
Ne'er making count of fate's award,
With Purdy's task undone;[12]
For the latter's course became a maze,
In the glamour of the night,
When hemlock swamps beset his men,
And dazed them from affright:
Hither and thither, they knew not where,
Now for the ford, now back,
While Izard's troops on the highway wait
The signal for attack.

And just before that signal came
To Izard ranged in front,
With Purdy scrambling towards the ford—
Instant, as was his wont,
De Salaberry raised the battle-cry,
From the woodlands everywhere—
Indians and all, with voice and gun,
Rousing the ominous air;
Till hither and thither, yonder, here,
Command has lost its head,
Eight hundred putting their thousands to flight,
With Hampton sore dismayed.[13]

And soon to Hampton comes the word—
" Your army is in flight,
Fighting to fight against themselves,
In the darkness of the night,
Harassed by fire from the barricades,
Beset in front and flank,
They seek the nearer camp again,
Broken in every rank—
Leaving their comrades where they may,
Deeming themselves pursued,
By a countless host from every point,
Disaster to elude ! "

. . . . .

And the tidings of the Hampton rout—to De Salaberry's fame—
Spread far and near o'er the country, to the honour of its name :
Fighting to fight for their hearths and homes, fighting to live or die,
" Brave as the redcoats are to fight ! " is now the country's cry ;
And the victor's courage still is famed, in the years that come and go,
For the field he won at Chateauguay in the days of the long ago.

Aye, aye, 'twas a day of reckoning—a day of advancing hope,
Of the racial seeking a blending in a nation's horoscope :
The All-Canadian's day had come, the East to aid the West,
The British cause for one and all, while reaching for the best :
A day of happy reckoning for a nation on its way,
To find its own in unity, whatever be the fray.

The Battle of Chrysler's Farm

AND where was General Wilkinson, when Hampton
sought retreat?
Will he strive to reach St. Regis, in spite of that defeat?
Alas, a storm beset his boats—a storm of shot and shell,
As his armament Niagara left,[1] to brave the broad
lake's swell—
And others just as trying from the weather's wave-
alarms,
As he sought the broad St. Lawrence, five thousand
men in arms.[2]

From forecast unto danger's edge, his course was else
beset,
As if the Thousand Isles were but the meshes of a net;
As if each bay and neck of land concealed a lurking foe,
And every turning held uplift some dire impending
blow;
For was not Colonel Morrison on the shore-line ever
near,
With the bold Mulcaster's gunboats[3] afollowing in
the rear?

Past the river's towns and hamlets, each threatening
some mishap,
With the Longue Sault in the distance 'as if it were a
trap:

From Prescott to St. Regis, on the current's come and
go,
Aye thinking of the rendezvous, to arrange the final
blow;
And all the while the problem sought solution in the
storm,
That was to burst in bitter wrath on the fields of
Chrysler's Farm.

No wonder he grew pallid, as the problem o'er him
hung—
As he paused, o'ercome with sickness, where the Sault
begins its song,
As a portent of disaster from its turbulent career,
With no escape from arms to arms on the battlefield
that's near:
"The honour of my country calls," and he turned him
on his bed,
To order out a full array against the redcoats led.

And the boys in blue the message hailed, when Boyd
took up the word,[5]
To lead them forward line by line, to dare the de-
fender's sword;
Driving the British outerguard back to the vanguard's
base,
Where Morrison had taken ground to stay them in
their pace:
If the tale of men was one to two,[6] the site proved two
to one
In favour of the Britishers or e'er the day was done.

. . . . .

From hour to hour the battle raged,
Flank unto flank in turn,
In open field or in the woods,
Eager to overturn;

And stubbornly the brave Boyd stood
  By his men throughout the day,
Ne'er flinching from renewed attack,
  As fickle ran the fray—
Blending defeat and victory,
  Down to the river's edge,
From sward to sward, with instant rush,
  O'er lane and rocky ledge.

. . . . .

But a steady eye was Morrison's,
  A stubborn foe was he,
As foot to foot he held the field,
  And forced the assault to flee—
Draining his van to aid his flank,
  Mustering to fight again,
His courage flouted each attack
  On the valour of his men—
Yea, against the odds of cavalry,
  His infantry held out,
From start to finish till his skill
  Made good the final rout.

. . . . .

"Defeat! Retreat! Run for the boats!
  The rapids stand our friend!
On to St. Regis, miles below,
  Hampton will bring amend!"
So said the invader in his haste,
  To escape the battlefield,
While the victors made their bivouac
  Under their valour's shield:
And when St. Regis sent the news
  That Hampton was not there,
The victors knew their victory
  Was the proudest of the year.

. . . .

And thus 'twas Montreal was saved by the lads of Chrysler's Farm,
The redcoats, fencibles, and all, warding the land from harm—
The voltigeurs and their comrades outvying the braves bravest's zeal—
"The country's *braves*" as they were called, all for the country's weal.
'Twas a campaign-climax, sooth to say, with the vanquished in despair,
With Canada still our very own, under Old England's care.

Notes on "The Battle of Chateauguay"

1. "*The October winds vibrate alarm.*" Though the plan for a concentrated attack on Montreal had been matured early in summer, and General Hampton had located himself and his army in the neighbourhood of Plattsburg in September to await the sailing of the flotilla down the St. Lawrence, it was not until the last week in September that Hampton encamped at the Four Corners. There he was told from Washington that he was not to advance farther until he had been told that Wilkinson was actually on his way with his flotilla to meet him on the St. Lawrence. Here, at the Four Corners, there was a halt of twenty-six days, with supplies drawn from Plattsburg and elsewhere on the lake. In fact, it was not until the 21st of October that Hampton's advance brigades were sent forward on a four days' march towards Spears, the hamlet that then stood on the Chateauguay where the town of Ormstown now stands. These advance brigades comprised four thousand regulars, with fifteen thousand militiamen who had scruples about fighting beyond the bounds of the republic, "to keep watch and ward" over the camp and its stores at the Four Corners.

2. "*An army joining army.*" The American army supposed to be under the command of Wilkinson for the concentrated attack numbered in all about fourteen thousand soldiers, five thousand of these being under the sub-command of Hampton, and nine thousand or so under the direct command of Wilkinson himself. At this time, the British forces in charge in Canada, to oppose these two divisions in their attempt at coalescing before Montreal, numbered about eight thousand, stationed respectively at Burlington Heights, at Kingston, and at Montreal itself. At this time Montreal, with its population of about fifteen thousand people, permanent residents and transient, had the nature of the place in its favour, but that was about all it had for its defence except a few batteries erected along the river front.

3. "*Hampton now en route.*" Impatient of the dilatoriness of Wilkinson, Hampton set out down the Chateauguay on his own responsibility, the delays being inexplicable to him and others.

4. "*Do they know De Watteville's lads keep watch?*" General De Watteville was commissioned by Sir George Prevost to place whatever obstructions he could contrive in the way of the enemy on the march from the boundary-line to the St. Lawrence. Hampton's course was for the most part through a wildering forest intersected by the Chateauguay and its tributary creeks, which, when dried up in summer, presented numerous gullies that could be easily barricaded. There were six of these gullies which Hampton's men would have to traverse before they could expect to reach the St. Lawrence down the Chateauguay from Allan's Corners to what were called Morrison's Rapids. At every one of them there were erected formidable barricades made up of fallen trees and forest débris. The four in advance of the others of these barricades were placed under the immediate supervision of Colonel De Salaberry with Colonel Macdonell overlooking the fourth behind him at the ford near Morrison's Rapids. The innermost of these barricades De Watteville superintended personally, having for a visitor the day before the battle no less a personage than Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General himself.

5. "*On his way te Prescott.*" When it was decided by the American Secretary of State when he visited Sackett's Harbour that Kingston should not be bombarded as a preliminary to the setting out down the river to assail Montreal, General Wilkinson felt that his first objective point was Ogdensburg. It took him, however, fourteen days to get his expedition launched after months spent in getting together the necessary boats and supplies for the largest body of men he had ever had to do with. When he had set sail the British were in pursuit of him from the very morning on which he started until his flotilla slid down the Longue Sault. The first interruption to his course down the river occurred within the archipelago of the Thousand Isles; the second at Prescott or Fort Wellington and Ogdensburg; and the third near the head of the Longue Sault, where was fought the decisive battle of Chrysler's Farm. Previous to Wilkinson's expedition, there had been various encounters between invader and defender on the river front, among these being the night surprise on Gananoque; the attempt near Touissant's Island to seize a number of Canadian bateaux which

Major Heathcote was taking to Kingston; the repulse of Colonel Lethbridge by General Brown when the latter had charge of a garrison of over twelve hundred men in that river port; the seizure of certain of the Canadian voyageurs at St. Regis by Major Young; and the retaliation of the Indian allies who joined with Colonel McMillan in his successful raid against Captain Tilden and his force.

6. "*To reach their trysting-ground.*" The agreed upon rendezvous was St. Regis, a hamlet near the Longue Sault overlooking Lake St. Francis and situated between the estuaries of two small streams tributary to the St. Lawrence. On the highway running through the place as its main street, was to be seen the Indian Chapel built in 1792, where the religious services used to be conducted in the Mohawk dialect. The place is said to have been first settled by certain tribesmen from Caughnawaga, receiving its name in 1760 from Father Gordon, the first Jesuit missionary appointed to look after the spiritual welfare of the little community. When Lossing, the industrious American historiographer, visited the place in 1855, he was taken to one of the two stores which stood on the line of the forty-fifth parallel. "There," as he tells us, "while an attendant was preparing some lemonade for us within the dominions of Queen Victoria, we were sitting in the United States, but in the same room to be served."

7. "*A Plattsburg throng.*" The army that encamped at the Four Corners was part of the mobilization supervised at Plattsburg by General Dearborn, a year before Hampton was placed in charge of it as the right wing of the American army. It consisted of four thousand infantry of the regular army; a squadron of cavalry numbering one hundred and eighty; a train of artillery of ten guns; and a body of militia from the State of New York. The earlier name of Plattsburg has been changed of late in its spelling to Plattsburgh, but we have retained the historic name throughout in these narratives in verse and prose.

8. "*To invest Mount Royal near at hand.*" Mount Royal was the name given to the height of land that overshadowed the Indian settlement of Hochelaga, by the French discoverer Jacques Cartier; and, when subsequently applied to the town developed by French and English enterprise on the levels adjoining the river front, the term assumed the spelling of "Montreal," to designate the community first known as Ville Marie. Under the old *régime* the town was of an oblong form, surrounded by a wall flanked by eleven

redoubts, and otherwise possessing a central fort or citadel. In 1812, the place retained many of its old features, there being located within its walls sundry fortified nooks and corners, garrisoned by over a thousand troops.

9. "*The boys in blue.*" The phrase may be taken as a poetic licence, the term being historic from a date subsequent to 1812. It is used in the ballad to designate the soldiers of the American army in the same way that the term "redcoats" is used to designate the soldiers of the British army. A writer tells that the men of Hampton's army wore cotton suits which were but a poor protection against the white frosts and rains of the fall, even with what overcoats were allotted to them.

10. "*On to the Outard!*" The Chateauguay has several tributary streams, the principal being the Trout River, the Outard, and the English River. It rises itself in a small lake of the same name in the State of New York and empties into the St. Lawrence a few miles above Caughnawaga, near the Isle Perrot, where the two assailing armies were to meet, if there had been no disastrous interruptions from De Watteville's troops. It is navigable to within a mile or two of the mouth of the Outard, near which the battle was fought.

11. "*And we must march in twain.*" With a knowledge of the ford a short distance below the dispositions of men by De Salaberry, General Hampton decided, as has been said, to send Colonel Purdy with his own infantry and a selection of light troops from Boyd's brigade, to force the ford, and fall upon De Salaberry's rear at day dawn. The crack of Purdy's musketry was to be the signal for Colonel Izard to advance on De Salaberry's front. And it was really Colonel Purdy who had to bear the brunt of the contest known as the battle of Chateauguay. The following is a graphic account given by Mr. Robert Sellars of Huntingdon, who is familiar with the locality where the battle was fought, of the difficulties that beset Colonel Purdy in his efforts to carry out his general's orders. "Purdy's troubles began at once. To lead a body of soldiers in daylight through an untracked forest, cumbered with fallen trunks of trees and thick with underbrush is difficult, but to do so in the dark is impossible. The men straggled, and ever and anon there were cries for help from those floundering in marsh and pool. To aggravate the situation it began to rain. Purdy blamed his guides, but without cause, for it was so dark they could not recognize landmarks. A halt had to be called before two miles were travelled, and

the little army, shivering from the wet and cold, for they dared not betray their presence to the enemy by starting camp-fires, passed the night soaked by the rain that now fell heavily. When their weary vigil was broken by sunrise the march was resumed. It being now light, Purdy knew he could not take the ford by surprise, but pushed on in the hope of forcing a passage by assault. Fourteen hours had been spent in traversing six miles." And in the end, it was Purdy's contingent that had to withstand as best they could the onset from the De Salaberry side of the ford, and not Colonel Izard's advancing lines, which Hampton, when he failed to hear from Purdy, ordered to retreat in a fair measure of order to his nearest camping ground at Spears. When Purdy's broken contingent eventually straggled into the same camp after being driven hither and thither in the woods, then it was that Hampton discerned that the contest had gone disastrously against him, and that the best thing for him to do was to return by the way he had come to the Four Corners, where he was told that his neglect of Armstrong's orders was sure to be found out, seeing that Wilkinson's flotilla had not yet sailed from Grenadier Island.

12. "*With Purdy's task undone.*" After reaching the ford, with his men disheartened by the long and trying scrambling through the woods, Purdy had to face a deadly shower of bullets from Macdonell's men, which drove him away from the shallow water back to the shelter in the forest. It was then he saw that he was unable to cross the ford, to come to the support of the column led by Izard. All that he could do was to send a message to Hampton that the forces under De Salaberry had prevented him from traversing the ford. Then it was that the battle saw its finish, with Purdy struggling unaided to get across the river in some way, while Hampton was in camp wondering why he had not heard from his colonel, not knowing that the messenger had failed to find him. Two nights spent in the woods, the one fighting against odds of tangled forest lands impeded by underbrush and windfalls, and the other on the edge of alarm from the Indians' wild shrieks and incessant musketry, in the midst of woodland darkness, formed an experience which had to be taken by General Hampton as a message similar in tone as the last stanza in the ballad puts it.

13. "*With Hampton sore dismayed.*" Hampton was in a sorry plight. He had disobeyed orders. He had withdrawn his main army from the central line of De Salaberry's defence, while

Colonel Purdy's contingent had come back from across the Chateauguay, with a most dismal story on their lips. What was he to do? Should he rally his forces against the enemy, seek the St. Lawrence by another route, or return to the Four Corners? He referred the case to a council of war, whose decision was that they should find their way back to the camp at the Four Corners. Soon after Hampton proceeded to Washington to explain why he refused to have any further co-operation with General Wilkinson in his plans for the assailing of Montreal, laying his resignation in the hands of General Armstrong, the Secretary of War, who had bid him meet, as best he could, the flotilla waiting for him at the mouth of the Chateauguay to transport his army over to Isle Perrot. When his resignation was accepted, General John E. Wool, of Queenston Heights fame, was appointed to succeed him.

Notes on "The Battle of Chrysler's Farm"

1. "*As his armament Niagara left.*" This has special reference to the departure of a contingent from Fort Niagara at the mouth of the Niagara River, as a supplement to Wilkinson's division being mobilized at Sackett's Harbour to co-operate with Hampton coming down the Chateauguay. The American fleet sailed to Fort Niagara on the 10th of the month to transfer to Sackett's Harbour the American troops that could be spared from the Niagara frontier. Sir James Yeo made a descent on the American vessels, but was driven back. His unsuccessful attempt was followed by a storm which kept the American vessels for a day or two within the roadstead of the Niagara River.

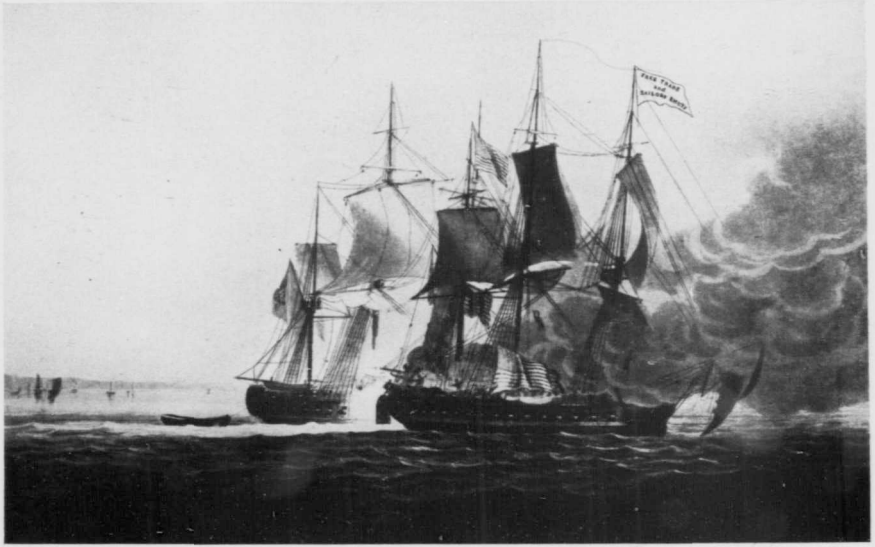
2. "*Five thousand men in arms.*" The number of men in Wilkinson's expedition is variously stated, and has been estimated as high as nine thousand and as low as five thousand. In his flotilla there were at least three hundred vessels large and small, possibly three hundred and fifty including the bateaux and transportation scows.

3. "*With the bold Mulcaster's gunboats.*" It was Lieutenant Mulcaster who carried the news to General De Rottenburg at Kingston, after reconnoitring the approaches to Sackett's Harbour, that the object of Wilkinson's army was the assailing of Montreal, not the investing of Kingston, as was thought. Immediately he was placed in command of a larger contingent of gunboats, to wait outside of Kingston's harbour for the protection of sundry barges bearing detachments of the Forty-ninth and Eighty-ninth regiments, under the command of Colonel Morrison, the whole to follow up the flotilla. By the time Prescott was reached, Morrison's troop of observation and attack or defence had increased to eight hundred including militia and Indians. On one occasion Mulcaster succeeded in landing Morrison's force near Maltida in safety, and otherwise was of brave and skilful service along the north river line, as far as Williamsburg and Chrysler's Farm.

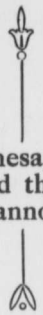
4. "*With the Longue Sault in the distance.*" This is a well-known series of rapids, which thousands of tourists take delight in traversing on board the summer steamboats, and which extend for about eight miles above the expansion of the river known as Lake St. Francis.

5. "*When Boyd took up the word.*" The battle lasted for over five hours, amid falling snow and sleet. The advantage was first on the one side and then on the other. As has been said, Wilkinson had countermanded his order to proceed at once to join Brown at the foot of the rapids, when he was told of Morrison's men pressing on his army's rear. General Boyd thereupon undertook to form his men into three columns to intimidate Morrison's troops in front and flank and rear, as if to gain the day by outnumbering them. Morrison's skill and courage, however, were too much for him, in spite of the reinforcements he was every now and again bringing forward. The battle was brought to an end by the death of Colonel Covington, and the brilliant last series of volleys and bayonet charge ordered by the veteran Morrison, who never lost his head during the whole contest. Colonel Joseph Winton Morrison had saved Montreal, though there is no monument as yet erected to tell the tale.

6. "*If the tale of men was one to two.*" Morrison could not have had more than a thousand men in the field, while the men under Boyd's command must have been at least three thousand, if not more. The prelude to the battle involved General Brown's attack on the British protecting post at the foot of the rapids, where he forced three hundred of the Canadian militia to withdraw into the woods, and from which they delayed his further advance towards Cornwall by a hidden attack of musketry. The advantage from the battle to British arms made the engagement the most important event by far of the campaign. By it the St. Lawrence frontier was made secure from the invader, whatever concentration might occur at St. Regis or on the Isle Perrot, in terms of General Armstrong's pre-conceptions and General Wilkinson's expectations.



THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "SHANNON" IN CONFLICT



The Chesapeake and the Shannon

THE STORY OF THE DOINGS OF THE FLEETS

The Story of the Doings of the Fleets

THE naval dispositions of the two countries, even before war had actually been declared, indicated how far the United States had a quarrel to pick with the acknowledged mistress of the seas. The feeling of antagonism found its first open evidence in connection with the British cruisers continuing to exercise the *right of search* along the coast-line of the republic. The case of the *Chesapeake* and the *Leopard* has already been referred to, as an adding to the fuel of the growing antipathies of the two nations. In line with this transatlantic indignation, President Madison ventured to express his opinion against the treatment to which the *Chesapeake* had been subjected, and forthwith ordered that all British armed vessels should depart from the coast-waters of the United States; and, to enforce the order, frigates were sent out to protect the coast trade north and south. This occurred before war was proclaimed, as did also the collision between the American war-ship the *President* and the British frigate the *Little Belt*, in which the latter was all but disabled. After war had been proclaimed, the whole eastern coastline was virtually invested by the fleet of Great Britain, a British war-vessel of some kind or other being located in sight of nearly every important harbour from the New England States to Florida.

The vessels which took part in the war on the Great Lakes had yet to be built, when war was once proclaimed. The British commodores were the first to take action in the building of these. In time, the Americans had a large vessel, rigged as a brig, launched at Oswego on Lake Ontario, ready to pounce upon any Canadian vessel venturing within American waters. One of its first victims was the *Lord Nelson*, as she left Kingston Harbour laden with merchandise and war material. This event was followed by the seizure of the Canadian schooners the *Ontario* and the *Niagara*. In retaliation, two American schooners were captured out on the lake. And soon the activity was aroused on both sides to secure every kind of craft to fit out as war-vessels. In a month or two there had mustered no less than five vessels, to lie in wait for the *Oneida* as she sped in and out of Sackett's Harbour on her adventures of seizing whatever Canadian craft came in her way. One of her most important seizures was the *Royal George*; and, when the defenders of Sackett's Harbour saw how far they were being handicapped in their raiding of the waters of the lake, a movement was soon on foot to secure other vessels besides the *Oneida*, either by building new sloops or by turning their merchantmen into war-craft. The first naval commander of the American fleet was Captain Isaac Chauncey, who very soon was arranging to have several new vessels launched on Lake Erie as well as on Lake Ontario. Before the close of navigation during the first year of the war, Chauncey had won several advantages over the Canadian squadron, by waylaying them at Fort George, at the head of Lake Ontario, and in the blockading of York and Kingston. He made his winter's quarters at Sackett's Harbour, where, secure from interruption, he added to his fleet from time to time.

The first dockyard for the building of war-sloops for Lake Erie by the Americans was established at Black Rock, two miles or so from Buffalo. The military overseer of the place was Captain Elliott, whose first exploit, as we have seen, was in connection with the siege of Fort Erie, where he succeeded in capturing the two British sloops the *Detroit* and the *Caledonia*.

Before the war broke out, the whole navy of the United States, on lake, river, and ocean, did not number more than twenty-six vessels, outside of a hundred and fifty gunboats. The day on which war was proclaimed, Commodore Rodgers sailed out of the harbour of New York in pursuit of a British convoy with a fleet of merchantmen under its protection. Rodgers fell in with his prey a short distance from the Nantucket Shoals, where he shared in a sea duel between his own flagship, the *President*, and the British frigate the *Belvidere*, finally driving the latter into Halifax harbour for repairs. When the news was carried to the naval authorities at Halifax that there had been a capture of seven English merchantmen and over a hundred marines, a squadron of five war-ships was at once despatched to New York. In the engagement which followed, the American war-ship the *Nautilus* was captured, the contest being the first important naval event between the two nations after war had been proclaimed. Other engagements of momentary gain to the Americans occurred, up to the time of the arrival of Sir James Yeo, as commander of the frigate the *Southampton*. Transferred from his ship, he was placed at once in charge of the naval equipment of Lake Ontario, as the opponent of Commodore Chauncey.

Meantime Chauncey had secured the services of Captain Perry to superintend naval affairs on Lake Erie. Arriving

at the village of Erie, on the south side of that lake, Perry at once set to work to build two brigs, which he was soon to supplement with five other vessels, laden with supplies from the shipyards of Black Rock. When he had brought these vessels together as a fleet in the harbour of the village of Erie, he was to learn that he had strenuous work before him, since word was brought to Erie that Captain Finnis of the Royal Navy was on guard with a squadron of five vessels armed with forty guns at Presqu' Isle Point, ready to challenge him for the naval supremacy of the lake. For lack of war appliances and men sufficient to cope with the British squadron under Finnis, Perry had to keep within the harbour of Erie for more than two weeks, before he dared attempt to co-operate with General Harrison at the head of the lake, in sight of the Detroit River. Eventually the decisive engagement took place between Perry and Captain Barclay, the latter's European experiences being considered a more valuable asset in a naval engagement than Perry's. The issue of the contest, however, was in Perry's favour. Perry's squadron lay at Put-in Bay, and Barclay's at Malden or Amherstburg, in positions all but within sight of each other. When Perry at length advanced towards open water, Barclay at once prepared to meet him with his fairly well equipped fleet of six vessels, on board of which there were, all told, five hundred men, including sailors, marines, land-soldiers, and Indians. Perry had in all, on his fleet, about the same number, including seamen, regulars, volunteers, and negroes. The raising of the flamingly painted motto, "Don't give up the ship," on Perry's flagship was the signal for the American vessels to steer towards their opponents, at the moment the strains of "Rule Britannia" arose from Barclay's vessels. Perry had previously planned that

each of his captains in charge of a vessel should have one of the English vessels in his eye as a possible victim, and that three separate attacks should be all that was necessary to secure a victory. Barclay soon perceived that his adversaries had the advantage of him in the cannonading. The Americans could pour in heavier shot from a longer range than he could. Besides, at the very beginning of the battle, two of the British officers were killed. Later on, when the contest was at its closest, each vessel contending with the other alongside of it, a third British officer was stricken down. At this moment Perry left his flagship and took the command of the *Niagara* in his own hand; and so strenuously did he proceed to attack the disabled vessels of his opponents one after the other that they were soon all disabled and captured by him. The victory was a conclusive one, with all the vessels of the British captured by him, and eight of their most prominent officers dead or dying. The number of the casualties in killed and wounded was about the same on both sides, but the effect was disastrous to the Canadian cause. General Proctor was obliged to retreat from Amherstburg and thereafter hasten from the vicinity of Detroit, and thus leave the way open to General Harrison to advance from the Miami region, with a full army at his command, ready to take charge of the Detroit frontier. There was an excusable exultation in Perry's despatch announcing his victory to headquarters, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours"—an exultation which was repeated from every part of the republic.

Early in 1813, the American Government undertook the further supplementing of their fleet on Lake Ontario. Under the supervision of Henry Eckford, an experienced shipbuilder, the keels of two vessels were laid at Sackett's

Harbour, an example that was followed by the British authorities, who launched two large sloops of war manned by seamen from the Royal Navy. For the purpose of making an assault on York (Toronto) the American fleet set sail on the 23rd of April from Sackett's Harbour under Commodore Chauncey, having on board seventeen hundred land forces who were to be taken ashore under the command of General Pike, should opportunity offer. On that occasion the fleet lay as a reserve, and took no very active part in the bombardment of the place. At the close of the assault, General Pike was carried on board Chauncey's flagship, where he expired with a British flag under his head. At the Dearborn siege of Fort George, Chauncey's vessels played a similar part by carrying the American land forces across from Sackett's Harbour, and by subsequently guarding the debarkation as they lay close to the mouth of the Niagara.

At the time of the premeditated attack on General Vincent's encampment at Burlington (Hamilton) after the victory of Stoney Creek, the British squadron under Sir James Yeo arrived opposite the temporary encampment of the retreating Americans, and succeeded in capturing twelve of their transportation bateaux on their way back to Fort George, thus preparing the way for General Vincent to advance on his adversaries' deserted camp. Sir James Yeo and Commodore Chauncey had not up to this time met on any part of Lake Ontario in close naval combat; and it was not until the month of May, 1813, that a first collision took place between their squadrons. This was in the affair of Sackett's Harbour, when Sir George Prevost decided to take the offensive against the invader, and this while the latter was busy over at Fort George. The expedition, which has been referred to

elsewhere, brought no more credit to Sir George's generalship than did his later attempt to lay siege to Plattsburg.

Among the more important engagements within the inland waters of Canada was that on the Richelieu near the Isle aux Noix, when two newly launched sloops from Lake Champlain were disabled by the British. Word had been carried to the military authorities at Plattsburg that certain British gunboats had been causing trouble to the trading craft on the northern part of the lake, and orders were issued that the *Growler* and the *Eagle* should proceed to the inner reaches of the Richelieu to make reprisal. A mile or so above Isle aux Noix these two vessels gave chase to three of the British river-frigates to within sight of the fortifications of the islands, when the said frigates, turning on their pursuers, captured, after a five miles' running fight, the two American sloops, and thus secured for Sir George Prevost the control of the lake for the moment.

The control of Lake Ontario, however, remained in dispute, though Sir James Yeo faithfully held under his protection the ports around the upper part of that body of water. At the eastern end of the lake he one day assailed two American vessels laden with army supplies. Thereafter he surprised the village of Charlotte, at the mouth of the Genessee River, and ventured as far as Soders Bay and Oswego in search for plunder. At Soders his seamen set fire to the place, but refrained from entering Oswego harbour. And from this time Yeo and Chauncey seemed to become more and more eager for a close naval engagement, with squadron pitted against squadron. Each of them was diligently adding to his fleet from time to time. One day it seemed as if an opportunity for a

pitched battle had arrived. Chauncey had come upon Yeo's squadron out in the open lake. The latter consisted of six vessels. Chauncey had thirteen vessels. The manœuvring for place continued for several hours; and, when a storm arose during the darkness of approaching night, two of Chauncey's largest sloops were sunk by the tempest. This, however, did not prevent the two opposing fleets from rallying to the arranging of the vessels in battle order, in face of the enforced necessity of putting off the engagement for another day. Subsequently they were always on the lookout for each other—near the mouth of the Niagara, over by the Genessee, in the vicinity of Kingston, or up by Burlington Bay. At length, one day Chauncey was to be seen out on the lake with his three largest vessels, each with a schooner in tow and seemingly in search or in chase of Sir James Yeo. But nothing came of it. In fact, it was not until the 2nd of October, 1813, that the British fell into the toils of Chauncey's squadron, when no less than five of Yeo's transports were captured by the American commodore at the head of the lake, an event which was acclaimed by the captors as the most important encounter of the campaign, as if it would lead to a final blockade of Kingston by the American fleet, which, by the way, never took place.

. . . . .

Early in 1813, the British Government had decreed that the bays and harbours on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States should be blockaded. as a means of implementing by sea what had to be done by land on Canadian territory. In February of that year, Admiral Cockburn, in charge of several men-of-war, appeared in the roadsteads of the Virginian Capes and Hampton Roads. This meant that Chesapeake Bay was to be closely watched.

Later, in the month of April, Captain Polkingthorpe made an attack on four American vessels of war lying in the roadstead of Rappahannock River and took all of them captive. Thereafter Admiral Cockburn sent five of his ships to the head of Chesapeake Bay to take Frenchtown, which had become a go-between place of commerce, after the trading between Philadelphia and Baltimore had been interrupted. Later on he made himself master of Havre de Grace at the mouth of the Susquehanna River, where he gallantly, at the request of the women of the place, held in check the marauding spirit of his men. And, later still, he seized the villages up on the Sassafras River, and otherwise enforced the submission of the surrounding countryside. If there was a harshness exhibited in some of the admiral's doings, he was acting within the war-etiquette of the times, as he sought to secure supplies for his men, after he had been refused the purchase of the same by the inhabitants of the communities around the Delaware River.

Eventually Admiral Warren joined Admiral Cockburn in the blockading of Chesapeake Bay. This addition to the blockading strength of the British led to a closer rallying of the inhabitants of the vicinity of Hampton Roads; and, owing to the determined resistance of the people on and around Craney Island, the British war-ships had to give up the task of seizing the town of Norfolk. The reverse, however, did not dispirit the British from making a raid on Hampton, before anchoring their fleet at the mouth of the Potomac River. When it became known at Alexandria, Georgetown, and Washington that two or three of the twenty-five ships of the British line were on their way up that river, the greatest alarm arose throughout the whole district. After sailing up to within

seventy miles of the capital, however, the reconnoitring vessels were recalled to rejoin the main squadron, which returned in a day or so to Chesapeake, to cause a similar alarm in the districts around Annapolis and Baltimore. Indeed, all along the coastline from Chesapeake Bay southward, the British fleet kept the inhabitants of the country in a continuing condition of unrest.

While Admiral Cockburn was thus intent on spreading terror in the south, Sir Thomas Hardy had his ships of the line vigilantly blockading the seaports of the New England States, all the way from New York to Eastport in Maine. Each bay and estuary had its own share of the general alarm. At length the momentous tidings of the naval duel between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* spread all over the American towns of the seaboard. The *Chesapeake* was one of the best known of the American frigates, having seen service, even before the war of 1812. She had originally a crew of three hundred and seventy-five men and an armament of forty guns. In the early part of 1813, she had been sent out on an ocean cruise to the Cape Verde Islands, and returned to Boston harbour, after having taken several prizes of merchantmen on the high seas. Captain Lawrence had been given charge of her after her return. Outside of Boston harbour the *Shannon*, a British frigate, accompanied by one or two consorts, lay on the watch for the possible out-sailing of the *Chesapeake*, as a rival to whom she might issue a challenge. Captain Lawrence was in no way unwilling to take up such a challenge. And, when the challenge did come from Captain Broke, the master of the *Shannon*, it was couched in these respectful terms: "As the *Chesapeake* now appears ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship,

to try the fortunes of our respective flags." The vessels were fairly matched, the *Shannon* having twenty guns and a crew of three hundred and thirty men, thus giving the odds slightly in favour of the *Chesapeake*. The message partook of the courtesy of the age of knight-errantry.

The memorable duel came off at four o'clock in the afternoon of the first day in June, in the waters between Cape Cod and Cape St. Ann ; and so near to Boston were the two adversaries that, it is said, they could be seen in action by spectators on the heights of Salem, and the boom of their guns heard in the outskirts of the city itself. The interlocking of the rigging of the two ships was the beginning of the end of the contest ; and in fifteen minutes the fighting was all over. The struggle had been for the most part a mere hand-to-hand shedding of blood ; and, when Captain Broke took possession of the American frigate as a prize of war, two hundred and thirty men lay dead or wounded on the decks of the two vessels. Six days after the event, the two vessels arrived in Halifax harbour, the *Chesapeake* still having the "Stars and Stripes" at her mast-head, and the victorious *Shannon* the "Union Jack." As the two vessels sailed up the harbour with the gaze of thousands on them, the word went round that Captain Broke, the hero of the victory, lay in his cabin in a semi-unconscious state, still wrestling with the pain from an all but fatal wound received in the fight ; while the body of Captain Lawrence was to be seen laid out prepared for burial from the quarter-deck of the ill-starred *Chesapeake*, whence it was subsequently laid away in the little graveyard of Trinity Church in New York, not far from the resting-place of General Richard Montgomery, who also fell a victim of defeat while Canada was being assailed by an invader. On his recovery

Captain Broke was knighted at the hands of the Prince Regent, being the recipient of sundry other honours conferred upon him by an exulting empire.

The American navy did not fail to keep itself in evidence while the British navy continued to sustain the Atlantic blockade. Two of the ships of the former were encountered in one of the creeks of Chesapeake Bay and disabled by the British; while all over the ocean, even to the shores of Europe, there occurred encounters of varying fortune in the pursuit of merchantmen and privateers. For instance, the British war-ship the *Pelican* made a prize of the *Argus* on the high seas, while the American war-ship the *Enterprise* captured the *Boxer* off the coast of Maine. Then the record of the American man-of-war the *Essex* made a noise in the world. This vessel was one of the three frigates placed in active service during the campaign of 1813. Her first achievement was the capture of a Government packet sailing for Falmouth and having on board fifty-five thousand dollars of specie, which, after the capture and re-capture of the packet, was allowed to remain in possession of the officers and crew of the *Essex* as prize money. Subsequently, after rounding Cape Horn, the same frigate made a descent on Valparaiso and some of the ports of Peru, on the hunt for prizes of war. In time she was taken captive after a protracted struggle in what is known as the "Battle of Valparaiso," near the coast of Chili, where a British squadron happened to be stationed. After the same manner, the *President*, another of the higher grade American frigates, made several cruises in the North Atlantic, returning to Newport, Rhode Island, on one occasion with no less than eleven merchantmen and an armed British schooner in her possession as prizes of war.

Returning to take note of naval affairs on the waters of Lake Ontario, it has to be said that General Brown became commander-in-chief of the American forces in 1814, with his headquarters at Sackett's Harbour. Here he was associated with Commodore Chauncey, as had been his predecessors. Sir James Yeo was still in charge of the British squadron at Kingston, and as anxious as ever to be given a chance of meeting Chauncey out on Lake Ontario or near its shores. The opposing fleets had both been added to during the winter months of 1814. Eventually the British squadron, to the number of six selected vessels, having on board over a thousand men, set sail from Kingston on the 4th of May. The military commander was General Sir George Gordon Drummond, and the town selected for attack was Oswego. Chauncey, for some reason or other, made no effort to interrupt the course of the expedition. When the British vessels arrived at Oswego, it was found that one American vessel was located in front of the town and two others stationed to cover the landing of the reconnoitrers. This left only the feeble fort to take in hand. The task of taking it was rendered all the easier from the desertion of the American gunners in charge of the ramparts. After its capture and the surrender of the town, Sir James Yeo's vessels carried back with them to Kingston a large quantity of naval stores and supplies, the three American vessels, and several prisoners. Shortly after their return, Yeo blockaded Sackett's Harbour for a second time, thus preventing Chauncey from going with his squadron to the support of General B[illegible], who at the time was contending for the mastery w[illegible]erals Drummond and Riall on the Niagara frontier.

About this time the Americans were seized with the

idea that an attempt should be made to recover Michillimackinac from the British. The first attempt was a failure. The second ended in the capture of the two reconnoitring vessels the Americans had left behind them, when they withdrew from the vicinity to retreat to Detroit. By a *ruse de guerre* on the part of the British the one vessel was made to capture the other, very much to the astonishment and surprise of their commanders.

The investiture of Plattsburg, as we have seen, was virtually a marine combat between Captain Downie in charge of the British squadron and Commodore Macdonough in charge of the American squadron, ending as it did in a duel between the flagships of the respective commanders, the victory of the Americans being crowned by the capture of Downie's flagship and three of its consorts.

On Sir George Prevost's withdrawal from Lake Champlain, no direct movement was made against Montreal. But when Sir James Yeo raised the blockade of Sackett's Harbour, Chauncey, though laid on a bed of sickness at the time, issued orders to overawe the St. Lawrence route as well as the towns and villages on the shores of Lake Ontario. Meantime the greatest activity was shown in the strengthening of both fleets, as if an engagement between the two had become inevitable. When the largest of Yeo's vessels was finally launched, Chauncey saw his chances of success in any naval contest greatly lessened; and when the intrepid Yeo set sail from Kingston Harbour with the *St. Lawrence*, his new ship conspicuous in the midst of its seven consorts, to meet his antagonist somewhere out in the expanse of the lake, the wary American commodore kept within the confines of Sackett's Harbour, until he should have a ship built large enough to cope with the much admired *St. Lawrence*. At the time peace

was proclaimed Sir James Yeo was "lord of the lake," as an American historian has generously called him.

The blockade of the most of the harbours on the Atlantic seaboard was continued up to the time of the declaration of peace. On the 8th of April, 1814, the Connecticut River was exploited for seven miles up from its mouth by the war-sloops of the British navy, while no part of the coast-line of Massachusetts was immune from alarm at their approach. Biddeford Pool, off Saco Bay, in the State of Maine, can still show in its little harbour the remains of one or two of the oak-ribbed vessels which the British cruisers drove before them in one of their incursions. New Bedford was blockaded, Eastport and others of the smaller seaports of Maine were taken possession of. Eventually Sir Thomas Hardy set sail from Halifax with one ship of the line and four others for Passmaquoddy Bay, and rumours were current in Boston streets that he did not intend to halt in his course southwards until he had reached the harbour of that city. There, every preparation was made to withstand his attack. Again, at the end of August, Sir John Sherbrooke, the Governor of Nova Scotia, appeared upon the scene with a fleet of eighteen vessels of varying size, having on board an army of four thousand. Arriving at the mouth of the Penobscot River, one or two of the smaller vessels of the squadron were sent up as far as Castine, which was forced to surrender, as were also the towns of Hampden, Bangor, and Machias.

And just as Sir John Sherbrooke had thus been sent to the support of Sir Thomas Hardy, another fleet of twenty vessels was sent to the support of Admirals Warren and Cockburn. These were under the command of Sir Alexander Cochrane, and were later on, in August, supple-

mented by another squadron under Sir Charles Malcolm. The increasingly large army on board these vessels was under the command of General Ross, one of Wellington's most efficient officers. It was therefore evident to all that the invasion of the United States, from the Atlantic coastline, was in the way of being undertaken on no small scale by the British authorities. In fact, it soon became known that the cities of Washington and Baltimore were to be assailed in time, as soon as a conjunction of the necessary forces could be located in the vicinity of the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay.

Meanwhile the Americans had been making every preparation possible to impede any British vessel attempting to seek moorage within easy reach of the capital. An additional alarm to the Americans had its origin in certain tidings brought by a cartel from Bermuda, that a fleet of British transports, with an overwhelmingly large force on board, was on the point of sailing from that naval station, with the intention of investing Washington by way of the Potomac. To meet this danger, the United States Government, by the 1st of June, had created a distinct military district, extending from the District of Columbia into Maryland and Virginia, with General Winder in supreme command of it. In a week or so, an army of one thousand regulars and about two thousand militia was concentrated in and around Washington, to protect it from any possible approach of the enemy. When the British did invest the capital, supplementary bands of militia were sent from Baltimore and other places near by. Washington at this time had a population of only nine thousand inhabitants; and when General Ross succeeded in driving General Winder back into the little city, there was nothing but the capture of the place staring

the excited citizens in the face. Before the British troops had forced their way into the town, an engagement took place at Bladensburg in its outskirts. That engagement lasted four hours. And, when it was over, there was no further obstruction to the marching of the redcoats to the heart of the capital, under "Ross of Bladensburg," as the victorious general was afterwards called by a decree of the British Parliament. The city was forthwith given over to the marauding of the soldiers with torches in hand to lighten up their way. The Capitol, the President's residence, and the most of the public buildings were destroyed by fire. The Americans themselves had given orders, as soon as the British set foot within the city, to set on fire the navy yards, and this was no doubt an initial incentive to the invader to follow the example. In all, there was a destruction by fire of over two millions worth of property, while a violent thunderstorm and a full gale of wind added to the desolation of the scene. Strange to say, there was no attempt made to hold the place. In time the order was given by the general and the admiral to have the troops re-embark at Benedict, and by the 1st of August the British ships were on their way back to the nearest estuary on the ocean front.

During the month of September, the operations of the British continued around Chesapeake Bay, more or less as a menace to Baltimore. That city was in a better state of defence than Washington had been. The two British commanders, Ross and Cockburn, after dealing out destruction to the capital, had with them still an army of nine thousand when they sought a landing-place at the mouth of the Patapsco River, on which the town of Baltimore is built. As they set out on a land march from North Point to that city, certain of the smaller vessels

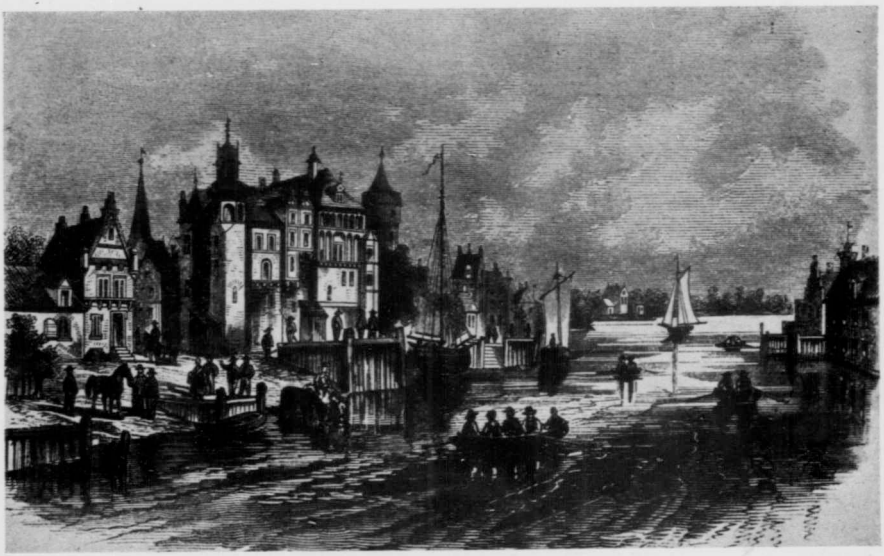
of the British fleet sailed up the river towards Fort McHenry, from which a first attack was to be made by land and water. About seven miles from the town, however, General Ross was mortally wounded by a sharpshooter who lay concealed on the edge of the roadway, with the planned-out intention of making a victim of the general as he advanced at the head of his troops. This necessitated a change in leadership, just at the moment the Americans were bringing up their divisions to interrupt the forward movement of the invaders towards Baltimore. A battle became inevitable, just as it had been on the field of Bladensburg. For over two hours the struggle went on, until the Americans thought it best to retreat and leave their antagonists to bivouac on the field while awaiting orders from the ships. These had opened fire on Fort McHenry, continuing the assault for fourteen hours without being able to dismantle it. The word brought back to the bivouacking soldiers was that they should return to the ships at once. The general and the admiral, after a hasty conference, had come to the decision that it was opportune to retreat to their main body of ships and reserves at the mouth of the river. The proposed assault on Baltimore was therefore abandoned. The body of General Ross was taken to England, and subsequently a monument was erected in one of the public squares of Boston in honour of the American soldiers who fell in the "Battle of North Point," as the contest has been called.

Amid the rejoicings and counter bewailings which greeted such events as the foregoing, a desire for peace was born and grew apace. In time the Peace Commission met at Ghent early in August; and, on the day before Christmas, a Treaty of Peace was agreed upon in behalf of the belligerent kinsmen of the two sides of the Atlantic.

The story of the doings of the Atlantic fleets from this time is taken up with the predatory cruises of the frigates of the line and the prizes that fell in their way. And, naturally enough, the insecurity to the merchantmen service of both countries from the intermittent exploits of such on the high seas as well as of certain privateers that soon came to be feared by every trading vessel afloat, made the demand for peace all but universal. And a pertinent justification of this sane demand for peace and the Treaty of Peace that followed as its outcome, came to hand sixteen days after the said Treaty of Peace had been ratified by Congress and the Monarch of Britain, when, in the battle of New Orleans, with the terms of the treaty and its ratification as yet unannounced in America, General Pakenham and General Jackson fought it out to a last event for their respective nations, to the loss of two thousand of their soldiers' lives.

News of the ratification of the Treaty of Peace arrived in America on the 9th of March, 1815, and the welcome of joy with which it was greeted by the communities on the Atlantic seaboard did not lessen the joy with which the tidings of it was received all along the route of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. The treaty formed the vanishing-point of an evolution of strife disappearing in the after-development of peace and good-will between the two great nations in the world of Anglo-Saxon affinity. It provided for Canada to be, as it had been, a dependency of Great Britain. Captured towns and invaded territories and all prisoners of war were to be restored. The boundary-line between the United States and Canada was to be defined by a Joint Commission representative of both countries. The ostensible causes of the war, such as the right of search, impressment, and the rights of neutrals

on the high seas were not adjudicated upon. Altogether the treaty reads as a warrant for the "better feeling" it sought to promote, with Canada as the community to gain the most from its generous terms. And no greater folly could there be for a writer of history to make more or less of the events of the protracted struggle than can be upheld by the facts, merely because his forefathers happened to migrate at one time to a larger or smaller section of the American continent, with an eye to the making of the most of his patriotism intuitive or acquired



VIEW OF CITY OF GHENT, FROM THE SCHELDT

The Peace Coming After

VIEW OF CITY OF GHENT, FROM THE SCHELDT

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The Peace Coming After

THE immediate rejoicings indulged in, at the close of the War of 1812, by the contestants on both sides of the Atlantic are on the point of being repeated by their descendants, now that a hundred years of peace have healed the wounds created by it, as well as the political antipathies that preceded it. There are still some differences of opinion in regard to the outcome of the specialized events of the campaigning and the achievements of those who took a prominent part in the struggle, which makes any writing of the story of the war far from being acceptable by all readers. The claims for victory or defeat in some of the engagements, for considerate or inconsiderate conduct on the part of those who had the directing of the campaigns, for heroism or lack of courage of the respective commanders and their men, have hardly even yet, after a hundred years of historic research and calming down of prejudices, lost all traces of a literary partisan flavour. When peace was declared, the joy in the United States, in the Canadas, and in the Motherland could not be taken as other than a blending of opinion on the part of the invaders and invaded, tempered as it was by the memorializing of the consummation of the Treaty of Ghent by medals and congratulatory addresses. The very title of that "Treaty of Peace and Amity" stands as evidence of a shaking of hands between Great Britain

and the United States, not to speak of the several striking medal-inscriptions that were published under authority, namely, "Peace spreads her influence o'er the Atlantic shore," and "Concord between Great Britain and America"; while the Motherland no less shook hands with the Canadas in presenting them with a "Medal of Merit from a Grateful Country."

The celebration of this peace and its continuance, in the right spirit, can only emanate from a proper knowledge of the details of the war which preceded it, and the friendly co-operation for the perpetuance of peace that has happily followed in its wake. The hundred years' peace at present on the point of being celebrated comes to us all as a lesson born from the foolhardihood of a family quarrel, with little or no advantage, political or commercial, to any one of the contestants. There was joy on the part of the three of them when it came to be known that a treaty of peace had actually been consummated. There was no trepidation over what its terms might be. As early as the spring of 1813, the Czar of Russia had expressed a willingness to help out a movement in favour of restoring peace between the militant nations. British diplomacy, however, afraid of stirring up other international difficulties than were already in hand, with Napoleon still regnant at Paris after his dismal retreat from Moscow, turned its back on the suggestion for the time being. Yet, for all that, word was carried several months after, when the troops in Canada were preparing to encounter the severity of another Canadian winter, to the American Government, that the British authorities were not unwilling to join in an effort to bring about a peace, in terms, as was said, of "a perfect reciprocity not inconsistent with law and order and a just upholding of maritime rights." Presi-

dent Madison and his colleagues at once replied that they were quite willing to select representatives for a conference in Europe that would take up the question of bringing about immediate harmony and a continuing friendly relation between the two nations. The place first suggested for the holding of the conference was Gottingen in Sweden. But this was eventually set aside for the less remote city of Ghent in the Netherlands.

At the time of the holding of the conference, Ghent was a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants. It is situated about thirty miles from Antwerp, on the rivers Scheldt and Lys. It is a quaint-looking place, dotted over with street-connecting bridges and stream-dividing islands, rivers and canals intersecting it from street to street. The members of the conference were John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell, and Albert Gallatin, plenipotentiaries from the United States; and Lord Gambier, Henry Goulburn, and William Adams representing the interests of Great Britain and Canada. The conference held its meetings within the walls of the old Carthusian Convent, during the autumn of 1814; but it was not until the 24th of December that a final decision was reached, to be followed up by a closing banquet of historic significance, in the Hôtel de Ville, given by the citizens of Ghent to their distinguished visitors.

The story of the proceedings from day to day is full of interest. Indeed the procedure of a friendly give-and-take, adopted during the sederunts, stood as a forerunning of the policy of reciprocal forbearance that has been perpetuated in all Anglo-Saxon negotiations for the past hundred years, whenever the interests of the United Kingdom and the Republic of the United States or of their dependencies were thought to be in jeopardy. Within

the Anglo-Saxon family circle since then, the message of peacemaking has happily ever been kept in evidence, irrespective of all the angry looks and scolding that may be indulged in, before or after a common ground of agreement has been reached. With the plenipotentiaries brought together in the peaceful retreat of Ghent, the causes and conditions which had brought on the war and had prolonged it needlessly, could not but be always in mind as the negotiations proceeded; but every trace of partisan bitterness was kept well in the background, as the debates in behalf of ultimate peace were persevered in from day to day. The people of the United States had been induced to think favourably of an invasion of Canada, possibly of amplifying their own territory, as being the most direct way of protesting against the British sea-power. On the other hand, the people of Canada, with full faith in Britain's prestige on land and sea, had patriotically risen up against the recalcitrancy as an injustice to them, whatever it was to those of the Motherland. These two fundamental predispositions of those whom they severally represented had to be kept in rein by the members of the conference, as they sought a common sympathy to work out from; and that common ground or sympathy was soon reached when the rights and privileges of the Indian tribes came up for discussion, at the earlier of their meetings. Working out from that common ground, the evolution of peacemaking soon had its way; and when, the day before Christmas, 1814, that evolution reached its goal, the demands of the Americans against impressment and the other evils which led to the breaking out of the war, came to be given a very secondary place to the general desire for peace. Indeed, the omissions in the treaty are more striking than the concessions, there being actually

no mention made in its clauses of the right of search, or the blockading of seaports, or sharing in the Canadian fisheries, or the naval guardianship of the Great Lakes. The articles of the treaty are eleven in all, and in accord with these, severally or apart :

(*a*) All territory, places, and possessions, taken by either party from the other, were to be immediately restored, with the exception of certain islands adjacent to the shore-lines of New Brunswick and the State of Maine, which were finally to be allocated to either country by a Commission.

(*b*) Public property that had changed hands during the war or while the treaty was in the way of being ratified, was not to be destroyed nor carried away : nor was private property, including slaves, to be confiscated or reclaimed except after definite legal disposal of the same.

(*c*) The fixing or defining of the boundary-line between Canada and the United States, by land or water, was to be entrusted to the decision of after-Commissions, with an appeal to some foreign authority if necessary.

(*d*) The Tenth Article, as a foreword to the decree in President Lincoln's time, may be given in full as an evidence of the humane tendencies of even these earlier times : " Whereas the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice, and whereas both his Britannic Majesty and the United States are desirous of continuing their efforts to promote its entire abolition, it is hereby agreed that both the contracting parties shall use their best endeavours to accomplish so desirable an object."

(*e*) Nor is there any slighting in the Ninth Article of the common ground first seized upon by the plenipotentiaries, one and all, as a means of getting to work on the amicably

drawing-up of a treaty, with their prejudices for the moment held in abeyance, inasmuch as it is therein decreed that the rights of the Indian tribesmen shall be safeguarded, with all possessions, reservations, and privileges as were theirs previous to the breaking out of the war restored to them, irrespective of which side in the contest they espoused or what inhumanities they were guilty of when under arms and military oversight.

And, as the student of history examines these eleven articles of the treaty, he can hardly run away from the decision that the starting of such a war was a mistake, just as the continuing of it was a losing game for both parties concerned. In a word, the Treaty of Ghent virtually left the combatants, as far as prestige and territory were concerned, where they had been at the outbreak of hostilities. Battles had been lost and won, property had been destroyed, cruelties had been indulged in, animal passions had been aroused; and the only asset of any value left after all was over, was the conviction that it would be the grossest of follies ever to take up with such a stupid course of conduct, neighbour to neighbour, again. And it is that asset, left as a legacy to the present generation —that fortunate outcome of war in the still lingering peace of a whole century—which is likely to be celebrated within the family circle of Anglo-Saxondom between the last month of the year 1914 and the first month of the year succeeding it.

The Treaty of Ghent was duly signed by the plenipotentiaries on the 24th of December, 1814, and ratified by the Prince Regent four days thereafter in London. Rumours of the event reached America while yet the British and American soldiery were in the vicinity of Mobile Bay, and while General Andrew Jackson was receiving the

plaudits of his country for the victory he had gained in the battle of New Orleans. The treaty in written form was placed in the hands of President Madison on the 17th of February. The terms agreed upon were publicly made known in the United States and Canada the day after, though it took several days before the communities along the eastern seaboard and up the St. Lawrence were definitely informed of what had happened. And now the celebration of the Century of Peace thereby inaugurated is to be celebrated on the eve of the celebration of the progress of the arts and industries of the world by a World's Fair to be held at San Francisco, California, and in many other ways. Is the unanimity of joy over the celebration of that same Century of Peace, inaugurated by the Treaty of Ghent, to be as marked as was the joy that hailed the arrival of the news of the ratification of the treaty which inaugurated it? Here is what has been said by Lossing of the arrival of the news that the inauspicious war was over with:

"The glad tidings of peace which the good ship the *Favourite* brought to New York was wholly unexpected, and produced the most intense satisfaction. No one inquired what were the terms of the treaty: it was enough to know that peace had been secured. The streets were soon filled with people; and a placard, issued from one of the newpsaper offices and thrown out of the window, was eagerly caught up and read by the multitude, who made the night air vocal with huzzas. Cannon thundered, bells rang, and bonfires and illuminations lighted up the city until after midnight. Expresses were sent in various directions with the glad news. Boston had the news in thirty-six hours, and Albany in twenty-four hours. The bearer of the treaty in manuscript to Washington dropped

the news at Philadelphia, while Baltimore joined with Washington and Philadelphia in their rejoicings. Government stocks advanced, while trade took a leap forward. There was joy all over the land, and especially along the maritime frontier. Banquets and illuminations marked the public satisfaction in the towns and cities. There were also great rejoicings in the Canadas because of the deliverance of the provinces from the terrors of invasion by which they had been disturbed for almost three years; and the British Government, appreciating the loyalty of the inhabitants of these provinces, as manifested in their gallant defence of their territory, caused a medal to be struck in testimony of its gratitude. There was rejoicing also in Great Britain because of the peace, especially among the manufacturing and mercantile classes, for it promised returning prosperity." And surely such joy cannot but be repeated in commemoration of the peace ushered in by it and still happily continuing.

The locating of the war in its right place in the history of the world is one thing: the locating of it in Canadian or American history is quite another thing. The world's historian, even after writing a full volume about it, gives it a very secondary place in the annals of warfare. "It was a comparative small war," says Lucas, "and its incidents were to Englishmen completely overshadowed by the more glorious record of the Peninsula and Waterloo. Neither to Great Britain nor to the United States was this war of a kind to invite commemoration and remembrance, as a grateful national theme." And yet the same writer of history is forced to say, Englishman as he is, that to Canadians the conflict was far more than this. Neither to them nor to their belligerent neighbours was it a small war. From the first it was to Canadians a life-and-death

struggle, a fight for liberty, for hearth and home, for all that a people small or great hold dear; nay, as we all may call it in these later days, it was the baptism of fire of a new nationhood at its birth. And it is that early sacrament of suffering that Canada would conjointly celebrate with the United States, under the auspices of the Motherland of both peoples, as a prelude to the "good-will among men" that has fostered the staying powers of peace for the past hundred years, and has brought to us all so many international prosperities. We would celebrate the peace of a hundred years. But we would also emphasize and exalt, for the benefit of the generations of the next hundred years and longer, the heroism and endurance witnessed during the years of the war, which taught the Century of Peace, about to be celebrated, how rational aggrandizement is ever easier of accomplishment by a mutual forbearance than by a rushing to arms. The craving for peace has no less of a courage in it than the craving for war. Whenever the under-humanities of envy and hatred and false patriotism are made to keep their hands off liberty and progress, the nations are never slow to speak well of the "ways of peace" and delight to celebrate them as a victory on the battlefield. The city of Ghent, no doubt proud of having doubled its population since 1814, has ventured to "play first foot" in the celebration. London proposes to follow, in line with the capitals of the United States and Canada. From New York to San Francisco, as well as from Halifax to Vancouver, the burden of repeated joy is on the way of being taken up. Canada and the United States have attained, it may be said humorously, to the position of being on safe friendly scolding terms with each other. The controversy that embittered all and sundry in early times has been for long on its death-bed. Open

conflict has now no status as an approaching possibility on either side of the line. Indeed, the greatest empire and the greatest republic of the century have only congratulations in their gift for Canada as she proceeds to join them in celebrating what she is fond of calling her "very own war" and the hundred years of peace that has so happily come after.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Adams, John Quincy, was chief commissioner in behalf of the United States in the conference which arranged the terms of peace sanctioned by the Treaty of Ghent in 1815. He was a native of Massachusetts, having been born in 1767. He died in 1848, after holding the highest political positions in the republic. He was elected President in 1825. At the time of his death he had been member of the House of Representatives for seven years. He was one of the advocates in favour of the "Embargo," thus taking part in the events which led eventually to a declaration of war in 1812. The name of John Quincy Adams is to be met with in all works on American biography, with full details of his career.

Armistead, General George, was in command of Fort McHenry when the British made their unsuccessful attack on Baltimore. He was one of the officers in Fort Niagara when the Americans were retaliating on Fort George. He had five brothers who took part in the War of 1812. The enforced withdrawal of the British from Fort McHenry, after a fourteen hours' resistance, was greeted by the people of Baltimore as an act of the worthiest heroism deserving of the highest honour. General Armistead was born at New Market, Virginia, in 1780, and died in 1818.

Armstrong, General John, made a name for himself first in the War of Independence and afterwards in the War of 1812. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1758, and died at his residence on the Hudson River in 1838. He was for a period Secretary of War and ambassador to France under President Jefferson. During his tenure of office a dispute arose between him and General Harrison which culminated in the resignation of the latter before the close of the war, and something of the same kind occurred when General Wilkinson and General Hampton fell out, ending in the resignation of the latter. It was under Armstrong's instructions that the expedition against Montreal was organized.

Barney, Commodore Joshua, who played such an active part, with his squadron of small vessels, in impeding the way of the British to Washington in 1814, and who was wounded and taken prisoner by them, was born in Maryland in 1759. He was the first to carry the news across the Atlantic to America that the peace of 1783 had been consummated. He had acquired his naval experience at first as an officer sailing under the French flag. On his return to America he was appointed an officer of the navy of the United States in 1812. He died at Pittsburg in 1818.

Bishopp, Colonel Cecil, the British officer who lost his life after having made a successful raid on Black Rock on the Niagara Frontier, was the son of Sir Cecil Bishopp, afterwards Baron de la Zouche, Sussex, England. He was born in London in 1783. He entered the army at the early age of sixteen. For a time he was attached to the embassy of Sir John Warren at the court of Russia. Before being sent out to Canada he had served as a member of Parliament and had seen service in Flanders and in the Peninsular War. His death during the attack on Black Rock occurred when he was not more than twenty-seven years of age. His grave is still to be seen, with a monument over it, in the Stanford graveyard not far from Niagara Falls.

Boyd, General John Parker, was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1764, and entered the army of the United States in 1786. He entered the service of the native princes of India in 1789, and, on his return to America, distinguished himself at the battle of Tippecanoe as Colonel of the Fourth Infantry. After receiving his promotion as brigadier-general, he took a prominent part at the siege of Fort George and at the battle of Chrysler's Farm. In a pamphlet which he issued after peace had been proclaimed, he expressed his opinion as to the military events in which he shared in the closing campaigns of the war. He died in 1820.

Brant, Captain John, was the son of the more distinguished Joseph Brant, the Indian chief who held a commission in the British army also. The son, like the father, was head of the Six Nations, their names holding respectively a prominent place in Canadian history, the one during the War of Independence, and the other in the War of 1812. The son was born on the Grand River in Canada in 1794. As a lad of eighteen he took part in the battle of Queenston Heights, and all during the war he continued to rally his fellow tribesmen to the cause of a British Canada. After peace

had been declared he visited England to emphasize the oft-expressed loyalty of his father, and on his return was given the rank of Captain and the governmental oversight of the Six Nations. In 1832 he was elected a member of the provincial parliament. He died in 1842, and was buried in the little Indian graveyard near the town of Brantford that commemorates the family name and where a monument marks the family resting-place of the Brants.

Brock, General Sir Isaac, was born on the Island of Guernsey in 1769. He was thirty-three years of age when he first came out to Canada, and forty-three at the time of his death, being of the same age as Wellington and Napoleon. Starting in his career as a soldier, he served as an ensign, lieutenant, and captain, eventually purchasing his lieutenant-colonelcy two years before he was called upon to share with Sir Ralph Abercrombie in the disastrous defeat of Egmont in Holland, where the British lost over ten thousand men. Thereafter, as second in command of the land forces, Brock took part under Lord Nelson in the investing of Copenhagen in 1801; and, on his return to England, was sent out to Canada, where he took up his headquarters at Fort George, and where he devised a plan for placing the defence of Canada in a better state of military organization. That plan was readily endorsed by the authorities of the War Office, and led to his selection as commander-in-chief of the forces in Canada, with his headquarters at Quebec. During the year preceding the declaration of war, Brock's status was that of major-general on the Staff of North America; and, at the moment when hostilities broke out, he happened to be holding the position of president and administrator of Upper Canada, as a substitute for Lieutenant-Governor Gore, who had returned to England on leave of absence, a month or so after Sir James Craig was called upon to give way, as Governor-General of the whole colony, to Sir George Prevost. When war was proclaimed, General Brock had his headquarters at Fort George as a military overseer, and his residence as provincial administrator at York (now Toronto), busying himself over whatever means of defence he could command. His lamented death on Queenston Heights was an event of Empire interest and regret; and the evidence of this is not far to seek in all that has been written of that heroic event in the terms of a despatch which greeted it from the Prince Regent. "His Majesty has lost in him," says that despatch, "not only an able and meritorious officer, but one who, in the exercise of his functions of provincial lieutenant-

governor, displayed qualities admirably adapted to dismay the disloyal, to reconcile the wavering, and to animate the great mass of the inhabitants against successive attempts to invade the province, in the last of which he fell—too prodigal of that life of which his eminent services had taught us to understand their value." Shortly after his death, the news came from England that he had been knighted; and, when tidings of his death reached England, his family was pensioned by Parliament and a monument put up to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. His bravery and military talents have been further commemorated, as every one knows, by the magnificent pillar on the scene of the battle, erected solely by loyal Canadians; while his name has been perpetuated in that of the town of Brockville on the St. Lawrence.

Broke, Captain Sir Philip, the victor in the naval duel between the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, fought in the offing out from Boston Harbour, was born in Suffolk, England, in 1776. He had received his training for a life on the sea from his earliest years; and, after serving in the wars against Napoleon, was finally placed in charge of the *Shannon* as the flag-ship of a small squadron commissioned to blockade the New England ports. After his historic victory he was honoured by the admiral and his fellow-countrymen, and received knighthood at the hands of the Prince Regent, the inhabitants of his native county presenting him with a magnificent piece of silver plate, on which was inscribed an engraving of the two ships in the heat of their contest. The duel was one of the most striking events in the annals of naval warfare.

Brown, General Jacob, was one of the American officers of the War of 1812, who received the highest honours from his native country when the war was over, and during it too, afterwards filling positions of importance in the government of the republic. At the time of the repulse of General Drummond at Fort Erie, the arrival of the news of Prevost's retreat from Plattsburg, and Cockburn's withdrawal from Baltimore, Brown's achievements tended to counterbalance the calamitous attack by the British on Washington. And, amid the joy of the people, he was presented with the freedom of the city of New York in a golden box, with a gold medal and an address from the Senate, as well as with a sword in the name of the commonwealth. He was a Pennsylvania lad, born in 1775, in Bucks county, and died commander-in-chief of the United States army, in Washington City in 1828. One of his biographers speaks

of him proudly as a soldier who could boast that "no enterprise undertaken by him had ever failed."

Cass, Colonel Louis, who took an active part in the campaigning which culminated in the surrender of Detroit to General Brock and its after recovery by General Harrison, was a native of New Hampshire, having been born there in 1782. He was another of the men of the legal profession who took to soldiering shortly before the war broke out, and who attained to a high place in the affairs of the American nation when their campaigning on the battlefield was over. Colonel Cass, even while the war was at its bitterest, was appointed Governor of the Territory of Michigan. Afterwards he became Secretary of War as a member of President Jackson's Cabinet, thereafter was sent to Paris as ambassador, and on the expiry of his term entered the Senate, with a position in the Buchanan Cabinet. He had retired from public life for eight or nine years before his death, which occurred in 1866.

Chandler, Brigadier-General John, was born near Augusta, Maine, in 1760, which State he finally represented in Congress during two consecutive periods. Belonging to the settlement in which General Dearborn was brought up as a boy, he decided to give up his blacksmith's shanty and take to the soldier's calling; and, under Dearborn's patronage and his own striking talents he eventually climbed to being a commander of the militia in his district. His last military escapade was at Stoney Creek. He died at Augusta in 1841.

Chauncey, Commodore Isaac, the skilful naval antagonist of Sir James Yeo on the waters of Lake Ontario, holds an important place in the annals of the War of 1812. He was a Connecticut lad, born in 1773, who showed even in his school days a longing for the seafaring life. By the time he was nineteen, he had become master of a vessel owned by John Jacob Astor of New York. At the age of twenty-five he entered the naval service of the United States, as a lieutenant; and, after winning his spurs as a naval expert on the Mediterranean, was raised to a captaincy in 1806. His career, while in charge of naval affairs at Sackett's Harbour, has been referred to elsewhere. For a time, both before and after the war, he was commander of the naval station at Brooklyn, and was President of the Board of Navy Commissioners, with his residence in Washington, at the time of his death in 1840. His resting-place, surmounted by a beautiful monument in marble, is still to be seen in the Congressional Burial Ground.

Christy, Colonel William, whose earlier fame as a soldier was made under the patronage of General Harrison, played an important part at Fort Meigs, and who accompanied that commander up to the day of the repulse of Proctor at Moraviantown, was another of those who had forsaken the lawyer's desk for the army camp. He was born in Kentucky in 1791, and, after the war, was appointed to several positions in connection with the army, having been stationed at Sackett's Harbour, in the northern districts of the State of New York, and latterly at New Orleans. In the last city he resided for forty years, and there died at a ripe old age.

Clay, Henry, statesman, was born in 1777, in Virginia. Though he was one of the negotiators for peace at Ghent, he had been one of the strongest advocates in favour of war for a year or two before the war actually broke out in 1812. Subsequently he contested the presidency no less than three times unsuccessfully. He died at Washington in 1852, after holding many important positions of state. His name stands out prominently in the history of his native land as an efficient and eloquent political leader, convincing reasoner, and able statesman. His biography makes in a brilliant way for the history of the early days of the republic, as well as for the days subsequent up to the middle of the nineteenth century.

Cochrane, Admiral Thomas, was a native of Lanarkshire, Scotland, where he was born in 1775. As naval officer he served on the coast of Norway and around the Mediterranean, winning a captain's renown in the destruction of the French fleet near Rochfort, and shortly afterwards receiving his knighthood. While a member of Parliament he aroused the antipathy of several influential public men for denouncing openly the venality of the navy administration of the day. By way of reprisal, he was afterwards fined one thousand pounds for circulating a premature rumour of Napoleon's death. Before his own death in 1860 he had, however, been restored to popular favour, and was accorded a last resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

Cockburn, Admiral Sir George, was born in London, England, in 1771. He was only nine years old when he joined the navy as a midshipman, and in his twenty-fourth year was called to a captaincy. He took part in the blockade of Leghorn and was in charge of a ship of his own command at the battle of Cape St. Vincent. In 1809, while in charge of a small squadron, he contributed to the bringing about of the capitulation of Martinique, and for his share

in that victory was openly thanked by Parliament. His first achievements as a successful admiral were realized when he set out to assail the seaports on the eastern coast of the United States; and for his services during the War of 1812 he received a C.B. and later full knighthood. It was he who supervised the taking of Bonaparte out to St. Helena. Thereafter he became a Lord of the Admiralty, a member of Parliament, and eventually Lord High Admiral of the British fleet. He died in 1853, while yet one of the most prominent figures in the public life of Great Britain. During his descent on the coast of the United States he had for his associates Admirals Warren, Griffith, and Cochrane, with Sir Thomas Hardy, Sir John Sherbrooke, and Sir Charles Malcolm in a more subordinate way.

Covington, Brigadier-General Leonard, was born in Maryland in 1768. In his twenty-fourth year he was a cornet of cavalry and proved his courage as a lieutenant under General Wayne in the defence of Fort Recovery. As captain he was associated with the same general in his contest with the Indian tribesmen near the Miami Rapids. Before he took part in the Wilkinson expedition down the St. Lawrence to open up the way for the taking of Montreal he had been chosen by Maryland as its representative in Congress, and was known as General Covington at the time he received his death-wound while fighting bravely for his country on the battle-field of Chrysler's Farm. His fame has been perpetuated in the name of Fort Covington, which has been given to the village of French Mills since 1817. His last resting-place is in the graveyard of Sackett's Harbour.

Dearborn, General Henry, had made a record for himself at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and in the campaign against Burgoyne, as well as at Monmouth. He was a native of New Hampshire, having been born in 1751. As a politician he rose to be Senator for Massachusetts and Secretary of War; and, when the War of 1812 broke out, he was sent to the boundary frontiers to take charge of affairs as commander-in-chief. Before his death, which occurred in 1829, he had been ambassador to Portugal. A characteristic letter from him to his daughter conveying the decision of Madison to declare war against Britain, has been noted by his biographers, as showing in some measure the manner of man he was. "You may tell your neighbours, my dear girl, to prepare for war: we shall have it by the time they are ready. I know that war will

be very unwelcome news to you, but I also know that you possess too much Spartan patriotism to wish your father to decline a command for the defence of the honour of our beloved country. You would, if necessary, urge him to the field rather than that a speck of dishonour should attach to him in declining such a command."

Decatur, Commodore Stephen, was one of the most distinguished of the naval officers of the United States at the time of the War of 1812. He was born, the son of a distinguished naval officer of French birth, in Maryland, in 1779. On the monument erected to the memory of the two Stephen Decaturs, father and son, in the burial-ground of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, we are told that the son joined the navy of the republic as a midshipman, when he was only fourteen years old, became a lieutenant six years after, and was made a captain for distinguished service, attaining to the rank of commander in 1804. In 1812, while in command of the frigate the *United States*, he succeeded in capturing the British frigate the *Macedonian*, for which he was voted a gold medal by Congress. It was while he had charge of the *President*, with three other armed vessels running the blockade of New York, that his flag-ship came into conflict with the *Endymion* and was taken in charge by a British squadron, for which Decatur was tried by court-martial, on his return from Bermuda, only, however, to be honourably acquitted. After peace had been proclaimed between Great Britain and the United States, he was placed in charge of a squadron of ten vessels to make a descent on Algiers, and force the Bey of Algeria to come to terms in the matter of prohibiting piracy. The invasion was a successful one, and the plucky commodore was rewarded on his return by being given a place on the Board of Naval Commissioners. His death occurred at Georgetown in 1820, in a duel between him and a brother commodore

De Rottenburg, General Baron, though a native of Switzerland, was trained in the British army, as major and colonel, in the Hussars and the Sixtieth Regiment of Infantry, up to the year of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, in which he took part with his regiment. In 1809 he gained further experience in the Walcheren Expedition. In 1810 he was placed in command of the Citadel of Quebec, where he was promoted to the rank of major-general. When the War of 1812 broke out, he was given the command of the division of the British army stationed at Montreal, and in 1813 was transferred to take General Sheaffe's place as commander of the forces in Upper

Canada and president of the Council, acting as governor, after Sheaffe had retired under a cloud of disapproval for his conduct in withdrawing too hastily from York. The war events which marked De Rottenburg's command were the dismantling of Black Rock on the Upper Niagara, in which Colonel Bishopp lost his life; the sudden retreat of Proctor from the battlefield of Moraviantown; his placing the communities of Upper Canada under martial law in order to enforce the granting of army supplies; and his mobilizing of three brigades for the Plattsburg campaign. When peace was proclaimed he returned to England, where he died in 1832.

De Salaberry, Colonel Charles, was born at the Manor House of Beauport, near Quebec, in 1778. He was one of a family of four boys, all of whom took to the profession of arms. The hero of the Chateauguay gained his early experience in the army under Generals Prescott and De Rottenburg, having taken part under them in the West Indies and being associated with the latter in the Walcheren Expedition. On his return to Canada, De Salaberry organized the body of troops known as the Canadian Voltigeurs, and became their colonel, being also, under Sir George Prevost's orders, a prominent officer of the militia staff of the province of Lower Canada. The first victory De Salaberry and his voltigeurs gained over the Americans in the War of 1812 was at Lacolle; while their second, with the assistance of Colonel Macdonell's fencibles, was much more important to the success of General Sir George Drummond, up and around Lake Ontario, than is generally supposed. The protection of the whole frontier of the St. Lawrence, on the south side of that river at least, was involved in De Salaberry's preparations, under General De Watteville's oversight, to drive Dearborn back from the Richelieu route, and to be ready for Hampton on his way to St. Regis. And there was nothing out of place in the royal honours conferred on the successful French-Canadian commander in the special gold medal and the Order of the Bath presented to him for his services. As has been said, the voltigeurs gained a third victory at Lacolle in 1814; and, when peace was proclaimed their distinguished commander entered on his political career as a member of the Upper Chamber of the Canadian Parliament. He died in his fifty-first year at Chambly, where his resting-place is still to be seen in the village church. A striking monument to his memory adorns the façade of the Provincial Parliament Building at Quebec.

Downie, Captain George, who lost his life during his naval attack

on Plattsburg in 1814, had his first naval experience in the battle of Camperdown. Afterwards he was located under the command of Admiral Montague as a lieutenant on the Jamaica station, and thereafter served under Captain Boyle on the *Seahorse*. In 1812 he was placed in charge of the Canadian fleet on Lake Champlain, though not without many misgivings on his own part as to what that fleet could do in withstanding his American opponent, Commodore Macdonough, even after weeks of putting it into better repair. It is said that the repairing had been anything but completed, was still in process on his own ship at least, when he was called upon to proceed to the harbour of Plattsburg, there to meet at close quarters the superior squadron under the command of Macdonough, complementary to the siege of the place on its land side by Sir George Prevost's large army. No blame is to be attached to the unfortunate commodore for the disastrous defeat which ensued. His grave is still to be seen in the centre of the graves of his fallen comrades in the Plattsburg burial-ground.

Drummond, General Sir George Gordon, was born in the garrison of Quebec in 1771, while his father held there the position of paymaster-general of the forces. He was of the old family of the Drummonds of Megginch Castle in Perthshire, Scotland. The son's career as a soldier extended from his being an ensign to the high post of general, his experience having been gained in Ireland, under the Earl of Westmorland, in Holland under the Duke of York, and in Egypt under General Abercrombie. While stationed at Gibraltar, he won the lasting friendship of the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria; and, when the expedition planned under Sir Eyre Coote against the French possessions in the West Indies, in which Drummond was to take part, had to be abandoned, Sir Eyre and his associate officer were placed in charge of affairs on the island of Jamaica until 1808. In that year he was transferred to the service in Canada; and, when the War of 1812 was inaugurated, he was induced by the Duke of York to proceed to Canada as a second in command to Sir George Prevost. When he arrived in Canada, he was still nominally in charge of a division of the army in Ireland. Under his direction of affairs in Upper Canada, as commander and governor, the main events that occurred were the threatened attack against Buffalo; the temporary seizure of Oswego by Sir James Yeo; the battle of Lundy's Lane, where he was severely wounded; and the repulse at Fort Erie. The year

after peace had been consummated, he was succeeded by Sir John Sherbrooke. When he returned to England he was created a Knight Commander of the Bath, subsequently receiving at the hands of the Prince Regent the Grand Cross of that Order. He died in London in 1854, in his eighty-fourth year. Before leaving Canada, he was bid farewell by the people as one who had faithfully performed his duty as a brave soldier and a gifted administrator.

Drummond, Lieut.-Colonel William, was the son of John Drummond of Keltie, in the county of Perth, Scotland. As a soldier he had won his spurs at the battle of St. Vincent under General Hunter, and at the capture of Surinam under General Green. An incident in his life is recorded of his intrepidity when on board a merchantman which was suddenly attacked by two French privateers hailing from Barbadoes. Though only a passenger, he took command of affairs on board and successfully resisted the privateers' attack. For thus saving the ship he was presented with a sword of a hundred guineas' value by the company of Lloyds, London. Both at Sackett's Harbour and in the battle of Chippawa, he gave every evidence of his courage, while at Fort Erie his sudden death in the midst of sudden disaster has placed his name on the list of the heroes of the War of 1812.

Fitzgibbon, Captain James, had seen service as a marine at the battle of Copenhagen, and during the War of 1812 had taken a subordinate's share in the contests of Stoney Creek, Fort George, and Fort Erie, before he won historic fame at Beaver Dams, where he succeeded by strategy in capturing over five hundred of Boerstler's troop. Subsequently he took a prominent part against the disaffected of 1837, and is said to have given the authorities of Toronto the precautionary advice that saved that city from being victimized by those intent on overturning the government of the day. He was presented with a sword and the thanks of the Canadian Parliament for his services. In 1850 Queen Victoria created him a military knight of Windsor. He died in England at a ripe old age.

Gaines, General Edmund, who had charge of affairs at Fort Erie when it was laid siege to by Sir George Drummond, was born in Virginia, in 1777, where he spent his earlier years working on his father's farm. He entered the army when he was twenty-two, and meritoriously rose in rank until he was appointed a major-general and received his reward direct from Congress for his valiant conduct at Fort Erie. In 1815 he was appointed collector of customs at

Mobile. After taking part in the war with the Seminole Indians, he took up his residence at New Orleans, where he died in 1849.

Hampton, General Wade, was a native of South Carolina, having been born there in 1754. He had seen service as a soldier during the War of Independence, having served under Sumter and Marion. In 1808 he was a colonel of the militia, and when the War of 1812 broke out had attained to the rank of major-general. His conduct in withdrawing from the service, on account of his personal antipathy to General Wilkinson, has been variously interpreted. After the event one of the bravest of his subalterns who afterwards was made a general, namely, John E. Wool, of Queenston Heights renown, in discussing the affair at Chateauguay, declared that no officer who had any regard for his reputation would voluntarily acknowledge himself as having been engaged in that encounter. There was discontent with Hampton's command from the time he set out from Plattsburg, and there was nothing but indignation at his arrangements for attack and retreat on the part of the rank and file as well as of the officers. On his way back to Plattsburg he seemed to have lost the confidence of everybody, and his own temper as well.

Hardy, Admiral Sir Thomas, was sprung from an old English family of Devonshire. He was born in 1769. He took up with the seaman's calling at an early age. While he was attached to the *Minerve* he attracted the attention of Lord Nelson, and in time was appointed captain of that hero's flagship. He took a prominent part in the battle of Copenhagen, and afterwards at the battle of Trafalgar, where he was in close attendance on his dying master at the time he was struck down on the deck of the *Victory*. During the War of 1812 he was sent out to America to blockade the New England seaports, with operations extending from Boston to Eastport. He was created a baronet shortly after the battle of Trafalgar and before he appeared in front of Lisbon and the ports of the United States. The high offices which he afterwards filled included commodore and commander-in-chief, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and the vice-admiralship. He died at Greenwich in 1839.

Harrison, General William Henry, whose campaign to recover Detroit stands on record as one of the most important chapters in the War of 1812, gained his earlier experiences as a military commander in the subdual of the Indians, having been victor in the

decisive battle of Tippecanoe. He is said to have been a descendant of one of Cromwell's soldiers of the same name, and was born at Berkeley in Virginia, in 1773. His march through the wilds towards the course of the Miami River, his defence of Fort Meigs, his retaking of Detroit, and his victory at Moraviantown made a fame for him all over the republic, and finally led to his being appointed to the Senate and one of the Ministers of President Jackson's Cabinet. In 1841 he was elected President of the United States, which position, however, he held only for a month, being seized in his sixty-eighth year with a sickness that ended in his death.

Harvey, Colonel Sir John, was a native of England, having been born in 1778. He is said to have been a natural son of the Marquis of Anglesey. His military career began in his sixteenth year as an ensign. Like several of his contemporaries he had experienced active service on the continent of Europe, under the Duke of York, that experience having later been amplified by his tenure of commands at the Cape of Good Hope, on the island of Ceylon, and at several stations in India. In 1808 he became assistant quartermaster-general at Colchester, England; and for three years previous to the declaration of war in 1812 was in command of a regiment in Ireland. When he was sent out to Canada, Harvey joined Sir George Prevost on his way to Upper Canada; and, when called upon for his advice about the conduct of the war by his commander in-chief, he is said to have suggested just such sudden surprises in the field as the one he made at Stoney Creek, as being the only kind of campaigning that was likely to be successful in such a vast territory against forces superior in numbers and with resources close at hand to draw from by the enemy. As a closing to Sir John's career as a soldier and administrator he was appointed successively to the governorships of New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia. He died at Halifax in 1852, having been honoured with a K.C.B. in 1838. Thus honourably was closed the career of the "Jack Harvey" of the field of Stoney Creek, while second in command to General Vincent.

Henry, Captain John, whose charges and disclosures previous to the War of 1812 still form the subject of historical controversy, with written evidence about them that does not free Sir James Craig from all trace of administrative indiscretion in dealing with such a one, was a native of Ireland. He had emigrated to Philadelphia in 1793, and is said to have made his living for a time as a newspaper

reporter, and at another by keeping a grocery. He professed to be sprung from respectable parentage. Becoming naturalized, he became a soldier in the United States militia. In time he settled on a farm in the northern part of Vermont, living as a peaceable citizen, until he brought himself into public notoriety as a retailer of State secrets at a given price. Though he received fifty thousand dollars for the secrets he divulged to President Madison, he is supposed to have lost it all to a French adventurer, who had joined him in his underhand enterprise.

Hull, Captain Isaac, was a native of the district where General William Hull of Detroit fame was born and brought up, there being only two years of difference in their ages. Isaac began his career as a sailor on board a merchantman, but on reaching his eighteenth year he joined the navy service. From a fourth lieutenancy he climbed up to being commander of the war-vessel the *Constitution*, which, under his direction, made a record for itself on both sides of the Atlantic. As a reward for his successful services he was made a member of the Naval Board, with the supervision of the navy yards at Boston and Washington placed in his hands. He died at Philadelphia in 1843. The contest between the *Constitution* and the British frigate the *Guerriere* was one of the main events in Captain Hull's naval experience, and caused great rejoicings throughout the republic. Rewards poured in on him from all sides over the signal victory he had gained, he himself receiving a gold medal from Congress, together with a purse of fifty thousand dollars to be distributed among those who had taken part in the gaining of the victory.

Hull, General William, was born at Derby, Connecticut, in 1753. A graduate in arts at Yale, a divinity student for a year, and then a law student to the point of graduation, he became at length a soldier in the War of Independence, where he rose from being a captain to the rank of major-general in the militia force. He was Governor of Michigan Territory when he was chosen to defend Detroit. After his surrender of that place he was court-martialled, found guilty of cowardice, and sentenced to be shot; but was finally pardoned on the score of his age and long service in public affairs. It may be said, however, that two of his biographers have not by any means failed to vindicate the mistakes he made as a military commander after the national anger against him had to a large extent subsided. In the preceding pages we have en-

deavoured to deal fairly by him as a moral-minded man in the midst of difficulties not all of his own making.

Izard, Major-General George, was another of the many American officers whose biographies are only to be traced from the record of the public events in which they took part on the battlefield. And truly, George Izard proved himself, in his military undertaking during the War of 1812, to be a loyal subordinate as well as a skilful commander. Where he was born or what high offices he held after his days of active service in the field were over, even where he died and was buried, is not now discoverable. In the ceremonies connected with the celebration of the "Century of Peace" his personal record may come into clearer light, as will no doubt be the case in others of the many brave fellows who took a loyal share in the War of 1812.

Jackson, General Andrew, the distinguished victor in the battle of Orleans, and afterwards President of the United States, was a native of North Carolina. His life of seventy-four years is the history of his country, as was also President Madison's, President Jefferson's, and President Harrison's—all three being conspicuous administrative agents in the promoting and conduct of the War of 1812. The story of the lives of all such prominent men may be studied in full from any of the numerous biographies written about them. The great event of General Jackson's military career deserves fuller notice than has been given to it in these pages. His victory over the British general, Sir Edward Pakenham, was one of the most memorable events of the three years' strife, and all the more striking on account of its occurring after peace had been consummated at Ghent, though before the news of it had come to New Orleans. A striking equestrian statue of the brave defender of that city is to be seen in front of the Cathedral. His tomb, a temple-like structure, is still an object of interest to visitors to Nashville, Tennessee, as it is to be seen in the garden of the general's former place of residence, called "The Hermitage."

Jesup, Colonel Thomas, was another of those whose personal bravery and soldierly skill were conspicuous during the campaigns of 1812–14. He was born in Virginia in 1788, and was thus only twenty-four years old when he turned up at Detroit as General Hull's brigade-major and acting adjutant-general. During the war he climbed up to being a lieutenant-colonel, and won renown for himself while in charge of the regiment he had raised in Connecti-

cut through his own zeal and soldierly activity. While in charge of the forces in Florida he was wounded in one of the encounters with the Seminole Indians, and thereafter was given a position as quartermaster-general in the War Department at Washington. He died in the capital city in 1860.

Lawrence, Captain James, who received his death-wound on board the *Chesapeake* during its contest with the *Shannon*, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1781. He had been intended for the legal profession, but, preferring the life of a sailor, he entered the naval service as a midshipman in his eighteenth year, and eventually, as commander of the *Hornet*, took part with Commodore Bainbridge in his descent upon the South American coast. Lawrence, in that expedition, made prize of a British sloop of war, and, afte being presented with a gold medal and the thanks of Congress for his prowess on the seas, was appointed captain of the *Chesapeake*. While he was being borne below by his men from the deck in a dying state, he is said to have exclaimed, "Don't give up the ship, boys!" an expression ever since used in common parlance as a proverbial call to withstand misfortune.

McArthur, Brigadier-General Duncan, was an officer of the Ohio militia previous to 1812, having gained a previous military experience in the campaigning against the Indians under General Wayne. As a land-surveyor he had taken advantage of certain speculations in land that came his way and thus had become a wealthy landowner. When it was decided that Canada should be invaded as a feature of the war between the republic and the Motherland he secured an appointment as brigadier-general in the invading army. In 1814 he had command of the foraging brigade of mounted riflemen which set out from Detroit towards Grand River, near where Brantford now stands; and, though he failed to accomplish the fuller intention of proceeding as far as Burlington Bay and the Niagara frontier, he managed to return to Detroit with considerable booty reft from the settlers along his route. From what has been said of him, he was more of a forager than a soldier, rough of manner, and anything but a favourite among the other officers.

Macdonell, Captain John, the aide-de-camp of General Brock who fell in battle with his general at Queenston, was born in 1785 at Glengarry, Scotland, and called to the bar of Upper Canada in his twenty-third year. He was a member for the county of Glen-

garry, Canada, and as a member of Brock's staff was present at the capture of Detroit, being rewarded for his services with a gold medal. A relation of his, Colonel Macdonell, had charge of the Glengarry Fencibles at the battle of Chateauguay, where his persistency of attack on Colonel Purdy's division prevented General Hampton from bringing together the two divisions of his army against Colonel De Salaberry's main body of troops.

Macdonough, Commodore Thomas, was a native of Delaware. He was born in 1783. His father was an army medical officer. As a midshipman young Macdonough gained his first experience in actual battle under the command of Commodore Decatur. And, after being given promotion from rank to rank in the service, he became commander of the lake fleet that had for its purpose the protection of the towns on the shores of Lake Champlain. The heroic spirit he exhibited in the naval encounter with Captain Broke at Plattsburg has been well spoken of by every historian of the war. After that event his health gave way, and he finally fell a victim to tuberculosis in 1825, at Middleton, Connecticut. After the victory, the State of New York bestowed on him and his heirs a grant of two thousand acres of land. Vermont gave him two hundred more, examples of liberality followed up by the cities of New York and Albany, while Congress honoured him with a gold medal and an address.

Macomb, General Alexander, the successful defender of Plattsburg, was born at Detroit in 1782. His rescue of Plattsburg from the toils of the invading troops under Prevost, was greeted by his fellow countrymen with rejoicings all over the republic. He had been on the staff of General North of revolutionary fame, and with General Wilkinson in his campaigning in the west. At the commencement of the War of 1812 he was in command of an artillery corps; and, after the war was over, he was stationed for a time at Detroit until transferred to Washington, where he became chief-engineer in the War Department. In time he was promoted as commander-in-chief of the army of the whole republic, as successor to General Brown of Niagara fame. He died at Washington in 1841, his last resting-place being in the Congressional Burying Ground of the capital city.

Meigs, Governor Jonathan, was a native of Middleton, Connecticut, the date of his birth being 1765. He took a course in arts at Yale, and after graduating he entered upon his law course. So successful

was he as a practising lawyer that in his thirty-seventh year he was raised to being chief-justice of his native State. Two years after, he was given the command of a body of troops and sent to Louisiana for the organization of it as a Territory into a State; and, three years later, he was transferred to the Territory of Michigan, where he again sat on the Bench, then became a member of Congress, and finally Governor of Ohio. During the War of 1812 he became Postmaster-General, an office which he continued to fill for nine years. Fort Meigs, in the Miami region, was named after him to commemorate his inauguration of the march of American troops into Canada by way of Detroit. He died at Marietta, Ohio, in 1825.

Miller, Brigadier-General James, was a native of New Hampshire. He was born in 1776. After completing his course as a lawyer, he entered the army of the republic with the rank of major. He was with General Harrison on the field of Tippecanoe, where the Indian tribesmen were put to rout. The courage he gave evidence of in that contest and in others on the Niagara frontier were repeatedly recognized by the War Department at Washington by the presentation of a gold medal. For a time after the war he was selected for the position of Governor of Arkansas Territory. On his return to the east, he held the office of collector of customs at Salem, where he died at the ripe age of seventy-five.

Morrison, Colonel Joseph Winton, was born in New York in 1773, the son of the deputy commissary-general in the division of the British army stationed there at that time. Entering the army as ensign at the rather early age of ten, Winton, as he was called in the family, had a varied experience both before and after his historic descent of the St. Lawrence, as he cautiously followed up the rear of General Wilkinson on his way to join Hampton at St. Regis in the projected attack on Montreal. Previous to 1812 he had served in Holland, on the Mediterranean, and in the West Indies. In 1811 he came out with his regiment to Halifax, and from thence proceeded with a newly mobilized battalion to Kingston. His success at Chrysler's Farm was memorialized by a medal struck in honour of the event; and, after he had been incapacitated for active service from an all but fatal wound received on the battlefield of Lundy's Lane, he was breveted a colonel. On recovering from his wound in England, his career as a soldier was re-begun in Ireland and continued in India and Burmah. In his capture of Arracan from the Burmese he turned the course of history, much as he had

previously done on the battlefield of Chrysler's Farm, though he was unfortunately forced to return to Calcutta from a recurrence of ill health. Failing to recuperate in India, he decided to return to England, but died at sea in his fifty-seventh year. The certificate which Lord Amherst has left of him as soldier and commander proves his courage and skill while leading his redcoats to victory.

Mulcaster, Sir William H., was born the son of a distinguished soldier, in 1785. His father was General Mulcaster of the Royal Engineers. In 1806 Mulcaster the younger had climbed to his lieutenancy on board the *Minerve*, and had soon made a name for himself, enhanced, as it was, by the encomiums of Admiral St Vincent of world-wide fame. As naval captain he made several important seizures on the Atlantic seaboard, until his vessel suffered shipwreck on Sable Island in 1812. Called from Nova Scotia to Upper Canada he was present at Sir James Yeo's attack on Oswego, where he was disabled for life by a wound he received during the disastrous onset. He was, however, honoured by a C.B., and provided with a handsome pension as a reward for his bravery and skill as a naval commander. The share he took in the historic trip of Colonel Morrison down the St. Lawrence, in the rear of General Wilkinson, made him more than an incidental hero in the decisive victory won by the redcoats on the battlefield of Chrysler's Farm.

Murray, Major-General John, was born in Jamaica in 1776. In 1792 he had become enrolled as a junior officer in the Thirty-seventh Regiment of the line. He first took active service in the Netherlands and afterwards received promotion at Gibraltar. By the time he was called out to Canada he had under his charge as a lieutenant-colonel the Hundredth Regiment, and colonel and regiment were in 1812 sent out to assist in the defence of the Niagara frontier. His successful attack on Fort Niagara was heralded all over Canada and the Empire as a brilliant affair, being at the same time of the greatest moment in retaining that frontier until the very close of the war. When peace was confirmed, the general spent a holiday in France before seeking retirement from the public service at Brighton, England, where he died after a lingering illness in 1837.

Pakenham, General Sir Edward, who was so disastrously worsted by General Jackson in the battle of New Orleans, was a native of Ireland, having been born in 1778. He was brother of the Earl of

Longford. He was one of Wellington's soldiers, gaining distinction in India as well as in the Peninsular War. In 1812 he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and in 1814 was sent out as commander-in-chief to New Orleans to lay siege to that place. Amidst the carnage of the final assault on that place, Sir John led in person, and while personally supervising a detachment engaged in scaling operations, and while encouraging them by voice and example, the brave general was wounded in his bridle-arm and his horse shot under him. Securing a remount, he still held his place in advance of his column, until his second arm was disabled. And at last, when wounded for the third time in the thigh, with a second horse killed under him, he was conducted by his men to the rear, where he expired in the arms of one of his officers.

Perry, Commodore Oliver, was a son of a naval officer of the United States, having been born in 1785, in the State of Rhode Island. Starting as midshipman at the age of fifteen, he rose to be in command of a flotilla stationed in the harbour of Newport. From the Atlantic seaboard he was transferred to active service on the Great Lakes, and won considerable credit in the engagement on Lake Erie in 1813. His courage and skill as the conductor of a naval attack were brilliantly illustrated in that victory against Barclay the Canadian commodore. Shortly afterwards he was commissioned to set out on a cruise for the suppression of the pirates of the West Indies. It was on this expedition he was taken ill of yellow fever and died at the early age of thirty-four. His remains were transferred some years after from Trinidad to Newport, and there his last resting-place is marked by a monument erected to his memory by the State which gave him birth.

Pienderleath, Lieut.-Colonel, one of the heroes of Stoney Creek, whose brilliant interruption, as a major in rank, during that engagement was of such signal service to the victorious advance of General Vincent's troops against Generals Chandler and Winder, was a soldier of English birth and training. He had shared with his own regiment the Forty-ninth, in the successful march across Queenston Heights, under General Sheaffe. He died at Bristol, England, in 1857. The event of his life was accomplished in the charge he made at Stoney Creek at the head of forty men, against the American artillery, whom he bayoneted at their guns, and then turned their guns against the enemy.

Porter, General Peter, had been a lawyer before he took to the

field as a soldier. He was a Connecticut boy, born in 1773, and at the time the War of 1812 broke out, happened to be stationed at Black Rock on the American side of the Niagara. He shared in the Niagara campaigning as major-general of the New York Volunteers. When peace was proclaimed, he was chosen a member of Congress and entered the Quincy Adams ministry as Secretary of War. On his withdrawal from public life, he took up his residence at Niagara Falls, where he died in 1844. His successful defence of Fort Erie, and his other acts of bravery at Chippawa and Lundy's Lane, were commemorated by an address, and the presentation of a gold medal at the instance of Congress.

Prevost, General Sir George, was born in 1767. He was the son of one of Wolfe's officers who had been wounded on the Plains of Abraham, and who afterwards distinguished himself while taking part in the defence of Savannagh. For a time he was Governor of Dominica and received his baronetcy on his return to England from the West Indies a year or so before he was appointed Governor of Portsmouth and commander of the troops there. In 1808 he became Governor of Nova Scotia, though still holding his command in the army as lieutenant-general. At this time he shared in the expedition that ended in the capture of Martinique. Shortly after his return to Nova Scotia, he was appointed to succeed Sir James Craig as Governor-General of the Canadas and commander-in-chief of the forces located in British North America. His undertakings during the War of 1812 did not add to the renown of his rule. And, while the investigation was being conducted over some of his administrative acts and his generalship at Sackett's Harbour and Plattsburg, he was taken suddenly and seriously ill as he was on the point of setting sail for England, dying shortly after his arrival at London in 1816. Sir George Prevost's reputation as a governor and soldier still lies between the opinions of his detractors and his admirers, and the student of history has to deal leniently with the mistakes of his leadership, two of which at least can hardly be justified.

Proctor, General Henry, was born in 1787 of Welsh parentage. He had climbed in the service of the army to being a colonel of the Forty-first Regiment, when he was ordered by General Brock to take charge of affairs at Amherstburg. He is another of the commanders during the War of 1812 who had to pass under a temporary cloud, on account of his hasty retreat from the battlefield of Moravian-

town, on which his army was overcome by General Harrison. After being suspended from his soldierly duties for a time, he was reinstated in the list of British officers, to the gratification of those who had never doubted his personal bravery and military skill. He died at his residential seat in England in 1859. General Proctor's condemnation arose from the fact that, after having proved his courage on several occasions, he eventually had failed to join battle against the fearful odds of a larger and less disheartened army than his own. His career as a soldier reached its highest point of glory and its most dismal downcome in his service for Canada; and it is well for his memory that there were many friends left to him after his ill-explained retreat who thought that the verdict found against him was not a little arbitrary and unmerited—a sympathy which seems to have been upheld by his being reinstated in the service.

Riall, General Phineas, had a full record as an experienced commander before he set foot in Canada. There is no record of his birthplace or the date of his birth in the annals that deal with his renown. All that is known of him is that he gained his earlier experiences as a soldier in the West Indies, and afterwards a maturer experience in Canada, dying in Paris in 1851, full of military honours conferred on him while yet a general of the highest rank in the British army. Before returning to England after the consummation of the Treaty of Ghent, he had been Governor of Grenada and its British dependencies.

Ripley, General Eleazer, was born in New Hampshire in 1782. He is said to have been a lineal descendant of Miles Standish and a grandson of the founder of Dartmouth College. Starting life as a lawyer, he became a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. Joining the militia as a lieutenant-colonel, he was sent to the Niagara district to co-operate with General Brown, with whom, however, he had so many differences of opinion that they ended in an open quarrel. After being severely wounded at Fort Erie, he retired to Buffalo to recuperate; and, though retained in the service till 1820, he removed to Louisiana, a State which he afterwards represented in Congress, and where he died in 1839, leaving behind him a name for bravery in battle and for integrity as a public man.

Rodgers, Commodore John, was born at Havre de Grace, in Maryland, in 1771. When twenty-seven years of age he joined the naval service of his native country as a lieutenant, and a year after

was made captain of one of Commodore Truxtun's largest frigates, the *Constellation*, receiving a later commission to proceed with a squadron of his own to the Mediterranean and there to help in the extermination of the pirates of that sea, east and west. In 1805 he had arranged treaties with Tripoli and Tunis, and had taken altogether twenty-three prizes of vessels from pirates and others during the War of 1812. After holding the presidency of the Board of Navy Commissioners for a time, he set out for a second time as the commander of a squadron. On his return he was restored to his office. He died at Philadelphia in 1838. His career is to be distinguished from that of Commodore George Rodgers, who was another of the distinguished naval commanders of the American service in the years immediately before and after 1812. The latter died in 1832 at New London, and near that place, within the Cedar Grove Cemetery, his remains were laid, amid martial honours.

Ross, General Robert, was born in Devonshire, England, in 1766. Trained as a soldier from his early years, he was given a colonelcy under Wellington, who gave him the command of a full brigade in 1812 during the Peninsular War. His greatest renown was won by his defeat of the American troops at Bladensburg and his after descent on the city of Washington. As has been said elsewhere, he was killed in 1814 on his march to Baltimore as a sequence to his descent upon Washington.

St. George, General Sir Thomas, was born an Englishman, in 1767, and trained a soldier, with experience gained in all the grades of that profession in the European wars of his time. He had taken part in engagements in the Toulon campaign and in Corsica, and had been a colonel during the Peninsular War up to 1805. When he was sent out to Canada he was given the oversight, in the west, of the militia as an inspector. For the part he played at the Detroit frontier he received a medal. Three years after the war in Canada he was raised to the rank of major-general, and subsequently honoured by having knighthood conferred upon him. He died in London in 1837.

Scott, Colonel Hercules, was born in Brotherton, Scotland. He was for a time in command at Burlington Heights, when General Drummond took charge of affairs in Upper Canada. When the news came to him there that General Riall had been forced to retreat from Chippawa, he is said to have declared the action of his superior officer to have been ill-advised. Later he had to hasten towards the

Niagara River to give aid to Riall's troops when Sir Gordon Drummond appeared in person at Lundy's Lane, and was the first to take note of the advantage that forced General Brown to withdraw his whole army shortly after General Riall had been made prisoner. As has been stated elsewhere, Colonel Scott met his death while leading a column of six hundred men against the Douglas Battery during the disastrous siege of Fort Erie.

Scott, General Winfield, was a native of Virginia, and is first heard of in connection with a descent he made, with eight hundred mounted troops, on the large Indian village of Ouitenon, which he destroyed, taking fifty-eight prisoners and leaving thirty-two of the calcitrant tribesmen dead from the disaster. He first appeared on the Niagara frontier at Schlosser, on the American side, two miles or so above the Falls, to co-operate with the Van Rensselers, as they were preparing to cross over from Lewiston to Queenston. He was allowed, on the day of the battle, to take a prominent part as a volunteer in the engagement, being the last to urge the Americans to withstand the approach of General Sheaffe, with every mark of a dauntless hero in his attitude, up to the moment of his being taken prisoner. His intrepidity, when he and his associate prisoners arrived at Quebec, saved many of his comrades from being sent to England on a charge of high treason. In August 1813 he was placed in charge of Fort George with eight hundred regulars under his command. Later he won further renown on the battlefield of Chippawa, his brigade being foremost in the attack made on the British lines. And again, at the battle of Lundy's Lane he took a leading part until borne from the field seriously wounded, after having had two horses shot under him. He did not recover from his wounds for several months after the battle—not until he had reached Washington, after that city had been sacked by the British Honours of all kinds were conferred upon him, and a gold medal was specially struck to commemorate his heroism. He was finally breveted a major-general, and continued in active service up to the year 1861. His death occurred in 1866, in his eightieth year. After the peace had been brought about, he was placed in command of the Tenth Military District.

Sheaffe, General Sir Roger, was born in Boston in 1763, being the son of the deputy collector of customs of that port previous to the birth of the new republic. While a boy, he became a favourite with Earl Percy, who, as a British soldier, had for a time his military

quarters on a property owned by the lad's mother. Under the Earl's patronage, Sheaffe took up with the military profession. He joined the British army in 1778, serving in Holland in 1799, and in the Baltic expedition of 1801. From that year, up to the breaking out of the War of 1812, he served in Canada, having risen to the rank of major-general before he was associated with General Brock in defence of the Niagara frontier. His failure to obviate the capture of York (now Toronto) by General Dearborn and his somewhat hasty retreat to Kingston have no doubt had much to do with his failing to receive due recognition for his services during the war. Possibly the time is at hand when his seemingly premature evacuation of York may be given a less prejudiced place in Canadian annals. It ought at least to be remembered that, when General De Rottenburg was called upon to take his place as general and governor, Sheaffe's courage, candour, and impartiality were fully acknowledged in the address he received from the resident members of the Executive Council of Upper Canada, who were not slow to acknowledge their conviction, in face of Sir George Prevost's censure, that the country at large owed the saving of the province to his military talents and courage on the memorable day of the battle of Queenston Heights. In 1813 he was knighted, was breveted a full general in 1828, and placed in command of the Thirty-sixth Regiment in 1829. His death took place at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1851.

Sherbrooke, General Sir John Coape, was a native of Derbyshire, England, born the son of William Coape. After his marriage he assumed the name of his wife's family. His visit first to Canada was in 1784, while he was captain in the Thirty-ninth Regiment, stationed for the time being in Nova Scotia. He saw service also in India and in the Peninsular War. Returning to England in poor health in 1810, he was given the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, which position he was holding when war broke out in 1812. During that war his defence of the colony was considered to be so satisfactory by the authorities in England that one thousand pounds sterling was voted for the purchase of a service of plate to him. His raid up the Penobscot with his Halifax fleet in hand, as well as along the whole coastline of Maine, has been looked upon as the retrieving of Britain's prestige after the rather ignominious retreat of Prevost from Plattsburg. In 1816 Sir John was appointed Captain-General and Governor in-Chief of Canada, but had not held these high offices for two years

when he was obliged to send his resignation on account of a return of his old sickness. His later years he spent in England, where he died in 1830, at his country-seat of Calverton, in Nottinghamshire.

Tecumseh, the intrepid tribesman who died loyal to the British cause on the field of Moraviantown on the 5th of October, 1813, was forty-three years old at the time of his valorous death. He was the son of a Shawanee warrior, being brought up in Ohio and coming into public notice as early as 1806, as one who had conceived the idea of uniting the Indian tribes of the West in a war against the new American republic. The project, which culminated in a massing of the tribes in a warring attitude, met with a disastrous check in the battle of Tippecanoe, a year before war was proclaimed against Great Britain by the United States. When war was proclaimed, Tecumseh did his best to rally his fellow tribesmen to the support of the redcoats; and it was as General Proctor's seconder at Moraviantown that he rushed into battle, even after he had learned that Proctor had forsaken the field, and, with tomahawk in hand, received his death-wound at the hands of an American officer. During the Detroit campaign his courage and fidelity to the Canadian cause were put to a full test during the contests on the Raisin River, on the battlefield of Maguaga, and during the besieging raids on Fort Meigs. Previous to his dramatic death he had been raised to the rank of brigadier-major in the British army. His name has been perpetuated in that of a village on the Raisin River, as well as in that of a growing city in Nebraska. The story of his life has been published in book form more than once, while his fame has been fittingly perpetuated in a drama written by Charles Mair, the Canadian poet. In connection with the name and career of Tecumseh may be mentioned his brother Elkswatawa, the Prophet, who was looked up to by his associates as a preacher of righteousness and temperate living, and an advocate of tribal independence in face of the encroachments of the "white man" on the domain of a long possessed birthright of Indian autonomy. After the battle of Tippecanoe, Elkswatawa, like his brother, favoured alliance with the British, and was not slow to give his tribal sympathy to his brother while co-operating with General Proctor in his campaigning around the Detroit frontier. Like Tecumseh, he was one of the acknowledged head chiefs of the Western Nations, as the Indian confederation was called.

Towson, Brigadier-General Nathan, after whom was named one of the bastions of Fort Erie, was a native of Maryland, having been born in 1784. As a captain of artillery he shared in the capture of the *Caledonia* at Fort Erie in 1813, and in the campaigning of General Brown on the Niagara frontier. Subsequently he acted as one of the paymaster-generals and took part in the Mexican War. He died in the city of Washington in 1849.

Van Rensseler, Colonel Solomon, was the son of a soldier of the War of Independence and nephew of the ostensible commander of the American troops sent on to the Niagara frontier with the purpose of invading Canada. The nephew was born near Albany in 1774 and entered on his military training under General Wayne. He had seen service in the Western Territories, but in one of the engagements in which he took part he was so severely wounded that he had to betake himself to mercantile pursuits for a time. When the invasion of Canada was decided upon, he had, however, held the position of adjutant-general of New York for over ten years, and was eager enough to give heed to his uncle's invitation to co-operate with him in the conducting of the initial campaigning at Niagara. On his return to Albany after the war he secured the appointment of postmaster of Albany, only to be removed and reinstated after consecutive presidential contests. He died at Albany in 1852.

Van Rensseler, General Stephen, was born at the manor-house of the Van Rensseler family at Albany in 1764. The name is otherwise spelled Von Rensselaer. His family was of the early Dutch settlers of New York known as patroons, from the special manorial rights and privileges conceded to them. He had been educated at Princeton and Harvard; and, as one of the wealthiest men around the neighbourhood of Albany, he succeeded in securing the nomination and election to the lieutenant-governorship of his native State, and a place in Congress. As a politician he had opposed, it is said, the pleadings of the so-called "war-party," but when the invasion of Canada was decreed by his countrymen he was found ready to accept the position of major-general of the militia, with headquarters on the Niagara frontier. He was in no sense a military man. After the repulse at Queenston he became President of the Canal Commission, a position which he held up to the time of his death in 1840.

Vincent, General James, was born in England in 1765. His military training included every step towards military promotion

from ensign to general. He had seen service in Denmark and the West Indies previous to his being sent to Canada to take charge of military affairs in Upper Canada. He died at the age of eighty-three at his residence in London, England.

Wadsworth, Major-General Elijah, who shared in the battle of Queenston, was a militia officer before he was called to join the Van Rensselers in camp at Lewiston. He was born in Connecticut in 1747, but removed to Ohio at an early age, where he became a citizen of public influence amongst his fellow pioneers and aided them in securing the rights of a State in the new republic. When war broke out in 1812, he was, comparatively speaking, an old man, and this explains perhaps why he so readily let John E. Wool and Winfield Scott take the lead in the defence of the Americans' position on Queenston Heights, when Van Rensseler retired to Lewiston. He died at Canfield, Ohio, in 1817.

Warren, Admiral Sir John Borlase, was born at Stapleford, Nottinghamshire, England, in 1753. He was a graduate of Cambridge, and thereafter, in 1777, entered the navy, to be appointed two years later, to full command in a ship of his own. In 1794 he captured three French frigates while in charge of a squadron. The crowning event of his career was the dispersion of the French fleet having five thousand men on board, as it was on the point of landing these men in Ireland. For a time he was ambassador-extraordinary at St. Petersburg. This did not necessitate his withdrawal from the navy, and in 1806 he added to his fame by the capture of the *Marengo*, one of the largest of French frigates. In 1810 he became admiral, and as such was sent out to America to co-operate with Admiral Cockburn in his descent on the seaboard in the vicinity of Washington and Baltimore. He died in England at his country-seat in 1822.

Winchester, General James, was a native of Maryland, becoming in the course of his military duties Secretary of the Board of War. After a quarrel between him and General Gates, the president of that board, he became clothier-general of the army. Previous to the War of 1812 he had joined General Wayne on his expedition down the Miami River, and it was not until 1814 that he was sent to the frontier at Sackett's Harbour. History tells us how his plans for the capture of Montreal came to nought. Twice he was tried by court-martial—once for being an accomplice of Aaron Burr, and second for his incompetency on the St. Lawrence frontier. In both

instances he was acquitted, though in 1815 he was relieved of his duties as a general. He died in Mexico in 1825, in his sixty-eighth year.

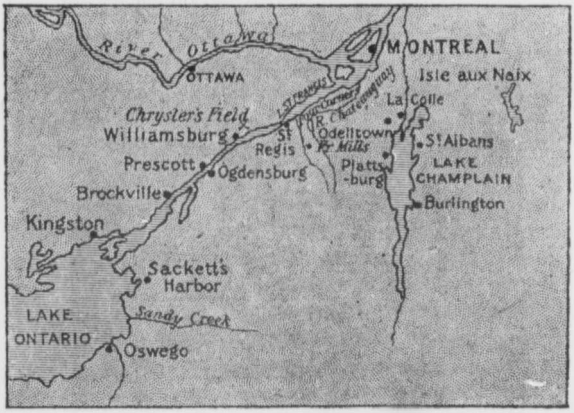
Winder, Brigadier-General William, was born in Maryland in 1775. He was another of the prominent lawyers of the United States who took a command in the army when the War of 1812 broke out. Taken prisoner at Stoney Creek, he was held a prisoner of war until the spring of 1814; and, when released, he became an inspector-general and took an active part in the defence of Washington and Baltimore, when these places were assailed by the British. After the war he took up with the practice of the law again and was twice chosen a member of Congress. He died in Baltimore in 1824.

Wool, General John E., who took such a prominent part in the contest on Queenston Heights, was the son of a soldier who had been in the Revolutionary War under General Wayne. He was born in the State of New York in 1788. He had been a young lawyer before he became a soldier; and at the time he was sent to the Niagara frontier he had attained to the rank of captain. For his intrepid and valiant conduct in the Queenston affair he was gazetted major, and thereafter took part in the Plattsburg siege, to be rewarded by promotion to a colonelcy. After the War of 1812 he was appointed inspector-general, and as such acquired a prominent status in the republic from the missions he was entrusted with to France, Belgium, and Mexico. In 1853 he made an inspection of the Territories of Oregon and Washington, taking up his residence for a time in California. When the Civil War of 1860 broke out, General Wool was then a man of seventy-two, yet he took an active part in the siege of Fortress Monroe. After being in command at New York during the later years of his career, he died at Troy on the Hudson, in 1869. During his life he was the recipient of many public honours.

Yeo, Commodore Sir James, was born a child of the army at Southampton, England, in 1782. His early training as a sailor was under Admiral Cosby; and, strange to say, he had attained to a lieutenancy when he was but fifteen years of age. He was a man of but thirty when he was sent out to look after naval affairs in the Great Lakes; and when it is known of his exploits on the seaboard of France and in the taking of Cayenne, the highest respect cannot but be paid to his naval caution while manoeuvring his antagonist Commodore Chauncey from one end of Lake Ontario to the other.

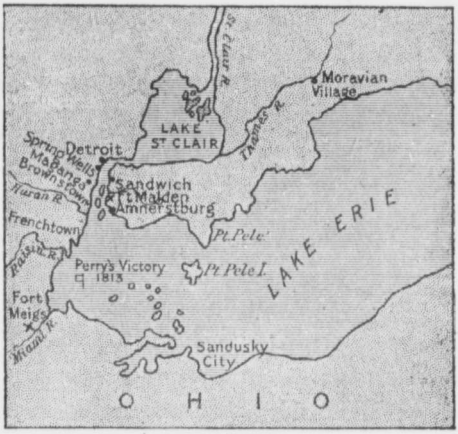
He died in his thirty-seventh year while on a voyage along the African coast, worn out, as was thought, from the active life he had led from his boyhood on shipboard, and for the most part in command. His remains were carried back from Africa to England and laid in the Royal Garrison Graveyard of Portsmouth.

MAPS



St. Lawrence, Montreal.

The Atlantic Seaboard.



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