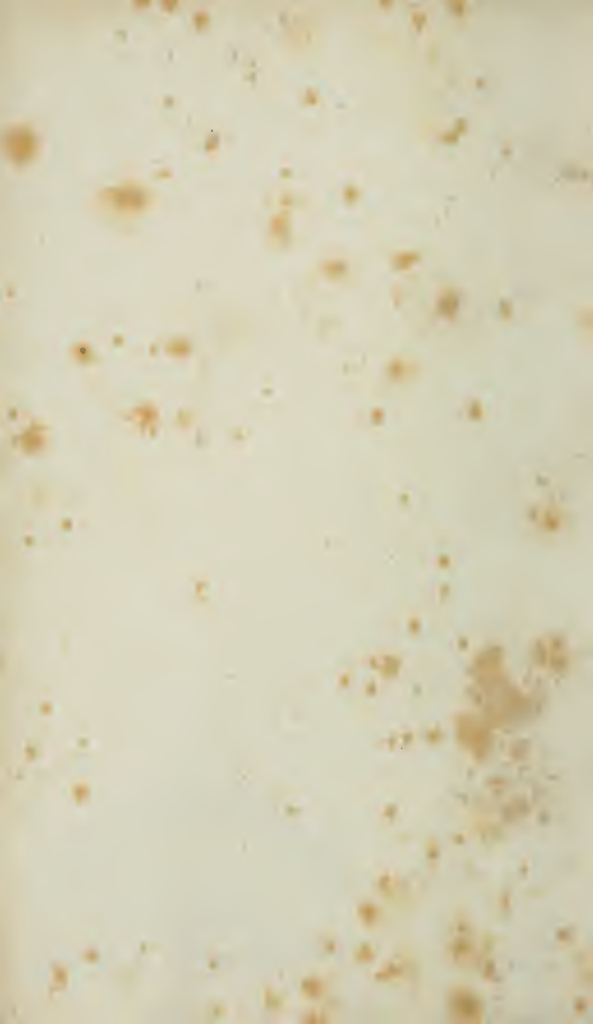




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TALES
OF THE
NIAGARA FRONTIER.

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**PART I.**  
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QUEENSTON.

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TALES
OF THE
NIAGARA FRONTIER.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I..... QUEENSTON.
PART II..... FORT NIAGARA.

SECOND EDITION.

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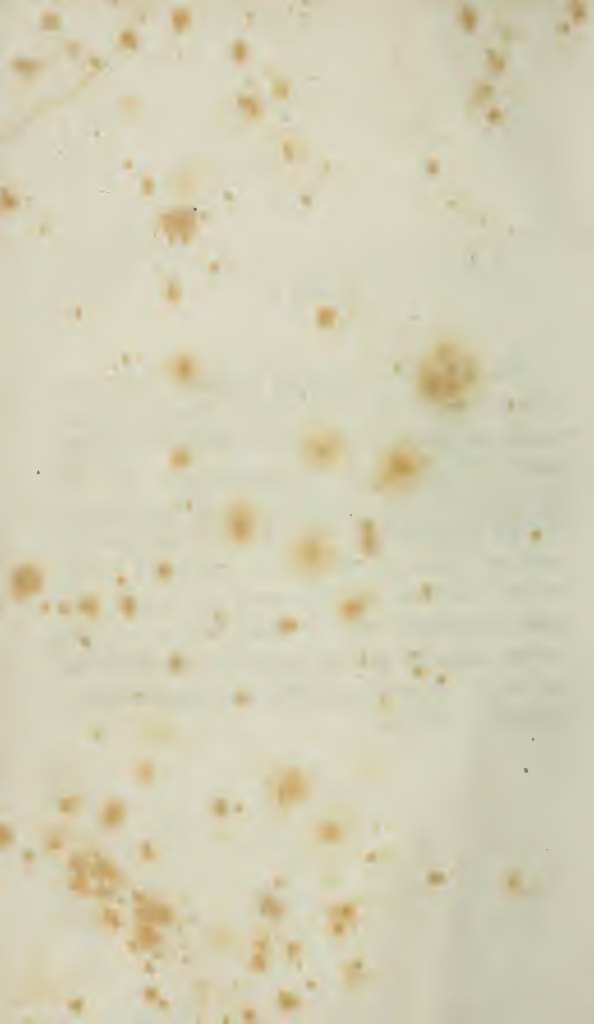
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NOTE.

The series of little books proposed to be published under the general title of "TALES OF THE NIAGARA FRONTIER," are intended to illustrate some portions of the History of the War of 1812. Accurate dates and descriptions of places will be given, though not with very minute detail; and the names of officers who took part in the scenes described, and the events with which they were connected, will be stated, so far as the writer may be able to do so, with historical accuracy. In other respects, the stories may be regarded as fictions.



INTRODUCTION.

The Niagara River, or the Strait that connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, being the only outlet for the greatest chain of inland waters in the world, which are there poured over the great Cataract, and forming the boundary between the United States and Canada, has been the scene of many interesting historical events. Courage as true and devoted has there been exhibited, as that of the Spartans at the pass of Thermopylae. Its waters have been made red by the blood of brave men who died in their struggles for the liberty and the rights which had been denied them. On its banks many a spot has been made holy by the burial of a soldier. It is classic ground; and in future ages there will be the shrines where pilgrims will come to worship the memory of heroes. Time as well as blood is necessary to consecrate the battle field. Little is now thought of the

places where these scenes occurred because their history is fresh in the minds of all except the young. To them it is hoped this little book will be an acceptable offering. But the time will come when this river through its whole length, which is about thirty five miles, will reflect from its waters the images of many beautiful mansions that will be erected on its banks. Thousands of years hence it will be the task of the school boy, in the study of the antiquities of his Country, to learn the deeds of arms that have been wrought there. History and Poetry will vie with each other in the relations of fact and the creations of fancy. But romance will be excelled by reality. The Niagara will, to future ages, call to mind the heroic in history, as the Hellespont now does to us; and, as at the chosen spots of the old world, patriotism will burn with a brighter glow at the mention of its name. The loves of Hero and Leander, immortalized by the Grecian bard, and tales of war by sea and land will be matched by stories of the Niagara.

QUEENSTON.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN GRAY AND HIS FAMILY.

A few years ago, there resided in one of the small towns in Western New York, a man apparently about fifty years of age, familiarly known in the neighborhood as the Captain. He was a man of moderate stature, with a countenance that seemed worn by fatigue and the hardships of wind and weather; but possessing, for all that, an openness and sincerity of expression, that at once endeared him to all who knew him. Though careless of his person, he was engaging in his manners, and like all old soldiers, he was addicted to fighting his battles over again whenever he could find a faithful and patient listener.

He had at that period been a resident of the place for many years, with the exception

of some short intervals during which the peace and security of his home had been disturbed by border warfare. At such times he had been accustomed to remove with his family to a place of greater security at some distance in the interior. He however sought no such place of safety for himself. He had planted himself in the forest at so early a period, that but few white inhabitants were to be found for many miles around. He was then in the vigor of manhood, and already inured to the hardships of forest life. His eye was quick in discovering the trail of the Indian hunter; and in enjoying and loving the freedom of the woods, he had learned to love and defend the freedom of his Country. While he looked for security for his wife and children, he sought for himself the field of danger. He had served as a volunteer through most of the period from 1812 to 1815. From the profession of arms however, he was obliged, sometimes, to turn to the cultivation of his farm.

At the period he is introduced to the reader, his fields were surrounded with fences and covered with flocks. The harvest had

filled his barn, and his house and heart were the abodes of peace and plenty. If want came near his dwelling, it was satisfied from his abundance. Around his fireside were gathered those whom it had been his pride and his duty to cherish and protect. When the labors of the day were ended, it was a pleasure to him to recount to his family and friends, the stories of his youth and his earlier manhood. He delighted to tell of scenes of danger and deeds of arms.

It was on one of these occasions, when his children were repeating to their cousin Harry some of the stories they had learned from their father, that Captain Gray is presented to the reader. Harry West, now twelve years of age, had come on a visit to his Uncle and Cousins from a small village in New England. He had heard how his uncle Gray had left his father's house in early life and made for himself a home in the forests of the West. He had been told of his wild and desolate pathway along the borders of the Mohawk, sometimes on foot, and sometimes in Indian canoes; now carrying his pack on his back, and now, to avoid this bur-

den, assisting in carrying the canoe around such rapid parts of the stream as they were unable to ascend. He had heard how, by successively trudging with his pack and pulling at the oar, he had, after leaving the Mohawk, gained the shores of Lake Ontario, and how, by means of his canoe, he had coasted along its southern shore, stopping by night and kindling a fire upon its banks, making his bed of the boughs of the hemlock, till he reached the mouth of the Niagara, and thence had come to his present location.

His family at this time consisted of a son and two daughters. Alice, the eldest daughter, was a pattern of amiableness and filial affection. Her domestic virtues seemed to be ripened before the ordinary period of womanhood, and none was to be found in the neighborhood of sweeter temper or kinder disposition than Alice Gray. Her younger sister had less of the sedateness of woman, but more of that sprightliness of manner which is so engaging in the young. She delighted in tales of chivalry and romance, and though rather too giddy and playful at times, she had always been a patient pupil and a

quiet listener to the stories related by her father; while Charles possessed rather those negative qualities which gave him no very decided character, though he was not deficient in quickness and understanding. He usually performed with alacrity whatever his father desired, and gave himself very little concern about the consequences to result from his acts.

While her mother and sister were busied with household affairs, Lucy Gray had been reciting to Harry some of the more simple events of the war, and his mind was so much animated by them, that he was anxious to know more about it.

Lucy was the Captain's youngest daughter and was now scarcely ten years old. Harry, had promised her that if she would continue her narrative, he would in turn relate to her such tales as his years and habits had enabled him to gather. It is true he could not tell of battles and victories as well as Lucy Gray; but then he could tell of birthday frolics, and christmas-eves, and May-day Queens, and who had gained the crown of spring's young flowers, and how they had

envied each other; and this he thought would please his cousin well.

“O Harry,” said Lucy, “tell me the story of the May-day and the May-Queen to-night, and father will tell you to-morrow of battles and wars; he knows more such stories than I do and can tell them better.”

Harry turned to his uncle for a look of consent, but the Captain was looking in the fire and did not seem to hear what had been said.

“Father!” said Lucy, “I have promised Harry that if he will tell me some stories I want to hear to-night, that you will tell him to-morrow the story of some battle—the battle of Queenston or the battle of Lundy’s Lane. Will you father?”

“Yes my Child, to-morrow, if it is fair, we will go round the farm and see that the harvest is all secure, and next day we will go to the river and show Harry all that can be seen.”

With this Harry was well content, and thus, with the lively stories of youth, and the calm reflections of age, the evening passed happily away.

The next morning the sun rose bright and clear. Harry, escorted by the Captain and Charles, went forth to view the various localities about the farm, and to see how the axe had triumphed over the forest.

“There,” said the Captain, pointing to the woods at a distance, “you can see how labor and cultivation has changed the face of nature. These fields were once covered by such lofty trees as you see there. By that large tree yonder passed the Indian trail that led from Niagara to an Indian settlement on the Genesee river. The Indians, as they passed from one of these points to the other, generally followed this path. But if they had any secret mission to perform, they took another route through a wilder part of the woods thridding their way carefully through the thickets, and raising up as they passed the weeds and grass, that might have been borne down by the tread, so as to leave no sign of their path that could be followed by others.”

It was now Autumn, and the young fruit trees were slightly bending under their first fruits. Harry followed the Captain through

the fields and was delighted to see the patches of corn, with here and there an ear, from which the silver husk had fallen, standing erect like an ingot of gold. He was not pleased with the sight because it was new, for he had often seen such things before, but because the feelings of his heart were in harmony with the beauties of the field.

“But what,” said Harry, “has become of all the Indians that used to wander about these woods?”

“Gone,” said the Captain, “to other parts of the Country. There are some, called the Tuscaroras, a few miles distant; and, after we have been to the river and the battleground, we will pay them a visit.”

Harry thought he should be well pleased with this, but seemed to be thinking as if he had some fears about making the trial. He was however soon re-assured by the Captain, who told him that the Indians were friendly, and that they liked to have a visit from their white neighbors.

Harry now observed for the first time the buttons on the coarse hunting coat worn by the Captain, and that they were stamped

with the form of the eagle, and with figures and marks that he did not understand.

“Why do you wear such buttons,” said Harry, “and what is the meaning of these figures and marks upon them?”

“I once belonged,” said the Captain, “to the 21st. Regiment, and these are the buttons I wore on my coat at the battle of Lundy’s Lane. I have kept them as one of the memorials of that bloody fight.”

“Did you get that scar over the eye,” said Harry, “in that battle?”

“Yes,” said the Captain, “that is another memorial of that day. It was made by a cut from the sword of a British Officer, and but for the leather fore-piece of my cap would have proved fatal.”

The Captain’s buttons had outlived many a thread-bare garment, as if that victory had proved their durability. They were in fact the cause of Mr. Gray being called, by his neighbors, the Captain; for he had never been promoted to that office. He used to say that he always found good fighting in the ranks.

Harry wanted Mr. Gray to tell him about

the battle. He asked him a great many questions as to the cause of the war, and the number of men in the opposing armies, the names of the officers and the number of the killed and wounded. To all these inquiries the Captain replied that he would relate the whole to him; and pointing to the West in the direction of a great cloud, he told Harry it was made by the mist from the Falls of Niagara.

“It was within the sound of the cataract, and almost under the droppings of that cloud,” said he, “that the fight was.”

Harry waited for the Captain to proceed.

“Listen!” said the Captain.

Harry almost shuddered at the stillness, and then he heard a low murmuring sound, and he thought it was the voice of battle or the groans of dying men.

“That sound,” said the Captain, “is the voice of the cataract. While we are viewing the fields of battle we can see this also.”

All this was very agreeable as well as exciting to the mind of Harry, and he would have prolonged the conversation, but the day was wearing away, and they were willing

to return to the house. Harry West had a new field of study and thought opened to his mind that day. His cousins smiled to see how he was excited on what to them had become familiar themes.

“Well Harry,” said Lucy, “when do you go to the river?”

“To-morrow,” said he, “we shall visit Queenston.”

“You must go to Fort Niagara too,” said Lucy.

“And to Chippewa,” said Alice.

“And to Lundy’s Lane, and the Devil’s Hole,” said Charles.

“Yes,” said the Captain, “we shall visit all these places; and if Harry and Charles have enough of the soldier about them to take a longer march we will go to Fort Erie too.”

This conversation was kept up for sometime with a new interest, for Alice and Lucy had been anxiously waiting their return to the house; and their minds had been treasuring up during the day topics of conversations for the amusement of Harry. All were happy as the full enjoyments of the present, and the confident hopes of the future, could make them, and the evening passed pleasantly away.

A FAIR MORNING, BUT A WET DAY.

The next morning active preparations were making for a trip to the heights of Queenston. The manner of travelling was first to be considered. Charles had proposed to his father that they should go on horseback. But the Captain objected to this that there were three to go, and they had but two horses. Charles was about to remove this difficulty by telling his father of the gentleness of an unbroken colt that he thought he could ride, when another plan was proposed. Lucy thought it would be better to go in a wagon, when she and her sister Alice could be of the party. Harry would have given his voice in favor of this plan, had not Mrs. Gray interposed, when he saw the impropriety of leaving his Aunt alone and remained silent. It was now the Captain's turn, and he decided, very unexpectedly to all, to go on foot. Harry and Charles

could make no objection to this for they knew that Captain Gray had not only travelled greater distances a thousand times before, but that he had carried his knapsack and his musket at the same time, and that too through frost and snow, when the country was threatened by an invading army; and Lucy and Alice were put to silence by a look of command from their mother.

To falter now at the thought of a few miles travel would have been unworthy of young men in the company of an old soldier.

This question being settled, the line of march was soon decided on by the Captain. His farm lay upon that elevated plain which spreads out from the high banks of the Niagara below the cataract, and terminates abruptly in a precipitous declivity which extends from the banks of the river opposite to Queenston, for many miles to the east. Their path lay along the border of this declivity, and the Captain, disliking the dust of the highway, soon turned aside into an open field, skirted by woods on the right. They pursued their way in a westerly direction sometimes in the clearings, and sometimes

through forests of large trees and a light under-growth of shrubs, Harry and Charles hardly keeping pace with the Captain, for the distance of several miles, when they came to an opening in the woods which enabled them to overlook the beautiful plain below, stretching far to the northward.

The prospect here opened was such as would have given pleasure to the most moderate admirers of the beauties of nature. Broad fields were seen reaching to the distant woods on the north and on the east. Flocks were roaming in their pasture grounds and farm houses and barns lifted up their heads in the distance, and men were gathering in the ripened corn. Here a halt was made and the Captain pointed to the various localities which had been familiar to him before the forest had disappeared.

“Along the foot of yonder declivity,” said he, “till within a few years, was always a deer path in winter. They used to go to lick at a spring that boiled up at the foot of the hill. Where you see that large stump yonder—the tree, a large oak, was then standing—I used to take my stand, and I

rarely failed to bring down a large buck if any came that way. When we were not confident of finding them in this way, it was usual for some of the party to go to their haunts in the woods, and by the aid of dogs turn them in this direction, when others lying in wait would bring them down."

"And are there no deer in these parts now?" asked Harry.

"But few," said the Captain. "The woods are so much cleared up that their haunts are removed to a distance of several miles."

"I should like," said Harry, "to go on a deer hunt; I think it would be fine sport."

"If you will stay with us till the first light snow falls," said Charles, "we will go and you shall see how it is done."

"I don't understand the use of the rifle," said Harry, "and I could only look on."

"You must have one with you," said Charles. "We will practice by shooting at a mark before we go."

"And how," said the Captain, "would you like to be overtaken by the darkness of night, at too great a distance from home to be able to reach it, after having hunted all day and found no game?"

This was something Harry had not thought of, and he asked the Captain how in such a case he would spend the night.

“O,” said the Captain, “the hunter’s bed is soon made. With steel and flint which every hunter carries, and by the aid of such dry sticks as can be found, a fire would soon be made, and if he has nothing to eat he sings the merrier. Then from the boughs of the hemlock or cedar a bed is made, and by the light of the stars he goes to his rest.”

They were now within a few miles of the river, and as they pursued their way, they came to a pass that led in an oblique direction down the mountain.

“Here” said the Captain, again halting, “was the path by which the Indians and the British spies used to pass in going from Fort Niagara to Schlosser. This was the course taken by some of the British in their march from Fort Niagara, after the surprise of that fortress on the morning of the 19th of December 1813. You see that little church with a steeple yonder. That is the meeting house in the Tuscarora Village. These Indians came from North Carolina about the

year 1712, and joined the confederacy of the Five Nations, (or the Iroquois as they were called by the French,) which was afterwards known as the Six Nations. There is a Missionary there who preaches to them."

"Does he preach in the Indian language?" asked Harry.

"No," said the Captain, "he preaches to them in English, and one of the Chiefs interprets or translates the prayers and the sermon into the Indian language, so that they are understood by the rest of the tribe. Some of the Indians have embraced the christian religion, but most of them are still pagans. They hear the voice of the Great Spirit in the winds and the thunder, and they see the glance of his eye in the flash of the lightning. Sometimes they think that he sits upon the brink of the cataract, and that the spray that rises from the dashing of its waters, is the smoke that ascends from the fires kindled by his anger in the deep caverns formed by the overhanging rocks."

The fears that Harry had of visiting this wonderful people, had been entirely removed by the assurances of the Captain, and the

stories he had heard of them from Charles and Lucy Gray. He now thought that a visit to them would please him quite as well as a trip to Queenston.

“The British,” continued the Captain, “and the Indians in their service, after the surprise of Niagara, of which I have told you, marched to the Tuscarora Village, and burnt all of their houses, and killed some of their men. But most of the warriors, with their women and children, fled to the woods. After the work of destruction was done, and the main body of the British had ascended the mountain through this pass, a few of the Tuscarora warriors crept from their hiding places, and took their stations behind the trees and rocks on either side, for the purpose of picking off any stragglers that should be behind the main body.

“After waiting there several hours, a small party of about a dozen British soldiers, who had lingered behind the rest, for the purpose of plunder, entered the pass. The Indian always lies with his eye upon his gun, and at a signal which was given, they all fired. Near half their number fell, and the rest

turned and ran down the hill, affrighted at the terrible war whoop of the Tuscaroras. The Indians pursued, and but few of the British soldiers escaped from the shower of bullets and arrows."

"What," said Harry, "became of the white inhabitants at this time?"

"They too fled," said the Captain. "The inhabitants of Lewiston were driven from their homes at the same time, and the village was burnt. Most of them made their escape from the town before the British entered. One man, after he had left his house, thought of a gun he had left behind, and going back after it, he was shot dead just as he was leaving his house."

While these stories were occupying the attention of our travellers, almost unperceived by them, the sky was overcast by dark clouds that threatened a sudden shower. The practiced eye of the Captain was not deceived. He had been too long accustomed to watch the signs of the weather to be unmindful of them.

"I am afraid we shall get wet," said Harry.

"That may be," said the Captain, "and

though I would rather avoid it if I can, I have seen too much of rough weather to be much alarmed at the prospect."

They paused a moment to consider whether they would retrace their steps and gain the nearest house, or push on to the Indian village. But the storm was nearer at hand than they had at first imagined. There was near by, a projecting cliff of rock which might protect them from the storm. That might be gained, but all other shelters were too distant. The decision was made, and with hasty step they flew to it, and took refuge there. From out this nook they could see the smoke from the Indian huts. The rain seemed resolved to put a stop to the further march of the travellers for that day. The Captain consoled his young companions by telling them that he saw signs that the storm would soon cease. The rain, however, continued till nearly dusk. It was too far to think of gaining their home that night. To stay under the cliff, and without even a blanket to cover them, was not a very comfortable thought to Charles and Harry; and the Captain had been so long unused to such

exposures, that he would avoid it if possible.

“We have the flint and steel,” said Harry, “let us strike a fire.”

“No wood can be found,” said the Captain, “that is not either green or drenched with rain.”

What then was to be done, if they could neither make a fire nor pass the night without?

“It is scarcely more than a mile,” said the Captain, “to the Indian village. The Chiefs are well known to me, and they have always treated me like a friend and a brother. In their huts we might find shelter for the night.”

“Then Harry,” said Charles, “you will have a good chance to see something of the Indian character.”

Harry was rather afraid to be quite so familiar with them on his first visit, as to stay all night; but his desire not to be thought wanting in courage, kept him from making any objection. Accordingly they were soon on their way to the village. As it was now fast growing dark, and they were making their way through the thicket that covered the steep side of the hill they were descending, Harry began to think it was an unpleasant

ending of a day so happily begun. But the descent was soon made, and they came out into a clearing, through which lay their path. As he was trudging on in silence, a new thought entered the mind of Harry. For the first time he began to think of those who would be watching for their return. The form of Lucy Gray was present to his imagination. He felt disappointed in not being able that night, to recount to her the adventures of the day. He thought he could see that the morning smile with which he left her, had gone from her face. He feared that her young heart would grow sad, as the evening wore away, and she watched for their coming. He fancied that she would be going to the door, or looking out of the window, and listening for the sound of their footsteps. Why he did not think of her mother and her sister Alice, is not known. He would sometimes imagine she was in danger; but his judgment told him she was in a place of security. But then, if safe herself, she would be anxious for him. But he believed, and in this he trusted to the Captain, that he too would be safe. His feelings were strange, and to him inde-

finable; yet they were what every one will, at some time of life, experience, and will know the cause of their existence, but Harry West as yet knew not how to explain them.

The silence of the travellers, as they were picking their way along in the dark, was broken by the voice of the Captain.

“We shall soon be there,” said he.

“Will not our absence cause anxiety on our account at home?” asked Harry.

The Captain was accustomed to the calculation of chances, and he knew that his family understood the force and effect of circumstances; and he told Harry that the severe storm that had lasted through the afternoon, would show to them that it was impossible they could accomplish their purpose that day, and yet that they must have advanced so far before the rain came on, that they could not return. Thus he concluded that the cause of their absence would be understood.

By this time they had reached the village, and the Captain led the way to the house of one of the Chiefs. Their approach was heralded by the barking of a little Indian dog,

and they were met at the door by the Chief himself. The Captain gave the evening salutation in the Indian tongue, and the Chief received them with great kindness into his hut. He was a tall, well made man, with an eye that would match the eagle's in looking at the sun. He had such power and skill with the bow, that he could send the arrow quite through the body of the deer. He had just returned from the chase, and his wife and two young Indian girls were preparing parts of the venison he had taken for drying, while a young boy was hardening the points of some arrows in the hot embers that were smouldering upon the hearth. The hut of the Indian is always the house of hospitality. A sign made by the Chief to his wife, accompanied by a guttural sound, was understood by her, and soon the appetites of our travelers were sharpened by the savory smell of broilling venison.

When the repast was over, pipes were offered, and the Chief and the Captain again renewed their promises of friendship, and Charles and Harry understood from the look of the Captain, that the Chief expected them

also to smoke with him the pipe of peace. This they did, and the bond of friendship was made perfect.

On a bear skin, and in an Indian hut, Harry went to rest, but not to sleep, that night. He knew he was in a place of the greatest security, but the scene was new to him, and visions of tomahawks and murdered men floated before his imagination. He saw long lines of Indian warriors come out of the woods with tomahawks and scalping knives, and bend their course to some peaceful settlement. He fancied that he saw them return with the scalps of men, women and children. To his excited vision, their path seemed to be traced with blood. The rest of Charles was less disturbed by these fancies, and the Captain was not at all affected by them. Harry remembers, and repeats to this day, with an almost fearful accuracy, the story of the first night passed in the hut of the Tuscarora Chief.

CHAPTER III.

A DAY WITH THE TUSCARORAS.

At the first appearance of morning, the Indians as well as our travellers, were stirring. Harry was anxious to take a survey of the village; and the little party, after making a breakfast of hominy and venison, accompanied by the Chief, visited the principal huts, after which some of the young Indians showed them some feats of skill with the bow and arrow, and various other sports.

They were now ready to proceed on their journey, but it so happened that on that day the Tuscaroras and the Mohawks, one of the six nations, which at this time occupied a small district on Grand River, in Upper Canada, were to have a trial of their skill in a game of ball, and the Chief invited them to stay through day, and see the sport. Charles and the Captain, who had set out on this expedition for the amusement of Harry, submitted to him whether they should stay and

see the game, or go on to the river. Harry at once decided in favor of seeing the contest among the Indians.

This game was a kind of annual festival, and the contest was always between an equal number of young Indians, selected from different nations. Sometimes it took place at the village of the Mohawks, but it was now to be on a level plain near the village of the Tuscaroras. The Mohawks had not yet made their appearance. The young braves who were selected on the part of the Tuscaroras, had retired to a thicket near by, for the purpose of painting their bodies and arraying themselves for the contest.

While these preparations were going on, another set of young Indians were trying their skill in throwing a kind of rod or arrow, by the hand. Each had a number of rods of the size of a man's finger, and five or six feet in length. A mark was made upon the ground, and one of them, advancing to the line, extended his right foot forward so as to rest his heel upon the ground, the toe pointing upwards; and then with his right hand, taking the rod near one end, and with a quick bend

of the body that cannot be described, he brings the rod in a nearly horizontal position down to a level with his foot, and striking it, at the same time that he gives it a forward motion, across his instep, so as to give it an upward inclination, it speeds away with the swiftness of an arrow to an almost incredible distance. He who gained the greatest distance in an equal number of throws, was pronounced the victor.

The party of the Mohawks had arrived the day before, and had encamped on the side of a hill, on the opposite side of the plain, where the game was to take place. Nothing had been seen of them that day, till from an opening in the trees that concealed their encampment from the view of the Tuscaroras, the party of the Mohawks made their appearance. First came the chiefs and old men, then the players selected for the occasion, followed by others of their nation, and lastly, a throng of women and children. At the sight of this troop, which came streaming down the hill in Indian file, the Tuscarora players issued from their covert in the woods, and the women and children that were not

already on the ground, poured out of their huts and joined the motley throng.

The Mohawks were led by a stately young Chief, who announced their approach by a whoop, which had rather the sound of frolic and mirth, than the terrible notes he had been accustomed to utter as the prelude of war. This was answered by a similar shout from the Tuscaroras. The opposing bands marched to the sound of a kind of rattle, made of deers' hoofs, accompanied sometimes as by a chant from their voices; and took their respective stations upon the ground.

Their appearance was, to those unaccustomed to the forms of savage life, grotesque in the extreme. They had disencumbered themselves of every article of clothing, except a single garment like an apron or kilt, fastened around the waist, and descending nearly to the knee; and their bodies were painted with various gaudy colors. A bright red or vermillion, seemed to be a favorite with them. On their heads most of them wore a bunch of feathers. Some were those of the bald Eagle, their natural color, and some were dyed a bright red. This was the

strange toilet made by the children of the forest for their holiday sports.

The field marked out for the game, was designated by two sets of "byes," placed about two hundred yards distant from each other, the goals forming each set of "byes," being about thirty feet apart, and arranged in lines parallel with each other. The parties were placed on each side of a line drawn in the middle between the two sets of "byes." Each player had a club or bat, about four feet long, having at the end a bow, which was interwoven with leather thongs, like basket work, somewhat after the fashion of an Indian Snow-Shoe. With this the ball, which was about the size of the ball commonly thrown and caught by the hand, was carried or knocked, as the case required.

Near the centre line, on one side of the field, was a small party of Indians, selected partly from both nations, with knives and tally-sticks to score the game. It was one of the rules of the game, that the ball was not to be touched by the hand, except when it has been driven beyond the "byes," when it may be again thrown into the centre.

The parties being ready, and standing on their respective sides of the line, a beautiful Indian maiden, decorated with a head dress of Eagles' feathers, and glittering with beads and ornaments of silver, came bounding into the area with the ball in her hand, like Venus with the golden apple. Harry recognized in her the daughter of the Indian Chief, under whose hospitable roof he had passed the night. She was selected to perform this office, as a compliment paid by the Mohawks to the head Chief of the Tuscaroras.

The maiden threw the ball high in the air, and skipped gaily away to join her companions. A shout burst forth from the multitude, and the play began. Now came the struggle for mastery. It was the aim of each party to drive the ball beyond the bounds on the respective sides of the line. Before it had reached the ground, it was struck by one of the party, and sent far to the northward of the line. Then came a general scamper in the direction of the ball, one party striving to send it still farther towards the northern bound, and the other to force it back across the line, and if possible to the opposite bound.

It had been struck with such force, that none could reach it, before it fell to the ground. Now one has it on his club, but before he can toss it in the air so as to give it a blow, one of his opponents has struck his club, and sent it in a contrary direction. Now another has it on his club, and is running as if for life, to gain ground enough to give it a blow. He has tossed it up, but another at a lucky moment, has got the first blow, and it is speeding away with the swiftness of a bird. Every one is put to the trial of speed as well as of skill, and if any one can trip up, or push aside his competitor in the race, it is thought fair play, and is in fact, a part of the game. The party which first drives the ball beyond the bounds a certain number of times, wins the game. Many were the laughable tumbles made that day, by some of the less active players.

Harry enjoyed the sport much, and entered into the spirit and excitement of the game to such a degree. that he almost forgot the object with which he set out the day before.

“What a noble looking fellow,” said Harry, “is that young Mohawk Chief.”

“I have a story to tell you of him,” said the Captain, “but I can’t tell it now. It will not do to let the Indians see that we are talking about them, or that we are thinking of any thing else than the game.”

When the play was ended, which was not till near nightfall, the parties gave themselves up to feasting and jesting and merriment. The Captain was so well known to them, that his presence did not seem to produce any restraint upon their actions; and Harry and Charles were so far initiated into the mysteries of Indian sports, that the prospect of spending another night there, gave them less anxiety than on the day before. The Captain had taken the precaution to send word to his family by a passing traveller, that their journey had been delayed, and that they should be absent at least two days longer than they expected, when they set out.

In the progress of the game, those who seemed to have the advantage, were applauded by the by-standers, especially by the women; and the party that seemed likely to be defeated, were encouraged to new exertions. The Mohawks had won the game,

and there was great rejoicing among the victors. The vanquished party, however, had no other feeling than that of a momentary disappointment, and a determination to win the next game; and before they separated, the pipe of peace was smoked by the Chiefs of the tribes, and an offering of tobacco was made to the Great Spirit, by sprinkling it upon the fire, and the smoke that ascended, they believed to be a holy incense, that would propitiate his favor. Although this was a pagan ceremony, those who had embraced the Christian religion, had not so far disconnected their spiritual feelings from ancient forms, as to make their rites repulsive to them.

These games remind us of the sacred games of the Greeks, which were national festivals, and served to unite in a strong bond of union, the different States of Greece. Their festivals began in the evening, with solemn sacrifices, and the games were commenced the next morning at day-break. Races on foot, leaping, throwing the discus, wrestling and boxing, were among the exercises. The honor of having gained the

victory in the olympic games, was very great. Jupiter Olympus was said to have established them; Mars to have gained the first prize in boxing, and Appollo to have overcome Mercury in the race; while Hercules was accustomed to crown the victors with a wreath of the olive or the laurel; the ivy or the oak.

CHAPTER IV.

A TRIP TO THE BATTLE GROUND.

The next morning our travellers took leave of their red brethren, and pursued their way. Their path led along near the base of the mountain they had descended on entering the village. A half hour's travel brought them to the top of a hill of moderate elevation, which overlooked the whole space between them and the Niagara. On their left, was the mountain stretching from the shores of the Niagara far to the east. The trees upon its steep side, wore the reddened tinge of Autumn, and the sweet but saddening voices of the birds, were mourning the dying beauties of summer; while on the right, was that variety of hill and valley, woodland and meadow, that gives a beauty and a glory to the landscape. The position of the river could only be distinguished by the small clusters of houses, to be seen on its opposite bank. Here, too, were plainly visible the heights of

Queenston, and the monument erected to the memory of General Brock, on the summit.

“There,” said the Captain, “on the top of that height, on the 13th day of October, 1812, was the first bloody fight that occurred upon this frontier. Near the base of that monument, fell the brave and magnanimous British General.”

Harry had a feeling of wonder and strange awe, as he looked upon the spot where hostile armies had met in the strife of battle. He could scarcely believe that his eyes were looking upon the territory of a foreign power. When he saw this monument of a fallen hero, he felt as if the distance he had walked for the last half hour, had removed him farther from his home, than all his former travels. He felt, for the first time in his life, as if he was a stranger in a strange land. He had heard of the British lion, and he knew that it was only emblematical of the power of England; and his heart was comforted when he saw the white headed Eagle, the symbol of American independence, soaring far above the top of that monument. that looked down with majesty, but not with defiance, upon

the waters that divided the territory of two great nations.

“I had almost expected,” said Harry, “to hear the roar of the lion, but it is more likely now, that I shall hear the scream of the eagle.”

“You will have to be satisfied with the sight of that noble bird, without hearing his voice,” said the Captain. “Had you been here in 1812, you might have heard from this American bird, as well as from the British beast.”

“I now see,” said Harry, “the meaning of the eagle’s image on those buttons.”

“Yes,” said the Captain; “and on the day of battle, you might have seen the terror of his gaze in the glance of our eyes. The soldier is eagle-eyed in the hour of trial.”

As they journeyed on down the gentle slope that led to the river, they came to the beautiful village of Lewiston. It was near this spot that De La Salle had driven a palisade, on his first visit to the Niagara, in 1678; and in May, 1721, a party came to take measure for a permanent settlement. Among them were the son of the Governor of New France, De Longueil, from Montreal, and

Charlevoix, the best early writer of American History. Since that time, generations have come and passed away. Many comfortable dwellings had now risen from the ashes to which the town had been reduced by the British army.

“Here,” said the Captain, “was the camp of the Americans, before the battle of Queenston. It consisted of some regulars, newly enlisted, and some militia, amounting in all, to four thousand men, under General Van Rensselaer. But a few days before, Lieutenant Elliott, of the navy, had attacked two British vessels which were lying in the Niagara river, under the guns of Fort Erie, which was then in possession of the British. With only fifty men, he had suddenly boarded and taken possession of them in the night, with the loss of but two of his own men. This brilliant affair so excited the ardor of the Americans, that they demanded to be led to the invasion of Canada.”

“Queenston, you see,” continued the Captain, “is handsomely situated. It is at the head of the navigable waters of the Niagara.”

“It does not look like a place of much importance now,” said Harry.

“It is not,” said the Captain; “but during the war, it was the place of depot for all the merchandize and public stores, which were brought to that place from Kingston; and by this route passed the supplies for Fort Erie and Malden; and the merchandize for all the country above those places. They were transported in wagons along the portage to Chippewa, which was then called Fort Weland, whence they were again conveyed by water.”

Harry now saw that the possession of Queenston, was important to the enemy, and consequently he knew the object the Americans had, in driving him from it.

“General Van Rensselaer,” continued the Captain, “after a conference with the other officers, resolved to make an attack upon the heights. He had been led to believe that the force of the enemy, had marched under General Brock, to the defence of Fort Malden. But in this, it afterwards appeared, he was deceived. It was intended to make the attack on the 11th of October. At four o’clock in the morning of that day, in the midst of a violent north-east storm, the passage of the river was attempted.

The current of the river, always swift, was at this time unusually rapid. The darkness of the night, and the driving storm, made the attempt more perilous. But there were stout hearts there, that neither the storms of the elements, nor of battle, could move to fear. But when the detachments intended for this service, were roused and ordered to advance to the river, it was discovered that no boats were in readiness, and that the man having charge of them was not to be found, and that the oars belonging to them, had also disappeared; when the expedition was given up for that day."

"What had become of the man who had the care of the boats?" asked Harry.

"It was never known," said the Captain, where he was that night. Whether the expedition was defeated through treachery, or by accident, was never ascertained."

"This failure," continued he, "served to increase the ardor of the Americans. All were anxious for another trial. Orders were given to General Smyth to advance with his corps. The 13th was the day fixed for the attack. Colonel Chrystie, with a detachment

of nearly four hundred regulars of the 13th regiment, had arrived late the night before, from his encampment at the Four mile creek, to join the expedition. After this fatiguing march, made more so by the rain that had fallen, most of the men, and some of the officers, had their first meal for that day.

The force designated to storm the heights, was composed of three hundred militia, under Colonel Van Rensselaer, and an equal number of regulars, under Colonel Chrystie. These were to be followed by Colonel Fenwick's artillery, and them by Major Mullany, with three hundred and fifty regular troops. About a dozen boats had been prepared, capable of carrying but twenty five each. Colonel Van Rensselaer, who led the van, landed with about one hundred men. Lieutenant Rathbone was killed in Colonel Van Rensselaer's boat, before landing. The first boat that reached the shore was commanded by Captain Armstrong; Captain Malcolm, and Lieutenant Hugunin being also on board. They had scarcely leaped upon the shore, when the noise of their landing reached the ears of the British sentinels, and a brisk fire

was opened upon them. A fire was also opened by their batteries upon the American shore, which was returned by our batteries. Colonel Van Rensselaer had received four wounds, but was yet able to stand. Many of his men, and several of his officers, were wounded. Now came the trial of courage. Colonel Van Rensselaer ordered every man that could move, to "mount the hill and storm the batteries." Captain Ogilvie was now in command, assisted by Captain Wool, who was wounded, and followed by Lieutenant Kearny, Carr, Hugunin, and Somers. Major Lush, a volunteer, was placed in the rear, with orders to put to death the first man who should fall back. Lieutenants Randolph and Gansevoort, who had volunteered, at the head of a handful of men, rushed boldly up the rocks to the right of the fort, and giving three cheers, they charged upon the enemy, and after several desperate onsets, the battery was carried, and they were driven down the hill in every direction.

Then went up to heaven from their free and brave hearts, the shout of victory; and such a shout as brave men alone can give.

But their joy was tempered with the deepest sorrow. Lieutenant Valleau,—I knew him well—brave man, and not brave in vain, had fallen! The last look of his closing eyes, saw the enemy flying. And there were others, too, among the dead, that I had known. Ensign Morris! brave young spirit, he too was gone. And Armstrong, Malcolm, Wool, they were wounded.

The enemy had been driven into a strong stone fortress, near the water's edge, and there they kept up their fire; but their batteries, all but one gun, were silenced. This scene was enacted soon after daylight, and in view of the American shore. The Americans seemed to have full possession of the heights, but the fortune of the day was not yet decided. But a small part of their troops had crossed the river. Difficulties not foreseen had arisen. General Brock, who it now appeared was at Fort George, had come up with a re-inforcement. The boat in which Colonel Chrystie had embarked was on the right, which was down the river. He had arrived but the night before, and was unacquainted with the ground. The pilot was

unskilful, and had become alarmed. The row-lock of his boat gave way, and he was carried by the force of the current, far down the stream. He was discovered too, by a detachment of the enemy, posted at the foot of the hill on the left of the town, who opened upon him a galling fire. To make the shore was impossible, without going so far down the stream, as to make his landing both dangerous and useless. He had received a dangerous wound in the hand, and no choice was left him, but to return to the American shore; Major Mullany was also obliged to return.

Such was the force of the current, that Colonel Chrystie landed several hundred yards below the point of embarkation. Here the pilot took fright and ran away. Four regular officers, commanding corps, had attempted to cross during the morning, all of them in different boats, and not one succeeded. At the place of embarkation, all was confusion. The enemy had concentrated their fire upon this point; the boatmen had forsaken their duty; and the militia hesitated to embark. Would that the faithful historian had no such scene as this to record."

CHAPTER V.

HARD FIGHTING.

While the Captain was reciting these events Harry stood almost breathless with the excitement and interest of the story. It was a relief to him to have a short pause. And Charles too stood by their side on the elevated spot they had chosen that they might overlook the whole scene of these stirring events. With a long sigh at the weakness of those who hesitated to come to the relief of their fellow soldiers, in the hour of danger, and almost an imprecation on the memory of the cowardly guide, he begged the Captain to proceed.

“Were there none,” said Harry, “of all those assembled here, who dared to defend the freedom of their Country?”

“There were some,” said the Captain, Lieutenant Frederick was impatient to cross the river with his detachment. Brave men, but brave to no purpose. Boatmen could

not be found to take them over. He was countermarching along that narrow pass you see there on the bank of the river, to escape, as much as possible, the shower of grape shot and shells that came from the opposite side of the river."

"Could the guns of the British" asked Harry, "reach our men from the other side of the river?"

"Yes," said the Captain, "The river is not more than three hundred yards broad. Many of our men fell here. But as I crossed over in the first boat with Colonel Van Rensselaer, I did not see them. To those who were standing about the place of embarkation, almost every ball from the farther shore brought death on its wings. Here Nelson, best of Captains, fell. Peace to his ashes! Would that he had fallen in the hour of victory! Mournfully his companions bore him away."

"Had we no guns," said Harry, "that could reach the British on the opposite shore?"

"Yes," said the Captain. A fire was opened from our batteries here. Colonel Scott had also brought two six pounders from the

Falls of Niagara. But we could not do much with them on this side, and our boats were, too small to take them over."

"I have read in the newspapers," said Harry, of a General Scott. Is he the same man?"

"The very same," said the Captain, "and a brave man, and a good officer he is too."

"Now" said Harry, "I should like to cross the river."

"Here," said the Captain, "is a boat. By crossing we shall better understand the rest of the battle. Jump in boys, and man the oars, and I will steer. We can cross safely now. No canister or grape shot are flying about our ears. It is a quieter time than on the 13th of October 1812. Another pull and we are to the shore. Chain the boat and let us go up the hill. It is hard climbing with none to oppose, and no arms to bear. But we are up at last. How glorious is the prospect!"

"Now," said Harry, "I shall understand the ground."

The Captain continued. "The Americans" said he, "were still in possession of the

heights, but the British had command of the stone fortress. You see its ruins near the river. General Brock had now come up with a re-enforcement of the 49th Regiment, six hundred strong."

The Captain here paused as if studying the ground, and trying to call to mind the position of the combatants. But proceeding a little further from the river he halted.

"Here," said he, "General Brock attacked a battery under Captain Wool, who ordered his men to *charge*. But sixty to charge against six hundred! They were driven back; but the gallant Captain again gave the word to *charge!* The steep bank was on one side and the enemy on the other. They charged like brave men but could not move the enemy. They were ten to one at this point. Again the Americans fall back. They are not beaten, but moved back by the swell of superior numbers, as by the waves of the ocean. Who shows a sign of fear? A white handkerchief is on an American bayonet. It is torn away by the gallant Wool. The motion of his hand was quick as the dip of the swallows wing; and the voice of their

Commander, like the lions in power, bids them *stand their ground.*"

"Could not our brave soldiers," said Harry, "who already gained two victories on this hill, be re-enforced by a single company of men from the other side?"

"Colonel Chrystie," said the Captain, "has crossed over. We are re-enforced by untired men. We are half the number of the British. The Colonel leads the charge. It is a desperate one, but he routes the enemy; they are put to flight—the Invincibles—and General Brock is their leader. Stung and maddened by this repulse he rallies to recover his lost ground. But he meets another conqueror now. Death puts his finger on him and he falls. Three bullets have chased his life away. And with him, McDonald, aid of thy great General, hast thou fallen! Thou hast been faithful even unto death. Happy termination of life to fall with thy great leader. On your heads be not the responsibilities of the war, in which England has driven us. Happy that your spirits shall not behold the barbarity of your savage allies that is to follow. "Push on the brave York

Volunteers," were the last words of Brock, as he fell from his horse.

The Invincibles, the famous 49th Regiment, were for once routed. They had seen much service in Egypt and elsewhere, and had never before been known to yield an inch of ground. Now their leader had fallen, and they were beaten.

Harry's young blood was excited by the relation of these things, and he felt happy that he was born an American. He had forgotten, in listening to the recital of these glorious deeds, the conduct of the cowardly guide. His country is now dear to him because of that little band of heroes, who fought so bravely on these heights. But his heart is soon to be pained with the story of other deeds that day.

"Courage," said the Captain, "had come up here to fight the battles of freedom and vindicate the rights of man. But cowardice staid behind and refused to come. The ene- was beaten, but not conquered. Re-enforced by several hundred Chippeways, he is again preparing for the attack. On they come."

"Did none come to the relief of the Americans," said Harry.

“A small re-enforcement of Riflemen,” said the Captain, “had come from the American shore. Colonel Scott had now arrived, and as Colonel Chrystie had been wounded, announcing his name and rank, he assumed the Command, and soon brought the troops which he found in considerable disorder, into line. Lieutenant Gansevoort and Randolph were drilling out the spike from a piece of Artillery, that had been taken from the British in the morning. Colonel Scott hurried away to assist them in person. On returning to his line he found the Indians pressing upon it, tomahawk in hand. He kept his men from falling into disorder, and encouraged and led them on to the charge.”

“How did the Indians fight,” said Harry; “with guns or with bows and arrows?”

“With guns,” answered the Captain. “They had been supplied by the British. At one point death-shots were falling like hail from the Indian rifles, while at another, the British force is moving upon them like a wave that overleaps the shore; but nobly do our forces come up to the charge. Major Mullany has now come over with a few

men. Hand to hand fight they with the Indian warriors. Here is one engaged in single combat with a powerful Chief, and there is a little band in a contest with unequal numbers. The Americans again have the field. The victory is theirs. By the point of the bayonet have they conquered. Here is the field of their glory. This is the day of their renown. Three times have they triumphed on the hill this day. Hope has been swallowed up in success."

"It was a great victory," said Harry.

"Yes," said the Captain. "Men had offered up their lives on the morning of that day to the service of their Country, and the sacrifice had been accepted. Their spirits had joined the great assembly of Martyrs. Their deaths, not bitter in the hour of victory, were not only glorious but sublime. They were consecrated by a rite not fearful to them, nor to their surviving comrades. Theirs was the Baptism of blood. But the end was not yet. The glories of their morning and mid-noon victories were to be obscured by a cloud that was to follow."

“The Americans,” continued the Captain, “were a Spartan band in nothing but courage. They were less than three hundred. The British forces, in regulars, militia and Indians, were four times that number. They had four pieces of Artillery; our men but one. Our guns were looking at us from the American shore like so many great telescopes as if to see what we were about; but they could not be brought over. The intrenching tools too had been left behind, and one half of our boats had been lost or damaged. General Wadsworth had come over with a small battalion of Militia, but our numbers were not increasing. Some, taking counsel of their fears, had even taken the boat in which General Van Rensselaer crossed, and returned to the American shore. Then was the critical moment. General Van Rensselaer returned to urge the militia to cross, but neither threats nor entreaties could prevail. One Company of well equipped men were about to embark. But the fight had again begun on the heights and they would not go. From having ears they had lost their courage. They needed but to have been on the

hill that day and all would have been heroes."

"How many militia," said Harry, "were there at Lewiston at this-time?"

"Twelve hundred men," said the Captain, "fully equipped were turning their eyes on the heights of Queenston that day, yet, standing on what they called their constitutional rights, they refused to cross the river. They had been ordered, as they claimed to serve only in the United States. But they had, but a few days before demanded to be led to the invasion of Canada. Would that history could veil her face at this scene, but truth bids her write. They might have had upon this hill, made holy by the blood of heroes, the glorious alternative of life with victory or death with renown. But they chose the certainty of dishonor, without the hope of either."

The Americans retained possession of the heights for several hours, undisturbed by the regular troops who were waiting for re-enforcements from Fort George. But the fight was kept up by the Indians. Sometimes they advanced closely and in considerable

numbers, but were always driven back when fairly engaged with our troops. The Indians were led by John Brant, the son of the great Indian Captain. He was then young, but of graceful form and uncommon activity.

He was often seen by Colonel Scott and others, and was always in Company with a powerful Chief, afterwards known as Captain Jacobs. It was observed that these two Indians were making a mark of Colonel Scott, who was a man of uncommon height, and was conspicuous by his brilliant uniform, and the tall white plume he wore in his hat. Major Totten fearing that Colonel Scott, who was singled out by the enemy, would fall by the hand of some of these sharp shooters, sent him his own overcoat, advising him to put it on. But the Colonel declined the disguise, and afterwards charged upon the Indians who had taken refuge in the neighboring woods, and drove them away.

The numbers of the Americans were considerably reduced by the dead and wounded. The British column led by General Sheaffe, the successor to Brock, was now seen at a distance advancing from Niagara. General

Van Rensselaer could see from the opposite shore that our men would be overpowered. Finding all hope of relieving them by re-enforcements in vain, he sent a message advising a retreat and offering to send boats over for that purpose. A consultation was held, the enemy meanwhile countermarching as if to ascertain whether our whole force was in sight. We did not determine what to do. A retreat was suggested but it was considered hopeless.

“If,” said Harry, “they could neither conquer nor retreat they must surrender or die.”

“Yes,” said the Captain, his eye flashing like fire, and his fist clenched with determination, “I shall never forget that time. Colonel Scott tried to rally his troops once more to the charge. In this trying moment he addressed his soldiers:—‘We cannot conquer; we may fall; we must die,’ said he; ‘but if we die like soldiers, we effect more by our example of gallantry upon a conquered field, than we could ever have done for our countrymen if surviving a successful one.’”

This patriotic appeal was answered by a shout of approval. The volunteer militia

seconded the determination. The British advanced steadily in column, reserving their fire till close upon us. The Americans played away with their single piece of Artillery. A few good shots were made, and our men stood their ground, till they felt the point of the bayonet. But they were soon thrown into disorder, and almost exhausted with fatigue, their ammunition nearly spent, they determined on a retreat.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SURRENDER:

They were now just on the top of the steep bank you see there which was covered with shrubs. By these the soldiers let themselves down holding on from one to another, turning and giving an occasional fire upon their pursuers. But in this they were harassed by the Indians, who came springing from shrub to shrub after them. They reached the water's edge, but not a boat was to be found. Colonel Scott, to avoid the galling fire of his pursuers as much as possible, drew his men up the stream, under that steep cliff you see yonder."

"How did they escape from this place?" asked Harry.

"To escape was impossible," said the Captain, "and to hold out longer was useless. It was determined to surrender. A flag was sent with a proposition; but no answer was given and the messenger did not return.

Another was sent. The minutes that we waited for his return were long, for after having determined to capitulate, we wished to avoid the loss of any more of our men. Impatient of delay a third messenger was sent with a flag. I determined to follow him, not dreaming but the flag he bore, would be a protection to us both. But before we reached the British lines, my companion received a musket shot, and fell mortally wounded. I dropped to the ground to support him, and in this way saved my life; for as I was bending down a bullet passed through the collar of my coat. The Indians now rushed up ready to tomahawk my companion, and I too should have shared the same fate, but for the honorable conduct of a young British officer. He had seen my companion fall, and had observed that he bore a flag. But he was too far gone to state the terms of his message; and as I was not particularly charged with it, I was taken prisoner, and conducted to the rear where was the commanding General."

"And what," said Harry, "had become of the two first messengers?"

“They were never seen afterwards,” said the Captain. “They must have shared the same fate with my companion.”

Harry here asked the Captain, what became of the men he had left with Colonel Scott under the bank.

“They all surrendered,” said the Captain. “The dreadful truth as to the messengers he had sent to the enemy flashed upon the mind of the Colonel. He determined to bear a flag himself. Major Totten tore off his cravat for a flag, and he and Lieutenant Gibson resolved to accompany their commander. They soon made their appearance and the terms of surrender were agreed upon; and thus ended the events of that terrible day. The Americans were overcome rather by the coolness of their Countrymen who were idly looking on, than by the power of their enemies.”

The number of prisoners surrendered by Colonel Scott, was two hundred and ninety three, as they were counted by himself. The American loss in killed and wounded was about seven hundred; that of the British is not exactly known.

“After the prisoners surrendered,” said the Captain, “Colonel Scott related an incident that nearly cost him his life. As he was proceeding with the flag, following along the edge of the river protected from the shots of the enemy by the steep bank, he came to a point where it afforded no further protection, and as he turned to the left to take the road, the two Indians who had been aiming at him, suddenly rose from their ambush and sprung upon him with the ferocity of tigers. They were young Brant and Captain Jacobs. The Colonel tried to appease them, by telling them that he was bearing a flag to the British Commander. The Indians both grappled with him, and Captain Jacobs wrenched his sword from his hand. The swords of Totten and Gibson were instantly drawn, and the Indians were raising their hatchets when a British Sergeant rushed forward, and separating the combatants, conducted Colonel Scott to the presence of General Sheaffe.”

“How were the prisoners treated by the British General?” asked Harry.

“We were pretty well treated,” said the Captain; “but we had to march to Fort

George, a distance of six miles that night; and most of the prisoners were afterwards taken to Montreal. Though the day had been in the highest degree disastrous, the officers and soldiers engaged in the contest displayed the greatest courage. It would be invidious to praise any where all had deserved so well. Every officer who crossed the river distinguished himself. Colonel Scott continued most of the day in the thickest of the fight, and though of commanding stature he received not the slightest wound. It was said that several Indians afterwards declared that they had taken deliberate aim at him, and from not having hit him, they thought him under the special protection of the Great Spirit."

"Many a poor fellow," said Harry, "lost his life that day."

"Yes," said the Captain. "Let us now go to the field of the dead. There lay hundreds, who on the morning of that day trod this hill, with all the gay chivalry of the soldier. Some were there in their dying agonies, whose eyes were to close on a vanquished field. For such as these it was hard to die.

And others were there disabled by the loss of limbs and other wounds. They had expected victory or death but had found neither. Theirs were not dishonored wounds. They had bared their bosoms to the enemy, and he had left his marks there. These were such wounds as made the Grecian mother happy when her sons had fallen in battle. And the dead! they needed not, like the Greek who fell wounded in his back when flying before the enemy, to be buried in the night. Face to face had they met the enemy; and face to face they met death."

"I have heard," said Harry, "that some British soldiers who had deserted were in the fight with us."

"There were some," said the Captain. "When it was determined to surrender, two men were seen stripping themselves on the bank of the river, and on being questioned as to the cause, they replied that they might as well drown as be hanged. They knew it was a rule to hang or shoot the deserters."

"Did they swim the river," asked Harry.

"They did," said the Captain. "They struggled manfully with the current, and

both reached the American shore. Some Americans gave them some clothes when they got across, and Colonel Scott told me that he afterwards saw them. But they never dared to come on this side of the river.

“After the prisoners had arrived at Newark near Fort George, it was stated in the General orders of General Sheaffe, that two hundred Americans had been drowned, and nine hundred taken prisoners. Colonel Scott complained to General Sheaffe, that he was making a larger victory than he was entitled to. Col. Scott had counted his own men when the surrender was made. But the General believed his statement to be correct, and conducted Colonel Scott to the barracks that he might see for himself. The Colonel was much mortified to find the statement to be true.”

“How did it happen,” said Harry. “that there were more prisoners than appeared by the count of Colonel Scott?”

“It was found,” said the Captain, “that several hundreds of rascally militia, upon landing upon the Canadian shore, had taken advantage of the darkness, for it was scarce-

ly day-light, and had hid themselves away among the rocks, where they were concealed during the day, and were found and dragged out by the British troops on the surrender."

Harry now asked the Captain, if the prisoners were kept in prison or under a guard.

"The soldiers," said the Captain, "were kept at the barracks within the Fort. But Colonel Scott and his principal officers were quartered in a small tavern at Newark, and had an invitation to dine with the British General that evening."

"Was it customary for British officers to treat their prisoners with so much attention?" asked Harry.

"Officers," said the Captain, "are usually treated with great civility."

"I thought," said Harry, "that they would be treated with great severity for their resistance."

"War," said the Captain, "is not between men, but between Governments. British and American officers will be personally good friends the day after a hard fight, and will be ready to fight again the next day, if their Country requires it of them."

“And besides,” continued the Captain, “General Sheaffe was an American by birth, and it may be he was more polite on that account.”

“And how,” said Harry, “being an American, does he fight against his Country. I could not eat and drink with a man who would seek to enslave the land of his birth.”

“At the commencement of the revolutionary war,” said the Captain, “he was living with his mother who was a widow in Boston. While that City was in the possession of the British, the Earl of Percy a British officer kept his quarters at his mothers house. He was but a boy then, and the Earl taking a liking to him took him to England, and gave him a military education, and afterwards procured him a Commission in the British Service. He had asked to be transferred to some other Country but his request had not been granted. For this affair of capturing Colonel Scott and his little band at Queenston, he was made a Baronet.”

“And what,” said Harry, “is a Baronett?”

“It is a title of nobility,” said the Captain. “In England they have a great many titles

of different degrees in rank. Men who have these titles are above the common people, and the higher the title, the greater the difference between them. Some of these titles are hereditary; that is, if when General Sheaffe dies he has a son living, the son will become a baronet. It is usually bestowed for some great action."

"I think," said Harry, "I like our Country the best, where every man is for himself, and is as good as his neighbor, if he behaves as well. I am afraid the British General thought too much about gaining a title, to feel very bad about fighting against his own Countrymen."

"But," said the Captain, "I must tell you of another incident at Fort George. While Colonel Scott was waiting for the arrival of an officer to conduct him to the General's quarters, a little girl, came into the room where the Colonel was, and said that somebody in the hall wanted to see the 'tall officer;' and Colonel Scott immediately stepped out to see who was there, when he encountered the young Indian, Captain Brant and the well known Indian, Captain Jacobs.

Young Brant inquired of him how many bullets had cut through his clothes, as they had been firing at him all day. But while he was speaking, and before Colonel Scott could answer, old Jacobs seized him by the arm and tried to whirl him round, saying that he had fired at him so often he thought he must have hit him somewhere."

"At this Colonel Scott reproached him for his want of his skill with the Rifle, and threw him from him, and the Indians instantly drew both dirk and tomahawk, when Colonel Scott seized a sword that happened to be standing near and prepared to defend himself. Thus they stood, two Indians with dirk and tomahawk, and Colonel Scott with his sword, the eyes of each flashing defiance towards the other. On one side was the courage of the soldier, and on the other the ferocity of the savage."

"At this moment Colonel Coffin, who had come to conduct Colonel Scott to General Sheaffe's head quarters, interfered with word and weapon in his defence; when the Indians both turned upon Colonel Coffin, and one of them exclaimed, 'I kill you!' The scene was

now changed, and the British Colonel was pitted against the two Indians, while Colonel Scott with his sword still raised cried out, 'if you strike I'll kill you both!'

"For a moment they stood in this threatening attitude when the Indians dropped their arms and retired, satisfied that the 'tall officer' was a brave man."

"I think," said Harry, "I have heard this story of Colonel Scott, being shot at by the Indians told incorrectly of Washington."

"It might have been told of him, and correctly too," said the Captain. "It was true of him at Braddock's defeat, at the battle of the Mongahela in 1755. He had two horses killed under him during the battle, but was not even wounded himself. About fifteen years afterwards, while travelling, in the neighborhood of the scene of that battle, he was visited by an old Indian Chief, who told him he had deliberately aimed at him during the fight, and that he directed his young warriors to do the same. The Indians believed him to be under the special protection of the Great Spirit; and the old Chief told him that he had come to see the man, who was never to die in battle."

“I should like,” said Harry, “to know more of the history of that young Mohawk Chief.”

“He was the son,” said the Captain, “of that great but bloody warrior, Joseph Brant or Thayendanagea, as he was called by the Indians. He it was that we saw with the Mohawks at the Tuscarora village, and of whom I promised to give you some account.”

“John Brant, or Ahyouwaeghs which was his Indian name, did not become Chief, by inheritance from his father at his death; but on the appointment of his mother. According to the Constitution of the Mohawks, the inheritance descends through the female line exclusively. His mother was the oldest daughter of the head Chief of the Turtle tribe, the first in rank of the Mohawk Nation. On the death of her husband, she had the power of appointing his successor; and she bestowed upon John, her fourth and youngest son, the office of principal Chief of the Six Nations, or the Iroquois confederacy.”

“He was born at the Mohawk village in Upper Canada, whither the Mohawk Nation

had removed, in 1794, and consequently he was but eighteen years old at the time of the battle of Queenston. At the beginning of the War the Mohawks espoused the cause of the English. He was in many battles on the Niagara Frontier, and was brave in all. The first battle in which he took part was at Queenston. He achieved a victory over Colonel Boerstler at the Beaver Dams, and was at Fort George under General Vincent, when that fortress was carried by the American troops under General Lewis. He was afterwards at the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and in most of the skirmishes that took place on the Niagara Frontier. Great credit has generally been accorded to him for his intelligence and bravery."

Harry was deeply interested in this recital, and it is believed, that if he had known, when he was admiring the young Indian Chief at the Tuscarora village, what a fierce and determined warrior he had been, he would have felt rather uneasy."

"He must have been a brave fellow," said Harry, "and would have become a great man even among a civilized people."

“At the close of the war,” said the Captain, “he with his youngest sister fixed his residence at the head of lake Ontario, where they lived in the English style, but with the same hospitality which had governed their father. Their residence was called the ‘Brant House.’ and they resided there, at the date of our story.”

“He had received a good English education,” continued the Captain, “and had acquired much information by reading and travel. In 1821 he was sent to England to settle the difficulty between the Provincial Government of Upper Canada and the Mohawks respecting the title to their lands.”

“After his return from England, he turned his attention to the éducation of his people. Schools were established among them, and he endeavored to have them instructed in the principles of the Christian religion.”

“In 1827 he was appointed by the Earl of Dalhousie then Commander in Chief of the British American Provinces, to the rank of Captain, and also Superintendent of the Six Nations; and he was once elected a member of parliament, but never took his seat in that body.”

“He was said to be a man of fine figure and countenance, amiable in his disposition, and of much personal dignity. His association with the whites and his habits of observation, had given him the manners of a well bred gentleman.”

Harry little thought when watching the game of the Indians at the Tuscarora village, that the Chief who had attracted his attention, was a character of so much consequence even among his own people.

“This,” continued the Captain, “was the end of that day. Courage had done its utmost, and the contest was over. The offices of humanity and mercy were claimed for the dead and the dying. Brock had fallen and General Sheaffe had succeeded to the command. With him was the power and the duty to restrain the fury of his savage allies. But the barbarians were soon at their work of plunder, stripping and scalping the slain and some even of the wounded. To the British army, the moral effect of the victory, if any it could have, was thrown away. They stood by and saw the Chippeways record in letters of blood, that their object

was plunder and murder. God be thanked that the New York Militia held back, if their coming to the rescue would have achieved the final triumph, but to be followed, on their part by such atrocities as these!"

CHAPTER VII.

CAUSES OF THE WAR.

The Captain here stopped as if he had finished his story. But Harry wanted to know some things that he had not mentioned.

“What,” said he, “was the cause of so much fighting here?”

The Captain, wishing to instruct him every thing that related to this event, replied:

“With the establishment of the independence of the United States, Great Britain was not exactly satisfied. Her acknowledgment of it was extorted rather from her fears than from her sense of Justice. She had not entirely laid aside the thought of conquering us.”

“I should like to know,” said Harry, “how she could think of conquering us then, if she was not able to do it thirty years before. The United States must have increased in strength during that time.”

“Yes,” said the Captain, “but you see how we were beaten in this engagement, though we should have conquered, if we had been able to bring over our whole force,”

“But,” said Harry, “the war was declared by the Americans. How should they be the first to make war because England desired to conquer us?”

“There were other causes,” said the Captain. “The government of England was always ready to excite jealousies among our people. Before we had formed the Constitution under which we now live, we were not as strongly united as we are now. For several years after the revolutionary war, we were united together by what was called the articles of confederation. We then had no President. Every State had a governor as the states now have, and they sent men to a Congress, which passed laws that were binding upon the people of all the States.”

“I thought,” said Harry, “that General Washington was made President as soon as the war was ended.”

“No,” said the Captain, “he then went to his farm at Mount Vernon in Virginia, where he lived till the Constitution was formed.

Peace was declared in 1785, but Washington was not made President till 1789."

Harry now reminded the Captain that he had begun to tell the cause of the war, rather than about the form of government.

"I was going on to tell," said the Captain. "Our people were divided in opinion about the new Constitution, and the British government kept watch of all our disagreements, and tried to exert an influence with some of the States in favor of separating from the others. But after we were united in one government by the Constitution, she could not do us any harm in that way. She had refused to surrender the Millitary posts on our frontier, according to the treaty of peace. She had forcibly kept possession of Mackinaw, Detroit, Niagara and other places."

"But why," said Harry, "did not we drive them out of these fortifications, and take possession of them ourselves?"

"Because," said the Captain, "we were more anxious for peace than they were. We had hardly been relieved from the burthens of our war; and besides, we had reason to hope that they would be peaceably given

up. The English also were exciting the Indians on our frontier to the murder of our settlers, by making them presents of guns and powder, and other things. They wanted to make us tired of our freedom."

"I think," said Harry, "that I should love liberty the more for such attempts being made to deprive me of it."

"You ought to do so," said the Captain. "But there was another reason for the Americans declaring war. The English claimed the right to search our Merchant Vessels, for deserters from the public service of Great Britain; then they claimed the right to impress English seamen, who had engaged themselves in American Ships; and finally they claimed the right to force into their service all who could not prove themselves to be Americans. But Sailors could not carry with them the evidence of Citizenship, and thousands of sailors, not only Americans, but men of other Nations. were forced into the British service. At one time it was supposed there were seven thousand American seamen, in the service of England against their will. Some of these outrages

were committed on our vessels, when lying within our own waters."

"What is meant," said Harry, "by the expression, 'our own waters?'"

"By the laws of Nations," answered the Captain, "we have jurisdiction over all creeks and rivers, bays and harbors, that are exclusively in our own territory, and also over the sea any where within cannon shot of the shore, which is generally estimated at a marine league; so that a vessel coming within reach of the guns of any of our forts is said to be within our own waters."

"What is meant by the laws of Nations?" asked Harry.

"These laws," said the Captain, "are those rules and regulations which have been adopted by the consent of all civilized Nations, for the government of their actions towards one another. They are not made by Congresses, or by parliaments, but have grown into use by gradual adoption and by the common consent of the world, in the same manner as the laws that govern society, and regulate the actions of individuals towards one another. By these laws every Nation

is bound to act towards other Nations with justice, good faith and benevolence. Governments are bound by the obligations of truth and a proper regard to humanity, in the same manner as individuals."

Harry was pleased with this explanation. He always liked to learn something useful, as well as interesting.

"Our commerce," continued the Captain, was also subject to great annoyance, by the unlimited power and control which the British government sought to exercise on the ocean. Our trade with other nations was interrupted by her claiming the right to visit and search our vessels; our flag was insulted in every sea, and our seamen carried away by force."

"In 1807 the American frigate Chesapeake, was ordered from Norfolk to the Mediterranean. While she was at Washington taking in stores and receiving officers and men, the English minister informed the government that three deserters from an English ship, had enlisted among the crew of the Chesapeake, and requested that they might be given up. The government determined

to inquire into it, and it was found on investigation that the three men had actually deserted from the British Ship, but they claimed that they were impressed American Seamen, who had sought the first opportunity that offered to make their escape. These men being in the United States, and claiming the protection of our laws, could not be given up to a nation known to be in the habit of violating the rights of individuals. The English minister was thought to be satisfied on the subject and no more was said about it."

"The Chesapeake having put to sea, she was met a few miles out by the British Ship Leopard, the commander of which claimed the right to search the vessel for the three men, which was refused by the commander of the Chesapeake. The Leopard then fired into the Chesapeake, which was in a defenceless condition, the vessel being new, and her guns not having been prepared for action, she was obliged to surrender. The three men were taken away by the Leopard, and the Chesapeake returned to Hampton roads the same evening."

"This act was however disavowed by the British government, and reparation was made

by delivering up the men on the deck of the Chesapeake, but the commander of the Leopard was soon after rewarded, by being appointed to a more important command."

"By delivering up the men, England admitted that the taking them away was wrong, but by giving to the officer who did it a better appointment, she showed that she did not disapprove of it."

Harry now understood the reason why hostile armies had been arrayed against each other. And when he saw from the heights, as he then did, the waters of the Niagara flowing between his own Country and that of a foreign power, he knew why it was that those armies had come up to fight their battles on that hill.

CHAPTER VIII.

INCIDENTS.

“I have already told you,” said the Captain, “about two deserters from the British Camp who had joined our army at the battle of Queenston, and who afterwards swam the river and escaped falling into the hands of their former masters. While we were at Fort George, and the day before the discharge of the prisoners, a similar incident occurred. A few days before the battle of Queenston a man had been sent across from our Camp as a spy. He had crossed the river to Queenston, and making himself known to some of the British soldiers he pretended to be a deserter from the American to the British Camp, but having accomplished his purpose and gained, as he supposed, the desired information, he found means to pass the sentinels, and returned to the American shore. He was by birth an Irishman, and he cherished no small portion

of the ancient enmity of his Countrymen towards the English. He had been one of the foremost in the fight at the battle on these heights, and had been taken prisoner with us. He had thought of nothing as he was a regular, but of going to Montreal with the rest, and had no disposition to forsake his companions in arms. While preparations were making for the march, he found that he was recognized by a young British officer, and discovering, as he thought, something peculiar in his movements, he began to fear that instead of going to Montreal his fate would be terminated upon the gallows. I saw from the glance of his eye that he wished to speak to me, and going a little one side, with a face pale as death, he told me he was discovered, and that unless he could escape, and swim the river, he was a dead man."

Harry here asked the Captain, if they had any right to hang a prisoner who had been surrendered by their commanding officer.

"They have no right," said the Captain, "to hang him as prisoner, but as the man had acted as a spy, and it was known to the British officer, that after he had pretended

to be a deserter from the American forces, he had obtained important information as to the movements on this side and returned to the Americans, they might have retained him at Fort George till after the other prisoners had been marched away, and then when no resistance could be made, have put him to death."

"What became of him?" asked Harry.

"He took off his shoes and his coat," said the Captain, "and as if idly sauntering about, he came near the sentinel, and watching his opportunity, he rushed by him towards the river. The sentinel fired his musket at him without effect, and before another gun could be fired he had leaped into the water. There was a rush made to the bank of the river near which the Fort stood; but on leaping in, knowing that he would be fired upon, he had plunged under water, and keeping his breath, he had swum some distance out into the stream, and had been carried down some considerably by the current before he rose to the surface. Several guns were discharged at him the moment his head appeared, also without effect. He only took a single breath, and again disappeared under water."

In the mean time the attention of the sentries at Fort Niagara on the American side had been attracted by the firing; and observing a man in the water, they guessed the cause, and sent out a small boat from the northern angle of the fort for the purpose of picking him up. He had, by swimming and by the aid of the current, passed quite out of the mouth of the river, and, being now beyond the reach of musket shots from the other side, was taken in and carried to the American fort."

"But why," asked Harry, "did they not fire upon the boat from their batteries?"

"The boat was small," answered the Captain; "and could not easily have been hit. And besides, if firing had been begun by them on one of our boats, our batteries would have returned the fire. They did not want to have another fight with us till they had disposed of the prisoners they then had."

"Would he have been executed had he not escaped," asked Harry.

"I don't know," said the Captain; "I thought his chance of hanging was better than that of being drowned or shot. I told

him to dive and swim like a fish, only coming up for breath."

"He followed your directions well," said Harry.

"Yes," said the Captain, "I could not have done it better myself. He was quite exhausted when he was taken in, and could not have held out much longer."

"He would have swum easier," said Harry, "if he had stripped off all his clothes."

"That is true," said the Captain; "but he had no time for ceremonies; for soon after we were all called up and counted, and sent to our barracks for the night so as to be ready for our march at day-break the next morning."

Harry here asked if the prisoners were taken across the lake and down the river.

"I don't know exactly how that was," said the Captain; "I think they went partly by land and partly by water. But I want to tell you of another incident at Fort George. On the same day there came to our barracks and entered almost unperceived, a young woman who first attracted attention by the apparently unconcerned manner in which she

entered. She was of middle size, of fair complexion and in the fullness of health and strength, and by some was even thought handsome. But her beauty seemed to be saddened by some feeling too deep for tears; and yet she walked erect and apparently without the least fear. The courage of woman is strong where man's is weak. Indeed where her feelings and affections are enlisted, cowardice is unknown to the sex. We had but just time to notice her, before she inquired of an officer she met, if he knew Thomas Doyle.

“Doyle was well known to most of the prisoners, and was in fact rather a favorite among them. By his companions he was familiarly called Tom. Whoever knew Tom was always ready to declare that he was a good fellow. He was the son of a widow, and he had been married but a short time before enlisting in the service. He had told me of the mental struggles of his mother and his young wife, when he determined to join the army. Their opposition was strong at first, but gradually yielded, and when once their minds were made up, they were not to

be changed. They had done with feeling then, and nothing was thought of but how to get him ready as soon as possible."

"Thomas Doyle!" said the officer, "what do you want of him?"

"I am his wife," said she, "and I have come to see him."

"The officer did not know him, but her inquiries were overheard by some of the prisoners, who anxious to relieve her from all doubt, cried out at the top of their voices for Tom Doyle, and the next moment she was in his arms.

"Doyle was a young man and a true soldier. He had been in the thickest of the fight, and though he was but a common soldier, he had particularly attracted the notice of the commanding officer for his bravery. He had received several wounds, but had not been disabled. His wife had not before known since the battle, whether he was living or dead."

"Fanny!" said he, when he had a little recovered from his surprise, "where did you come from?"

"O Thomas," said she, "I have been looking for you ever since the battle. I knew

you would be regardless of danger, and I did not expect to see you alive. I looked," said she, "among all the wounded that were brought over the river. I had almost hoped to find you there. I thought if you had but lost a leg or an arm, I could have been happy to find you alive."

"How did you get across here, Fanny," said he.

"O I crossed the day after the battle. I thought if you were not among the wounded, you would surely be among the dead. I went where they were brought together, and laid along in rows to look for you; and men were carrying away other bodies to bury them, and I hurried away to look at them too, fearing you might be buried before I should know it. But my heart grew sick with the sight; and the next I knew. I found myself in a boat going back to the American shore. I had fainted and been brought away, and the motion of the boat and the refreshing breeze upon the river had brought me to again."

"Thank God I am alive to meet you Fanny. But where did you come from now?"

“O,” said she, “I came on foot to Fort Niagara, and have been trying every day to contrive some plan to get across; and to-day I looked out for a little boat, and as it grew dark, I paddled up stream in the still water, so that in crossing, I should not be carried below the fort; and then I paddled across, and the sentinels let me pass.”

“It was with deep grief,” said the Captain, “that Fanny learned that her husband was to start the next morning at day-break for Montreal. She wanted to go with him; but the British officers would not permit it. With a heavy heart she saw her husband marched out with the rest of the prisoners; and she took her leave of him with a true woman’s courage. But the glow of patriotism was kindled anew in her bosom, and the secret vow she then made, was kept a few days afterwards at the bombardment of Fort Niagara, as I shall tell you when I come to speak of that fortress.”

“She was a brave one,” said Harry. “When women were found to have so much courage, how could men have been such cowards, as those were who refused to cross the river?”

“If their wives and mothers, had all been like Fanny Doyle,” said the Captain, “we had succeeded, and she might have seen her husband with a victorious band on the heights of Queenston instead of a prisoner at Fort George.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE BURIAL OF BROCK.

“Before proceeding to describe to you how I escaped from imprisonment,” said the Captain, “I must tell you about the monument. It stands on the battle ground and near the spot where General Brock fell.”

“Was it built,” said Harry, “in honor of him, or to commemorate the battle?”

“It serves both purposes,” said the Captain; “but I think it was built chiefly in honor of the memory of General Brock.”

Harry here inquired if his remains were buried under the monument.

“At the time of his death,” said the Captain, “he was buried near by; yonder I think is the spot, not far from that small tree. At his burial, I have heard it related with pride by British officers—the solemnities of the occasion were very imposing. All the soldiers at this fortress were drawn up in regular order, the officers in their best uniform

with badges of mourning, all showing signs of deep and unaffected grief. The hearse was not there, but there was the dead body and the coffin, the pall and the rustic bier, borne by his trusty soldiers. With him they had tried their courage in battle, and he had fallen by their side. Following this was upon another bier the body of McDonald. His aid had not only followed him to the field of danger, but he had passed with him the gates of death, and was now following him to the grave. The music that poured forth its saddened strains awakened in the mind the deepest sorrow. A spirit, noble in their eyes, had fled from their camp, and theirs was the duty to bear his body to its final resting place. The procession moves on, and, as at the burial of the Moorish hero,

‘All mournfully and slowly

The afflicted warriors come,

To the deep wail of the trumpet

And the beat of muffled drum.”

“And then,” continued the Captain, “the procession was preceded by the Chaplain; and as he began the beautiful burial service of the English Church:—“I am the resurrection and the life,” and they moved slowly

on, it seemed, even to the victorious party, the most exciting scene they had witnessed on that hill. And when they heard from his lips, the words;—‘he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die,’ the hearts of all were comforted. The soul of their deceased brother had been taken out of this world, and as they committed ‘his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,’ they felt the words of the Psalmist, that ‘every man living is altogether vanity,’ “And I hope” continued the Captain, “that every man there was ‘looking for the general resurrection at the last day, and the life of the world to come.’

“It must have been a fine sight, solemn as it was,” said Harry; “and I should like to have seen such a ceremony, even at the burial of an enemy, and I could not but have regretted his death, though it might have been favorable to our cause.”

“There was another thing,” said the Captain, “that took place there which was no less honorable to our country and her brave soldiers, than it was to the memory of General

Brock. While the funeral ceremony was going on, the guns of the American fort were fired as a tribute of respect to a brave and generous enemy. Though they gave forth the same sound as on the battle-day, far different was the message conveyed by their voices. Then they breathed defiance and threatened destruction; now they spoke the language of sympathy and sorrow. Then they sent death on the gale; now they told of comfort and consolation to the living and of honor to the dead."

"I do not see," said Harry, "how the Americans could show so much honor to an enemy, who had permitted the barbarities committed by the Indians, on the bodies of the Americans."

"General Brock," said the Captain, "had fallen before that time, and we have no right to suppose that he would have permitted, much more have justified any such acts; and it is the more honorable to us, that we were not kept from the performance of a generous act towards an enemy on account of the wrongs done by them to our people. We should know how to be enemies in war, and in peace friends."

“Let us go up to the Monument,” said Harry.

“We can go to the top of it,” said the Captain.

As they were approaching it, they observed an old man come out of a small house at the foot of the hill, and follow up a winding pathway that led to the spot where it stood.

“Here.” said the Captain, “under this monument is a vault to which the remains of the British General have been transferred. There is a winding stair-case by which we can ascend. Over the door that leads to it, Harry. is an inscription. Let us see what it is; you can read it better than I can.”

Harry read it. It was in these words:

“The Legislature of Upper Canada, has dedicated this monument to the many civil and military services of the late Sir Isaac Brock, Knight, commander of the most Honorable Order of the Bath, Provincial Lieutenant Governor and Major General commanding His majesty’s forces therein. He fell in action on the 13th of October 1812, honored and beloved by those whom he

governed, and deplored by his sovereign to whose service his life had been devoted. His remains are deposited in this vault, as also his Aid-de-Camp, Lieutenant Colonel John McDonald, who died of his wounds the 14th day of October 1812, received the day before in action."

The monument is built of stone, and is said to be one hundred and twenty six feet high. It stands upon a large square base, the foundation of which is elevated a few steps from the ground; but the main part is round. It has an imposing aspect when seen at a distance, but on a near approach its appearance is rather sublime than beautiful.

"Now let us go up and take a view from the top," said the Captain.

They ascended the steps and tried the door, but it was secured by a strong lock. This was a bar to their further progress. They were turning to go away, when the old man they had seen coming up the hill, approached them. He had in his hand a large key, and he kindly offered to unlock the door and let them go up.

He opened it, and they entered. The stair-case, is broad, but rather dark from the

smallness of the windows, and their great distance from each other.

"You can go up Harry, as fast as you like," said the Captain, "but I shall be more slow. Count the steps as you go, and we can judge whether it is as high as it is called."

Harry proceeded, counting the steps audibly as he went, and in due time he reached the top, nearly out of breath. He approached the open door, but scarcely dared to venture out on the balcony; and when the Captain came up he found him holding on with both hands to the sides of the door, and gazing eagerly out on the prospect which as yet he could but imperfectly see.

"There are one hundred and seventy steps," said Harry.

"You can go out safely," said the Captain, "you see there is an iron railing which you can hold on to and feel secure."

Harry ventured out on this assurance, but at first he felt rather timid. His hands were clenched tightly to the railing, and he looked behind him as if to see that the monument was still standing, and that he was safe. The prospect was large and beautiful. When

one looks off to distant objects, he is in a measure insensible of the great height at which he stands. But let him look downwards and he feels as light as a feather, and he fears a breath of air may carry him away. Harry looked down, and saw the old man standing near the base of the monument.

“There,” said Harry, “see that ragged boy; he has taken this opportunity to come to the monument. Perhaps the old man would not let him in if the door was not already open.”

The Captain smiled, and told Harry that the ragged boy he saw was the old man who had opened the door for them. Harry could hardly believe the words of the Captain, but he looked again; and then he looked at the houses he had passed before coming up the hill. The roofs which alone he could see were no bigger in appearance than his hand. Harry was now satisfied, that he was deceived in the appearance of objects below, by the great height at which he stood; and he held on to the railing tighter than ever. But as the Captain led the way, he gathered firmness, and walked out on the balcony,

taking a view of the prospect on all sides. To the south was to be seen the dark current of the Niagara flowing between the steep banks of the river, which were fringed with trees on either side, while far in the distance was the thick cloud formed by the spray from the great Cataract, rising upward in a heavy column like the smoke of a volcano. To the north was to be seen the channel of the Niagara for the whole distance till it falls into lake Ontario, with Fort Niagara on one side and Fort George on the other. Beyond this was the lake itself, spread out like an immense sheet of glass, stretching away beyond the reach of the human eye. On the east was to be seen the well cultivated fields of the Western part of New York, and to the west the eye fell upon the domain of the British king. A striking difference was observed between these portions of the two countries. On the west there was less improvement than on the east, though the soil was equally fertile.

“This difference may be owing,” said the Captain, “to the different form of Government and the different institutions existing in the two countries.”

“How,” said Harry, “does the government have any effect on the cultivation of the fields?”

“Because,” said the Captain, “men are not satisfied with the cultivation of the fields alone. They do that as a means of subsistence, but the most enterprising have some other purpose in view as the chief object to be accomplished. In the United States the highest offices are open to all, while in Canada their governors and many other officers are appointed by the government of a distant country, separated from them by thousands of miles of ocean. And though a man may never expect or hope to obtain any high station, yet he prefers to live in a country where he is not excluded from it by custom, or by the organization of the government.”

As they were turning to descend the monument, Harry observed that the wooden door leading out on to the balcony was covered with the names of those who had been there before him. Some were written with a pencil, some seemed to have been made by a sharply pointed instrument, and many had been cut by a knife deep into the wood. To

many names were added dates and places of residence. By these Harry saw that for many years the monument had been visited by men, and women too, from almost every country in the world. And when the door and all other parts of wood had been so covered, that room could not be found for another name, it had been engraved upon the stone itself. Harry found a small spot that was not filled, and scratched his name upon it. He then asked the Captain to mark his name there too, but he declined it, telling Harry that his name had been written in blood upon the heights of Queenston, before even the foundation of the monument was laid; and that he had afterwards traced it from his bleeding veins at many other places on the banks of the river, and though that column might crumble to the ground, and the records upon it might perish, the waters of the Niagara would never wash away the history of his name!

CHAPTER X.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

Harry and the Captain had now descended the stairs and stood once more on the ground. After taking another survey of the field they were preparing to take their leave.

“Well Harry,” said the Captain, “I think I have now told you all that is of any interest relating to this battle.”

“I have been much pleased with it all,” said Harry, “and now I think we may prepare to recross the river.”

Charles had become impatient of his father's long stories, for he had heard them all many times before, and long before they were finished he had come down the stairs, and was listening to the conversation of the old man, who seemed to have charge of the monument; and he was now half way to the bank of the river and hastening on to get the boat in readiness for crossing. But the Captain now stumbled on to a new incident;

and as he was about beginning to relate it, he encountered a look from the old man which was not to be mistaken; and placing in his hand a small coin, at which the old man bowed politely, he proceeded:

“Here,” said he, “just on this declivity, occurred an incident I shall never forget. Near this spot a young soldier was wounded severely in the leg. I had known him from a boy, and he was now scarce seventeen years of age. When he was but a lad of ten years old, he was heard to say that if he ever had a chance he would be a soldier. He had heard of the military prowess of Washington and some other great men, and by this means his mind had become imbued with the military spirit. His father lived a near neighbor to me, and I saw the growth of this feeling in the son. When very young he had acquired much skill in the use of the rifle, and I had often observed that he never winked at the discharge, and if he failed of his mark, which was rare, his rifle was reloaded and ready for another fire with astonishing quickness. When war was proclaimed, his first impulse was to take his rifle, and

march to some military post for the purpose of offering his services. But he was prevented from doing this by many considerations. The scene of operations was distant, and his father needed his assistance in cultivating his little farm and securing his crops, so as to be provided for the coming winter. These objections passed away with the passing season, and when the notes of war were heard upon our frontier, he was anxious to join the volunteer militia. In this desire he was strongly opposed by his father, who, though of a brave and generous nature himself, thought that his son might find a fit excuse in his youth; and besides, his father was becoming infirm, and he feared that if his son should fall in battle, he and his family might be left in a helpless condition. Robert Jones had calculated the force of all these objections in advance, and he had his answers ready."

"The harvest is now in, father," said he, "and I can be spared on that score."

"But," said his father, "I fear that if you should be killed in battle I should be left alone."

“If I should fall,” said Robert, “in the cause of the country, and the country be victorious, you will find friends ready to assist, in the hour of need, one who has devoted his son to her service. But if we should be conquered, neither my life nor yours would be worth possessing. If I survive a vanquished field, you will not be the worse for my having been engaged in the war. But should I survive a victorious one, how great will be your satisfaction to know that I contributed to secure the liberty you will enjoy?”

These were arguments that could not well be answered; but the end of it was that Robert's Father, urged by the suggestions and fears of his own mind and by that affection which a mother always feels for her son, forbade his going; and this he thought would be the end of the matter. Not so with Robert. Though he seemed to submit, his mind was filled with his favorite idea. His father and mother thought they discovered some signs of disquietude in his mind, but did not doubt that he would be governed by their wishes. But to make it all the

sure, they hinted their feelings to their neighbors, some of whom felt a warm interest in Robert. To the persuasions of father and mother were now added those of another, to say the least, not less dear to him.

"You won't go, will you Robert," said Mary Brown, as they were walking together just at the evening twilight.

Robert would have avoided the inquiring and beseeching look of her hazel eyes, but that he had always delighted to look upon them, and he could not now turn away. He had studied her heart as well as her eyes. He knew the power which he had over her young mind. He repeated to her the arguments he had used with his father.

"Your reasons are good," said Mary, "but what comfort will your arguments give me, if you go and are cut down in battle?"

"But if I go and return again," said Robert, "how much more worthy shall I be of you than if I check my better inclinations and refuse? And then, Mary, if I fall it will be more honorable for you, to have had the love of one, who has nobly died in the service of his country, than of a man who, because he

possessed the love of woman, did not seek the glory of the soldier."

"Though Mary was not convinced she was silent. Her calculations of the chances of fame were not so coolly made as Robert's, yet she feared to control him, even if it were in her power. She knew that he could never bear to have it said that he had been dictated to by a woman. And in truth these reasons had some weight with Robert himself. In order to determine his duty he would imagine himself entered upon any course of action, and then put himself in the attitude of a critic upon his own conduct, and he would resolve on nothing that would not bear the test of his own approval. His mind was soon made up, and Mary submitted to it with a sigh, but without a murmur.

"The blast of war was already surrounding on the frontier. Robert made all his preparations secretly, for he did not wish any further argument with his father, and he feared the displeasure of his mother. On the evening before his intended march he had prepared for himself a rude knapsack made of an old bag he had found about his

father's house. This, with his gun and powder horn and bullet pouch, constituted his whole equipage. He slept that night, if he slept at all, like the soldier upon his arms. At the first crowing of the cock he was up, and taking for his provision by the way, a loaf of bread, which had been left by his mother in the oven to bake over night, he bent his way to the frontier.

“There was no little disappointment in his father's house when his absence was discovered. But they knew his resolution, and that it would be useless to pursue him for the purpose of trying to change his mind.

“He pursued his way without adventure of any kind, except that he was very near shooting an Indian he met, by way of experiment, his excited imagination conjuring up the notion in his mind that the Indian had been sent over the river by the Mohawks, as an emissary of the British General. It was late in the afternoon, a few days before the battle of Queenston, when he reached the Niagara, near the great Cataract, where he learned that the main force of the Americans was encamped at Lewiston. He

turned his course down the river till he reached the camp. He was readily admitted into a tent by some soldiers where he passed the night in quiet. The next day he took a survey of the preparations that were going on and soon became quite familiar with the appearance of an army preparing for battle. He offered his services to the commanding officer, who did not seem to be very anxious that he should join them, on account of his imperfect equipments, his apparent youth and small stature. But Robert thought that, if he could get across the river on the day fixed for attack, he could fight on his 'own hook.' Accordingly when the boats began to cross, he stepped into one of the first, scarcely noticed by any one in the excitement of the moment. He was one of the first to set foot on the Canadian shore, and was with the party that rushed up the hill, to charge upon the battery which was taken early in the morning. He was also with the party that achieved the second victory that day, and held out till a surrender had been determined on; but long before that time, he was wounded and unable to

stand, but rising upon his knees, he continued to load and fire till the Americans were forced from the spot where he stood; and when the British soldiers and Indians, were moving on like a mass of dark waters, he fell upon his face till they had passed over. After the surrender, as we were marching up to the point where the British General was, I saw him raising himself upon his knees, as if to see who had possession of the field. The Indian warriors were at their work, and an upraised tomahawk would have fallen upon his head, had not the arm of the savage been stayed by a young British officer who happened to be near. He was then picked up with the rest of the wounded and taken to the American shore. His wound did not seem to be dangerous, but the poor fellow was faint with the loss of the blood he had so freely shed for the country he loved. His body was wounded by the shots of the enemy, and his heart was wounded also by the defeat of the American army. Neither his broken limbs nor his lacerated feelings could be healed. The flame that fed his young spirit was fast burning itself

out. Mary was with him, and his mother was there to comfort him, and he comforted them."

"You will have the honor, mother," said he, "of having contributed your part to the defence of our borders. No better gift can be bestowed upon your country, than that of a son willing to die in its defence."

This was indeed a consolation to the mother. She was equal to the trial she was called to meet. In times of real distress or real danger the courage of woman rises to the full height of its sublimity and power. When the heart of man fails under domestic trials and afflictions, woman's stands with a firmness that cannot be shaken, and with a calmness that is holy.

"Your part, Mary," said he "is greater than mine in this unfortunate contest. I have but given up my body to the call of duty and the promptings of ambition; while you have not only regarded what was your duty, disregarding the calls of ambition as less worthy; but you have also acted in accordance with the feelings of affection and submission to the wishes of one you loved.

Your reward will be greater than mine, because your motives have been, if not more honorable, at least less selfish."

"So, Mary and his mother watched him, administering and receiving consolation, till he died. And when he was buried he received the funeral honors of the soldier. The gay notes of martial music were saddened by the tones of the muffled drum. Hearts that could not be moved by fear were softened with sorrow. Each soldier feels at the burial of a comrade as, if he was laying a brother in the grave.

"Mary and the mother of Robert now felt that he was not theirs alone. They saw that his country claimed him, and that she had given him to fame."

"It must have been a great trial to them," said Harry, "to see one so young and brave, and so dear to them both, cut down in so early life."

"It was," said the Captain; "but many a mother and many a young girl who loved their country as dearly as they did, had the more severe trial of seeing their sons and brothers return to them, without having

done their part in the hour of their country's need."

Harry agreed that the Captain was right.

"I knew one young man," said the Captain, "who returned to his home a day or two after the battle. He had been wounded severely by a musket ball in the heel. The position was such as to show, that when he received it, he was not facing the enemy. He is still alive, and limping along through life; and when the question is asked, what caused his lameness, the answer is that he was wounded in running away from the battle of Queenston."

"I had rather have the fame of Robert Jones," said Harry, "than the life of such a man."

"Yes," said the Captain, "before going to battle, a man must examine himself and see if he is equal to the trial of courage, and must make up his mind to meet death whenever it shall come. Then there will be for him life with victory and liberty, or death with an immortality of fame."

CHAPTER XI.

THE BURIAL GROUND.

They had now reached the boat which Charles had in readiness, and they were soon across the river. They turned one look back upon the dark green waters of the Niagara, and then they went up the hill by the same path they had descended. The day was now fast declining, and the sun was sending their lengthened shadows along the ground. They were in a position that commanded a view of the whole village of Lewiston. There was one spot now in sight which they had not seen in the morning. It was the village burying ground. It was surrounded by a rough but substantial fence, and the few plain marble slabs that were seen, bore witness that many were resting there without a stone to tell their history. There lay many who had fallen on the heights of Queenston. The turf that covered their graves, and which had been slightly raised,

was now nearly sunk to a level with the surface of the ground; but yet the position of many a one, without a stone to tell the name of its inhabitant, could be determined. Here was a row lying side by side, extending nearly half across the yard, indicating that they had been made at the same time.

“Death,” said the Captain. “had reaped a great harvest on the battle-day, and here lay his trophies in rows, like a field of corn, as if that mighty conqueror had planted there the whole fruits of his harvest. God grant that the soil in which rests the bones of so many brave men, may never again be polluted by the tread of an army, having any scruples, either constitutional or conscientious, on which side of the river it is their duty to attack the enemy!”

“Here,” continued the Captain, “is a stone nearly overgrown. Pull aside the grass and let us read the inscription,”

Harry obeyed and the inscription was read. It told in simple language that he, whose remains were buried there, was killed by a shot from the enemy in crossing the river on the 13th day of October 1812; that

he was a faithful soldier and an honest man, and that his death was lamented by all who knew him.

“All there is of glory in this world,” said the Captain, “is written upon that stone. He had lived his appointed time, fulfilling the duties that belonged to his condition in life. Taken from the world by an honorable death, he was delivered from the cares and anxieties, the snares and temptations that continually crowd around the path of every human being; but the place of his rest, as well as the friends he left behind him, have given him an honorable name.”

They paused again, to look upon a stone that had fallen down and was resting upon a grave. It was of moderate size, of gray sandstone, and bore the marks of the ‘corroding tooth of time.’ Harry and Charles lifted it up while the Captain read the inscription upon it. This told that the possessor of the narrow house below was killed by a shot in the breast, on the heights of Queenston on the day of that battle.

“Here too,” said the Captain, “is the record of fame, such as the soldier sought

when grecian mothers gave birth to men. The great and crowning act in the life of the soldier, the noble consummation of his existence, is a heroic death."

"I have told you," said the Captain, "the story of Robert Jones. He was buried here. His grave is without a stone. There it is in that little enclosure. His fame is more true than that of most men. It lives without a monument to bear the record. That which is written on marble sometimes is worn away by time, and is not always true; but that which lives in the hearts of men, like truth, will endure forever."

"I should think," said Harry, "that one of his courage deserved a stone to mark the spot of his burial, if for nothing more."

"That," said the Captain, "must be known to all his friends, and his fame is known to all who read the history of that bloody fight."

"And Mary!" said Harry, "how did she bear her grief?"

"Like a true and noble hearted girl as she was," said the Captain. "Many a tear has she dropped upon his grave. She used to

go there and plant the first young flowers of spring, and, almost with a joyous grief, relate to the passers-by the story of his death. She was not an ordinary woman, and hers was not a common loss. He was his country's, and she, young as she was in her widowed woe, mourned for herself and her country too."

"She was a noble spirit," said Harry, "and if the militia who stood here gazing at the battle, had been composed of such women as she, they would have gone over and secured the victory for us."

The Captain had walked on to a distant part of the ground where he saw a little girl just going away from a new made grave. They all walked up to it, and saw that the turf was freshly cut, and that the first rain had not fallen since the burial.

"I always like," said the Captain, "to see little girls in a burying ground. Their sweet faces are made more beautiful by the tear of affection that falls on the grave of a cherished friend. Perhaps she has lost a father or a mother, and has been to weep at the grave. I would have inquired, but I would not wil-

lingly open anew the fountains of grief in her young heart, broken, as perhaps it may be now. God will be a father to her, and preserve her in his holy keeping."

They were walking thoughtfully on, and had nearly finished their survey of the ground, when the Captain, who could not drive from his mind the image of the little girl, and the recollections it called up, found himself transported back to the period of the war. That with him scarcely belonged to the past. It seemed to be a part of the living present.

"When I was returning home," said the Captain, "after the taking of Fort George in May 1813, I passed through here, and I am now reminded by this little girl of what I then saw. It was a young girl planting a rose bush and some flowers upon a grave. I did not disturb her in this work of affectionate remembrance, for I saw she was engaged in a labor of love. She would not handle rudely even the earth that was to nourish and support these emblems of love. As she was placing their roots in the ground, she knelt upon the green turf beside the

grave, and I fancied that I saw her lips move as if in prayer. Much as I wished to know whose grave she was thus beautifying and adorning, I would not, for any gratification that that would give, violate the sanctity of her feelings by making the inquiry.

“While I was watching her work, another visiter approached less cautious than myself, who asked whose grave it was.”

“It is my father’s. He was killed in the battle over there,” said she, “pointing to the heights of Queenston.

“Have you a mother,” said the stranger.

“I have,” said she, “a mother and one sister. I had one brother but he was killed in the battle too. His grave is right there by the side of my father’s.”

As she said this, the tears were seen trickling down her cheeks. The stranger saw that he had touched a tender chord, and was silent.

“I always loved little children,” said the Captain, “but I love them the more for what I have seen here. These little girls will yet be women, and will have such a hold on the hearts of men, as will enable them to exert

an influence and a power over the society it may be their fortune to mingle with. They already have, I am sure, a character that is decided; and if circumstances should place them in difficult and trying scenes, their acts will be as honorable to themselves as those of Fanny Doyle and Mary Brown."

The Captain was right in his appreciation of the character and influence of woman. Her power ever has been, and ever will be felt and acknowledged. A few Roman matrons once saved their city from the scourge of war, when her armies were not equal to the task of resisting the threatened danger. The discoverer of the new world found in the Queen of Castile his best friend and patron. But there has been a greater than these. No woman, but she that gave birth to the savior of the world, ever received so high and so deserved honor, as she on whose tomb is inscribed, "Mary the Mother Washington."

Harry fully appreciated all that the Captain said on this subject; and then he thought of his mother, and how she watched over and protected his infancy and boyhood, and

of the many good counsels she had given him; and he promised, within himself, never to depart from them. The Captain saw that Harry was reflecting on what had been told him, and he continued:

“Yes,” said he, “look where you will, and you will find evidence of the goodness and purity of the heart of woman. She is with the suffering and the distressed everywhere. Affliction has seemed to me, sometimes, to be sent into this world, that the relief which it receives at her hands may develop the noblest and best feelings of her nature. Want comes also, that it may produce an overflow of her generous heart. Charity, the best of christian virtues, is always with her. She follows the object of her affections through every scene of trial and danger. She goes to the prison-house to administer comfort to the children of disobedience; and though they may be cut off from society by the laws of the land, they are not separated from the kindest offices of humanity. Though prevented by her physical weakness and the duties which belong to her sex from participating in public affairs, she yet may perform

the more important office of training and forming the minds of those by whom they are governed. And in all the wide world of human feelings and affections, at the home of poverty or the house of wealth, and in all society, savage or civilized, at the bed of sickness or the cross of a crucified savior, you will meet with the presence and devotion of woman."

CHAPTER XII.

HOMeward.

The little party had now left the burying ground, and were bending their course homeward. Their minds were filled with thoughts of the dead; how nobly they had struggled through life; how bravely they had met death; how deep the sorrow and distress their loss had produced in the bosoms of the living. On these occasions Harry was usually the first to break silence.

“What became,” said he, “of those who were taken prisoners?”

“The militia” said the Captain, “were discharged on their parol, not to serve any more during the war; but most of the regulars were taken to Montreal.”

“What is meant by parol?” asked Harry.

“It means,” said the Captain, “that those who are discharged gave their word of honor not to serve again during that war. They were still regarded as prisoners of war, but

were at liberty to go where they pleased if they did not take up arms. Sometimes this promise is put in writing and signed by those who make it or by the officers in behalf of themselves and their soldiers. Sometimes too, soldiers who have been discharged in this way are exchanged; that is if the Americans, at the same time, or at any time after any of their soldiers have been liberated from imprisonment on parol, should have any prisoners belonging to the enemy, an agreement is made between the officers of the opposing armies, that on liberating the prisoners we have taken, an equal number of our men who have been discharged on parol, shall be at liberty to enter the service."

"You belonged to the militia," said Harry.

"Yes," said the Captain, "but I was not discharged with the others."

"You were taken to Montreal then with the regulars," said Harry.

"No," said the Captain, "I had no fancy for such a march; and I did not like to lose the privilege of a little more fighting, when a good chance could be found. It was known at the fort the day before we were to be lib-

erated what the arrangement was between the British and American Generals, as to the discharge of the prisoners. On that account we were guarded less carefully. We were not suspected of any desire to escape when it was known that we should be discharged the next day. So, watching an opportunity, I found means to pass the sentry and slipping down to the river, I followed up a mile or two under the bank, unperceived by any one, till I was out of sight of the fort, when by signs I hailed a little boat that was near the American shore, which came out into the middle of the river, and finally nearly across; but it dared not come to the shore, for fear that something wrong was intended by me. So, to make the matter free from all doubt to the boatman, I plunged into the water and swam to the boat, and, as he would not try to take me in for fear of upsetting, as well as of being seen, I held on to the stern of the boat and he towed me to the American shore. And when our men were mustered, and their names called and enrolled previous to being discharged, I was not there; and having discharged myself at my own

risk, I was under no obligation not to enter the service again."

"But why," said Harry, "did not the British officers keep possession of the prisoners, instead of discharging them on these conditions?"

"In modern times," said the Captain, "it is usual in case of war between civilized nations, for each to act as liberally towards the other as is consistent with their own rights and their own safety. If the prisoners who are liberated do not enter the army again during the war, it is just as well for the other nation as if they kept them in prison. Besides, they will then be saved the trouble of guarding and watching them, and the expense of maintaining them. Another reason too in favor of liberating them in this way, is that many of these men have families, and by returning to their homes, they would save them from suffering. There is much more humanity in the laws of nations now than formerly."

Harry was gratified with this explanation, as he always was with learning any thing new, or useful.

"I think," said the Captain, "that I have already explained to you what is meant by the laws of nations."

"Yes," said Harry, "you explained to me how by these laws we had a right to control our own waters, and how far our jurisdiction extended out from the shore."

"It is also contrary to the laws of nations," said the Captain, "to poison wells or springs where, in time of war, it is known that the enemy resort for water; or to take the life of an enemy when he throws down his arms and ceases his resistance."

"What would be the consequence," asked Harry, "if prisoners who had been discharged on parole should break their promise and enter the service again?"

"If the enemy should find it out," said the Captain, "they would be likely to treat any other prisoners they might have with great severity; and if any who had thus broken their word should fall into their hands, they would be severely punished, and perhaps put to death."

"Did the English always treat their prisoners well?" asked Harry.

“Not always,” answered the Captain. Indeed many of them, were treated not only with severity, but with barbarity. Some who had been discharged on parol, were impressed into the British service. Some were thrown into prison and put in irons; others again in great numbers were crowded into small rooms infested with the most loathsome vermin, and there kept for many days in a close and unhealthy atmosphere. Some were crowded into the holds of ships, and kept on a scanty allowance of miserable food. In some cases tainted meat was given to them and bread that was filled with worms. Some were stripped of their clothing, and even deprived of their last blanket. Many American seamen who had been impressed into the British service before the war, on hearing of the breaking out of hostilities, refused to serve against their own country, and requested to be considered prisoners of war; and in consequence of this were put in irons and fed on bread and water; and some were found at the close of the war, who had been held in captivity in British vessels for many years, bearing on their backs proofs that they

had been whipped for refusing to serve in a war against their native land."

"I wish," said Harry, "that the English may be benefitted by the effects of civilization on modern warfare."

"I do not believe," said the Captain, "that these cruelties were all known to the British government, or approved by it." Commanders of vessels, or officers in their armies, might have committed many of these acts on their own responsibility."

The Captain was unwilling to believe without proof, that the cruelties practiced towards American prisoners were known to any but the immediate actors. He always liked to think well of all human beings, and he would not do wrong towards an enemy by attributing to him feelings and opinions he did not entertain, though he would freely die in defence of his country, for he was a true man.

They were now leaving the river in the distance behind them. They had already ascended the mountain, though by a different path from that by which they descended on the first day of their travels. The Captain

had purposely taken another route, and Charles and Harry were so much excited, by what he was telling them of the hardships and sufferings of American prisoners, that they had not observed it. The sun was now sinking down behind the heights of Queenston with a mild radiance, like the smile of the dying warrior upon the field of glory. The Captain was a little a head of Harry and Charles, for they had often turned a last look at the setting sun, and the shade which the monument cast like a dark pall down the side of the heights. Harry imagined as he saw the shadow prostrated there like a dead giant, that the monument itself had fallen. While his mind was occupied with these fancies, he heard the voice of the Captain. Harry turned and saw that he was standing in front of a small house, and that he was replying to the evening salutation of a woman, who was standing in the door. When they had come up the Captain walked familiarly into the house, and bid Harry and Charles to follow.

When they had entered Harry took a survey of the features of the woman he had

seen at the door. She was of middle age with a fine form and an open and expressive countenance. She entered freely into conversation with the Captain, and it was easy to see that they were old acquaintances as well as old friends. Her deportment was that of a woman who well knew what constituted the true dignity of her sex. The only other person in the house was an old lady apparently of sixty years or more, who was sitting by the fire engaged with her knitting. The Captain presented his young friend Harry to them, and he soon learned that his new acquaintances were Mary Brown and the mother of Robert Jones.

Harry was at a loss how to enter into conversation with them, for the Captain, being uncertain whether he should see them, had not prepared his mind for it, and he had too much good breeding and delicacy of feeling, to let them know that they had been made the subject of conversation.

Though Mary Brown was never married, yet she wore the weeds of the widow. She had been the betrothed of Robert Jones. The union of spirit, that divine portion of

the matrimonial connection, which may truly be said to be made in heaven, was perfect. They looked forward to the consummation of their hopes and the renewal of their vows according to the requirements of law and the forms of society. Her early love was in the grave, and she had been true to his memory. Her life and her feelings had assumed a dignity truly sublime. Robert could never be forgotten. He lived in her memory in perpetual youth. He was in her mind the *beau ideal* of the soldier. She still saw him with all his courage and chivalry. When death comes time loses its power. No imagination could fancy Robert still living and wearing the wrinkled brow of age. The dead who live in the hearts and memories of their friends, live as they were when they died. The mother who lays her little child in the grave thinks of it ever after, not as the "possible future man or woman," but as "a buried angel," wearing the beauty of everlasting youth.

The attention of our travellers was now confined to what was passing in the house. The Captain had briefly stated to them the

journey they had taken, and that they were now on their way home. Within that house was neither poverty nor riches; but there was comfort and contentment. The father of Robert Jones had died, and this was the home of the widow. She had been left in the undisputed possession of a few acres of ground, and by the aid of a younger son who alone was left to her, her little farm had been cultivated, and with the society of Mary, who had become an inmate of her house, she was happy.

But a few moments had passed when a young man entered the house. It was William the son of the widow, and the brother of Robert Jones. He was well known to Charles and the Captain, and was presented by them to their young friend Harry. They now entered freely into conversation, and the minutes passed away faster than they had imagined. Mary had taken advantage of William's coming to disengage herself from conversation, and at the moment when the Captain was thinking of prosecuting his journey, they were summoned by her to the evening meal, which she had prepared almost

unperceived. Before it was finished the sun was below the horizon, and the hospitalities of the house, for the night were pressed upon the little party with a warmth which could not be resisted.

It being settled that they were to stay all night, the conversation was resumed.

“We have been,” said the Captain, “to the heights of Queenston, and viewed all the places connected with the history of that battle.”

“I shall never forget that day, nor its history,” said Mary.

“Robert my poor boy,” said the old lady, “his courage was greater than his judgment.”

“His fame is now greater than either,” said the Captain. “Well do I remember his unyielding spirit on the day of the battle. I do not believe he would have yielded but by death, if our army had not surrendered. His history is known to every one. The place of his burial is pointed out to strangers, and the story of his death is told, when that of most others is forgotten.”

“I was there at the opening of spring,” said Mary, “and I mean to go again before

the snow falls. I go there every spring to see that the turf has not been disturbed, and to pull away the dead grass about the shrubs that are planted there."

"We were there to-day," said the Captain, "The little railing around the grave is firm, and it will be safe for the winter."

Mary and the old lady were gratified with this mark of affectionate remembrance by the Captain. The reputation of Robert was as dear to them as their own lives. Now that he was gone nothing gave them greater pleasure than to know that his name was remembered and respected by others.

"I have often thought," said the Captain, "that the death of the young soldier, was a happy one. In youth one is less entangled with the cares, and beset with the temptations of the world than at a later period of life, and it may be, that by an early death, he has avoided evils which it would not have been in his power to resist. The life of the soldier who dies in battle goes out in a blaze of glory; while that of the aged man, instead of burning out by its own enthusiasm, wastes away like the light of an expiring taper."

Mary and the old lady listened and were silent; and the conversation was soon turned to other themes. The evening passed rapidly away, and all were soon sunk to rest.

The next morning our travellers took leave of their hospitable friends, and pursued their way.

“It was in the power of Mary Brown,” said the Captain, “to have taken the hand of a distinguished American Officer. He had learned her worth from knowing the history of Robert Jones. But she was wedded to the memory of her betrothed, and she would think of no other nuptials. I have often heard her repeat, with admiration, the saying of a celebrated English woman, that if the richest monarch of the world should lay his wealth at her feet, she could never forget that she had been the wife of John, Duke of Marlborough.”

“And the old lady,” said Harry, “she looks like the mother of a hero.”

“Yes,” said the Captain, “she always admired the bravery of Robert, though she deeply lamented his death. And his father

too, he was proud of him. Truly it might be said of their son;

‘He lived as mothers wish their sons to live,
He died as fathers wish their sons do die.’ ”

The path they were now pursuing led through a moderately settled portion of the country, which was handsomely diversified with woods and fields. Here and there a farm house was seen which was passed by without exciting any particular notice; and they soon fell into the same track they had followed on leaving home. Their march was now onward without any prospect of being interrupted, and with the hope, now almost made certain, of reaching home that day.

“Our return will be looked for to-night,” said Harry.

“Yes,” said the Captain, “and unless we arrive sooner than we are expected, we shall find Alice and Lucy watching for us at the window. You will have stories enough to tell them for several days.”

It was not the least part of the pleasure Harry expected from this expedition, to recount his adventures to Alice and Lucy Gray.

Indeed his mind was so much occupied with this thought, that his conversational powers seemed to be suspended. The interest of the journey was diminishing as it was drawing to a close, as the appetite is exhausted by repletion. It was early in the afternoon when they came in sight of home. They had just gained the little elevation which overlooked the farm, and commanded a view of the front of the house, when they saw Alice and Lucy in the garden gathering some flower seeds, and looking after some of their choice plants, to see if they would be safe for the winter.

As they saw them coming from a distance, they stood looking, as if in doubt who they were, and in a moment being satisfied, they ran to meet them. Their glad voices were heard in the house, which brought their mother to the door, and all were made happy by meeting again.

As Harry had expected, Alice and Lucy had been anxious for them on the first night of their absence. Their mother however had quieted their fears as well as she was able, but to say the truth, she was not en-

tirely free from anxiety herself; but the next day all their fears were dissipated, by receiving the message which the Captain had sent to them from the Indian village.

The table was soon spread, and was loaded with the good things which had been prepared for the returning travellers. Their curiosity had been satisfied by seeing; the fears of their friends at home had fled; hope was swallowed up in enjoyment, and the evening was spent in social converse. The adventures of their journey was the burthen of their conversation, and before they retired for the night, they resolved that their next visit, after a few days of rest, should be to Fort Niagara.



TALES
OF THE
NIAGARA FRONTIER.

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**PART II.**  
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FORT NIAGARA.



NOTE.

The series of little books proposed to be published under the general title of "TALES OF THE NIAGARA FRONTIER," are intended to illustrate some portions of the History of the War of 1812. Accurate dates and descriptions of places will be given, though not with very minute detail; and the names of officers who took part in the scenes described, and the events with which they were connected, will be stated, so far as the writer may be able to do so, with historical accuracy. In other respects, the stories may be regarded as fictions.



INTRODUCTION.

The Niagara River, or the Strait that connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, being the only outlet for the greatest chain of inland waters in the world, which are there poured over the great Cataract, and forming the boundary between the United States and Canada, has been the scene of many interesting historical events. Courage as true and devoted has there been exhibited, as that of the Spartans at the pass of Thermopylae. Its waters have been made red by the blood of brave men who died in their struggles for the liberty and the rights which had been denied them. On its banks many a spot has been made holy by the burial of a soldier. It is classic ground; and in future ages there will be the shrines where pilgrims will come to worship the memory of heroes. Time as well as blood is necessary to consecrate the battle field. Little is now thought of the

places where these scenes occurred because their history is fresh in the minds of all except the young. To them it is hoped this little book will be an acceptable offering. But the time will come when this river, through its whole length, which is about thirty five miles, will reflect from its waters the images of many beautiful mansions that will be erected on its banks. Thousands of years hence it will be the task of the school boy, in the study of the antiquities of his Country, to learn the deeds of arms that have been wrought there. History and Poetry will vie with each other in the relations of fact and the creations of fancy. But romance will be excelled by reality. The Niagara will, to future ages, call to mind the heroic in history, as the Hellespont now does to us; and, as at the chosen spots of the old world, patriotism will burn with a brighter glow at the mention of its name. The loves of Hero and Leander, immortalized by the Grecian bard, and tales of war by sea and land will be matched by stories of the Niagara.

FORT NIAGARA.

CHAPTER I.

DESCRIPTION.

It will be remembered, by those at least who have read the story of Queenston, that it was determined by Harry and the Captain, that their next visit should be to Fort Niagara. After a few days of rest they prepared to carry their resolution into effect. The Captain and his young friend Harry were to have no other company, Charles having determined not to go on a second expedition. They had started in the morning of a beautiful October day, and travelled as far as Lewiston, where they determined to stay over night. The next morning as the sun was flinging his grateful rays from a moderate elevation in the heavens, they were on their way. Their path lay along the bank of the Niagara, the road there being very

near to the shore. As they were walking along their shadows reached quite over the precipitous bank, and would have been seen in the river itself, but that the sun had not yet fallen on that part of it near the shore.

“Early rising makes long shadows,” said the Captain.

“And long days too,” said Harry.

“But the longer the days the shorter the shadow,” said the Captain. “In summer the days are longer than in winter, and the sun being higher in the heavens does not cast so long a shadow from any object standing in a perpendicular position, as would be made by the same object in winter when the sun is lower. This would only be the case at or near noon; in the morning it would make no difference.”

Harry was amused by this pleasantry, and the Captain continued:

“There has been much hard fighting,” said he, “on the banks of this river, before this hour in the morning. Men have here, not only in the morning of the day, but in the morning of their lives acquired a fame that will never die. The lives of such men are

lengthened by their success in early life, as the days are by early rising. I shall tell you before I get through with this expedition, how victories have been lost and won before day-light; and how watchfulness and care have triumphed over neglect and inaction.”

The Niagara river, which, above the great Cataract, is from a mile to a mile and a half wide, below the falls, as far down as Lewiston, is confined by the the high rocky banks to a quarter of a mile or less in width. The current too is very swift, and sometimes interrupted by whirlpools and rapids. Below Lewiston the high banks disappear, the stream gradually widens, and the current becomes more smooth. At the point where our travellers were now viewing it, it was flowing on with a movement so quiet and equal, that one in gazing upon it would almost forget it had any motion. The bank on the opposite side was distinctly to be seen, with here and there a solitary looking house upon the margin of the river, and occasionally a tree bending over as if to see its own shadow in the water. As they were thus moving on quietly, they heard the sound of approach-

ing wheels behind them. They looked back and saw a man leisurely jogging along in a lumber wagon. Harry and the Captain stepped aside to let him pass. At this moment the jog of the horses dropped into a slow walk. The morning salutation of the traveller, was answered by the Captain. As they appeared to be going the same way they were invited to ride. The offer would have been declined, but our travellers were glad of an opportunity to converse with any one they happened to meet.

The Captain and Harry were soon seated in the wagon, and as they went lumbering along they tried to draw the traveller into conversation with them.

“We are coming now to a place,” said the Captain, “where there has been some hard fighting. A little ahead is the spot where the British landed on the morning of the 19th of December 1813, when they surprised Fort Niagara.”

“I knew,” said the Wagoner, “that the fort down here was once taken by the British, but I never knew before the place where they landed.”

“You are acquainted in these parts,” said the Captain.

“Yes,” said the wagoner; “I live a few miles below the fort on the shore of the lake. I removed to that place soon after the close of the war. I have travelled this road often, but I never knew much about the battles that took place here.”

The Captain saw that, though his fellow-traveller had lived for many years almost within sight of the fortress, nothing was to be learned from him. He scarcely had possession of a single fact in relation to it. All that he knew was through the indistinctness of tradition.

They however soon came to a road that turned off to the right, and here they parted company, the wagoner pursuing the road in the direction of his home, and Harry and the Captain keeping the path that lay upon the bank of the river. After passing the little village of Youngstown, a few minutes brought them within sight of the fort. The first object they saw was the dome of the lighthouse erected upon the top of an old stone building that forms a part of the fortress.

It must be remembered that the period of the Captain's visit was some years ago, and that his description of the fortifications may not correspond with their present appearance. The farms upon the road leading to the fort were then not quite so much improved as they now are; and the fort itself may have experienced a similar change.

They soon stood within the limits of the fortress. As they entered, Harry took a rapid survey of the most striking objects that met his view. Two or three companies of American soldiers were stationed there, and the sentry was marching to and fro at the entrance to the fort. Every thing within bore the appearance of neatness. A glance was sufficient to see the long guns ranged in rows, some in a position that they could be made to bear upon the fort on the opposite side of the river if necessary, and others were disposed without any reference to such use being required of them. Near the centre of the area within the enclosure, was a large pile of cannon-shot, painted black and laid up in the form of a pyramid.

After Harry had taken the first view, the

Captain proceeded to describe the works to him.

“You will see,” said he, “that the fort stands in the angle, made by the eastern bank of the river, and the southern shore of Lake Ontario. It is laid out in the form of a triangle, one side of which commands the river and Fort George on the opposite side, another faces the lake, and the third is to defend the plain in the rear.”

Towards the water it is stockaded or enclosed with a row of sharpened posts set in the ground, and within the stockade on the river side, there is a large mound of earth, at the top of which are embrasures or openings for guns, and on the side facing the lake within the stockade, stands a large fortified stone house, on the top of which is the light-house, they had seen before entering the fort; and on the land side it is secured by embankments of earth which will be more particularly described hereafter.

The site on which the fort is built, is elevated considerably above the river and lake, and commands a fine prospect. From the light-house the view of those waters

and the country on both sides is only limited by the power of the human eye.

While the Captain was calling the attention of Harry to these general appearances of the fortress, they were met by the commanding officer of the garrison. The Colonel had been there for several years and was well known to most of the inhabitants for some miles around; but it had never before been the fortune of the Captain to see him. The hand and heart of the soldier are always accessible to strangers, and well the Captain knew how to meet him. No one who had heard the sound, and seen the flash of arms on this frontier, much less one who had sprinkled the battle-field with his blood, needed to have been a stranger to the Colonel. The Captain explained the object of his visit, and presented to him his young friend Harry. He took him warmly by the hand, and Harry now felt that he too was an acquaintance.

The Colonel led the way to the old stone house, in a part of which he lived with his family, and was followed by Harry and the Captain. The house bore the marks of time, both in the style of the architecture, and the

appearance of the walls. A green moss seemed to be creeping over the overhanging eaves, and inserting its roots into the chinks between the rough stones of which it was built. There was an open portico in front, and a balcony which was accessible from the second story. Upon the rough lattice work were some climbing vines, whose leaves had been withered by the approach of autumn. In the sultry heat of summer, it must have been a shady and pleasant retreat. They entered the house.

“Let us go up and take a look from the top,” said the Colonel.

They all ascended the old oaken stairs, every step of which was deeply worn. The footsteps of thousands had been there before them. Many years had passed away since the building was erected. They were at the top and stood upon a small platform. The roof also bore the marks of age. The shingles were cemented together by moss, telling, like the gray hairs of man, of the age of the head it covered.

“There,” said the Colonel, addressing himself to Harry, and pointing across the river

“is fort Mississaga. A little above is the site of old Fort George. You see near by it the town of Newark, which was burnt by the Americans on the 10th of December 1813. This town is now generally called Niagara. It was once called Lennox, and afterwards Nassau, but Newark was the name given to it by parliament. Across the lake in this direction,” said he, pointing his finger, “is the City of Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada. To the west at the head of the lake is Burlington bay, and Burlington heights. To the east the view is divided between the waters of the lake and the woods upon the banks, while to the south is to be seen the cultivated fields of the farmer, who has disputed and overcome the dominion of the forest, and the Niagara, flowing like a stream of light, between the territory of a monarchy and a free republic.”

Their eyes had taken in the whole circuit of the horizon, and they now descended the stairs, and walked out to view the grounds. The Colonel kindly took it upon himself to go about with them, and explain to Harry every thing that he did not understand.

They went first to the northwestern angle of the fort. There Harry saw upon a platform a large cannon pointing its mouth across the river. It was mounted upon a large pair of wheels so that it could be moved backward and forward. In front of the platform on which it stood was an opening in the embankment, through which it could be pointed if it should be necessary to fire it. This opening is called an embrasure.

“If we wanted to load it,” said the Captain, “it would stand where it now does; but if it were loaded, and we wanted to fire it, we should run it forward on the wheels, so that it would point through the opening; and when it is drawn back again to be loaded for another fire, the men who have charge of it, are in a great degree protected by the bank from the shots of the enemy. They followed along this bank or mound, which was near the bank of the river. There were several openings in it, and at each one was a platform, and a cannon upon it like the first they had seen. These guns were to protect the side of the fort next to the river, from attacks that might be made upon it by ships of war,

as well as to prevent them from entering the river. They are also used when an attack is to be made on fort George, on the opposite side, as you will learn before you get a full history of the place."

Harry was pleased with the explanations of the Colonel, and he manifested his delight by the attention with which he listened.

They had now come to the southern angle of the fort. Here was an opening left between the walls for a gateway or passage through which to enter it, and a block-house to defend the passage. On the east or land-side were several batteries and redoubts, between which, and extending from one to the other, were trenches and banks of earth. There were also several gateways, and at each of them, and in different parts of the fort, there were strong block-houses, and ranges of low buildings used as barracks for the soldiers. The Colonel here pointed out the passage where the British army entered, when the fort was taken from the French in 1759. On the north side, facing the lake, was a strong block-house, and be-

tween that and the river, on the same side, was the old stone house before described, which was strongly fortified. On the side next to the river, the building showed the marks of many a cannon-shot that had been thrown from Fort George.

They had made the circuit of the fort and taken a general view of it. It was time to examine it a little more in detail. The fort and outworks occupy about five acres of ground. A garrison of about five hundred men, and thirty or forty pieces of artillery, would be necessary to defend it in case of an attack.

In one part of the ground were a number of cannons mounted on wheels and ready for use, but, as it was now a time of peace, they were placed under a temporary covering to protect them from the weather. In another place were many large guns, which were not mounted. They had been covered with a coat of black paint, to prevent them from rusting, and each had a wooden plug inserted in the muzzle to keep out the dirt or water.

The Colonel pointed out to Harry and the Captain the secret passages which led down

to the lake and the river, to which they might be obliged to resort for water in time of a seige or an attack. He also explained to Harry, how the different parts of the fort were defended, and showed him the magazine where the powder is kept, and explained to him how it was protected from being exploded by the hot shot thrown by the enemy.

“We can look round quietly now,” said the Captain; “but there have been stirring times here. When every minute brings with it a hot shot from Fort George, it is a time to try one’s courage. Every man then has a duty to perform, and every one knows that some one will meet death; and all resolve that if it must come they will meet it as they meet the enemy, face to face.”

They had now finished the survey of the grounds, and they returned to the house. When they had entered, the Colonel presented them to his wife and daughter. Here was a new source of pleasure opened to them. The fields of danger and the profession of arms are not without their charms. Woman with her love and beauty is always found in the path of the soldier, rugged, and bloody

too, as it sometimes is. And the soldier, he, like the faithful knight in the best days of chivalry, is always her guardian and protector.

The Captain was social in the highest degree, but Harry was for the most part silent. He was thinking of his mother and sisters. He had been a long time away from them, and they were separated by a distance of several hundred miles. And then he thought of those less distant from him, his cousins, Alice and Lucy Gray. He was already thinking of the pleasure of telling them some of the stories he had heard of Fort Niagara. But this thought could not now rest in his mind. They had only taken a look at the place as it was at the time of their visit. They had not yet begun to review its history. He was yet to learn the story of its building by the French, and of its capture by the English; how it passed into the hands of the Americans, and then the various scenes presented by the attack, the repulse; the surprise and the massacre. As yet he had heard nothing that might not be listened to with some degree of calmness. But a tale of terror and of blood was yet to come.

CHAPTER II.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

While they were sitting in the house, the Colonel remarked to the Captain, that there were some scraps of history connected with the place that were very interesting, and, if it were not for interfering with his arrangements for entertaining his young friend Harry, he would relate them.

The Captain turned to Harry with an inquiring look, and said that he thought he would be amused as well as instructed by hearing them. Harry readily entered into the views of the Captain, and the Colonel proceeded:

“A thought struck me a short time ago,” said he, “that it would be interesting to know when this point was first taken possession of by white men. There was a time I knew when the whole country was in the exclusive possession of the Indians. Then the river and the lake, were navigated only by the

bark canoe, and the forests had never heard the sound of the axe. I undertook, as far as I was able, to find out from history the progress of discovery and improvement here."

"Much of that history," said the Captain, "I should think would be found only in the traditions of the natives."

"There is some written history," said the Colonel. "But I have found nothing earlier than the year 1678. On the 18th day of November in that year the Cavalier De La Salle, who, under the patronage of the king of France, had undertaken to explore the country from Lake Ontario to the gulf of Mexico, left Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, with a vessel of forty tons for this place. Whether the lake had before that time been explored as far as this, I have not discovered. It is however certain that the vessel of La Salle was the first ship that ever sailed on the waters of Lake Ontario, or Lake Frontenac as it was called by him. The voyage occupied about a month, the winds being contrary, and from the swiftness of the current, as it was said by the historian of that voyage, they were obliged to anchor their

ship at a distance of nine leagues from the mouth of the river. It however appears that De La Salle sailed into the Niagara with a 'wooden canoe' of ten tons, and explored the river as far as the great cataract, which he described as being six hundred feet high. 'Niagara,' says he, 'is a village of the Iroquois situated upon the lake of Conti, near the wonderful fall I have taken notice of.' Though this little party were kindly received by the Iroquois, yet they described them as being a stoical and courageous race, capable of enduring without signs of emotion the acutest torments the ingenuity and cruelty of their enemies could invent; as never asking quarter in war, and seldom giving it to others, and as drinking the blood of their butchered enemies.

"The party of La Salle laid by one night at their village, but the next day they went three leagues higher up, near where Lewiston now stands, for the purpose of building a fort. They began to lay the foundation, but the Iroquois becoming jealous of their work, they gave it up, and contented themselves with driving strong palisades to protect their magazine.

“De La Salle intended to commence building a ship above the great falls for the purpose of exploring Lake Erie, or Lake *Herie*, as it was then called. But the season was so far advanced that he was obliged to give it up till the next year, and he returned to Fort Frontenac, where he spent the winter.

“In 1684 a slight fortification was made here, and in 1687 for the more effectual defence of New France, as the French possessions in America were then called, it was improved by the addition of four bastions. It does not appear whether the French continued to occupy this post after that time. It is probable that it was used as a place of retreat against the incursions of the savages by such trading parties as came to the place for the purpose of trafficking with the natives.

“In 1721, a party came to take measures for a permanent settlement, on the spot where De La Salle had driven his rude palisades forty three years before; and in 1726 the flag of France was floating from Fort Niagara. The French thought that by keeping up a fortification there they would be able to give the

law to the Iroquois, who had generally been enlisted on the side of the English in the wars which had been carried on between them and the French on this continent.

“The fortress of Niagara gave a control over the commerce of the wild regions of the west. The great lakes were even then the pathway for the immense fur-trade that was carried on between the Europeans and the natives. The furs that came directly from the forests were collected here, and those also that came, by way of the great lakes from the more distant west, passed over the portage round the falls of Niagara. The boundless region in which they were gathered, knew no jurisdiction but that of the French. They had explored every lake and river, both for the purpose of traffic, and for the extension of the christian faith. Their missions in that early day extended even beyond Lake Superior.

“So far as is known Fort Niagara continued in possession of the French till the year 1759, when it was taken by the English. They had landed about three miles from the fort under General Prideaux, and

after a short action, during which he was killed, the French surrendered with the loss of six hundred prisoners and a small number killed. From that time began the British rule in North America, which was continued down to the American revolution.

“In September 1776 a grand Indian council was held at Niagara by Colonel Butler and other loyalists, with the six nations and several other tribes of Indians, in the presence of Colonel Caldwell, who was then in command at the fort. They adopted an address which was signed by all the chiefs present, declaring their intention ‘to embark in the war, and abide the result of the contest of the king with his people.’ A strong appeal was made to the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, but one sachem from each of these tribes being present, ‘to quit the Bostonians,’ as the Americans were called, ‘and be strong and fulfill their engagements to the king.’

“Through the long period of the wars between the French and English, most of the Indian nations had been on the side of the English. They were now true to their old

friends and allies. At the great council held here, the representatives of fifteen Indian nations had agreed to support them; and during the winter of 1780, there were four hundred loyalists under Colonel Butler, six hundred British regulars under a Captain, and twelve hundred Indians under Brant, and Colonel Guy Johnson quartered here; the Indian Captain and the British Colonel dividing between them the honor of commanding an army of savages."

The Captain had before known the history of this fortress, only from the time it had been in the possession of the Americans, and he, as well as Harry, was instructed by this relation of the Colonel.

"There were some strange characters here," said the Colonel, "during the year 1780; and if you are not already tired of my long stories, I will give you some account of them."

The Captain was always ready to listen to the stories of an old soldier, and Harry was more anxious to hear him than ever.

"I will in the first place," said the Colonel, "give you some idea of the appearance of

the fort as it was described by an old soldier, who was for a long time kept there as a prisoner, and of whom I shall tell you more hereafter. 'It was at that time,' said he, 'a structure of considerable magnitude and of great strength, enclosing an area of from six to eight acres of ground. Within the enclosure was a handsome dwelling house which was occupied by Colonel Guy Johnson. He was at that time a short pussy man, about forty years of age, of stern countenance and haughty demeanor, dressed in British uniform, with powdered hair and a cocked hat; and his voice bore evidence of his Irish extraction.'

"A more remarkable character," continued the Colonel, "was Captain Joseph Brant, the head chief of the Mohawks. He was a tall and rather spare man, fierce looking but well spoken, and about forty years of age. He wore moccasins elegantly trimmed with beads, leggins of superfine blue, a short green coat with silver epaulets, and a small laced round hat. He had a silver mounted cutlass, and a blanket of blue cloth with a red border, which he sometimes dropped in the chair in which he sat, that his epaulets might not be concealed from the view."

“This man,” said the Captain, “addressing himself to Harry, “was the father of the young Mohawk chief you saw at the village of the Tuscaroras.”

“Was he as brave a man as the young chief?” asked Harry.

“He was a man of great courage,” answered the Captain, “and the greatest warrior among the Six Nations. By some he has generally been believed to be cruel, but that charge has been questioned by his more partial friends.”

“There was one of those men there,” said the Captain, “of whom I do not like to speak, and I would not, but that he belongs to the history of the time.”

Harry and the Captain sat in silence, hoping that the narrative of the Colonel would be continued.

“John Butler,” said the Colonel, “was a loyalist; and he had zealously entered into the service of the English. He was not only active in their cause, but he was cruel towards his own countrymen, the Americans. He had led on the merciless Indians, at the massacre of Wyoming on the third of July

1778. There was an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children, and their cries for mercy were answered by a death-blow from the hatchet. Many are now living to mourn the massacre of Wyoming:

‘Five hundred of her brave that valley green
‘Trode on the morn in soldier-spirit gay;
‘But twenty lived to tell the noon-day scene!’ ”

The Captain needed but to have his old recollections of history revived, to create in his bosom the deep abhorrence that all so justly deserve, who took part in the cruelties of that day; but Harry heard the story for the first time in his life with all its horrible details, and his young blood was stirred with a freezing terror.

“John Butler,” continued the Colonel, “had a son, also a loyalist, who bore the rank of a Lieutenant in the British army. He had been arrested at the German Flats as a spy from that portion of the British army, under Colonel St. Leger. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to death; but through the influence of friends, was reprieved and closely imprisoned in Albany. He however found means to escape, and soon after joined his father at Fort Niagara.

“Young Butler having been promoted to the rank of a Captain, he determined to revenge his imprisonment by a hostile incursion into the territory of his countrymen. He marched at the head of a detachment of rangers, accompanied by Brant with a small body of Indians. The point selected for his first attack was Cherry Valley, second only in beauty and fertility to the valley of the Susquehanna; and the bloody scene he enacted there on the 11th day of November 1778, was hardly excelled in cruelty by the massacre of Wyoming. Whole families were murdered when resistance was out of their power, and some taken prisoners and carried away into captivity.

“Among the prisoners taken was a Mrs. Campbell and her four children. Her mother was also a prisoner, but being unable to travel on account of her age, she fell by the side of her daughter by a blow from the tomahawk. Mrs. Campbell marched with a child in her arms, urged on by an uplifted hatchet, to the Seneca Castle. Her children were then taken from her, and she was kept there till the next June, when she was

brought to Niagara. While here she recovered three of her children from the Indians."

"To continue the narrative of the old Captain," said the Colonel, "there was another person here during that period of some celebrity in her time. It was Catharine Montour, a half blood, and generally believed to have been the daughter of Count Frontenac, one of the Governors of New France. When but ten years old, during the wars between the Six Nations, and the French and Hurons, she was carried away as a captive into the Seneca country, and adopted by her captors; and when she had grown up she was married to a distinguished chief. She was celebrated for her beauty and address, and was treated with much distinction by the British officers. She with two of her sons was at the battle of Wyoming, and she was said to have ranged the field like an enraged tigress, stimulating the warriors to that terrible massacre. One of her sons was also in the massacre at Cherry Valley. The father of Mrs. Campbell had been captured by him, and as, from his age, he was an inconvenient prisoner, Kate Montour was in a rage with

her son for not having killed him on the spot. Such was the companionship of the prisoners at Fort Niagara!"

Harry and the Captain were patient in listening to all the stories of the Colonel.

"There is no end," said he, "to the tales I could tell of events connected in some degree with this fortress."

Harry begged to be favored with another, and the Colonel proceeded:

"The next year, 1779," continued he, "Brant and Butler, whether it was the father or son is uncertain, were upon the war-path, and on the 13th of September, a little party under Lieutenant Boyd, belonging to General Sullivan's army, were surrounded by several hundred Indians, at Little-Beard's Town, now called Leicester, and all but Boyd and one other, were cut to pieces. Butler, denying to him the mercy he had expected from Brant, delivered him to the Indians, who put him to death by the most horrible torture. It has been claimed for Brant, that having promised protection to these men, he would have kept his word; but it may be presumed that he left them in

the care of Butler and absented himself for the purpose of avoiding the charge of perfidy. His mutilated body with that of Parker his companion was buried the next day by General Sullivan, on the road running from Moscow to Geneseo; but their remains now rest at the beautiful burying ground at Mount Hope, near Rochester, where a handsome monument has been erected to their memory.

“On another occasion Brant had made an incursion into the eastern part of the state, and had taken several prisoners, among whom was a Captain Harper. Brant had at first threatened him with death, but had spared him and his companions on condition of their marching to Niagara as prisoners of war. It was customary for all prisoners brought here to run the gantlet; but Captain Harper and his party were saved from this ordeal on account of a niece of his, Miss Jane Moore, who had been taken prisoner at Cherry Valley, having married a British officer who was at that time stationed at this place. It was an unexpected pleasure for the Captain to meet a relative who had

been the means of his being saved from the gantlet. But such are the chances of war.

“A month after this there came to the fort as prisoners a Captain Snyder and his son, who had been taken by a party of Indians and Tories. While passing through the valley of the Genesee, their principal Indian conductor showed them the place where Boyd and Parker were buried. These men were compelled to run the gantlet.”

Harry here asked the Colonel to explain to him how the Indians conducted this ceremony. He had seen it played by school-boys, but he thought this must be a different affair.

“On entering the Camp,” said the Captain, “the prisoners are shown a painted post, and they are directed to run to it, and catch hold of it as soon as possible. Captain Snyder and his son were stationed, as was the custom, thirty or forty yards from the post, and their path to it lay between two parallel lines of men, women and children, armed with hatchets, knives and sticks. Each one was at liberty to strike them as hard and as often

as they could, before they reached the post. Sometimes they were severely cut. The prisoners saw the long line of savages on each side with their uplifted weapons, but knowing that much depended upon their courage in the race, they ran with all their might and reached the post with very little injury; but producing much merriment to the Indians. Had they faltered and showed signs of fear, they would have suffered more severely.

“One prisoner trembled with fear, and begged to be excused from the trial. But the chief threatened him with his upraised hatchet, telling him to run for his life, and before he reached the post, he received many a severe blow, and was afterwards jeered by the Indians for his cowardice.

“When the prisoners had entered the fort, Brant said to the younger Snyder; ‘You are young and you I pity; but for that old villain there,’ pointing to the father, ‘I have no pity.’

“And now,” said the Colonel, I will give you the last act in the life of Walter N. Butler. In 1781 he led an expedition against

Johnstown. He was met by the Americans at a place called Jersey's fields, on the West Canada Creek, about fifteen miles above Herkimer. A brisk engagement followed, the parties being on opposite sides of the creek, during which Butler fell by a shot from an Oneida warrior, who rushed across the creek, and while Butler was begging for mercy, the Oneida with uplifted axe, told him to remember Cherry Valley, and buried it in his brains. This was the end of a tory who was one of the severest scourges of his country.

“Before I leave off,” said the Colonel, “I must tell you one more strange scene that was enacted at this fortress. In the month of May 1793, Benjamin Lincoln, Beverly Randolph and Timothy Pickering, American commissioners, came to Fort Niagara for the purpose of holding a council with the Indians. It will be remembered that this was long after the close of the revolutionary war; but the fortress, though agreed by the treaty of peace to be surrendered, was retained by the English. While they were waiting for the arrival of delegates from the

distant Indians tribes, it happened that on the 24th day of June, the birth-day of the king was celebrated here. Governor Simcoe gave an entertainment, ending with a ball in the evening. Thus with feasting, and music and dancing, was the gala day of royalty celebrated on American soil, in a fortress at that time rightfully belonging to us, but in the possession of an armed force of Great Britain, and the American commissioners reluctantly found themselves among the guests.

“On the 7th of July the grand Indian council was opened, in the presence of Governor Simcoe, and a large number of civil and military officers. Captain Brant was also there and a deputation of about fifty Indians from the northwestern tribes, and a delagation from the seven Indian nations of Canada, to the number of two hundred and eighty. The subject of the treaty was the threatened disturbances among the western tribes, and after a few days of consultation they adjourned to hold another great council at the rapids of the miami.

“This is the last event that I know of, of any importance, connected with this fort-

ress, till in 1796, it was delivered up by the English to the Americans, who had the uninterrupted possession of it from that time to the war of 1812, when it again became the scene of conflict."

CHAPTER III.

THE IROQUOIS.

Harry had been deeply interested in the ancient history of the fortress, as it was related by the Colonel.

“I would like,” said he, “to know more about the early history of the Indians.”

“Your friend the Captain,” said the Colonel, “can give you a better account of them than I can.”

“There were so many nations or tribes of Indians,” said the Captain, “inhabiting different parts of this country, previous to its discovery and occupation by the French and English, that I hardly know where to begin. The greater part of the State of New York, and some portions of Upper Canada on the borders of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, were in possession of the Iroquois. This name was given to them by the French. By the English they were called the Five Nations, and, after the Tuscaroras had united with

them, the Six Nations, and sometimes they were called simply the 'Confederates.' From their superiority over all other nations found on this continent, they have been called the Romans of America."

Harry asked what were the names of the Six Nations.

"They were," said the Captain, "the Senecas, the Cayugas, the Onandagas, the Oneidas, the Mohawks and the Tuscaroras.

"The principal village of the Senecas was near the Genesee river, about twenty miles from Irondequoit bay. The Oneidas had their principal seat south of the Oneida Lake. The Cayugas and Onondagas lived in the neighborhood of the lakes that bear their names. The Mohawks had four towns and one small village on or near the fertile banks of the Mohawk river. The Tuscaroras, who, in attempting to exterminate the whites, had been driven from their home in the south, lived on lands assigned to them by the Oneidas, between the Oneidas and the Onondagas.

"The Mohawks were always held in the greatest veneration by their associates. From the nearness of their settlements to

the whites, and their warlike renown, their name was sometimes given to the whole confederacy. In the history of those times the Six Nations were frequently called the Mohawks. At the treaty of 1768 at Fort Stanwix, by Sir William Johnson, they were called by the other nations, 'the true old heads of the confederacy.'"

"I have heard much," said Harry, "about this confederacy of the Six Nations, and I should like to learn what their government was, and how they were united together."

"I will tell you as well as I am able," said the Captain. "Each nation was, for some purpose of its own, I do not know what, divided into three tribes, called the Turtle, the Bear and the Wolf tribes. It appears that these tribes had different degrees of rank. In giving the history of any celebrated chief it is usual to mention the tribe as well as the nation to which he belonged. Brant the great warrior belonged I believe to the Turtle tribe of the Mohawks, which was the first in rank in that nation. Red-Jacket the great orator belonged to the Wolf tribe of the Senecas. Each nation governed its own

affairs without any interference from the others; but they had every year a great Council at Onandaga, which was a central position, composed of the chiefs of each nation."

"What was the object of this council," asked Harry, "if each nation could govern its own affairs?"

"It was for the purpose," answered the Captain, "of settling the great questions of peace and war with other nations; to settle any difficulties there might be between the different nations of the confederacy, and to regulate their intercourse with the French and English. Their grand Council was very much like the old Congress of the United States before the formation of the present constitution.

"The government of the Iroquois had many of the features of a free republic. They admitted of no hereditary distinctions. The office of sachem was the reward of great personal merit, either of wisdom or eloquence, or of valor on the field of battle. It was conferred by the general consent of the nation, and could only be maintained by

the cultivation of those qualities on account of which it had been bestowed. Their government was one of public opinion. They had no executive officers to carry into effect the determinations of their councils. The respect which was paid to the chiefs made them as binding upon the people, as if there had been a power to enforce them.

The Iroquois were a very warlike people, and their position was favorable for conquest. They occupied a great body of the most fertile soil in North America. Their lands were the most elevated grounds in the United States, in which were the sources of many large rivers, the Ohio, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, and many others flowing into the Mississippi, the gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. They had great facilities for going on their warlike expeditions by following, in their bark canoes, the courses of the rivers, as well as by traversing the great lakes.

“Their hunting grounds were very extensive, including a large tract on the southeast side of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario and extending from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron, and from Lake Erie to Lake Michi-

gan. Their military expeditions extended sometimes to the southern and eastern extremities of the United States, and even as far north as Hudson's bay, and West beyond the Mississippi. Though they possessed great courage in war and exhibited at times a very considerable degree of military skill, they delighted in stratagem. They were accustomed to lie in ambush and wait the approach of their unsuspecting foe; or to fall upon him in the hour of sleep and cut him to pieces.

“The Iroquios aimed to control the whole country, and they fell but little short of their ambitious designs. It is probable that they had conquered many nations before the discovery of America. Since that time they had exterminated the Eries, a nation living on the south of Lake Erie. They had conquered the Hurons and the Ottawas and driven them off to the head waters of the Mississippi. Wherever the conquered nations went, they proclaimed the terror of the Iroquois. It is related by Charlevoix that ten or twelve were pursued by a party of Iroquois, and that in trying to pass over to

Goat Island in their canoes, they suffered themselves to be swept down by the current and carried over the cataract, rather than fall into the hands of their dreaded enemies.

“They exercised great authority over other nations with whom they were at peace. At a treaty held at Lancaster in 1742 with the Iroquois, the Governor of Pennsylvania complained that the Delawares refused to remove from some land they had sold. An Iroquois chief after commanding them to remove from it, said: ‘After our just reproof and absolute order to depart from the land, you are now to take notice of what we have further to say to you. This string of wampum serves to forbid you, your children and grand children to the latest posterity, from ever meddling in land affairs: neither you, nor any who shall descend from you, are ever hereafter to sell any land. For this purpose you are to preserve this string, in memory of what your uncles have this day given you in charge. We have some other business to transact with our brethren, and therefore depart the Council; and consider what has been said to you.’

“Even the Shawanese, the nation ruled by Tecumseh and the Prophet, and with whom General Harrison fought his celebrated battle at Tippecanoe in 1811, as late as the year 1769, were not permitted to appear ornamented with paint at any general council where the confederates attended; these conditions having been exacted by the Six Nations as the terms of capitulation.

“As they were in alliance with the English, several attempts were made by the French to conquer them. In 1683 Delebarre the Governor General of Canada marched with an army against them. He landed at Oswego, but finding himself unable to contend with them, he opened a negociation and demanded a conference. Delabarre made a speech in which he charged the Iroquois with robbing and abusing the French traders, and with conducting the English to the lakes, and thereby destroying the trade of the French. To this, Garangula, a chief of the Onondagas, answered, that the Six Nations had conducted the English to the lakes to trade with the natives, in the same manner as the Indians in alliance with the French

had brought them to the castles of the Iroquois to carry on a trade which the English claimed to be theirs. The chief justified the acts of his people. 'We are born free,' said he. 'We neither depend on Yonnondio nor Corlaer,' the French nor the English. 'We may go where we please, and carry with us whom we please. If your allies be your slaves, use them as such. Command them to receive no other but your people.' The Frenchman, vanquished in council by the Onondaga, retired and gave up the expedition.

'The next attempt to conquer them was made by Denonville in 1687. He landed at Irondequoit bay with an army of two thousand men, and when near the village of the Senecas, he was attacked by five hundred Indians, and though he defeated them, he was compelled, in less than a year, to make peace, and to restore the captive chiefs who had been sent to the gallies in France.

Harry asked the Captain what he meant by the gallies.

'They were,' said the Captain, 'a kind of low flat boats with one deck navigated with

sails and oars, which were common in those days. The oars were usually managed by slaves who were chained to them, to prevent their escape. The French punished the criminals of their own country, as well as their prisoners of war, by confining them in the galleys."

"The third and last expedition," said the Captain, "against them was undertaken by Count Frontenac in 1697. He landed at Oswego with a large army and marched to the Onondaga Lake, but found their principal village burnt and abandoned. He destroyed the Oneida Castle and took a few prisoners, one of whom, an Onondago chief, was over a hundred years old. After enduring with firmness the most painful torture, and being several times stabbed, he said to his tormentor, 'Thou oughtest not to abridge my life, that thou mightest have time to learn to die like a man. For my own part, I die contented, because I know no meanness with which to reproach myself.' After this tragical event the Count retired with his army.

"At the beginning of the revolutionary war, the whole confederacy with the excep-

tion of a part of the Senecas took up arms against the Americans. In answer to an address made to them by General Burgoyne, an old Iroquois chief said: 'We have been tried and tempted by the Bostonians, but we have loved our father, and our hatchets have been sharpened on our affections. In proof of the sincerity of our professions, our whole villages able to go to war, are come forth; the old and infirm, our infants and our wives alone remain at home.'

"During the progress of the war, it became necessary to subdue them, and in 1779 General Sullivan marched into their territory with an army of near five thousand men. He burnt their towns, and destroyed their fields and orchards; and they were driven from their homes and compelled to take refuge in the neighborhood of Niagara. Their hostility to us determined with the peace with Great Britain.

"If the Iroquois were cruel towards their enemies, they sometimes suffered with equal severity at their hands. Their courage was adequate to any warlike undertaking, however dangerous it might be; and their power

of endurance enabled them to bear the most horrible tortures that could be inflicted upon them. They could go to the stake and die by a slow consuming fire, or meet death face to face by a blow from the war club, without the motion of a muscle.

“But it was not alone their courage and skill in war by which the Iroquois were distinguished. Many have been celebrated for their eloquence. Their speeches were filled with the most beautiful and striking imagery, and their arguments were enforced by the most appropriate comparisons and illustrations. The form of their government was such as to give to oratory a very commanding influence. Their figures were drawn from the study of human nature and their observations upon the external world. But few specimens of eloquence, and those of an inferior order, are to be found among any of the Indian nations except the confederacy. The Historian, Charlevoix, in speaking of one of his countrymen who had been adopted by the Senecas, says, ‘he spoke with all the energetic spirit of a Frenchman, and with the most sublime eloquence of an Iroquois.’

“Fierce and warlike as were the Iroquois, they cherished a deep regard for personal liberty. Slavery was never tolerated among them. The prisoners they took in war, if not put to death, were either made free or adopted by them into their own nation.

“But it seems to have been the destiny of these nations to waste away before the march of civilization. In 1677, a century before the revolutionary war, they were estimated at over seven thousand, and more than two thousand fighting men. During that war the whole number of their warriors was about eighteen hundred; and after its close, in 1783, their fighting men were reduced to about twelve hundred, and the whole population did not exceed four thousand.

“Many causes may be assigned why the Six Nations have so rapidly diminished in numbers. In time of war the number of births does not equal the number of those that are cut down in battle. They cannot endure the approach of civilization. Intemperance has been added to the list of their misfortunes. Their glory has passed away. When the fires of patriotism and the glow of

their eloquence had gone out among all the other nations of the Confederacy, they still lingered with the Senecas. But even there the stars have now set, and they are groping in the darkness that dims the eye before the moment of dissolution. They have fallen into a slumber that will end in the sleep of death. The eloquence of their Demosthenes no longer keep them awake."

The Colonel had listened to the description the Captain gave of the Iroquois, but an affair of business now demanded his attention at a distance from the fort, and he was obliged to leave the Captain to describe to his young friend Harry, the remaining incidents connected with the history of the place.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

In the military expedition made into the Indian country by Count Frontenac in 1697, among the captives he carried away from the Oneida Castle, was a beautiful young Indian girl. It was believed from the superiority of her dress and the abundance of her ornaments that she was the daughter of one of their chiefs. She had been taken to Oswego, and from thence with the other captives to Fort Niagara, as being a place of greater security. It was sometimes important to the French to have as prisoners persons for whom a heavy ransom would be paid. Sometimes it happened that the Indians would have some of the French in captivity. Then prisoners might be kept for the purpose of exchange. With some of these motives they had carried away the Oneida girl.

She was just at that period of life between girlhood and womanhood. She had the dark piercing eye of her nation, but its look was softened and subdued by her captivity. During her march to Oswego and her passage over the lakes to Niagara, she maintained a sullen silence. This indeed was partly owing to necessity, for the French and Indians had hardly learned to communicate with each other. She might have talked with the other captives belonging to her nation. But the Indians rarely converse with each other even in their own language, in the presence of strangers, though they would not be understood by them. This habitual reserve belongs in general to their character, and the captive girl was not an exception to the rule.

“When the captives arrived at Fort Niagara,” said the Captain, “it happened that there was a young Frenchman there who had been sent by the Governor from Fort Frontenac, on an errand connected with a proposed military expedition. He had acted in the capacity of interpreter between the French and several of the Indian nations.

In this way he had acquired some knowledge of the language of the Iroquois. Possessing the ardent temperament of the French, he had almost the cunning and subtlety of the Mohawk. He could speak with equal force though not with equal correctness in the language of the French and the dialect of the Indians.

“The Frenchman saw and admired the beautiful Oneida girl. He addressed her in the language of her people. She was pleased with hearing from a stranger and a white man too, the language of her fathers. The life of the Frenchman is frequently one of excitement and passion. Whether engaged in matters of love or war, he acts from impulse. He loved the Oneida girl, and she seemed to take more notice of him than of any other of her captors. He staid several weeks at the Fort and every day he saw the beautiful captive, and her conversation with him made a part of the amusements of the place.

“But the time had come when the Frenchman was compelled to return to Fort Frontenac. He wished to secure the affections of this young daughter of the forest. He

dared not take her with him, and he feared to leave her at Niagara. There was in the Fort at that time a Mohawk who had been taken prisoner in a former expedition, and who would have been sent to the galleys in France, if he had not been saved from it by the kindness of the Frenchman. He had been accused of cowardice by his nation, and though set at liberty, he would not return to them. He was in fact a renegade; and the French, thinking that perhaps he might be useful to them, had permitted him to remain. He always acknowledged that he was indebted to the Frenchman for his liberty; and the Frenchman thought him grateful, and he believed that when confidence was reposed in an Indian, it was never abused.

“The Mohawk had a daughter, nearly the equal in years of the Oneida girl. He had taken her to an Indian settlement on the north side of Lake Ontario, where he pretended to make his own home; but he was now playing the vagabond about the Fort. When a great favor has been done to an Indian, his benefactor feels that he has a right to command his services as a recompense.

The Frenchman requested the Mohawk to take the Oneida girl across the lake to the settlement where his daughter was, and leave her there, till he should make some other provision for her. To this the Mohawk readily assented. She was to be taken away with the greatest secrecy, and no one was to know that the Frenchman had any knowledge of her.

“The Mohawk had none of his family with him, with the exception of his daughter, who was his favorite. It was even thought that he was not unwilling to be carried away as a prisoner. The Frenchman staid at the fort till the first part of the plan was put in execution, and the Mohawk had taken the Oneida girl into his bark canoe and steered his course across Lake Ontario. She was in captivity, and she entered heartily into the plan of escape. She parted with the Frenchman with the promise from him that he would soon meet her again, and he soon after returned to Fort Frontenac.

“They had set out from Niagara on a quiet still night in summer, and intended to be out of sight of the fort before day-light

the next morning. In this they were not disappointed. The lake was so broad that it was not safe to venture directly across for the fear of being overtaken by storms. It was necessary to keep so near the shore, that it could be gained in a short time if there should come a violent gale. In this way the distance was greatly increased, and was nearly equal to going round the southern end by land. Two or three days were necessary for the accomplishment of the journey.

“On the second day of their voyage, the bark canoe was put to the test of enduring the violence of the winds and waves. They had endeavored to shorten the distance as much as possible by crossing the widest part of Burlington Bay to the point on the opposite side. The storm was every moment dashing over the side of the canoe. Fortunately they had with them a dish made of birch bark, with which the Oneida girl bailed out the water while the Mohawk pulled at the oar. He had had many a contest before with wind and weather, and his strength was equal to the task of rowing to the shore

if the canoe could be kept clear of water. Bravely did the Indian girl perform her task, and they reached the shore in safety.

“Another day’s sail would carry them to their place of destination. They set out in the morning of a fair day with the certainty of fair weather. Gayly they moved over the water this day, and no storm was near. They had not reached the end of their journey before other feelings than those of gratitude and fidelity to the Frenchman had taken possession of the bosom of the Mohawk. He already felt a strong attachment for the Oneida girl. He however kept it a secret from her.

“They had reached the house of the Mohawk, and he had told the Oneida girl that it would be necessary she should be kept in a place of secrecy and security. She readily entered into any plan that seemed to favor her meeting again with the Frenchman. The Mohawk under pretence of avoiding any inquiries being made about the character of the Indian girl, had taken her ornaments from her. She readily gave them up supposing they would be restored to her at a proper time.

“It was necessary in order to carry out his purpose that the Mohawk should prevent the Indian girl from meeting with his daughter. Accordingly he took her to the hut of an Indian as crafty as himself, who, he knew, would favor his designs. He then repaired to his own hut, and presented the ornaments he had taken from the Oneida girl to his own daughter, telling her he had given her away to a young Frenchman who would, in a few days, come for her from Fort Frontenac. He told her that the whole matter was to be kept a secret. His daughter was delighted with the ornaments as well as with the prospect of becoming the wife of a white man.

“The Frenchman in due time made his appearance, but the Mohawk had notice of his coming. The Oneida girl had been kept concealed, and his next object was to conceal his daughter also. But her pride had led her to expose herself decorated with her newly acquired ornaments. The Frenchman sought out the Mohawk and inquired for the Oneida girl. He told him that he had arrived there in safety with her, but that from the beauty of her person and the rich-

ness of her dress and ornaments, she had been stolen and carried away by a young Indian. The Frenchman thought he saw a look of dishonesty in the Mohawk and he was not satisfied.

“On making inquiries of other Indians the Frenchman found that a young girl had that day been seen to leave the hut of the Mohawk with a richly ornamented dress, and though the Indians thought it was his daughter, the Frenchman did not doubt that it was the Oneida girl. He determined to follow up the inquiry, and if possible to find her. He procured an Indian to assist him in the search, but unluckily for him, he was in the secret of the Mohawk. The Indian soon reported that he had found some traces of her, when the hopes of the Frenchman began to brighten, and the search was continued. It was already dark when the Indian declared he had found her, and secretly informed her of the arrival of the Frenchman, who then determined to carry her away that night. For this purpose he had brought two trusty Indians with him from Fort Frontenac.

“It was arranged with the Frenchman and his ally, that he was to wait at a little dis-

tance from the village till he should be joined by the Indian and the Oneida girl, while the canoe with the Indian rowers was to be waiting at the water's edge. The Indian with the daughter of the Mohawk met the Frenchman at the place appointed, he not doubting it was the Oneida girl. There she was, thought he, in all her 'beaded glory.' For fear of pursuit they hastened away to the boat. His faithful rowers were there, and soon they were moving upon the waters and beyond the reach of pursuit.

"The night was still, but the only light they had was the light of the stars. The rowers thought it prudent to keep pretty well out from the shore as the water was more smooth. They had intended to be guided in their course by the stars, and when morning came they found themselves out of sight of land, and the day being cloudy they could not tell what course to pursue. The Frenchman had thought himself happy in the possession of the Indian Maiden. She, like the Oneida girl, had learned a few French words from the traders, but most of their

conversation was carried on in the language of the Iroquois. In the morning when he saw her features by day-light, he found she was more beautiful than he had supposed her to be. The rowers pulled away at the oars, not doubting but that they soon should see the light of the sun, and that if they were a little too far from the shore, they would, by changing their course a little, come out right at last. The Frenchman in the mean time was amusing himself with the conversation of the Indian girl. They had come in sight of a canoe which seemed to be coming to meet them, and soon the boats were in speaking distance.

“The Frenchman now learned that they were going nearly in the direction of Fort Niagara, and that they were much nearer to that place than they were to the northern shore of the lake. The day was still dark, and there were some appearances of rough weather. They therefore thought it best to continue their course to Niagara.

“It was nearly night when they reached the Fort. Those who had known the Frenchman there, and had been puzzled by the

mysterious disappearance of the Oneida girl were surprised to see him with another Indian maiden decorated with the ornaments they had known to belong to her. The Frenchman had been so elated with his success that he had not discovered the cheat. He had, it is true, thought her more beautiful than when he first saw her at Fort Niagara. She was in truth more beautiful than the Oneida girl. A word from the daughter of the Mohawk about her father sent the whole truth into his mind like a flash of light. But his cunning and quickness of wit did not forsake him here. He remained silent, and those who recognized the ornaments as belonging to the Oneida girl, upon the daughter of the Mohawk, did not suppose the Frenchman knew how she came in possession of them. He was still the creature of impulse. He even thought that what was intended as a cheat, was very fortunate for him. He made no secret at the fort of his attachment to the Mohawk's daughter; and none there knew that he had ever loved the Oneida girl.

“As day after day passed away the Oneida girl began to make inquiries of the Mohawk

about the Frenchman. He pretended to have heard nothing from him, but she soon learned from the Indian who had assisted in taking away his daughter to the boat of the Frenchman, that her ornaments and her lover had been stolen away together. She then determined, although she well knew the feelings of the Mohawk towards her, to make her escape and return to Niagara. For this purpose she sought another interview with the Indian who had aided the Mohawk in imposing his daughter upon the Frenchman, and pretending to prefer him to the Mohawk, which might or might not have been true, she persuaded him to aid her in making her escape. The Indian, himself a vagabond among his nation, began to be charmed with the captive maiden, and he readily consented.

“Though they had no doubt that the Frenchman had proceeded to Fort Frontenac, they bent their course to Fort Niagara. The voyage was a toilsome one for the Indian, as he was compelled, unaided, to row the canoe the whole distance; and for the Oneida girl to return to Niagara despoiled of

her ornaments as she was. it was as lonely and sad as it was laborious for the Indian. But he who had aided in the cheat by which she had lost her trinkets and her lover too, was doing, ignorantly, all in his power to restore them.

“Scarcely had the surprise created at the Fort by the re-appearance of the Frenchman subsided, when a still greater surprise was produced by the appearance of the Oneida girl. Among the first persons she saw were the Frenchman and the daughter of the Mohawk by his side, sparkling with the beads and broaches that belonged to her. She claimed them from the daughter of the Mohawk, and her right to them was proved by all present. The poor little Frenchman was confounded. At first he uttered an oath in French, at which those who understood that language laughed heartily. He then spoke the language of the Iroquois, and the Oneida girl, who had by this time recovered her decorations, was standing by his side with a consciousness of triumph.

“The Frenchman had first thought the Oneida girl was beautiful; then that the daughter of the Mohawk was more beauti-

ful; but now that the Oneida girl had recovered her ornaments, and the Mohawk girl had none, he was rather inclined to change his opinion. To say the truth he was puzzled, and he did not know exactly what to do. While he was in this state of indecision, the officers of the Fort, knowing that the father of the Oneida girl was anxious to recover her, caused her to be sent away privately for the purpose of being exchanged for one of their own men, who had fallen into the hands of the Indians.

“No sooner had this been done than the Frenchman decided in favor of the beauty of the Mohawk. He would in all probability, have taken her to Fort Frontenac, but before he was ready to set out, her father, who thought his daughter was already there, had arrived in pursuit of the Oneida girl and the Indian with whom she had made her escape. The Mohawk, enraged that his plans had been defeated, out of revenge to the Frenchman, who, as he supposed, had procured the escape of the Oneida girl, refused him his daughter, and the Frenchman, swearing in a mixture of French and Iroquois, returned to Fort Frontenac.”

CHAPTER V.

THE CANNONADE.

“Now Harry,” said the Captain, “that you have learned the ancient history of the fortress and something of the romantic scenes that have been enacted here, let us come down to later times. There had been a sharp cannonading between the two forts on the 13th day of October 1812, the same day the battle of Queenston was fought. But the firing that day was so trifling, as compared with what took place here afterwards, that it scarcely deserves a place in the history of the fort. On the morning of the 21st, it was again attacked by the batteries of Fort George. We will take a stand where we can overlook the whole ground, and I will tell you the story as near as I remember, and as if it were now taking place.”

Harry and the Captain took their stations on the embankment next to the river. There

they could see at a glance the whole fort as well as the town on the opposite side of the river.

“Here,” said the Captain, “was the west battery. Turn your eyes across the river. There you see Fort Mississaga, directly opposite; and up the river, in the direction of my finger, you see that low bank of earth. There are the ruins of Fort George. It was suffered to go to decay after the war, and Fort Mississaga was built, that being in a better position to defend the river. The town of Newark, now called Niagara, you see to the right, a little beyond. I shall tell you of its destruction before I am through.

“Now look in this direction upon Fort Niagara. Where those old low buildings are, were the barracks occupied by the soldiers. I slept there upon my arms the night before. At the first peep of day we were roused by the firing from Fort George. Instantly the drum beat and every man stood upon his feet, waiting for the orders of the Commander. Every minute brought a hot shot or a shell from Fort George.”

“Man the guns,” said Colonel McFeely, “and return the fire!”

“Quick as the word was given,” said the Captain, “the command was obeyed. The battery where we stand was commanded by Lieutenant Wendell. He had an eighteen pounder. Gallantly did he play away, and though the hot shot were falling thick and fast, he did his part to give the enemy as good as he sent. The sun has not yet risen, but the fortress is now lighted up by the flash of cannon, and now obscured by the smoke. Peal on peal comes from the guns of the opposite fortress, each bringing a shot or a shell, but the sounds and balls are sent back from our own guns, like the returning voice of an echo.”

“Harry looked almost pale but his eyes flashed fire at the description of the Captain. He thought that he could hear the voice of the cannon and the groans of the wounded.”

“There,” continued the Captain, pointing to the north Block House, “was a six pounder commanded by Captain Jack. That was the most exposed situation in the whole fort. But his men manned their gun nobly. They did not seem to know that they were in a place of danger. The man of courage

never thinks of himself. The fire was kept up by that little gun through the whole day, and not a man was wounded.

“And there,” said the Captain, pointing to the southeast part of the fort, “at that Block-House, was an eighteen pounder under the command of Captain McKeon. He was a brave officer and distinguished himself that day. He was not the man to shun danger, and he took his full share with the men in serving the gun with hot shot. While on this duty, in the hottest of the fire, a shell thrown from Fort George fell near him and nearly buried itself in the ground. One of Captain McKeon’s men darted forward quick as a flash of light, and seizing the fusee which was just beginning to ignite, drew it from the shell and prevented the explosion. This daring exploit was witnessed by several persons, and the air resounded with shouts in honor of the bravery of the soldier.”

“How are these shells made?” asked Harry.

“They are made of cast iron,” said the Captain, “round and hollow with a vent or hole to receive a fusee or match, which is

sometimes made of wood, and sometimes of some other combustible material. The shell being filled with powder and fired from a mortar or large gun, in such a direction as to fall into a fort or city, the fusee or match is set on fire by the discharge, and the shell explodes after it strikes."

Harry being satisfied with this description the Captain continued:

"Near that block-house was a battery on which was mounted an eighteen pounder, under the charge of Lieutenant Rees. This gun was aimed at a twenty four pound battery on the opposite side of the river, and also at Fort George. And at that old building yonder, which was then the mess-house, was a six pounder under the care of Doctor Hooper.

"I have now told you how the guns were placed. Gallantly did our men perform their part. Every gun was now manned and spoke for itself. There they stood like so many monsters swallowing hot shot and belching forth flames of fire, and breathing smoke from their nostrils. But there was another sight there that day, such as was

never seen before, and may not be again. A woman was there. I was standing at the forge which was set up for the purpose of heating the shot, when I first saw her. I listened, as I was passing to and from the forge for shot, to hear what she was saying to Colonel McFeely.

“My husband,” said she, “was taken prisoner at Queenston, and has been marched to Montreal. I asked to go with him but the British officers refused me, and I have sworn to be revenged.”

“I saw,” said the Captain, “when she spoke of her husband, that it was Fanny Doyle, of whom I told you when we were at the battle ground of Queenston.”

“I don’t know what you can do,” said the Colonel, “to revenge yourself, but we are trying to do what we can for you.”

“Fanny had seen the men carrying the hot shot from the forge to the guns, with an instrument prepared for that purpose. Observing that the men were hardly able to supply them fast enough, and that another instrument for carrying shot was standing by the forge, she seized it and carried one to the

nearest gun. It was the six pounder under the command of Doctor Hooper. Her eye gladdened when she saw the shot she had brought put into the gun, and knew from the flash and the report that it was bearing a message of death to her enemies. She was permitted to continue and faithfully did she serve that gun through the day. The town of Newark was several times set on fire by this little gun, and when Fanny Doyle saw their buildings burning in consequence of the hot shot born by her hands from the forge, she thought her revenge was complete. Some of the buildings in Fort George, were also set on fire. Their mess-house and all the buildings near it were consumed.

“Buildings in our own fort were also set on fire. But the enemy did not perceive it and they were soon put out. And here was another noble fellow, Major Armistead. But for him, the buildings would have been consumed. This battle was a contest of fire. These hot shot came blazing through the air like ‘the red planet mars.’ Mars you know was the God of war; and there is a planet of that name; and iron was called mars, and

the planet mars is said to have a red appearance, and for these reasons a red-hot iron ball, thrown by enemies in war is compared to the red planet mars.'

"Shot and shells were falling like hail, and their explosion was not always harmless. Lieutenant Rees who had command of the southeast battery, was wounded and obliged to retire from the scene of action. Captain Leonard came to supply his place. A gun burst at this battery and two men were killed, and several wounded. Outside of the Fort and directly opposite to Fort George, near Youngstown, was a battery called the Salt battery, consisting of an eighteen and a four pounder. Lieutenants Gansevoort and Harris had charge of it. With the four pounder Lieutenant Harris sunk a schooner, which lay at the wharf on the opposite side of the river. It was the same vessel which had been taken by the enemy a short time before at the mouth of the Genesee river.

"These officers were active, vigilant and brave. Their wadding had been exhausted. What was to be done? Should they cease their firing? The resources of active spirits

never fail. Their flannel shirts are stripped from their backs, and torn up and there is wadding for the guns. This is exhausted also. But the firing does not cease. The trowsers of the men are made to serve the same purpose as the shirts of the officers, and the fight is still continued. All day has the battle raged on both side, and the sun is now going down all red and glowing like the furnace where the shot were heated. The shots now come less frequently and the day is to be ended without any decided result; scarcely any advantage having been gained on either side. And there stood Fanny Doyle at the furnace fire. She had borne to the gun the last shot that was sent to the enemy. Her husband was in captivity, but she was doing the task of the soldier. Brave herself, she well deserved to be as she was, the wife of a hero.

“When the cannonading was ended, and the combatants on our side had gathered themselves within the walls of the Fort for the night, a strange spectacle was presented. I say nothing of the dead for they had gone to their last repose, and none now had the

heart to look upon them; nor of the wounded, for they were in the hospital under the care of the surgeons. But the living, they were covered with dust and sweat, and some had been spattered with the blood of their dying comrades. And then their countenances looked haggard from hunger, for they had not tasted food since morning; and their hair was tangled and filled with dust. Their clothes too were blackened with the smoke of powder and stained with blood, and many a garment, the soldiers had in the morning, had been torn up for wadding and sent to the enemy. And there too amidst that band of warriors, more honored than any, stood the heroine of the day, with the same heroic valor, the incomparable Fanny Doyle."

Scarcely can there be found in history, a more striking example of the heroism of a woman. There have been those whose enthusiasm has urged them to the performance of great actions.

Isabella the Queen of Castile used sometimes to lead her armies to battle. But she was actuated by the love of conquest and of national glory.

Charlotte Corday avenged the death of her lover by sending the dagger to the heart of the tyrant, Marat. She performed what she thought was required of her by the obligations of duty to her country, and her affection for her lover. But she was actuated by a morbid enthusiasm which ended in the commission of a crime.

The Maid of Orleans thought herself inspired of heaven to work out the deliverance of her country, and in the frenzy of her religious zeal, she believed herself commissioned by superior intelligences to the performance of the military enterprises she undertook.

A few instances have also been known in which women have disguised themselves and acted in the capacity of a soldier. But such have disregarded the delicacy and dignity of the sex.

Whether we regard her as making a display of personal courage, in the exhibition of a lofty patriotism, or in the manifestation of a fearless but honorable revenge, this American heroine is no less entitled to the remembrance of history, than any other female known to us. For a single individual

and a woman too, to think of revenging the treatment of her husband upon the army of a great nation, partakes of the sublime.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTURE OF FORT GEORGE.

“We are now coming,” said the Captain, “to the events of another year. All warlike operations had ceased during the winter, and it had passed away quietly. Commodore Chauncey had an engagement with the British fleet late in the season, and had taken two prizes; and the opening of the year found him in full possession of Lake Ontario. The war was again to be renewed by land and lake.”

“I hope,” said Harry, “that this year will begin better than the last.”

“It had already,” said the Captain. “The 27th day of May 1813, was the day fixed for making an attack on Fort George. But a month before the fleet of Commodore Chauncey had carried the army of General Pike across the lake from Oswego, to make an attack upon the City of York, now Toronto. Pike was a brave young officer, and would

have become a great commander if he had lived. He received a mortal wound, from the explosion of the magazine, to which the British had applied a match when they retreated, and died in the hour of victory. The last look of his closing eye was brightened by the sight of the British flag, which was brought to him as the trophy of victory. It was laid under the head of the dying hero, and sinking quietly down upon the folds of that proud banner, he expired."

"It must have been some satisfaction," said Harry, "in the hour of death to know that his army had conquered the enemy."

"It was," said the Captain; "but to the young and ambitious, death is bitter when it comes, as it did to him, by a treacherous explosion of the enemy. But hard as it was for him to die as he did, it would have been harder if his army had been defeated.

"The American forces had been withdrawn from York, and were landed at the Four mile creek, which is four miles from the mouth of the Niagara river on the American side. Two schooners had been sent with one hundred men under command of Cap-

tain Morgan, for the purpose of destroying some of the enemies' stores at the head of the lake, and had effected their purpose by burning the public buildings, and bringing away the greater portion of the property."

A pause was here made in the narrative of the Captain, and he and Harry took a small boat and crossed the river. They took an elevated position near where Fort Mississaga now stands, and the Captain proceeded with his narrative.

"Early on the morning of the 27th the preparations of the Americans were completed. At 3 o'clock in the morning signal was made to weigh, and the fleet moved on to within musket shot of the shore, and was so arranged as to attack the different batteries of the enemy and cover the landing of our forces. At day-break General Dearborn and General Lewis went on board the Madison. Their troops amounted to four thousand men.

"As the troops advanced, the enemies' batteries opened their fire upon them. The advance was led by Colonel Scott, who had so much distinguished himself at the heights of Queenston the year before. It landed near

the fort which had been silenced by the guns of one of our vessels. General Boyd with his Brigade and Colonel McClure with the Baltimore and Albany volunteers, reached the shore immediately after the advance had landed. General Winder followed at the head of the second brigade, and was succeeded by the third under General Chandler. The whole army is now in motion and gallantly moving on to attack the enemy.

“As I have before told you the advance under Colonel Scott consisted of five hundred men. As he approached the shore he was assailed by a volley of musketry from a force about equal to his own, stationed in a ravine, which you see there a little to left. Proudly did his little fleet bear up against the fire of the enemy. While the boats were in motion they could not return the fire. Many of his men were wounded but with bleeding hands they held on to the oars, and pulled for the shore. Several had been killed, some of whom had fallen down and were in their last dying struggles, under the feet of those who were waiting to be near enough to leap on shore, and some had fallen over the sides of the boats into the water.”

“Bring the boats to land,” shouted Colonel Scott, as he stood upright in one of the foremost.

“Some were already to the shore, and the men were springing out. Captain Hindman was the first to set foot upon the enemy’s territory. Brave young officer! I shall tell you a story of him before I am through, that will send your warm blood in freezing currents back to the heart. Some of the boats had struck the ground in shallow water before reaching the bank, and the men were splashing into the river, and struggling to gain the shore. The fire of the enemy was then poured upon them, and many, with the ‘burning bullet’ in their breasts, sunk down and perished, partly from their wounds, and partly by drowning.

Colonel Scott and a portion of his men had landed and were formed on the beach. By returning the fire of the enemy they protected the rest of the troops in landing. Nearly all having landed they were led to the charge, and foe met foe with the courage of desperation. Fire answered back to fire, and our men, pressing on with their bayonets

to the charge, the enemy were dispersed in every direction, and fled before their pursuers.

“Some escaped to the woods and were hotly pursued by Major Forsythe till they were sheltered from his fire by the thick growth of timber. Others fled to the fort for refuge, but there they were vigorously assailed by the advance and the first brigade under General Boyd. A panic had seized the garrison and while it was assaulted by our men on this side with great effect, the batteries on the American side and from Fort Niagara opened upon it. The force of the enemy had been divided, those driven to the woods being unable to come to the relief of those in the fort. Assailed by fires on both sides they could hold out no longer, and after laying trains to their magazines, they abandoned the fort and fled with great precipitation and in all directions. Colonel Scott followed closely in their rear till he was recalled.

“The troops then took possession of the fort. Let us go up on to the embankment where we can see the whole ground. There

where you see the opening in the banks was the gate through which they entered. Near the north side was the magazine which the enemy had intended should be exploded by the matches they had applied to it. Captain Hindman and Captain Stockton were the first to enter. They saw the fire rapidly pursuing the train which had been laid leading to the magazine of powder. They were laid in different places, and must instantly be extinguished or the whole would explode. Had these officers been alone and consulting only their own safety they would have retreated. But the American forces were rapidly entering the fort, and the lives of hundreds would be lost by an explosion. These were the thoughts of an instant. One of the matches had all but reached the powder. Captain Hindman rushed forward and seized it, not knowing but the very motion of his hand would produce the terrible discharge he so much feared. He was successful, and the matches were all extinguished.

“A shout was given as the American forces entered the fort, and General Boyd and Colonel Scott mounted that parapet yonder,

for the purpose of cutting away the staff that supported the British flag; but Captain Hindman had succeeded in hauling down the flag itself, and carried it to General Dearborn. The free shouts of the soldiery then rent the air. This was their revenge for the insult offered to the American people twenty years before by celebrating the birth-day of the British king at Fort Niagara, then wrongfully withheld from us. The American ensign was then raised and the stripes and stars were greeted by shouts and cheers from the lusty lungs of the conquerors.

“At twelve o’clock the troops were quartered in the fort, and the whole line of British fortifications, from Fort George to Fort Erie, was in possession of the Americans. The enemy had moved off rapidly and nothing was to be seen of them.

“But the joy of this, like that of every other victory, was tempered with sorrow. Some of their brave comrades had fallen. There lay upon the field near forty men, whose spirits had been borne away by the breath of victory. A hundred or more were made helpless by wounds. Some were there

who bore the honored scars they had received in the battle of Queenston. Though that was in its results a dishonored field, it was honorable to those who fought well their part. This had been a more glorious day. The courage of those who fought and bled on the heights of Queenston, and at Fort George will never be questioned.

“Among the dead was Lieutenant Hobart. He had been one of the first to land in the morning, and had fallen in the first charge that was made against the British force. His body was brought up here with those of his companions who had fallen, and they were buried with all the honors of war.

“The famous forty ninth regiment, ‘the Invincibles,’ the same that was led on by General Brock at the battle of Queenston, was here and their commander Colonel Myers, was wounded and taken prisoner. The forty ninth were the invincibles no longer. Twice had they been beaten by the Americans; in the first engagement their leader killed, and in the other wounded and taken prisoner.

“All the officers and men engaged in this brilliant affair acquitted themselves nobly.

There was one I have not yet mentioned, who rendered great service in the arrangement of the vessels and the debarkation of the troops. He was reserved by Providence for a greater day and a greater event than this. That man was Oliver Hazard Perry, the future hero of Lake Erie.

“Why was it,” asked Harry, “that our Country did not keep possession of the fortifications on this side of the river? The English always keep all the territory they can conquer.”

“We had the fortifications,” answered the Captain; “but we had not conquered Canada. Had the war continued, it is possible we might have extended our authority over a portion of that country, at least. But we had hardly recovered from the effects of our revolutionary struggle, when this war begun, and our country was anxious for peace as soon as it could be secured on honorable conditions. The force employed in the invasion of Canada was not adequate to the end to be accomplished. There was much hard fighting without any useful result having been obtained.”

“Were our forces driven out of this fort,” asked Harry, “or was it surrendered at the close of the war?”

“It was voluntarily surrendered a few months after it was taken,” replied the Captain. “I will, before I get through, give you the whole history. The story is a sad one, not so much from the character of the act itself, as from the results that followed. But before I begin this part of the story I want to tell you, about the enlistment and service of a man that I knew, and who was for a short time before enlisting in the army, one of my neighbors, for we called all men neighbors in those days who lived within eight or ten miles of us. The story of this man will illustrate the history of many others, and I select it on account of the unfortunate termination of his life.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE ENLISTMENT.

“According to promise, Harry, I will now tell you the story of the enlistment of the young soldier. If I do not allow you to have your share in the conversation as we go along, I will give you the privilege of asking the more questions when I get through.

“I must go back a little in the order of time in order to give you the whole story, and that you may better understand it. The war which was now going on between this country and Great Britain, was authorized by Congress on the 18th day of June 1812, and was proclaimed by the President of the United States the day after. But Congress had before that time, on the 10th of April, passed an act, in expectation of war, authorizing and requiring the several states of the Union, to raise their proportion of an army of one hundred thousand men.

“Accordingly notices were published in the western part of the state, as they were in many other parts of the country, before the declaration of war, addressed to the active and patriotic men of the country. An opportunity was offered by which those who would embrace it, might display their bravery, secure the gratitude of their country, and entitle themselves to a handsome reward for their services.

“A bounty of sixteen dollars was offered to be paid to every able bodied man, between the ages of eighteen and forty five years, who would enroll himself in the army of United States for the term of five years. In addition to this he would be entitled to receive five dollars a month while in the service, and every necessary article of food and clothing, together with an extra allowance for fatigue duty, and at the expiration of the time, or sooner, if honorably discharged, would receive three months’ pay in advance and be put in possession at the public expense of one hundred acres of land.

“It was promised that in case of the death of any soldier, his heirs or representatives

should be entitled to receive the three month's pay and the land which had been promised to him. Recruits were offered to be received for eighteen months and were promised the same pay as the others except the land.

“Such were the alluring promises and flattering prospects presented to the soldier. If men should stand idly by, and see their fair possessions and the noble heritage of liberty stripped from them, their lives, they might justly reason, would not be worth possessing. If they should fall in attempting to secure them, their death would be more glorious than a life of bondage. And if they should survive and their country be victorious, their lands and their liberties would alike have been won by the valor of their arms.

“Many young men, led on by the pleasing prospect of making fame and fortune at the same time, flocked to the standard of their country. Others were actuated by what they believed to be their duty, not only to their country, but to their families who claimed protection at their hands. And others perhaps enlisted with the belief as well as the

hope that there would be no war; that their bounty of money and land would be easily acquired, and that, in the mean time, they would be comfortably clothed and fed.

“It is not known with which of these motives young Rodman enlisted; and it can only be inferred from his condition in life. He had come into the country a year or two before, measuring the long and dreary pathway that led from his former home to the rude cottage he had built in the wilderness, by the days of travel it cost him by the slow pace of his team of oxen with which he travelled. All his worldly goods, as well as all his earthly hopes, his wife and his children, were borne upon his rustic sled. A covering of coarse cloth had been stretched over it upon the hoops which were bent over like an arch from side to side. Though they were in a measure protected from the storms they might encounter on their way, many a rude winter wind reached them through their frail covering.

“The place he had selected for his dwelling and future home, was not many miles from the frontier. The house he had erec-

ted before bringing his family there, was built of logs, with but a single door and two small windows, as was common in that early day. The chinks were filled with clay to keep out the winds and the snows. Rough and cheerless as it might seem to you, Harry, Rodman and his family were happy when they reached it. The broad and blackened fire place with its ample hearth would look to you, like the mouth of a dark cavern; but when it is lighted up by a warm fire, and the little family circle is formed around it, happy hearts are there. The smoke slowly rises up the spacious chimney which is in truth so large that daylight and starlight almost look down and join their light with that of the fire to illuminate their humble home. The hearth, which was the significant name by which the ancient Romans designated those places which had been consecrated and made holy as the homes of their wives and their children, was here invested with all the charms given to it by the eloquence of Tully or the poetry of Virgil.

“The hearth, which was the household altar, and was in fact warmed and lighted

up by the fire of burning wood, was the shrine, where in primitive ages, at night and morn was offered the sacrifice of contrite hearts, and whence arose the incense of prayer and praise. And in a more correct and spiritual sense, the hearth implied all the endearing relations of wife and children, of brothers and sisters, and in the same spiritual sense, the fire that illuminated it was the glowing light of love and affection that surrounded the whole like a halo of glory.

“But motives of economy, perpaps of parsimony, and sometimes even of luxury, have in a measure dishonored and brought into disuse this expressive emblem of the happiness of home. The hearth is darkened, and with its expiring light, I am afraid has gone out some portion of the light of love that used to shine around it. The fires of our homes are now imprisoned in the blakened bosom of the iron stove, and I am afraid that the warmth of our hearts is wasting away, and that the light of our domestic sanctuary is becoming obscured.

“The whole family of Rodman consisted of a wife and two children of tender age.

He had the year before made a small clearing about his house, and the first bright days of spring gladdened their eyes with the sight of the green blades of wheat. His axe had been active through the winter and another small portion of the forest had fallen, and he was again committing his seed to the ground, with the hope and belief that as the seed time had come, the harvest would not fail. It was at this happy period of his life, that they were alarmed by the prospect of war.

“It was the first impulse of Rodman to enlist, but he was met, as he had expected by the remonstrances of his wife.

“You know,” said she, “that our living depends upon our industry, and if our little fields are not cultivated, we shall not be provided with bread.”

“The bounty money I shall receive,” said he, “will enable us to buy what our little farm will not produce, and, besides, if I should not be called into active service, I may get a furlough long enough, with what little assistance you can render me, to gather in the harvest.”

“But you know, John,” said she, “that we

have two little children to provide for and to protect, and what should I do if left alone?"

"You have neighbors," said he, "within half a mile on both sides of you to whom you could flee in case of alarm, and, besides, there is no danger except from the invasion of the country by the British or Indians, and I can do more to protect you from them by joining the army and being on the frontier, than by staying at home."

"That all may be true," said his wife, "but much depends in our having a home here, on our being able to clear up our farm, and if you enlist no progress will be made."

"I have thought of all that, Clara, and I have the same feelings that you have; but our land is not paid for, you know, and if we should be driven from it, our improvements would be of no avail. But by enlisting and serving through the war, or for five years if it should last so long, or till I should be discharged in case there is no war, which is quite possible, I shall be entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land free of charge."

Clara did not assent to the reasoning of her husband. Though the bright hearth of

Rodman had not given place to the black stove, it was believed that in many things there was not the most perfect agreement between them. Rodman however affected to compromise the matter by enlisting for the period of eighteen months, instead of five years. Clara submitted without a murmur to the decision of her husband. It is not in the heart of woman to resist where resistance is useless. Her disagreement with her husband was in fact only the result of a difference of opinion in relation to their temporal affairs. Their children formed a bond of union and affection between them which was not to be broken.

“Rodman,” continued the Captain, “had been to the recruiting station, and enrolled his name among the defenders of his country. He had received his bounty money, and had been permitted to return to his home, to take leave of his family and to make some provision for them during his absence. A portion of the money had been expended in the purchase of such articles as were necessary for the comfort of his wife and children. He had scarcely accomplished this object when

news was received that war had been already proclaimed. He hastily finished his preparations and was ready to set out for Fort Niagara two days before the time limited for his absence had expired.

“It was but a day’s march from his house to the fort. But his wife felt as if he was about to pass a gulf that would forever separate him from her. But his children!—they could not, from their tender age, comprehend the cause of all this preparation. Yet it would have been easy to see that their features were saddened from sympathy with their mother.

“Clara knew that the hour had come for a separation, temporary at least, and perhaps for ever, from her husband. Her courage had been roused to meet the occasion. After he should have taken his leave the deep overflow of her feelings was to come.

“As he looked upon his children and gave them his parting kiss there came a bright drop from the fountain of feeling, but, thinking of the high vocation to which he had been called he dashed away the tear and bade adieu to his family and his home.”

CHAPTER VIII.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

Harry was so well satisfied with the last story told by the Captain, that he was now sitting in silence, and waiting for him to continue his narration.

“The last story I told you,” said the Captain, “was one of victory. Since that time the fortune of war seems to have been rather against us. On the 6th of June the enemy were again attacked by a strong force at Stony creek, which is near the head of Lake Ontario; and although the engagement was productive of no decisive results, and the loss of the enemy was greater than ours, yet strangely enough General Chandler and General Winder were taken prisoners.

“On the 23d of June, a party of troops consisting of five hundred infantry, twenty light dragoons under the command of Colonel Boerstler, and about forty mounted riflemen under Major Chapin, were detached

from the American encampment for the purpose of cutting off the supplies of the enemy, and breaking up the small encampments that were forming through the country. John Rodman of whom I have told you was one of the party. They marched to Queenston that day and encamped for the night. The next day they continued their march to a place called the Beaver Dams, about nine miles southwest from Queenston, where they were attacked by a large body of Mohawks and British regulars who had been concealed in the woods. A sharp contest followed which lasted for three hours, when our force, nearly surrounded by the Indians, who were commanded by the young chief, John Brant, and being too far from Fort Niagara to hope for assistance from that place, and unable to retreat without fighting their way back for the whole distance, thought it most prudent to surrender.

“By the terms of capitulation it was agreed, that the wounded should be taken good care of, the officers be permitted to retain their side arms, private property be respected, and that the militia should be pa-

roled and permitted to return home immediately. The articles of capitulation were no sooner agreed upon than they were broken. The Indians plundered the officers of their arms, and stripped the soldiers of their clothing. The regulars, who were taken prisoners, were soon after sent to Kingston. It had been agreed by the articles of capitulation that Major Chapin and his men should be liberated on parol, but this engagement was broken also; and they were marched off to the Head Quarters of General Vincent, at the head of Lake Ontario, where they were kept under a strong guard.

“The Major before entering the service was a physician and surgeon; and he frequently made himself useful in that capacity in the army. While detained under guard at the head quarters of the British General, he obtained permission to visit his men at the barracks daily, and to prescribe for the sick and the wounded. Every time he made a visit, he gave some of them directions how to make their escape, all of whom succeeded.

“How is it, Major,” said the British General, “that every time you visit your men, some of them run away?”

“They don’t like to stay with you,” said the Major. “They can find a better place among their own countrymen.”

The General told the Major that he would be sent to Montreal, and perhaps to England.

“That will be very pleasant,” said the Major, “I can then travel over England and perhaps make a tour on the continent, before the war is ended.”

“Major Chapin and his men were kept there till the 12th of July, and no attention was paid to the article of capitulation which provided for their being parolled. They were then ordered down the lake to Kingston, for which place they were embarked in two boats, accompanied by a guard of men under the command of a Lieutenant.

“The Major had with him twenty-eight of his own men, and they were under the care of a guard of sixteen. It had been agreed between them before starting, that they would seize the first opportunity to gain their liberty, or die in the attempt. In the boat with the Major and two of his officers were a Lieutenant and thirteen men; and in the other boat, which was ordered by Lieutenant

Showers to keep about four rods behind, were the rest of the Major's men and one British Sergeant and one soldier.

They went on very quietly till afternoon, when they were within twelve miles of the present City of Toronto. At that time the men in the hindmost boat, who had been made to row through the day, at a signal given by the Major, suddenly run along side the other boat.

"What's that boat up here for?" asked Lieutenant Showers, angrily.

"We've only just pulled up to take a little grog with you, said one of the rowers. Its hard rowing all day without a little drop."

"Fall back! Fall astern!" said the Lieutenant sternly.

"Jump aboard, men! said the Major;" and then addressing himself to the Lieutenant who was attempting to draw his sword, he said:

"I now command this fleet myself, Sir!" and, seizing the Lieutenant the same instant by the neck, the Major threw him on his back in the bottom of the boat. At this instant two of the British Soldiers drew their

bayonets on the Major, but he seized them both, and turned them aside with the strength of a giant; and then grasping both of the men, with the quickness of thought he prostrated them on the top of the officer, and held them all down. At the same moment his men seizing the rest of the guard, wrested their arms from them, when it became settled that the Major had command of the fleet as he had a moment before told the British officer.

“All resistance being over, the Major ordered his men to change their course for Fort Niagara. The Lieutenant, finding himself in the hands of his prisoners, and that they were hurrying him away into captivity, begged of the Major to set him ashore, and allow him to return to the British head-quarters. This the Major refused. “Go with us,” said he, “to Fort Niagara. You will find us good men, and we will treat you well.”

“No more was to be said; and while the Lieutenant and his men sat in moody silence, the rowers were pulling with all their might for the American fortress. It was now

night, but they held on their course. The men who had been dispirited and nearly exhausted by rowing through the day, had a new energy infused into them by their victory over their captors. Many a joke went round at the expense of the Lieutenant. The Major would have amused his captives by his stories, but they were not in a mood for merriment. He was telling them a good story, and thus had engaged their attention, when his boat had been rowed along-side. He now told them the story of the Irishman that "caught a Tartar," but the laugh was all on one side. His men only seemed to enjoy it. He however told them that perhaps they could re-take them before they reached Niagara. But this seemed to them the bitterest joke of all, coming from such a man as they had found the Major to be. He was too watchful and wary to be taken by stratagem, though he was once in some danger from a British vessel which pursued them for some distance.

"They arrived at Fort Niagara before day-light the next morning. There was great rejoicing there, not only on account of

his return, but of the captives he brought with him. And when the Major and his company came to the village of Buffalo soon after, they were welcomed with many demonstrations of public feeling. It was ironically announced in the papers of the times, that 'Major Chapin who lately *returned* from the British camp *persuaded* the Captain of the Prince Regent to accompany him, with several other Englishmen.'

“The Major was undoubtedly a brave man, though his courage was once called in question by one who in the mortification of defeat, was anxiously looking for some cause besides his own want of foresight. He was engaged in many of the light skirmishes during the summer in the vicinity of Fort Niagara, but before the surprise of that fortress he had returned to Buffalo where his family then resided, and on the 30th of December, 1813, when that town was taken and burnt, he was taken prisoner and sent to Montreal. Whether in peace or in war, he was a man of uncommon energy of character.

“It was the fortune of the Major to live to a good old age, and to enjoy the freedom

he had done so much to secure and preserve. His remains rest in the beautiful old burial ground in the City of Buffalo, from which may be seen Lake Erie and the majestic waters of the Niagara, which separates his grave from the territory of that power against which he had marched to battle.

“His friend and companion Rodman, staid at Fort Niagara for most of the time, only making an occasional visit to his home to assist in cultivating his farm and gathering in the harvest, till the surprise of the fort of which I shall tell you in the next chapter.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE SURPRISE.

Our travellers were still standing upon the ruins of old Fort George. The Captain had proceeded with so much regularity in his narrative of events, that Harry had taken but little part in the conversation; and the Captain had so truly related to him the localities of the different events that he had no need to ask for explanations.

“I must now give you an account, Harry,” said the Captain, “of the last act in the tragical events of this year. While the Americans were in possession of this fortress, there was a continual skirmishing kept up between our troops and the British and Indians, attended with some loss on both sides, and occasionally with those acts of cruelty and barbarity on the part of the enemy which have given a deep and everlasting stain to the English character.

“On the 8th of July, there was a warm engagement near the fort. Our pickets had

been attacked and driven in by the British and Indians. A detachment of about forty men was ordered to proceed under the command of Lieutenant Eldridge, to the support of the pickets. The pickets, Harry, are guards posted in front of an army to give notice of the approach of the enemy. They are probably so called from the pointed posts or pickets which are sometimes placed around rude fortifications. A large party was preparing to follow to his assistance, under Major Malcolm, but before it had come up, Lieutenant Eldridge had been led by his bravery to penetrate into a thick wood, where the British and Indians lay in a much superior force. After a short but gallant struggle his party was defeated, only five having made their escape. Thirteen were killed, or after being wounded were murdered and mutilated in the most barbarous manner. Their entrails were drawn from their bodies and their hearts were torn out and stuffed in their mouths, and other indignities were committed upon them too horrible to be related. Lieutenant Eldridge and ten others were taken prisoners, and were never

afterwards heard of, and it was supposed that they met the same fate with their companions.

“After this disaster the enemy were repelled, though with considerable loss. Two of the five men of Lieutenant Eldrige, who made their escape, were first taken prisoners. They reported that the British were painted like Indians with streaks of red and green around their eyes. They told them they were glad they had been taken, and that they had intended to desert the first opportunity. They carried on this deception so well that they soon found an opportunity to make their escape, and reached the fort in safety.

“Fort George was at that time under the the command of General McClure. The enemy had their head quarters, on Burlington heights at the head of the lake. Frequent skirmishing was had with the enemy from that time. On one occasion Major Chapin went out and made a vigorous attack upon them. This was the same man who, scmetime before *persuaded* a British Lieutenant and fifteen men to accompany him to Niagara, when they had orders to go to Kingston.

“The force of General McClure was constantly diminishing, and on the 10th of December it was reduced to a handful of men; and a large body of the enemy being near him, it was determined by a council of officers to abandon the fort. The retreat of Colonel McClure was preceded by an act of folly and cruelty which was afterwards terribly avenged. The Secretary of war had authorized him to destroy the village of Newark if it should be thought necessary for the defence of the fort. The General supposing that he was directed to destroy it in any event, gave the inhabitants twelve hours notice to retire with their effects, when he set fire to the town and blew up the fort. He had scarcely time to cross the river, leaving fire and desolation behind him, when the British force made their appearance.

“Now Harry,” said the Captain, “we are done with the view and the description of this place, let us cross the river.”

“Why is it not right,” asked Harry, “to burn the towns of the enemy as well as to kill their people?”

“Because,” answered the Captain, “in this instance the burning of Newark was not

necessary for the accomplishment of any object we had in view. It was authorized to be destroyed only in case it was necessary for the defence of the fort, and that the Americans had already determined to abandon. Many families were driven from their homes by the burning of the town, without our deriving any benefit from it. It is never necessary to make war against women and children. Property should not be destroyed unless something is to be gained by it."

They had now crossed the river, and stood once more within the walls of Fort Niagara.

"Here," said the Captain, "the burning of Newark was terribly avenged on the 17th of December 1813. About four o'clock, on the morning of that day a strong force of the enemy under Colonel Murray, crossed the river at the five mile meadows, and made their way undiscovered and completely surprised the fort. Most of the men were asleep at the time. The slaughter was truly horrible. The garrison consisted of about three hundred men, mostly invalids, eighty of whom were killed by the bayonet and many others wounded! Such as escaped

fled to the old building called the mess-house, and there they kept up their fire upon the enemy as long as their ammunition lasted.

“This massacre was owing to the gross neglect or treachery of Captain Leonard, who had been left in command at the fort. Ever since the burning of Newark it had been the intention of the British to make an attack on Fort Niagara; and this intention was well known along the whole frontier. It was even stated in a proclamation issued the day before at Buffalo, that the attack would be made on the nineteenth, and yet the officer in command was absent at the time of the attack, having left the fort about eleven o’clock the night before, and that too, so far as was known, without being called away by any peculiar emergency. And it was even stated in the papers at the time, that the gates were left open, and that the enemy entered without the least obstruction.”

“Where were the sentinels?” asked Harry.

“It was not exactly known,” answered the Captain. “It was supposed however, that they had either neglected their duty, or that

they were attacked and killed before they could give the alarm. The affair happened in the night and there was so much confusion there the next morning when day-light appeared, that nothing certain could be ascertained."

"In what part of the fort were you?" asked Harry.

"I was in the barracks," answered the Captain. "Things are so changed here since that time that I cannot exactly tell the spot. It was near where that gun is standing, yonder. I was one of the party that escaped to that old building where we kept up our fire till our cartridges were exhausted, when, the enemy by this time having possession of the magazine, we could get no more. We then tried to scale the walls; but so terrible were the thrusts of British bayonets and the blows of Indian tomahawks, that but twenty succeeded of whom I was one, and the rest were obliged to surrender.

"There are times, Harry, when the heart of the soldier almost fails him. When he goes to his rest at night thinking himself secure; and is surprised and reduced to bond-

age in an hour, the shouts of the conquerors sound awfully harsh to his ears. I could have endured to have been taken prisoner; but to find that most of my brave comrades were killed by a thrust of the bayonet, was terrible beyond what I can describe.

“In the morning, O God, what a sight was there! This fortress was in the possession of the British and Indians; but a miserable remnant of our men was left penned up in that old building, and some of them were wounded. And within the fort the whole ground was covered with the bodies of the dead. It was not enough that they should fall by the British bayonet and the Indian tomahawk, when taken by surprise and unable to defend themselves; but the Indians must finish the work of barbarity by scalping and mutilating the bodies of the slain.

“Some of the prisoners were permitted by one of the British officers to see who among their friends had fallen by the hands of these royal and savage butchers. They went all round and their hearts were sick with the sight. In an old building which was near where we now stand, was the body of Rod-

man. It is painful at any time to see the dead body of a fellow soldier. But this was the most distressing sight they had seen. He had either been sitting upon a bench at the back side of the room, or had fallen back upon it in endeavoring to avoid the thrusts of the enemy, when he received his mortal wound. A bayonet had been thrust quite through his body and into the plank ceiling behind him. There he was, and one other with him in the same condition, firmly spiked to the wall. After the fatal thrusts had been given, the guns had been withdrawn from the bayonets leaving their victims to die. with a refinement of cruelty hitherto unknown, except in savage warfare. I saw them the next day and before they were moved. I would not willingly look upon such a sight again. I can almost see them now, their eyes glaring with the look of death, and their features strained up to a most horrible ferocity, as if, from the energy of their feelings, they had strongly resisted death.

“The death of Rodman was a most unhappy one, both from the manner in which it

occurred, and from other circumstances. The period of his enlistment had expired, and he intended to return to his family the next day. He had been visited by one of his neighbors the day before and had informed him of his intention. The message had already been borne to his family, and when his coming was looked for, their ears were pained by the story of his death.

“But cruelty had not yet done enough. On the same morning a detachment of militia under Major Bennett, stationed on Lewiston heights, were attacked by the Indians. He retreated after being surrounded by several hundreds with the loss of six or eight, among whom were two sons of Captain Jones the Indian Interpreter. Youngstown, Lewiston, Manchester and the Tuscarora village were burnt, and such of the inhabitants as were unable to make their escape were murdered by the Indians, who were led on by British officers painted. Even women and children were slain and their scalps taken and carried away as trophies of victory.

“Major Mallory who had been stationed at Schlosser with forty volunteers, hastened

to Lewiston, and compelled the advance guard of the enemy to fall back to the foot of the mountain. With his little band he fought for two days with trifling loss, disputing every inch of ground with the enemy till he reached Tonawanda.

“It would seem that the destruction of Newark was now fully avenged. Even Sir George Prevost, the Governor General of Canada, stated in his proclamation a few days after, that ‘the opportunity of punishment had occurred, and that a full measure of retribution had taken place,’ and at the same time he confessed the wickedness of their acts by declaring his intention of ‘pursuing no further a system of warfare so revolting to his own feelings.’”

“What was done with the prisoners?” asked Harry.

“They were kept for two days in the fort with little or no food, and with but a scanty supply of wood and water. After that they were taken across the river, and confined in an old building that had been the magazine at Fort George. Here their sufferings were very great. For a whole week were they

kept crowded into dirty and damp rooms infested with vermin. They were then taken to Queenston and confined there, and kept on the most loathsome food. And to the dishonor of the British name it must be said, that American prisoners within sight of the Niagara river and on its very banks, were obliged to suffer the pains of thirst, or buy, with money a drink of water. A few of the prisoners were soon after discharged, and the rest were marched off to Burlington heights."

Harry asked if such treatment of prisoners, and more especially the cruel murder of those at the fort was justified by the British government.

"I dont know" said the Captain, "that any apology was ever made for it; and Lieutenant General Drummond, the same day issued orders in which he stated the number of the killed and wounded, and that they had all been killed by the bayonet, and openly commending his officers and men for the faithfulness with which they had executed his orders."

CHAPTER X.

THE FLIGHT.

The surprise of Fort Niagara was followed by the desolation of the whole Niagara frontier. The few soldiers who escaped from the fort spread the alarm, and the inhabitants fled with the greatest precipitation. But the British and the Indians were close on the heels of the flying soldiers. The inhabitants made no resistance. The war-hoop of four hundred savages, led on by the painted British officers, was given with terrible effect. They hastily seized such light articles as they were able to carry from their houses, and left the rest to the pillage of the savages and the British soldiery; or to be by them consigned to the flames. Many could look back upon the blaze and the smoke of their burning dwellings. But few were able to take any thing with them but the clothes they wore. The roads in every direction that led from the frontier were filled with men women and children.

The scene of distress was too deep for description. In some cases husbands and wives and brothers and sisters were separated, and mothers had lost their children. Ties were broken that were never more to be reunited in this world. Men are now living who were infants then, and were borne in the arms of their fainting mothers that day. And some owe their lives to exertions which caused the death of their natural guardian and protector. The affection of the mother wearies not in the care of her child, though her strength may fail. Her physical powers have limits set to them, but the love of her offspring is not only never destroyed but never diminished.

The reign of terror was not limited to the scene of ruin. All that portion of country lying east of the Niagara river and within the distance of thirty or forty miles, which then contained a population of near twelve thousand persons was for a short time, almost abandoned, and the people were in the greatest distress. Those who returned to their homes found there but a heap of smoking ruins. Committees were raised in all

parts of the country for the purpose of procuring contributions to relieve the sufferers. The City of Albany contributed one thousand dollars, and an appropriation of forty thousand dollars was made by the state. Collections were also taken up in the different churches in the City of New York and in Albany.

It will be remembered that this event occurred in the beginning of a severe winter. The sufferings of the people were much more severe on that account. But the charities which had been dispensed did much to alleviate them. The wounded feet, which had left their blood-traces on the frozen ground, could be healed. But the broken hearts of the mothers who had lost their children from exposure were never to be made whole. These were hard times, Harry. Men who had come to the country a few years before, and after suffering severe trials and privations, were beginning to accumulate some of the comforts of life, were driven from their homes, and their dwellings, which were the hard-earned fruits of their toil, were in a moment reduced to a heap

of ruins. In emigrating from a more thickly settled country, they had encountered great and almost incredible hardships, but now they were leaving the places of their homes which were homes to them no more.

Great as was the actual danger from which they had escaped, it was greatly magnified by their fears. They met several small parties who, ignorant of what had passed, were going towards the frontier, but they all turned back, and thus their numbers increased as they went like the waters of the swelling torrent.

Neither pen nor pencil can describe the appearance of the motley throngs that filled the roads in every direction. A few were on horseback, but by far the greater number were on foot. Some were carrying their children on their backs, some were loaded down with bundles of clothing, and some with bags of provisions. Others were drawing hand-sleds loaded with goods or with children and infirm persons. Others again were driving their cattle before them. There was every description of persons all filled with the one idea of escaping from their pursuers.

At night every house by the way was filled to overflowing, and men, women and children were stretched upon the floor till room for another could not be found, and then they divided with horses and cattle the possession of every barn and hovel to be found. One might almost believe that the very horses laughed at the strange variety and uncouth appearance of their companions.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BURIAL.

The next day when the sound of the war-hoop had a little subsided, those who escaped began to think of the bodies of their friends who had fallen. A few of the braver ones crept cautiously out from the places of their retreat, and bent their way slowly and warily back to the settlements near the river. Many bodies were found of men women and children, all of which were scalped, and most of them otherwise mutilated. Some were even so much disfigured that they could not be recognized by their friends. Here and there was found one whose name and residence was known. The distress of the living was so great that it almost seemed as if those who had fallen by the tomahawk had been the most fortunate.

“What became of the bodies of those who were murdered at the fort?” asked Harry.

“A few persons,” answered the Captain, “who had known most of them went back

there, carrying with them a white flag, and reached the fort unmolested. They were permitted to enter, and they found that the bodies of the dead, by the request of those who had been taken prisoners and were then detained there, were left for recognition by their friends. All of them, about eighty in number, had been killed by the bayonet and the hatchet. It was a terrible sight to behold. There is a peculiar ferocity in the countenance of a man who has died by a stab from the bayonet. Those who are shot present an appearance of languor, the muscles of the body appearing to be entirely relaxed. The muscles of those killed by the bayonet are rigid, and their features are braced up to a look of determination and resistance. This appearance, in many of them, was heightened by the loss of their scalps, And then too the wounds with which they fell, like the dumb mouths of the murdered Caesar, told of the terrible ferocity of their royal murderers.

“Some were borne away by their friends in the stillness of their grief, and quietly buried not far from the fort. Others whose

friends lived near the frontier were carried by them to their homes, and there buried in some spot which they could ever watch and hold sacred. The rest were left to be disposed of by their British butchers."

"Can we find any of their graves?" asked Harry. "I like to look upon the spot where a soldier is buried."

"The face of things is changed since then," replied the Captain; "and the place of their burial cannot be found. No stones or marks were put at their graves. It would have been useless, and perhaps worse than useless. They might have been torn away by the British soldiers, lest the burial place of those martyrs to liberty should be known, and should serve to call to mind, in after ages, the awful story of British vengeance."

"That, I think will not soon be forgotten," answered Harry.

"No, it will not. There was something in that burial scene, so solemn and almost terrific, that I shall never forget it. A funeral is always a sad ceremony. I had seen them in the old towns in New England, when all the relatives, and neighbors, and friends

of him who had died, would stand around with closed lips, and the hushed voices of the few whose words found utterance, would only speak of the virtues of the dead. All was conducted with a slow formality and a decent respect. The coffin was laid upon the rustic bier and borne away to the little church, where such religious ceremonies were performed as were deemed to be for the benefit of the living. And then, the last look at the face of the dead! this was a painful trial to all, to say nothing of the distress of relatives and friends. Slowly and one by one, they looked their last adieu to their departed friend, and then all the little girls, with faces radiant with the light and the love which is from heaven, but softened and subdued by the sorrow of earth, would come up and take their last look also, and as they walked away, I could see their cheeks were wet with the tears which are always the birth of young and innocent grief."

"O I have seen such things too," said Harry; and, as he said it, a tear stole from his eye.

"Yes," said the Captain, "such were solemn scenes. But when I first saw a burial in this

country, when neighbors were few and far distant, and no church was here, and there was no minister to offer to the mourners the consolations of religion, and the dead were buried in a lonely looking place—lonely it seemed because there were none of the white marble stones which I had been accustomed to see—O, it was a far more solemn event.

“And then too when I have heard the solemn music of the muffled drum marching to the soldier’s grave, and the guns that were fired over it in testimony of his valor, I thought that nothing could increase the sublimity of the scene. But the burial at Niagara was more solemn than any I had ever witnessed. The relatives of the dead were not there, and even the names of some that we buried were unknown. Here was neither the parson to pray for the souls of the dead, nor the pall to cover their bodies; and the coffin and the shroud were wanting also. The soldier who dies in the hour of victory may be wrapped in the flag of the conquered foe. But these in their war-worn garments alone were laid in the ground. The notes of martial music were not heard,

'But our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums were beating
Funeral marches to the grave.'

If friends could have been round us to weep and join their sorrows with ours, it would have been a relief to our feelings. Then I thought of the sweet faces of the little girls I used to see bending over the dead. I could not have wished that they had been here, their little hearts would have been so pained with the sight. But I have often thought that the spirits of those who are looked upon by them before they are committed to the ground, must feel a gush of happiness, and be, by the sympathies of those so young and innocent, brought nearer to heaven; and I pray that when I die the eyes of such may follow me to the grave.

"All the time this sorrowful work was going on we were closely watched by the British, and the indifference which they manifested seemed to be a mockery of our feelings. Our last duty to our companions was performed, rudely it is true, but in the best manner we were able, and we turned our backs upon the fort, glad to escape from a scene so painful to our feelings."

CHAPTER XII.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

“I must tell you in the next place, Harry, of some incidents that occurred to those who fled from the frontier. Perhaps I cannot tell you one that will be more interesting than what happened to the family of Rodman.”

“I should like much to hear that,” said Harry. “I have become much interested in them from knowing the story of his death.”

“I have already told you,” said the Captain, “that almost at the very moment when the wife of Rodman was looking for his return, she was startled with the news of his death. She had clothed her children in their holyday dresses, and they were waiting to receive their father’s kiss. They were two sweet little girls, such as I hope will come to look upon me when I am dead; and if the departed are permitted to behold any of the beings of earth, I believe that I shall see in them the angels of heaven.”

Harry said he should like to have seen these little girls, and then he paused a moment and looked thoughtful, and it was easy to discover that he had in his mind the images of his young friends Alice and Lucy Gray.

“But I must go on with the story,” said the Captain. “The wife of Rodman, Clara, as he always called her, had no sooner heard of the death of her husband, than she was warned to flee from the approaching enemy. Taking her children, the youngest one in her arms and leading the other by the hand, she hurried away. The wind was blowing rough and cold, and there was some snow upon the ground. It was a sorry sight to see the mother pressing on with her children, her arm almost breaking under the load of one, and the other, straining her little hand which was held tightly in the grasp of the mother’s, was scarcely able to make her steps long enough to keep up with her rapid pace. At first they rather flew than walked, and they scarcely dared to look behind for fear of losing a single step in their escape from the savage foes.

“All day they fled before the enemy, but long before night the child she led had become chilled with the cold, and her shoes, which were rapidly worn away by the roughness of the frozen ground, had fallen from her feet. The child was exhausted and could go no further; and the mother was scarcely in a better condition. She had almost fallen down with the effort of carrying one child and leading the other. To carry them both was impossible. There were several others in company with her, and all but one whose strength was at all equal to the task were already burdened with a child, and that one was loaded with a large bundle of clothing which would be absolutely necessary for the comfort of the party. What was to be done? It was getting late in the day and they were a long distance from any settlement. They might have struck a fire and the whole party encamped for the night, if it had not been for fear of the enemy. But this would not do. It was not safe to waste time by deliberation, and it was at once determined that the bundle should be left behind; and that the man who had car-

ried it should carry the child. It was concealed under the trunk of a fallen tree, in the hope that they might be able to find it again when the enemy should have given up the pursuit. This being arranged they again pushed forward. They had not proceeded far when the strength of the mother again failed, and she was obliged to give up the march, and sit down by the way-side. The young man who had taken one of her children would have stopped with her, but she refused it telling him that if they were discovered all might be killed; but that if he kept on he might save himself and one of her children.

“Self preservation was of necessity the law that prevailed, and with this in view the party moved on leaving the mother and child almost with the certainty as they thought of being murdered by the Indians or of perishing with cold and hunger. She sat herself down at the foot of a tree upon the folds of a single blanket she had with her, and was in some degree protected by its trunk from the chill wind that was blowing. There, drawing her child closely to her bosom, as if

it were the last tie that bound her to life, for the first time since hearing of the death of her husband she wept. She had before been so filled with a sense of her own danger, that she had not fully realized her loss. Now that she was alone with her child, she recalled to her mind the image of its father. You can have some idea, Harry, of the appearance of a country that has been devastated by the torch of an enemy; but you can form no conception of the desolation of spirit which then hung over that woman. If her child could that moment have died in her arms she would herself have prayed for death. For the sake of her children only did she live."

"What became of her after that?" asked Harry.

"I will tell you. She had found relief to her feelings in tears. The agony of her soul had given way to a softened sorrow, and in this frame of mind she fell asleep. How long she slept is not known. She dreamed that she was pursued by savages and was likely to be taken; and while she thought she was approached by a tall chief with up-

lifted hatchet, she uttered a scream which caused her to awake, when she saw standing beside her with his hand upon her shoulder the same large and muscular savage she had seen in her dream; and two others were standing near by.

“From the appearance of the savages it was rather doubtful what their intentions were towards her. With an effort at a smile she drew the blanket from the face of her child, and gave it to the chief. A few words passed between him and the other Indians which she did not understand. She was afraid they were jealous of him for the gift he had received. She thought of the bundle of clothing that had been concealed, and knowing that it contained some blankets she thought to appease the others by gifts. With a signal made to the chief she arose and conducted him to the place where the bundle was concealed. It was eagerly opened and the blankets distributed among the three Indians, when they started and made a sign to her to follow. Though she had not tasted food since morning her strength was somewhat recovered by rest and sleep.

She knew that if she faltered there would be danger either to herself or to her child. The thought of this gave her courage and she was able to keep up through the day. The Indians then halted and made a fire for the night. It was now dark and the blazing pile gave a distinctness to every tree and other object for a considerable distance around. The child had fallen asleep and no violence or rudeness had been offered to the mother. She even thought it was the intention of the chief to detain her as a prisoner and make her his wife.

“They had not gone to rest for the night, when another small party of Indians attracted by the light came up having an American boy as a prisoner. He looked at the woman and her child but said nothing, and she was also silent; and when they had all fallen asleep Clara rose quietly and passing round to the opposite side of the circle where the boy lay, she gently touched his arm, at the same time watching his eyes, till he opened them. He had not slept soundly and he soon saw by her motions that she wished to take leave of her companions; and gathering up

the clothing the bundle had contained, except the blankets which were wrapped about the bodies of the Indians, they moved carefully away with a sidelong step for a considerable distance, when they turned their backs upon the Indian camp, and moved hastily forward.

“Soon after it began to snow, and though this gave them some inconvenience, they rejoiced at it, as it would effectually prevent the Indians from following their track. Clara had gathered strength from the brief period of rest she had enjoyed and resolution from the hope of escaping with her child, and so she was enabled to keep on through the night.

“In the morning their eyes were gladdened by the sight of smoke from the chimney of a log hut. They however approached it warily fearing that its rightful occupants had fled and that it was then in the possession of savages. While they were watching it, still in doubt, they saw a white man come to the door, and they no longer hesitated to approach. They found that their first supposition was correct that the occupants of the house had fled, but the present inmates were,

like themselves, a party who had fled from their homes, and had taken refuge there for the night.

“The meeting with this party was fortunate for Clara and her child, for she was both enabled to warm herself and to procure food. Without this she would have been able to continue her march but a short time longer. She was also relieved from the doubt she had as to the proper direction to be pursued.

“When she had enjoyed the grateful warmth of the fire and had been a little refreshed by food, and was confident that she had escaped from the enemy, she gave way to her feelings. She now began to feel she was a widow, and that her children were fatherless. When a woman is in real danger, her courage is of a higher order than that of most men. Nobly had she sustained herself through her long march, and skillfully did she escape the vigilance of her savage captors. Whether it was that the company she found at the log hut supposed themselves not yet out of danger, or for the purpose of going where they would be able to procure provis-

ions, that they determined to go futher into the interior, is not known. Clara and the boy who had escaped with her from the Indians, also resolved to go on. But when she raised her child in her arms she found herself unable to sustain it and keep up with the party. The boy felt that he owed his escape from the Indians to her, and he kindly offered to carry her child, and so they set out.

“They had not gone far before it became apparent that her strength would fail. Here was a new difficulty. She could not go on, but she could return to the untenanted hut and wait there for some new fortune, if any of the party would stay with with her. All were anxious to go on, and no one offered his protection but the boy, and so they turned back and again slowly made their way to the hut. The fire they had left was still smouldering on the hearth, and the addition of such sticks as the boy was able to gather soon created an agreeable warmth. Here they might be protected from the cold of a winter-day; but they might suffer for want of food.

“It was again necessary to trust in Providence. The house had the appearance of

having been recently deserted. The boy was prying around with curious eye when he discovered what he thought an opening in the floor. Raising a board to satisfy himself, he found a small cavity in the ground below which had been used for a cellar, but he saw nothing there but darkness. He drew a burning brand from the fire and thrusting it down, the cellar was partially illuminated, and to his great joy he discovered a small heap of potatoes. Drawing forth a handful, although they were partially frozen, they were soon roasting in the fire.

“Another difficulty being removed, they resolved to stay there until the next day. The day had passed away and they had secured the door as well as they were able for the night. They heard every whisper of the wind as it frolicked around this lonely tenement. But soon they were startled by a sound of fear. There was a violent rapping at the door, and they heard the muttering voices of Indians. It was apparent that if they were not admitted the door would be broken, and Clara with much presence of mind opened it and by a sign bade them enter.

They were the three Indians by whom she had been taken captive, but they, supposing her to be the occupant of the house, did not know her. She made the best of their mistake and bade the boy bring forth from the cellar some potatoes which she by signs asked them to roast in the fire.

“Her courage and strength had again risen with the presence of danger. It was soon apparent that the Indians intended to stay there that night, and Clara wrapped her child in a blanket and laid it down to sleep with an appearance of unconcern.

“It was very late before the Indians had all fallen asleep, and when she was assured of it, Clara again made a sign to the boy to follow her; and taking her child and a single roasted potatoe which the Indians had left, for her food by the way, she stole cautiously out of the house and took the path that led in an easterly direction. The night was chilly but not dark, and they were to follow the track on which they had set out the day before.

“All night they continued their march, but Clara was several times obliged to stop and

sit down upon the cold ground, and sometimes even in the snow to rest her weary limbs. It was a long and laborious night. It seemed to them as if day-light would never come, and when it did come they felt thankful that they had escaped the dangers of the night with life. Clara had become so fatigued that it seemed impossible for her to proceed further, and she had again sat down to rest. As the boy was standing by her, he thought he heard the sound of an axe at a distance. He listened again and again till he was fully assured, when at the request of Clara he hastened away in the direction of the sound. At the distance of half a mile he found the chopper and learning from him that his house was not far distant, he told him of his perilous adventures with that young mother and her child, and the Woodman, moved with compassion for her, went at once to her relief. She was carried to his house, and learning from him that there was little prospect of molestation at that distance from the frontier, she consented to remain there till she could be assured she could return to her own home in safety."

CHAPTER XIII.

PEACE AGAIN.

“I have now given you the history of this fortress,” said the Captain, “as far as I am able. I know of nothing else of much importance connected with it. There are many personal anecdotes and adventures, that are but little known, and probably many interesting ones have been lost. Nothing is now required to complete this history, but to tell you of the joy that was felt throughout the country, at the return of peace. The war had been kept up for nearly three years on this frontier, and there had been much fighting here, with small results of good to either side. Many were distinguished by their heroic valor, and had gained great praise, and some had lost their honor but more had lost their friends. Death is the greatest warrior, the mightiest conquerer. All other victories are as nothing compared with his. The world does not know the extent of his

conquests. All other triumphs are overrated as much as his are undervalued. The few whose names are written in books and carved on stone, are as nothing to those not found there. And even figures and the powers of enumeration, can scarcely tell the millions that have lived and died."

"The fort was in possession of the English," said Harry, "after the surprise. "When was it delivered to the Americans?"

"It was surrendered to us soon after the peace," said the Captain,—"I think in the month of March, 1815."

"And it has been in our possession ever since, I suppose," said Harry.

"Yes, for we have been at peace. A garrison has been kept up here most of the time. Fort George was suffered to go to decay, and the English built Fort Mississaga directly opposite. That is in a better position to command the river."

"There must be some jealousy," said Harry, "between the two nations, that they should think it necessary to keep up these fortifications to watch each other in time of peace."

“It is so,” said the Captain; “but nations act on the principle that the best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war. There is a great degree of good feeling prevailing on both sides of the river. Our vessels freely enter it and go up to Lewiston, while the British vessels in like manner go to Queenston on the opposite side. I have often thought, when looking on these two forts that guard the entrance to the beautiful Niagara, pointing their guns with a show of defiance out upon the lake, of the two lions that Christian saw guarding the narrow entrance to the Palace Beautiful. But the war spirits are now chained, as were the lions at the Palace-gate.”

“O I remember the story in ‘Pilgrims Progress,’” said Harry. “Christian was going from the city of destruction to Mount Zion, and, being belated by having slept by the way, he was obliged to stop at the Palace for the night.”

“That is a beautiful story,” said the Captain. “We are all pilgrims in this world. You, Harry, have hardly begun your pilgrimage yet.”

“I have been on one pilgrimage,” said Harry, “with you to the battle-field of Queens-ton; and on another to this place.”

“This will soon be finished,” said the Captain, “and you will be ready to enter upon another; and so you will find it through life. When one enterprise is accomplished, or has failed when undertaken, another is sought for and followed with equal avidity. Man is never at rest, and is never satisfied with himself.”

These thoughts were something too serious for the mind of Harry, yet he fell into a train of silent reflection; but his meditations were soon interrupted by the voice of the Captain.

“It is now past twelve o’clock,” said he, “and we must set out for home.”

They again and for the last time entered the old stone house. The Colonel had not yet returned, and the Captain and Harry, after presenting their thanks to his family for the kindness with which they had been entertained, took leave of them and of the old fortress.

They did not wish to follow the same route home by which they had come. They

passed out at the eastern gate of the fort and steered across the plain. As they went they turned back occasionally to take a look at the fort, and to consider the position an army might be in when making an attack. They soon struck into the woods in the rear of the plain, and the trees not being so thick as to form any great obstruction to their travelling, they entered them, and soon came out to a road, and they thought they would follow it a short distance, lead where it would. It gradually bore round to the left, till they came in sight of a farm house to which they made their way. When they reached it they saw from its slightly elevated position the beautiful waters of Lake Ontario.

While they were taking a survey of the prospect, the farmer appeared at the door and they recognized in him the wagoner with whom they had met in the morning. On learning from the Captain that they had spent the whole day at the fort, studying its position and the various places around it, he looked at them with a vacant stare, as if he wondered of what use that could be. The

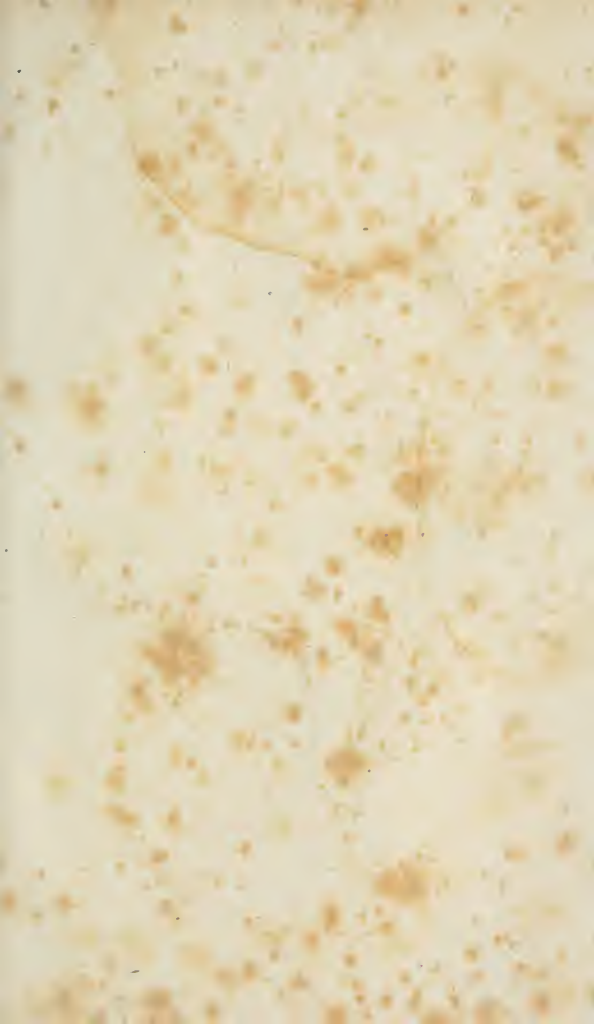
location of his farm and buildings was one of unusual beauty, though he did not seem to value it so much for that as for the acres it contained.

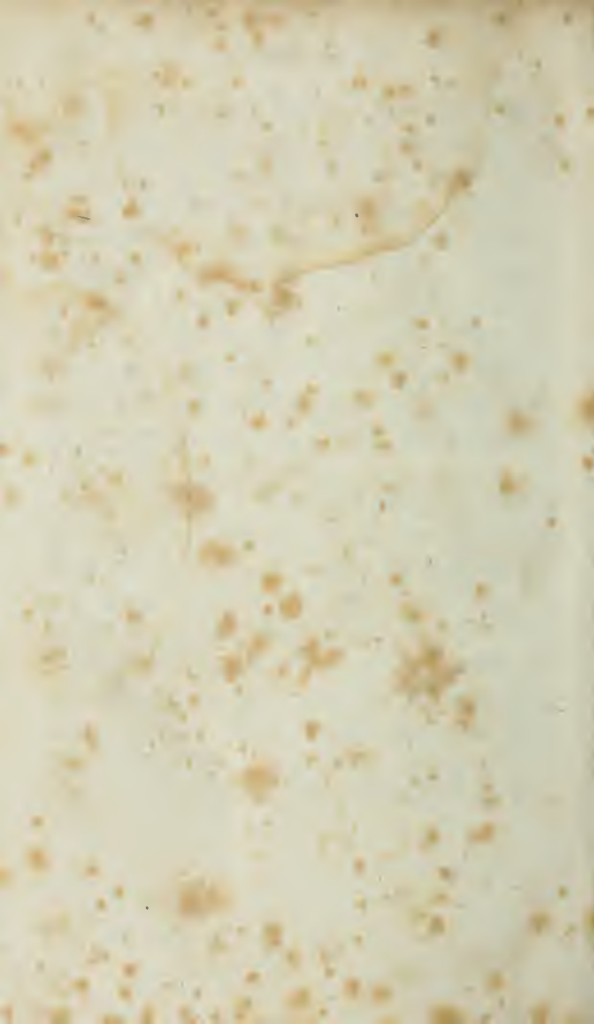
Our travellers had come a little out of their way, but they did not grudge the time and travel, as it enabled them to take a new and interesting view of the lake. Making their bow to the wagoner, they retraced their steps, by the same road they had come, till it seemed to deviate too much from the course they wished to pursue. They then left it and followed on, sometimes through fields and sometimes by roads, thinking of nothing but how they should soonest reach home.

It was late in the evening before they arrived, and they found the family of the Captain seated around their evening fire. They had not expected his return that night, and were taken completely by surprise. There was the old fashioned hearth, the fire blazing bright and warm upon its naturally rough, but now smoothly worn stones. They had not set up, like the ancient Romans, images of wood and stone, but the greatest of household gods, happiness, was there.

If the readers of this little book could have looked in at that time upon the family of Captain Gray, they would have seen a picture of as much enjoyment as it would be easy to find in this world. The old Captain had passed through the war which had again secured the peace of the country, and he was at peace with all the world. With his wife, the companion of his youth, the domestic virtues had found a home. All who came to his house, like his young friend Harry, found a hearty welcome.

The Captain had decided that their next journey should be to Fort Erie, but before that was to be undertaken, he must, for a few days, attend to some matters of business about his neighborhood, and in the meantime Harry West could amuse himself with repeating the stories of Niagara to Alice and Lucy Gray. The evening fire was now smouldering away, and their drowsy lids inviting them to sleep, they all retired to rest.









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