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CANADIAN MEN OF ACTION
SIR ISAAC BROCK

SIR ISAAC BROCK

BY

HUGH S. EAYRS

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To

My Father,

George Eayrs, F.R. Hist. S.,

Whose passion for and services in the name of history are at once my inspiration and my pride.

PREFACE

As THIS book is published, Canada is celebrating her fiftieth birthday. The thoughts of all of us travel back along the line of those fifty years since Confederation swept away all divisions and made the people of what is now Canada one in name, that they might become one in purpose, ideal, and spirit. We see our country served by a succession of great men. Their greatness consisted in trying to weld Canada into this oneness and in trying to develop our illimitable resources. For this fifty years and for the fifty before it, Canada had no war to engage her attention until, in 1914, she joined with Great Britain in the Great War that the world might be "made safe for democracy."

While we look with pride at the progress our country has made during this time of peace, we may well go further back and see some of the ultimate contributory factors. And as we do this we shall see that in those troublous days as in the calmer that succeeded them, the history of Canada gathers itself round two or three men. One of these is Major-General Sir Isaac Brock.

Brock is called "The hero of Upper Canada." That he undoubtedly was, but he was more. He was the hero of Canada, for while his efforts both as soldier and statesman were peculiarly for one province, their effect was felt by Canadians of later days from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Indeed it is not too much to say that Brock's part in the War of 1812-14 made fast and sure what is now the Dominion of Canada for the British Empire. This makes him at once the primal hero of Canada. We have our other heroes. The names of Frontenac, Wolfe, Montcalm, Carleton, and others stand out from Canada's "storied page" and deservedly so, but not one of them served our country in a way eventually so signal as did Brock. Wolfe conquered the French; Carleton defended Canada against invasion in 1776; but their work had not the crucial quality of Brock's.

He was certainly a man of action, and his biography is fittingly the first title in a series of *Canadian Men of Action*. The older nations of the world have their great ones. France has its Joan of Arc, Italy its Garibaldi, Russia its Peter, and Britain its Arthur and its Alfred. In ten short years in Canada, Brock accomplished much, for while he lost his life but four months after war was declared, it was his action and, after, his spirit which animated the defence of his adopted country against invasion. In considering him and the noble part he played we may well contrast this man of action with another, who drew his sword three years ago not that he might help to establish peace, but for his own selfish end of vainglory. Brock, like thousands of Canadians to-day, fought for honor and that his country might be free. The spirit of Brock animates Canada to-day, and "the brave live on."

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CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

THE year 1769 was an important one for Europe. In it were born two men who were destined between them to change the face of that continent. These were Wellington and Napoleon. There was another man who first saw the light in that year. His name was Isaac Brock, and while his life and work were hardly comparable in their effect and result to those of the two great Europeans, they were nevertheless an important factor in shaping the destiny of Canada. It may, perhaps, be laying undue stress on the work he did to call General Brock the Wellington of Canada. Necessarily he left less mark on the times in which he lived than did the Iron Duke, for his task was less monumental and his sphere less wide. Yet, in relative degree, Brock's work was immensely important. We are beginning to realize, a hundred years after his death, just how directly he affected Canada and indirectly Europe. It would be interesting, however, to speculate on just what would have been the result had he remained in Europe. It might,—who knows?—have been his as much as Wellington's to save the world from the ambitious schemes of Napoleon, but in the part he played, Brock admittedly did a very great deal to make the bounds of Empire "wide and wider yet."

Isaac was born on October 6th, 1769, and was the eighth son of John Brock. Of his father we know little. He was a sailor, had been a midshipman in the navy, and his duty had carried him far afield, to India and other outposts. Isaac's birthplace was Guernsey, an island in the English Channel, which is one of the beauty spots of the world. There could have been no more fitting cradle for a child who was to become indeed a man of action than this rugged little island, with its rocky weather-beaten coast, stern and bold in outline. The heavy seas of the Channel beat upon it in vain, and it is possible that in after-life, when he was buffeted by circumstances, his thoughts may have gone back to his island home, a small but hardy defence against thundering waves and shrill winds and raging tempest.

He had good blood in his veins, for, far back, there was a Sir Hugh Brock, a valiant knight of Edward III. Sir Hugh lived in Brittany, just across the Channel from England and at that time an English duchy. The French, however, bitterly mindful of Crecy and Poitiers, bided their time, and when Edward was old and enfeebled, rose and drove the English out of Northern France. Brittany again became French, and, when the English were expelled, it is thought that Sir Hugh's family came to the Channel Islands, which was like a half-way house between France and Britain, and there settled.

There were other Brocks in nearer relationship who had won their spurs both in battle by land and sea and in journeyings afar. As has been said, Isaac's father, John Brock, was a midshipman and had travelled to India, in those days a great distance away. Another relative was the famous Lord de Saumarez, also a Guernsey man, who had distinguished himself at St. Vincent and at the Nile. Brock's mother was Elizabeth de Lisle, daughter of the lieutenant-bailiff of Guernsey, a position which corresponded to that now held by our lieutenant-governors, an office the duties of which, as we shall see, Isaac Brock himself, in later years, discharged in Upper Canada.

It was not, however, in family tradition and example alone that young Brock found inspiration for heroic and valorous deeds. He could not but be imbued with love of adventure. This island home of crag and headland was the vault of many a memory of heroic deeds, the past scene of many a stirring exploit of the hardy seafaring folk who had been its dwellers as long as ever dwellers had been there. Young Brock learned numberless stories

"Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

Long, long years before, the Druids had their caves and catacombs tucked away in quaint hiding-places, and to the young adventurer these haunts and the tales told of them furnished idea and scope for many an escapade. Stories of Cromwellian and Stuart days, when Cavalier and Roundhead in turn found refuge in this land of his birth, and evidences of the resolute defence which the Islanders had offered to the maraudings and attackings of the French, fostered in Brock an ambition to emulate the Guernsey folk who were dead and gone.

So, in boyhood days, he played for a while with the things of nature. He became strong and robust. He was, like his seven brothers, tall and manly, a precocious boy, a better boxer, a stronger and bolder swimmer than any of his companions. He would scale jagged headland, or sighting Castle Cornet, a landmark half a mile from the shore, would brest the swiftly-running tide, meeting and overcoming

" every wave with dimpled face
That leaped upon the air."

He did not entirely neglect his studies, but gave some time to reading, particularly along historical lines. There seems to be no doubt, however, that, like many another boy, his prowess in games was gained at the expense of his education. At the age of ten he was sent to school at Southampton, and later was at Rotterdam, where his tutor was a French pastor. Neither his parents nor himself would be aware, at that time, of the use that the knowledge of French he there acquired would be to him when he came to Canada later on.

He chose his profession early in life. For him there could be only two careers, the navy or the army. Guernsey men, from time immemorial, had favored the services as a means of earning their living, for the love of adventure was ingrained in the people. Besides, Brock had two brothers in the army.

One brother, Ferdinand, had been in the 60th Regiment, and when Isaac was a lad of ten, had given his life at the defence of Baton Rouge, on the Mississippi, fighting against the colonial revolutionists. The other, John Brock, was a captain in the 8th, known as the King's Regiment, and probably with the

idea of being near his brother, Isaac in 1785 purchased a commission as ensign in the 8th. Thus he had in John a hand and mind steadied and practised by reason of ten years' service to guide and help him in the career he had chosen.

Isaac was keenly enthusiastic about this new life, and his brother's example spurred in him the ambition to be a distinguished soldier. His love for history and his liking for serious reading stood him in good stead. He had had, perhaps, too much sport and too little study in those Guernsey days. He allotted his time differently now, and sedulously spent some hours each day locked in with his books. He was wise enough to know that he was not too well-equipped for his work. These were the years when his mind was receptive and plastic, and he used them well. He served five years and purchased his lieutenancy in 1790, when he was twenty-one. These were uneventful and quiet days, but they were days of preparation. Barrack-room and camp taught him the essential elements of soldierliness. He returned to Guernsey, for he had been quartered in England, and raised an independent company. This he commanded with the rank of captain, being placed on half-pay. The quietness and sameness of soldiering in England palled on him, however, and in the next year he arranged a transfer to the 49th Regiment, then quartered in the Barbadoes. These were the men whom he was to learn to love, and many of whom fought with him when, some years later, he received his death wound.

Joining his regiment in Barbadoes, he served there and later in Jamaica. There is a story told of him at this time which shows that the courage of the boy who had been the hero of a hundred daring escapades was his distinguishing mark in young manhood. A captain in the 49th, who was a crack shot, was the bully of the mess. Brock, who treated him with indifference, was singled out as a mark for his insult and was involved in a duel. The braggart was a little man, but Brock was six feet two—not a difficult target. Brock had the right, as he had been challenged, to name the conditions of the duel. When the party reached the grounds where the duel was to take place, Brock drew out his handkerchief and insisted that he and his opponent should fight their duel across it. This would minimize the disadvantage of his own great height. The bully, recognizing that for once he was fighting with equal chance to kill or be killed, refused the condition and fled. His brother officers declared that Brock had won a moral if not an actual victory, and they and he compelled the expulsion of the bully from the regiment.

Shortly after this incident the 49th moved to Jamaica. Though he enjoyed the more eventful life there, Brock was a product of a hardier clime and could not stand the enervating air of the tropics. He fell a victim to fever and indeed nearly died of it. His man, Dobson, tended and restored him, and Brock, big-hearted and kindly then as later, never forgot what he owed to his trusty servant. Dobson remained with him till his death, which took place a short time before Brock set out on the expedition against Detroit.

In 1793 Brock returned to England on sick leave and re-visited his old home, there to regain his health and strength. Subsequently, until the return of his regiment from Jamaica, he was engaged in the recruiting service. While employed in this most important work he kept up his hours of study, fitting himself for the greater things to come.

In 1795, he purchased his majority, and in 1797, at the age of twenty-eight and after only twelve years service, was gazetted lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, soon afterwards becoming the senior officer.

As commander of the 49th he had no easy position. The *morale* of his men on their return from abroad was bad. The former commander was a poor disciplinarian, and his men had been allowed to get out of hand.

These were queer days in the services. The men in the navy were in a perpetual state of mutiny. There had been cases where the seamen had risen and murdered their officers. There had been a lack of actual naval fighting for some time, and the consequent dullness, added to the poor pay, made the navy a somewhat ragged and discontented unit. The seamen usually took the lead in revolt, and the soldiers sympathized with them. In the army there was additional reason. The officers were often bullies. Different ideas of discipline were held from those we know to-day. The average British officer terrorized over his men. He punished them heavily for the slightest offence. It was considered the proper thing to give a man fifty lashes or so for a mild misdemeanor, such as having dirty boots on parade, and on that scale the punishment was allowed to over-fit the crime. Bad barrack-room conditions and little leave were other reasons for growing discontent which smouldered, and then broke out in mutiny.

So far as his own regiment was concerned, Brock showed his ability to solve this problem of lax discipline. He was indefatigable in his efforts to familiarize himself with what was wrong, and unwearied in the task of setting it right. As we have already seen, he was thorough in whatever he did. It was so now. He never relaxed vigilance and rested little either day or night. When he slept, it was with pistols ready to his hand. Daily he would make the round of the barracks. Whatever displeased him he ordered changed and frequently he would tear down insurgent notices from the walls with his own hand. He tempered justice with kindness. He was aware that former regimental rulers had tried the patience of the men a good deal, and he made generous allowance for this in his own treatment. By so doing he won them over to himself, and they learned to respect and love him. The men knew that he would insist on rigid discipline and orderliness, but they knew too that on their side they might count on justice, not unmixed with generosity and affectionate regard. Brock made a great change in the temper and behavior of the 49th. When the Duke of York inspected the regiment, therefore, he put himself on record that the 49th, under Brock's direction, had become instead of one of the worst regiments in the service, one of the best.

CHAPTER II

EGMONT-OP-ZEE AND COPENHAGEN

BROCK was soon to realize his dream of active service. Europe was in a turmoil. Bonaparte's ambition was insatiable, and unless effective opposition was offered quickly, he was in a fair way to over-run the Continent. England, under Pitt, was averse to participation in the Continental wars, but the prime minister saw that to keep out meant real danger. In 1798 Pitt agreed with Russia that an army should be sent to Holland, which was at that time occupied by France under the name of the Batavian Republic. The ultimate aim of the allies was to seize Northern France, and thus hold Bonaparte in check. Of the 25,000 men which England agreed to send, the 49th, Brock's regiment, was a part.

In early August of 1799 the first detachment of this invading army, 10,000 men, left England, under command of Sir Ralph Abercromby. He was to pave the way for the larger allied force under the Duke of York, which would leave as soon as the advance guard had landed in Holland. Brock took his men with Sir Ralph. The 49th was part of the brigade commanded by Major-General John Moore, who, later, fell at Corunna in Spain.

Nearly two hundred vessels were needed to convey Abercromby's division. Ships were different in those days from the great transports that have carried our own Canadians to France. The expedition set off in fair enough weather, but hardly had they set sail before they encountered real opposition in the heavy seas and strong winds of the North Sea. It was not till two weeks later, towards the end of August, that they were able to anchor off the Dutch coast. While the army landed, the fleet fired heavy volleys on the enemy's position on the low sand hills which fringed the shore. A few hours later the British occupied the Helder Peninsula, though it cost them hours of stern fighting and the loss of a thousand men.

The weather continued against the invaders. The British had no protection from the heavy rains and bitter winds, and they could do nothing but await reinforcements. Meanwhile they had several short and sharp, but minor engagements. In a few days the Duke of York arrived with the remainder of the British forces, about 7,000, and was joined shortly afterwards by 10,000 Russians. Much time was taken up by the landings and the adjusting of the forces, during which the enemy, protected from the storms, made stronger his position. On September 19th the Duke ordered an attack on Bergen, but the Russians, who were impetuous and unused to military discipline, blundered badly, and the attack failed.

On October 2nd a more determined attack was made upon Bergen, during which Moore's brigade led the advance along the sand to Egmont-op-Zee. This was Brock's first real battle. The enemy, concealed in the sand-dunes, offered heavy opposition. The 49th, with the rest of the 4th Brigade, were the advance guard for a column of 10,000 men under Sir Ralph Abercromby, and moved along the low-lying coast line for five or six miles before they were halted by what Brock described as gunfire comparable to "a sea in a heavy storm." General Moore ordered the 25th and then the 79th to charge. The 49th came up on the left of the 79th, and while they were held ready, Brock, disregarding personal safety, rode out to view the position. He returned, and taking six companies, which left Lieutenant-Colonel Sheaffe, his regimental second in command, in charge of the other four, covering his left, cried "Charge!"

The men crashed forward, in sorry array from the point of view of order, but with such daring and boldness that the enemy fled before them. This was Brock's first victory, and a real victory it was, though it cost him over a hundred men and several officers. Brock, describing the action, wrote to his home that "nothing could exceed the gallantry of my men in the charge." He himself had a narrow escape. He was looking over the ground he had taken when a bullet struck him, and, says his brother Savery, who was an aide to General Moore, and present, "the violence of the blow was so great as to stun and dismount him, and his holsters were also shot through." Luckily he was wearing a thick muffler over his cravat, and the bullet did not penetrate to his neck.

Savery Brock shared his brother's indomitable courage. He was paymaster to the 49th, but anxious to be in at the fighting. He disregarded his brother's instructions and was in the thick of it. "By the Lord Harry, Master Savery," said Brock, "did I not order you, unless you remained with the general, to stay with your iron chest? Go back, sir, immediately." But Savery detected the pride as well as the rebuke in Isaac's tone and answered cheerfully: "Mind your regiment, Master Isaac! You surely would not have me quit the field now?"

But though Abercromby's column was successful at Egmont-op-Zee, the operation against Bergen was a failure through the defeat of the other columns. The allies retreated. They were in an unenviable position. A winter campaign was out of the question, and food and supplies could be had only from the ships at anchor, since Holland was so uncertain a quantity. So the expedition fitted out at great expense and very hopeful of success, ended in the shameful abandonment of Holland to the French. The British returned to England, while the Russians wintered in the Channel Islands. Brock learned much from Egmont-op-Zee, and if on the whole the campaign was inglorious, his own part had been a worthy one and the experience was invaluable.

Brock's regiment on its return from Holland was quartered in Jersey, where it remained until early in 1801. By this time Britain found herself forced to fight a multiplicity of foes. Even Russia had gone over to the enemy, whose forces daily grew larger and who were spending time and money in preparation. The line-up looked unequal. On the one side was Britain. On the other was France, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia. Denmark and Russia had a large fleet in the Baltic. If the fleets of these two nations should combine with that of France, British supremacy on the sea would be endangered. As long as she ruled the waves she was safe from the schemings of Napoleon. Although war had not been declared, a naval expedition against Denmark as the pivotal foe was decided upon.

Meanwhile there was more trouble in Brock's regiment. His second in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Sheaffe was a brave soldier, but he laid too much stress on the necessity for rigid and even harsh rule. The men were sick of this unnecessarily stern disciplinarian who, unlike Brock, did not temper justice with kindness, and were daily growing more resentful. On one occasion, when Brock returned after a temporary absence, his men on parade cheered him wildly. He sensed in a moment the situation. He knew that Sheaffe was needlessly autocratic, and he could see that the men had grown more and more dissatisfied. Still the display of rejoicing at his return was a flagrant breach of army discipline. Unwillingly enough, he ordered his men to be confined to barracks for a week. We can appreciate what it cost him, under these circumstances, to be stern.

When the fleet was ready for action it was despatched to the Baltic under the command of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson as second in command. With the fleet went a land force under the command of Colonel William Stewart, a fine soldierly man, who had the virtues of initiative and action; Brock with the 49th accompanied Colonel Stewart, to whom he stood next in seniority. When the expedition reached its destination it was decided to attack Copenhagen at once with a portion of the fleet and the land forces, all under the command of Lord Nelson.

Brock, who with a part of his regiment had his station on the *Ganges*, had instructions to lead in the storming of the Trekoner batteries. The attack, however, did not take place. The Danes offered such a spirited resistance that the British infantry never got a chance to do their part. In fact, they remained inactive through the engagement. They could only wait and watch, quartered for the moment on the decks of British vessels, and suffer heavy fusillade from the Danish batteries and ships. The Danes pounded the British squadron hard. Brock, on the deck, had several narrow escapes, while his brother Savery, again to be found where the bullets were thickest, was firing a gun. Savery was momentarily stunned by grape shot, and Isaac rushing to him, cried: "Ah, poor Savery is dead." But Savery was far from dead and proved it by leaping to his feet with his usual nonchalant smile, and continued behind his gun.

Towards the end of the battle, Brock, accompanied Captain Freemantle of the *Ganges* to the *Elephant*, Nelson's flagship. He saw Nelson write his celebrated message to the Crown Prince of Denmark, which ran, "Lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark, when no longer resisting; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, Lord Nelson will be obliged to set on fire the floating batteries he has taken, without having the power to save the brave Danes who have defended them." The Danes were compelled to bow to Nelson's ultimatum, and surrender. Thus the courage of Nelson had saved Britain from attack. The defeat of the Danes, followed as it was by the death of the Czar of Russia, broke up the coalition. Britain was no longer in danger.

Brock himself learned much from the Battle of the Baltic. He took heed of Nelson's wise and bold action in continuing the engagement in the face of definite orders from Sir Hyde Parker to retire, and pigeon-holed the occurrence in his mind. Eleven years later he himself was to take a similarly bold and strong course when he sent his message to General Hull commanding the American forces at Detroit, even though his commander-in-chief had instructed him not to attack the enemy. But Brock, after Copenhagen, knew that it sometimes paid to risk all and say: "What men dare, I dare!"

CHAPTER III

CANADA: MUTINY IN THE 49TH

BROCK collected his men and returned to England. At Copenhagen it will be remembered that he had part of the regiment with him on the *Ganges*, but others had been on different vessels. In August of 1801 he reviewed the 49th at Colchester, to which place they were ordered. They were now experienced, in some sort, in battle and had shown themselves to be brave soldiers. Brock could look with pride on the men he had trained.

In the spring of the next year the 49th Regiment was ordered to Canada. Probably Brock received his orders regretfully. It meant leaving Europe when in England war was daily imminent, and Brock, as a man of action, loved action. So did his men. America, at this time, was peaceable enough, and even had Canada been attractive in other ways, the commander and men of the 49th would rather have stayed where there was a prospect of fighting. Moreover, Canada was deemed, at that time, a land of hard weather and few attractions. It was little known and supposed to be even less livable. The journey over the Atlantic was feared by some, far more than the fire of the enemy in battle. The 49th had no very pleasant memories of garrison duty, and this was all there was to look forward to.

We can imagine a not very cheerful regiment crossing the uncertain and treacherous ocean under conditions much less agreeable than exist to-day.

One wonders what must have been Brock's thoughts when he first saw the St. Lawrence. He was seaborne, and the salt and the breeze were his inheritance. He must have been greatly impressed as the ship sailed up the stately river, its shores heavily wooded and all the wonder of its rolling might stretched out in front of him. He came in time to Quebec, and no doubt as his eyes rested on those defences which had withstood siege after siege, his thoughts often turned to Wolfe and Montcalm and how, within this area on which he now gazed, they had made history. He was by now a man of grave and serious character and, as many another in lowlier state has done since, he may have asked himself what this vast unknown country held for him. It was to hold much, and he for it.

We may try and think, for a moment, what the Canada of those early years looked like to this newcomer from the Mother country. There were not more than three hundred thousand people in this country of ours whose people now number over eight million. More than half were in Lower Canada. Brock was a military man and he early noticed how badly protected were the supposedly fortified posts. York, the capital of Upper Canada, had no defences. Montreal, the greatest city then as now, had little to repel attack. Kingston had fairly good fortifications, and Quebec was in a position stubbornly to resist an enemy. These things Brock came soon to see.

Perhaps even more portentous to Brock was the state of mind of the average soldier in Canada. These men had come from Britain where the garrison life was pleasant and full of incident and where the cities offered excitement and amusement. Canada was a great contrast. It was sparsely populated. There were no cities, as these British soldiers understood the term, and the sameness of the life aroused unrest and discontent. The United States offered an easy refuge for deserters. There was to be had across the border the daily eventfulness and excitement which soldiers wanted. Desertions were frequent, and becoming more so, and Brock saw the danger for his men of the 49th. He did all he could to make their lot, under not very accommodating circumstances, a happy one, but the spirit of the regiment was not the cheerful one it had been a year or so before.

Brock had not been long in Canada before trouble began in the regiment. He had an idea that one of his men, Carr by name, was waiting his chance to desert. He questioned him closely, but the man was sullen. "Tell me the truth like a man," said Brock. "You know I have always treated you kindly." The man broke down at the words and tone of his commander and confessed that he and others were planning to desert to the United States. Here we see that Brock was a man who knew human nature. He decided to cure by kindness, and he ordered Carr to tell his companions of what had happened. "Tell them that, notwithstanding what you have told me, I shall still treat you all kindly," he said. "Let them desert me if they please." Wise Isaac Brock! He knew the value of placing a man on his honor.

After a short stay at Quebec, Brock and his men began their journey to York, the small but important town that was later to become the great city of Toronto. The 49th journeyed by water, for there were no trains. A schooner took the men up to Montreal, where, after resting, they took boats up the St. Lawrence. Picture what it meant to brave the wildness and storm of our great river, to these voyagers a waterway quite unknown, in small and open boats. They had a new experience in portaging their boats where the rapids were too strong for them. They plied their oars through the exquisite loveliness of the Thousand Islands, and Brock, remembering the fairyland of Guernsey, must have marvelled at this country which, in one place, had a thousand islands, some of them almost as big as Sark. Eventually the 49th arrived at Kingston, the second stage. They made the rest of the journey over Lake Ontario in another swiftly sailing schooner.

By the time the whole trip was completed Brock had been afforded much food for thought. He saw a country whose resources were barely touched. Where we now have thriving communities, he saw settlements where the people might be counted by handfuls. In the long journey up the St. Lawrence the abundance of fish and game and the vast sources of wealth contained in the land alone must have amazed him. He came from a country across which the stage coach could travel in two or three days. But his journey across but a section of Canada took him weeks. In England the lakes were not a twentieth of the size of the one upon which York stood. The meadows and lanes of England were a far cry from the densely timbered stretches of Canada. The contrast between his country and ours is sharp enough to-day. It must have been infinitely more so when Brock made his first Canadian journey.

It was not long after the pardoning of Carr that Brock had again to face a similar trouble. Part of his

men had gone on to Fort George, while the others remained with him at York. Brock's kind treatment of Carr had had a salutary effect upon most of the regiment, but there were still a few malcontents. The next summer six of these, at the instigation of a corporal in another regiment stationed near, deserted, and in a military batteau—a big flat-bottomed boat, forty feet in length—which they had stolen, started for Niagara. Brock, the man of action, thought quickly. He took his servant, Dobson, and manning two boats, started in pursuit. It was midnight and Lake Ontario was to Brock an unknown quantity, but the boy who had played with the English Channel in all its moods was unafraid. After a hard row the pursuers reached Fort George in the morning, and search parties were organized. The deserters were secured and made prisoners at Fort George. Brock was as stern this time as he had been kind before, and his prompt action and personal pursuit put an end to desertions when he himself was commanding the regiment. It is said that the commander-in-chief, Lieutenant-General Hunter, who was then at York, was very much annoyed with Brock for risking his life by going in person to seek the deserters and read him a severe lecture on his conduct.

Brock spent a good deal of time familiarizing himself with the Canadas, or Lower Canada and Upper Canada as they then were. He made many journeys to Montreal and Kingston by stage and by boat. From Quebec to Montreal was sixty leagues, and horses must be changed twenty-four times on the journey which took three days. Brock did a good deal of sailing too, for he had to get from York to Kingston and Montreal. Canoe and horse-ferry were often employed. The former was certainly new to Brock, and even more novel were the Indians who often manned it. Packman and *voyageur* excited Brock's eager interest, and from them he learned much that was to be valuable in years to come. He got to know the French-Canadian intimately too; saw him in his native habitat and spent time in studying him as he did the folk of Ontario. Nothing escaped his quick eye and quicker mentality. He believed in acquainting himself with the people with whom he had to deal, and his detailed knowledge of them placed him in a position accurately to estimate the help they could give him if ever Canada should be attacked. He could not be unmindful of the way in which thousands of American settlers were coming into his adopted country. The people across the border recognized the wonderful resources of Canada, and as land was cheap they flocked over to possess it. Even in these early days Brock must have seen signs of the very real menace which ultimately was to come from the United States.

Meanwhile there was a serious disturbance at Fort George. Lieutenant-Colonel Sheaffe was commanding that part of the 49th which was stationed there, and we have seen that he was too harsh a disciplinarian ever to command a contented as well as an efficient body of men. For the slightest offence he punished his men very heavily. These were the days of heavy punishment alike in civilian and military misdemeanours. Where the soldier to-day would merit a rebuke, in Brock's day he was supposed to deserve and got a flogging. Sentences like 999 lashes from the "Cat", which was often steeped in brine to heighten the pain, were frequently carried out, and that for such small sins as quitting barracks without permission or being deficient in a detail of parade dress. The cells, too, were constantly occupied. Lieutenant-Colonel Sheaffe seems to have delighted in inflicting these punishments. His methods were a direct contrast to those of his senior, Brock. Small wonder, then, that his men were resentful, and finally so hot in their anger that their plans included wholesale mutiny, the murder of Sheaffe, and the imprisonment of the rest of the officers. The ringleader was a certain Sergeant Clarke.

When Clarke had his plans all ready an accidental word was dropped by a soldier in the 49th. A hurried meeting of the officers discussed the situation, and word was quickly sent to Brock, it is said without the knowledge of Sheaffe. The soldier who bore the message had a bad reputation in the regiment, and Brock at once jumped to the conclusion that the man himself was implicated in the plot. Under stern questioning and threats of severe punishment the soldier broke down and told the whole story, together with the names of the ringleaders. Accompanied by Sergeant-Major FitzGibbon, Brock set sail that very hour and landed at Fort George long before he was expected by the waiting officers. The guard at the east gate of the fort was headed by Sergeant Clarke himself, and Brock ordered him to lay down his pike and take off sword and sash. When this was done, O'Brien, next in command, was ordered to handcuff the sergeant, and a third soldier, in turn, to manacle O'Brien. Almost before the officers who had asked his assistance knew that he had arrived, Brock had the twelve leaders of the plot in irons, and, they, with the seven deserters already mentioned, were sent to York under guard.

We have read the story of Carr's intended mutiny, and we have seen that Brock could be kind and indeed cure by kindness. He knew when to punish and when to stay his hand. In the case of Clarke he saw that an example must be made, so that his authority over his men might be seen by them to be a thing not lightly to be set aside. This time he showed no mercy.

The affair was now one for the commander-in-chief of the forces, Lieutenant-General Hunter. The men were sent to Quebec, and there tried. Four of the conspirators and three of the deserters were sentenced to death, and on March 2nd, 1804, the sentence was carried out, greatly to Brock's grief. He was big-hearted and clear-headed enough to know that Lieutenant-Colonel Sheaffe had been to a large extent responsible in arousing the evil passions which had resulted in the conspiracy, and while he recognized that the punishment was just he could not help but think that the delinquents were more foolish than criminal. When at York, he got news of the execution, he addressed a full parade of his men. He thought of the fate of the men who had been with him in Holland, and he was grave and bitterly sorry when he said: "Since I have had the honor to wear the British uniform, I have never felt grief like this. It pains me to the heart to think that any members of my regiment should have engaged in a conspiracy which has led to their being shot like so many dogs."

CHAPTER IV

RUMORS OF WAR

BROCK, in 1805, was made full colonel. After the incident of the mutiny he had taken over the active command at Fort George as well as at York, and at the former, as at the latter, a new and kindlier order of discipline was worked out. In this, Lieutenant-Colonel Sheaffe seems to have helped. No doubt he was influenced by reflecting on the trouble he had helped to cause. Later on, in reporting the excellent discipline of the 49th, Brock gave a good deal of the credit to Sheaffe. Desertions were in bad odor, for the commanding officer gave his men no reason for leaving him.

In October Brock went to England on leave. While he was glad to see his old friends again, he made business his first consideration and discussed with the British commander-in-chief, the Duke of York, the military situation in the Canadas. He proposed the establishment of veteran battalions. He instanced the attractiveness of desertion to the soldier quartered near the United States border and pointed out that the immigration from the United States to Canada of undesirable settlers—undesirable since they owed no allegiance to the British flag—might possibly counterbalance the devotion of the United Empire Loyalists. He suggested that these veterans should serve a certain time and that they should then be given an opportunity to settle on the land. The Duke warmly thanked Brock, and later on the plan was adopted.

Brock turned his steps Guernsey-wards, but after a few days there news of real trouble with the United States made it imperative that he should return to his command. Shortening his leave, he set sail on June 26th, 1806, and never returned to England.

When he arrived in Quebec he found himself the senior officer of military rank in the Canadas and, as such, at once assumed the command of all the forces.

The war cloud was gathering. Although Nelson's victory at Trafalgar had finally shattered Napoleon's dream of invading England, he still hoped to cripple her by destroying her commerce and cutting off her food supply. Rapidly he subjugated Austria and Prussia, and when these two countries were at his feet, from the capital of Prussia he issued the famous Berlin Decree. This decree forbade France or any of her allies to trade with Britain and declared that *any* ship engaged in such trade might be lawfully seized as a prize of war. Britain did not meekly submit, but by various orders in council forbade the ships of any nation to trade with France or any of her allies. Both the Berlin Decree and the orders in council were very high handed proceedings and bore with special severity on the neutral nations.

At this time the relations between the United States and Great Britain were very strained. In order to maintain her navy at its full strength, Britain had revived her ancient "right of search." She claimed and exercised the right to search the ships of neutral nations to find if they were carrying British subjects who were deserters from the British navy. The United States protested strongly against this action of Great Britain, holding that once a British seaman had crossed the decks of an American ship he was an American, and, moreover, she declined to acknowledge any right of Great Britain to hold up and to search her ships on the chance of finding deserters. And now came the British orders in council as a further source of irritation.

It is true that the commerce of the United States with foreign nations had practically ceased as a result of the actions of the warring powers in Europe, but for this the Berlin Decrees were as much to blame as the orders in council. In fact at this time the United States suffered innumerable humiliations at the hands of the French. But in spite of this the whole anger of the United States seemed to be directed against Great Britain. The bitterness produced by the Revolutionary War had not yet died down, and there was a strong party in the country who made it its business to increase the flame of hatred. This party looked with covetous eyes on Canada, and desired to incorporate it into the United States. Without question that was the underlying reason for the War of 1812-14.

President Jefferson was a bitter enemy of Great Britain. While Brock was still in England, the president addressed Congress and said that "the impressment of American seamen by British cruisers, not at all checked by the remonstrances of the American Government, was a growing source of irritation and complaint.... She [Britain] plainly showed a disposition to narrow the limits of the commerce of neutrals by denying to them the right of carrying on a trade with belligerents which she did not interdict with her own subjects." Britain's view was that as she was trying to beat the man who was doing his best to conquer Europe, the United States should see that if extreme measures were necessary they must be borne with, even though they hurt for the moment.

At the end of 1805 President Jefferson went further. He came out flatly and said that "the foreign relations of the United States had been materially changed since the preceding session." He charged Britain with piracy and infesting the American coast with private armed vessels, "which had perpetrated acts beyond their commission." And he said: "It is due to ourselves to provide effective opposition to a doctrine which is as infamous as it is unwarranted."

Brock recognized the veiled threat in the words "effective opposition" and was convinced that Jefferson and that section of the United States for which he stood wanted war. Hence his quick return to Canada. He knew that Jefferson's first act in the event of war would be to try and get control of the lakes and rivers and to capture the fortified posts. Brock realized better than any man how weak was the resistance that could be offered unless the defences of the Canadas were immediately strengthened. As soon as he had taken up his new command he set about preparing the defence Canada was to offer. In this he was hampered rather than helped by the civil authorities. The governor-general of the Canadas at this time, Sir Robert Prescott, does not seem to have taken his position very seriously, and Thomas Dunn, president of the Executive Council, the man with whom Brock had directly to deal, appears to have been of one mind with Prescott.

Early in 1807, Brock was greatly heartened by proposals from Colonel John Macdonell, who was lieutenant of the county of Glengarry and had been for four years commanding officer of the Glengarry Militia Regiment, for forming a company of Highland Fencibles. Brock forwarded the scheme to the war office in London and backed it up. It would be, he said, "essentially useful in checking any seditious disposition which the wavering sentiments of a large population in the Montreal district might at any time manifest." This is an indication that Brock was by no means sure which way the *habitant* would go in case of war.

Brock thought he had ground for his suspicions, and he decided to get to know the folk of Lower Canada better. When Sir James Craig arrived in Quebec, Brock's tenure of the office of commander-in-chief ended. Sir James became that and governor-general in one, but he appointed Brock as acting brigadier-general. This was confirmed in London. Brock was sent to Montreal in command of the troops there and quartered in the old Chateau de Ramesay at Montreal, then a rich centre and the only city of pleasure and gaiety in Canada.

In Montreal he managed to see a good deal of the fur lords and great business men of the place. He entered into their social life, and the French-Canadian then, as now, knew how to be hospitable. This gave the brigadier a chance to judge somewhat as to where French-Canada stood, and he had even better facilities when, in September, 1808, he was superseded in the Montreal command by General Drummond and was moved back to Quebec. Here he had many friends and he entertained and was entertained. All sorts of regattas and land sports were held by the officers of the garrison and, here, as in Montreal, he found a good deal of pleasure in social affairs. He writes of "a vast assemblage of all descriptions"—an occasion when he entertained Lieutenant-Governor Gore, of Upper Canada, and his wife at a dinner and ball. During these days he unquestionably became reassured as to the loyalty of the people of Lower Canada.

He had perhaps been unduly suspicious. The people of Lower Canada, of course, were almost entirely of French descent. They spoke French, and Brock feared that in a Franco-America alliance, French Canada would remember its descent and support Napoleon. There were signs of leaning France-wards. The French Canadians publicly rejoiced when news of a fresh victory for Napoleon reached them, and Brock at first certainly deemed them disloyal. He so expressed himself in his letters again and again. He could not understand why they should be, for they were much freer and happier under British rule than they had been when Bigot and others, during the French regime, had governed them. Yet even in the early days, Brock was in two minds about them for he wrote: "It may appear surprising that men petted as they have been and indulged in everything they could desire should wish for a change, but so it is, and I am inclined to think that were Englishmen placed in the same situation they would show even more impatience to escape from French rule."

But, on the whole, Brock need not have feared. The French Canadians did not want another rule. Their priests and men in high authority were loyal to Britain, and they represented the mass of opinion more than the Napoleonic or American agent who was to be found here and there in Lower Canada.

In these days, Brock was not particularly happy. He was worried by the possibility of war, and taking it on the whole he was not in love with Canada. Perhaps he was homesick. He heard of former comrades winning their spurs on the battlefields of Europe, and he compared their lot to his in a "remote, inactive corner" as he dubbed Canada in a letter to England. And we know that he had enlisted his brother Savery's efforts to have him transferred. It was natural. He was a man of action and had as keen a desire as any soldier for risk and fame.

Brock's first measure in strengthening the defences of Canada was to make Quebec attack-proof. Sir Guy Carleton, in 1775-1776, had defended Quebec against American forces under General Montgomery. There might soon be another attack, and Brock wanted to have Quebec in such shape that it could repel invasion. He appealed to the council for a thousand men and sufficient carts for six months to strengthen the walls. But the civil government of Lower Canada thought his move was a political one and gave little or no aid. They told him he must do the work himself, and he did. In a letter to the president of the council he scouts the suspicions of the civil government and states that his "sole object was to state the assistance required by the military to remedy a glaring defect in the fortifications of Quebec, should his Honor conceive that preparatory measures were necessary to be adopted in consequence ... of the ... aggressive proceedings in the proclamation of the American Government."

He went ahead and erected a battery mounting eight thirty-six pounders in the centre of the citadel at Quebec, commanding the heights opposite. This was first christened "Brock's Battery," but when the newly-arrived governor-general, Sir James Craig, saw it, he thought, says Brock, "that anything so pre-eminent should be distinguished by the most exalted name." It was therefore called "The King's Battery," and, wrote Brock, "this is the greatest compliment that he could pay to my judgment."

Altogether, at great expense, the fortifications of Quebec were greatly improved. Proper drill grounds were made and a good hospital created. Quartermasters at Amherstburg and Kingston were appointed to take charge of new fleets of schooners and military batteaux which he had constructed.

He was not a moment too soon with his work. The international situation was rapidly complicating. Mention has been made of Britain's stopping and searching American vessels for British deserters. This continued and became more general, and there does not seem to be room for doubt that, in some cases, British commanders were very autocratic. They gave the United States legitimate cause for complaint by sometimes carrying off seamen whom they pretended were British, but who were really American citizens. The case of the *Chesapeake* brought matters to a head. It was suspected by Admiral Berkeley, stationed at Halifax, that some sailors, whose offence was particularly flagrant, had deserted from the British sloop *Halifax* and had found refuge on the *Chesapeake*. The Admiral ordered Captain Humphreys of the frigate *Leopard* to insist on the return of these deserters. Commodore Barron commanding the *Chesapeake* refused point blank to surrender the men in question, and

Humphreys fired on the United States frigate, which did not return the fire. She was seized, and the deserters secured by the British commander. Naturally the United States threatened war. This was answered by an honorable apology from Britain, however, and the war cloud passed for the moment. But Brock thought it could not long be delayed. The heart of the trouble was still there, and sooner or later the irritation which each nation felt at the other was bound to find outlet in actual conflict. Hence Brock's rush to make preparations for adequate defence.

CHAPTER V

MOVED TO UPPER CANADA

IN 1809 Brock learned that Brigadier-General Baron de Rottenberg was coming to Canada. He knew that as the Baron was his senior in the service he would probably be the appointee of Sir James Craig to the commanding position. About this time he wrote to his sister-in-law, Mrs. W. Brock: "The spirit of insubordination lately manifested by the French Canadian population of this colony naturally called for precautionary measures, and our worthy chief (Sir James) is induced, in consequence, to retain in this country those on whom he can best confide. I am highly flattered in being reckoned among the number, whatever inward disappointment I may feel. Some unpleasant events have likewise happened in the upper country which have occasioned my receiving intimation to proceed thither, whether as a permanent station, or merely as a temporary visit, Sir James Craig has not determined." Evidently Brock still had at the back of his mind an idea that the French in Lower Canada would welcome again the suzerainty of France.

In July Sir James, when Rottenberg came, sent Brock to Upper Canada and, in September, with his goods and chattels, chiefly consisting of books which, we have seen, he learned to love as a boy, he moved to Fort George, Niagara. He had not been there a month before he again felt restless and anxious to get back to some post where he might see service, for he expressed a desire to serve with the British forces who were then in Spain and Portugal. The adjutant-general, Colonel Baynes, however, replied that Sir James Craig informed him that he did not think the state of the public service would warrant his relieving Brock from duty in Upper Canada.

Brock busied himself with the duties attendant on his position and seems to have spent a good deal of time, as he had done in Quebec, in trying to gain the confidence of the people. He early saw that the upper province was by no means restful and his suspicions of a few years ago that the American immigrants were unsettling the province were thus confirmed.

In June, 1811, he was promoted to the rank of major-general. Sir James Craig, with the excuse of ill-health, resigned the position of governor-general and left for England. Sir James was ill, but he had incensed Lower Canada so much that his departure at this time was the best service he could render the country. Before he went he begged Brock to remain in Canada. "Your presence is needed here," he said. And a little later, as an earnest of what the governor-general thought of him, Brock received a letter from Colonel Baynes in which he said: "He (Sir James) requests that you will do him the favor to accept as a legacy and mark of his very sincere regard his favorite horse Alfred, and he is induced to send him to you, not only from wishing to secure for his old favorite a kind and careful master, but from the conviction that the whole continent of America could not furnish you with so safe and excellent an horse?"

Three months later Sir George Prevost, who was the new governor-general of and commander of the forces in Canada, appointed Brock president and administrator of the government of Upper Canada, in place of the lieutenant-governor who had obtained leave to visit England. Upper Canada needed him, and Sir George Prevost made a wise move in this appointment. Bad feeling between Britain generally and the United States had developed in connection with the Canadas.

Before Craig left for England, amongst the matters he had discussed with Brock was that of possible trouble between the Indians in Canada and United States border citizens. Sir James Craig's policy is outlined in a letter to Brock: "Upon every principle of policy our interests should lead us to use all our endeavors to prevent a rupture between the Indians and the subjects of the United States." Brock appreciated the wisdom of this and followed it out. He instructed those under him, who had charge of territory inhabited by these Indians, to keep a tight rein on their maraudings and pillagings and did all he could to discourage border crime. But, doubtless to his amazement, in the summer of 1811, the government of the United States accused British officers in Canada of actually aiding and abetting the Indians in their lawlessness. Brock, naturally, had a hard enough row to hoe, for though he must deprecate the cruelty of the Indians, he was anxious to preserve friendliness with them, since, should war come, he desired them as allies, or at any rate, did not want them as enemies. His position was difficult.

This was but one of the perplexities which the new administrator of Upper Canada had to face. Just about this time, domestic trouble caused him great anxiety. He had two brothers in London, William and Irving. They were partners in a private bank. Serious financial troubles had been caused by the wars in Europe, and in New York failures had been many. Brock, in a letter to his brother Irving, reporting these, prophesied a financial crash in London. He hoped they had "withheld their confidence in public stock." Unfortunately, they had not, and owing to the depredations of Napoleon's privateers upon the boats belonging to his banker-brothers, the latter had had to close their house. When the books were examined there was an item of £3,000, which appeared as a debt owed to the bank by Isaac Brock. This was really a personal loan by William Brock to Isaac, but as the transaction appeared in the books, Brock deemed himself liable. That was a small matter, however, compared to the trouble which the bank's affairs had made between William and Irving. Irving blamed his brother William for the smash.

Brock wrote from Canada to Irving imploring his kindness to William. "Hang the world! It is not worth a thought," he wrote. "Be generous, and find silent comfort in being so." Brock knew how his brother William, who had been so kind to him, was suffering. "Why refuse him consolation"? his letter to Irving read. "Could tears restore him he would soon be happy.... My thoughts are fixed on you all and the last thing that gives me any concern is the call which Savery prepared me to expect from the creditors."

Great hearted Brock! It meant much to him just now to find £3,000, but the suffering of William and

the breach between the brothers meant far more.

He felt that, with an effort he could wipe out his own debt. To Irving he offered his salary as acting lieutenant-governor, which was about \$5,000 a year. He might, had he been any but the just and honorable man he was, have paid his debt by money made unfairly out of his office; but, unlike many public men in Canada before and since, he refused to be a profiteer. Speaking of his opportunities for finding the money, he wrote to Irving Brock: "Be satisfied that even your stern honesty shall have no just cause to censure one of my actions."

Brock was a great soldier, but he was also a great public servant, and greater in nothing than his rugged and immaculate honesty. Canada to-day would be better for more Isaac Brocks!

We are coming to an important time alike for Brock and Canada and some description of his appearance will be interesting. A lionlike head crowned a splendidly tall body. It was said that he did not find it easy to get a hat in Canada to fit him. He was fair-headed and of a ruddy complexion. The gray-blue eyes, added to his fairness, made him more Anglo-Saxon than Norman in type. He was bluffly handsome, and his genial smile was the index to a pervading and unceasing kindness. He was indeed a gentle man, and so a gentleman. Somebody might aptly have said of him, in Martin Tupper's words: "Yet is that giant very gentleness."

We have touched, before this, on the abundant largeness of his heart. He had nothing petty about him. He was glad to praise others when they deserved it, and he was too big a man to steal the credit that belonged to subordinates. He was a man of example as well as of precept, and he knew the greater worth of the example. He was essentially humane and therefore human. And he had the saving grace of a sense of humor.

He was a man of real lovingkindness—with all that that grand old word means—towards his fellows. Once a certain Hogan deserted from the 49th. Describing this he said: "A fair damsel persuaded him to this act of madness, for the poor fellow cannot possibly gain his bread by labor, as he has half killed himself by excessive drinking, and we know he cannot live upon love alone." Brock was not angry; he was compassionate. He was always sensible of difficulties and never underestimated them. But he never appraised them too highly. FitzGibbon, afterwards the hero of Beaver Dam, tells an experience which shows this. At the time FitzGibbon was a sergeant-major. Brock ordered him to do something which was admittedly difficult. FitzGibbon said he was sorry, but it was impossible. "By the Lord Harry," cried Brock, "don't tell me it is impossible. Nothing should be impossible to a soldier. The word 'impossible' should not be in a soldier's dictionary." FitzGibbon never forgot that and often quoted it to the men under him, when they were downhearted and inclined to deem things impossible of attainment.

Brock's outstanding characteristic was his white humanity. His men loved him because, though far removed from them in position and station, he was one with them and one for them.

His headquarters were now at York. He was sure and surer of war with the United States, and even in December of 1811, he told Sir George Prevost that, in case of war, he thought Canada should seize Mackinaw and Detroit immediately. This, he submitted, would impress the Indians, and also hold up an invading army. Acting on his advice, Sir George Prevost ordered two armed schooners, the *Prince Regent* and the *Lady Prevost* to be equipped, one for each of the two lakes, Ontario and Erie.

Early next year, Brock declined a command in Spain which the home government offered him, requesting to stay in Canada. He had a great deal on hand. He had a frontier of 1,300 miles to defend, and that needed many men and much material. He was greatly concerned about securing these.

In his first address to the House of Assembly at York in February, 1812, Brock gave striking evidence that he was thoroughly master of the political situation in Upper Canada. He had in his ears the shrill bombast of the political leaders in the United States and knew just how to estimate it. A president had recently declared that the capture of Canada was a "mere matter of marching." A Massachusetts officer offered to "capture Canada by contract, raise a company, and take it in six weeks." Henry Clay "verily believed that the militia of Kentucky alone were competent to place Canada at the feet of Americans." Said Brock: "We wish and hope for peace, but it is nevertheless our duty to be prepared for war."

He received the support of the Assembly, and, that spring, was more soldier than governor. He got to know the Six Nations Indians on the Grand River. He raised companies of militia. He set about the additional defence of the Niagara frontier and saw that through. He had only 1,450 British regulars,—and just how far it was safe to arm Canada's dozen thousand men who were said to be ready to bear arms, he did not know.

Meanwhile war was almost upon him. May saw large detachments of United States soldiers sent to Detroit and Niagara. At the latter border they were drilling busily, and this and kindred signs of war seems to have got on Brock's nerves. Since war was to come, he was impatient at delay. He wanted to take the two posts he had mentioned in the first sharp attack, and thus hearten his people. He knew the value to be placed upon *morale*. On June 18th, 1812, war against Great Britain was declared by President Madison, with the consent of the Congress of the United States of America. The president placed an embargo on shipping. He raised a public subscription fund and issued a call for a hundred thousand volunteers.

CHAPTER VI

A FOOLISH BOAST

"A HOUSE divided against itself cannot stand." The United States was not a union—for war. While Henry Clay and ex-President Jefferson were breathing out their threatenings and slaughter, New England refused to concur in the country's wisdom in declaring war, and Boston flew its flags at half-mast. And if the United States was not whole in spirit, she was certainly not in material things. Her soldiers though many, were raw. Her treasury was empty.

Canada, however, was even worse off. Prevost was of the opinion that Quebec was about the only place that could be held against the enemy. Certainly 950 regulars and marines and 550 militia had a gigantic task in the defending of seven forts, from Kingston to Fort St. Joseph, in covering a straggling and wretchedly protected frontier, and in patrolling the huge sheets of water which are our lake district. Even Brock, outwardly optimistic, fully expected that he would be able to do little at first. He had to deal with a governor-general who apparently had no perception and no sense of proportion. Brock at York had received word of war from the House of Astor in New York, earlier even than some of the United States commanders were apprised of it. He was a man of action, and he was for action, and that at once. He believed that often the best defence is attack, and he chafed under the restraint, anything but wise under these circumstances, of Sir George Prevost, who daily adjured him not to strike the first blow. This continued for three weeks after war was declared. Meanwhile General Hull was marching through Ohio and Michigan to Detroit, from thence to attack Canada!

Brock saw what Prevost did not see, the significance to the Indians of an initial victory. If Canada won the first battle, the border Indians would rally to the Union Jack. They were a considerable factor and had been canvassed by American agents for many months in the endeavor to persuade them, in the event of war, to join with the United States. But Prevost fiddled while Brock burned with indignation!

Almost his first act, when war was declared, was to issue instructions to Captain Charles Roberts, who commanded at Fort St. Joseph, to take Mackinaw Island. In Robert's command were 150 French-Canadians. Though this was contrary to the orders of Sir George Prevost, Roberts did as Brock told him. The fall of Mackinaw meant the capture of much ammunition, many guns, and a rich stock of furs. It also meant a favorable impression on the Indians, which Brock knew to be of first importance, and an impression which at once made itself felt.

By July 5th, General Hull with his men had reached Detroit. Seven days later he crossed the river to Sandwich, losing on his way prisoners, baggage, stores, and private war-papers to Lieutenant Roulette of the British sloop *Hunter*. This capture was of the utmost importance, as it was the information gained from the seized papers that decided Brock to march directly against Hull. From Sandwich, the American general issued his famous proclamation, in which he promised "peace, liberty, and security" to the people of the province he had invaded, if they made no resistance, but "war, slavery, and destruction," if they were hostile!

Some of the people at Sandwich had welcomed the United States troops with open arms, but Amherstburg, Hull's original goal, abandoned by him because of the presence of British ships and the strength of Fort Malden nearby, was not so openly treacherous. Desertions from the British troops were, however, becoming common, and indeed the effect of Hull's proclamation on a certain part of the population was sufficient to cause alarm. Brock at once countered by the issue of a proclamation in which he pointed out that Great Britain was ready and willing to defend her subjects, whether white or Indian, at all time and places and further urged the folly of trusting to the promises of Hull. This proclamation, couched in plain but stirring language, had the desired effect in recalling the people to their senses! All this time Hull and his troops were spending their time plundering and pillaging the surrounding country.

In the meantime Brock had called the Legislature to meet in extra session at York on July 27th. In opening the House he said: "When invaded by an enemy whose avowed object is the entire conquest of the province, the voice of loyalty, as well as of interest, calls aloud to every person in the sphere in which he is placed, to defend his country. Our militia have heard the voice and have obeyed it. They have evinced by the promptitude and loyalty of their conduct that they are worthy of the King whom they serve, and of the constitution which they enjoy; and it affords me particular satisfaction, that, while I address you as legislators, I speak to men who, in the day of danger, will be ready to assist not only with their counsel, but with their arms." He concluded his address with the ringing words: "We are engaged in an awful and eventful conflict. By unanimity and despatch in our Councils, and by vigor in our operations, we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by *free* men, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and constitution, cannot be conquered."

But all the members were not loyal. There was in the Assembly a strong minority who was more than friendly to the United States. This faction, indeed, succeeded in preventing the passage of certain measures which Brock regarded as essential to the safety of the country. In fact, so dangerous did the opposition become, and so much comfort did it give to the enemy, that nine days after the session opened Brock, after consultation with his Council, dissolved the Assembly. But before this the loyal members had rallied to Brock, had passed the bills which he wished, and issued a ringing appeal to the loyalty of the people of Upper Canada.

Before calling the extra session of the Legislature Brock had made up his mind to lead his men in person against the invaders. The loyal volunteers gathered round him. Chief among these were the United Empire Loyalists and their descendants, men who had not forgotten the treatment they or their fathers had received from the nation that was now again threatening their lives and their liberty. But even with this loyal support Brock had his troubles. It meant sacrifice for the farmers to drop their

scythes and enlist, for harvest time was at hand, and they could not afford to lose their crops. Many, having enrolled, begged for permission to return and harvest the wheat, which permission Brock felt he had unwillingly to give. His great fear was of desertions which would certainly multiply unless he could forestall complaints by action. He wrote impatiently, but justifiably so, to Prevost, pointing out that he had wretchedly poor supplies of ammunition and even clothing.

On August 5th, his volunteer army reinforced by the handful of regulars set out for Detroit. They went by Burlington Bay and Lake Erie, and so passed the Mohawk settlement. This gave him an opportunity to ascertain the attitude of the Indians. What he found did not cheer him. The work of the United States agents had had its effect. The Indians were distrustful and sulky. Sixty of them gave a sort of promise to follow him, but Brock now knew beyond peradventure, that unless he had the initial success, he would have to fight the Indians as well as the Americans.

Long Point was reached on August 8th, and here Brock, with a force of three hundred, embarked. After a stormy voyage lasting five days they reached Amherstburg. It was lucky that Brock was a seabred man as well as a soldier. That voyage would have disheartened many a brave man.

News of Brock's expedition had reached General Hull who had turned tail and recrossed the river with his men. Captain Dixon, who entered Sandwich in pursuit of the departing Hull, took the opportunity of strengthening the defences of the town and placed five guns in position covering Fort Detroit.

There now comes into the story of how Brock saved Canada, a romantic figure, Tecumseh. Tecumseh was a Shawanese chief and a brave man. When the choice had to be made as to whom he and his should serve, he decided that his loyalty should be to Britain. "I have more confidence" he said to his tribesmen, "in the word of a Briton than in the word of a Big Knife!" Tecumseh's decision was a very important factor in the War of 1812. Having set his hand to the plough he lost no time. He and all the Indians had been greatly impressed with Brock's occupation of Sandwich and Hull's fear and retreat. This was as Brock had surmised. By a clever trap Tecumseh ambushed a force under an American officer, Major Van Horne, which was bringing supplies from the Raisin River to Detroit. He had not yet met Brock.

Arrived at Fort Malden, Brock received from Colonel Proctor there a number of papers captured by Tecumseh in his brief engagement with Van Horne. They turned out to be General Hull's further instructions from his government and Hull's replies. These latter revealed the fact that the braggart quality of Hull had gone. He was very much down in the mouth. Sickness was prevalent in his camp. His constant maraudings were his only source of food and supplies, it appeared, and as his communications had been cut off, starvation faced him and his men.

Brock, like the great commander he was, saw that the real significance of the captured correspondence was its demonstration of the lowered *morale* of Hull's men even more than their dwindling supplies. He decided to act. He knew that it would not be easy to conquer a force of 2,500, but he remembered Nelson's threat at Copenhagen and that it was successful. The old Greeks had a saying which might very well have been running through Brock's mind at this time, "They did it because they thought they could do it." He was not overwhelmingly confident, but he knew he could not afford to be unsure of himself. He sent his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonell, and Captain Glegg, under a flag of truce, to General Hull with this message: "The force at my disposal authorizes me to require of you the surrender of Fort Detroit. It is far from my inclination to join in a war of extermination, but you must be aware that the numerous body of Indians, who have attached themselves to my troops, will be beyond my control the moment the contest commences."

Hull was caught between the devil of his own self-contempt and the deep sea of this supposed force of Indians. He longed to hand Brock his sword, but he dared not give in without some attempt at resistance. He had boasted so much that he was compelled to make some sort of showing. He said he was ready to meet the British forces.

The rest of the day was occupied in planning the attack, while the guns at Sandwich were pouring forth a desultory fire to which Fort Detroit replied. Brock wanted to lead his army across the river. Nearly all his staff opposed him, but he had two brave men who agreed with him. One was his quartermaster-general, Colonel Nichol, and the other was Tecumseh.

Brock had confidence in Tecumseh and he in Brock. On the occasion of their meeting, Brock, though it was past midnight, was busy at his table with his plans and despatches. In the dimly lighted room these two warriors looked at each other. Brock saw an Indian brave. Tecumseh saw a brave Briton. He turned to his followers, and almost in the words of Brutus describing Antony long ago, he said: "*This is a man.*" Brock reciprocated this high regard. Of the Indian warrior he wrote: "A more sagacious or a more gallant warrior does not, I believe, exist. He was the admiration of every one who conversed with him."

Brock discussed his plans of attack with Tecumseh and asked the chief if he could give him definite information. Tecumseh, who had an intimate knowledge of the district which Brock planned to make the scene of his first engagement, took a piece of birch bark and, laying it on the ground, made a military map, showing all the natural features of the district. Brock and Colonel Nichol examined the map, and the former advised with his staff no more. His decision was made and needed no further deliberating. He would cross the Detroit River in the morning, though Prevost and the War Office had said him "Nay!"

CHAPTER VII

DETROIT TAKEN

AUGUST 16th, then, sees Major-General Isaac Brock and his men embarked for the American shore. Tecumseh had not waited for the main body, but with Colonel Elliott and six hundred Indians had crossed the night before, as an advance guard to hold the enemy should they attempt to hinder Brock.

We can picture the crossing of this comparative handful of men—382 British regulars, 362 Canadian militiamen, and the remainder of the Indians. They set out to the accompaniment of the booming of the guns from the *Hunter* and the *Queen Charlotte*, which were in the river just above what is now the city of Windsor. Many of Brock's men were quite new to the idea of conflict, and doubtless the thoughts of men before battle then were much the same as they are now. But the sun rose high in the heavens, and the hearts of the men rose with it. The glint of the sun's rays caught the bayonets which moved to and fro as the batteaux and canoes made swiftly across stream. Blue-shirts of sailors and red-coats of soldiers colored the scene, which took on a quaint and awesome quality when the Indians' gaudy feathers and brilliant paint began to be discernible as the expedition neared the opposite bank and finally landed at Springwells, three miles below the fort. The whoops and strange cries of the Indians did not tend to hearten the enemy.

Brock surveyed the situation. Here was he, against his superior's orders, on enemy ground, taking the offensive. He had little better than half the men his opponent had, and, what is more, his men were for the most part green and untried, while General Hull's, though not actually experienced, were far more highly trained. Above him, as he looked, rose not far away the heavy walls of a strong fort, with all that that implied of gunfire and destruction. But Brock knew that if in material he did not equal Hull, the spirit of his men was unbreakable, while the braggart who opposed him secretly feared the issue.

His plan was to split Hull's army. He knew that Hull dare not leave the fortress unprotected and that that fact would lessen the number who would give him direct battle. He planned to lure Hull into the open, and he relied on his few regulars and the inveterate fighters he had in the Indians to hearten the raw recruits, if they needed any spur other than that of defending their families and homes. But here a factor was introduced which would not allow him time for strategy.

He suddenly learned that about 350 men—this number was exaggerated to him—were away from Hull's main body, bringing supplies. Hull, aware of Brock's approach, had sent peremptory orders to this detachment to return immediately. They were only a short distance away, and Brock saw that he must strike at once. This man of action decided to assault the fort itself. Seldom has there been a more splendidly foolhardy plan. He drew up his 1,400 men, roughly, half Indian and half white, and prepared to attack the fort.

It must have looked a hard obstacle to conquer. It has been described as being constructed in the form of a parallelogram. At each corner was a strong bastion and all round stretched a moat, twelve feet wide and eight feet deep. There were palisades of hardwood, ten feet in height, inclining from the base of the rampart at an angle of forty degrees, and sharpened at the top. The ramparts were twenty-two feet high, and breaches for cannon occurred at regular intervals. There was a portcullis, well provided for small-arm firing, and a drawbridge. And perhaps the most important thing from the defenders' point of view was that the fort commanded quite open country, so that the attacking army would find it very difficult to remain undiscovered for long. The fortress, Brock told himself, was going to be hard to take, but it was worth a determined struggle, not only for the intrinsic gain but also for what a victory signified. The fort held a great deal of ammunition, as well as more than thirty guns.

Brock personally led his army in the attack. Colonel Nichol, the gallant Scottish-Canadian merchant whom Brock had made quartermaster-general of militia, protested against this. He reined up by the side of the commander who was riding up and down in front of his army, heartening them for the attack, and said: "General, I cannot forbear entreating you not to expose yourself. If we lose you, we lose all." But Brock, who had always believed in the inspiration of personal example, turned to his officer and said: "Master Nichol, I duly appreciate the advice you give, but I feel that in addition to their sense of loyalty and duty, many here follow me from personal regard, and I will never ask them to go where I do not lead them."

Brock believed in co-operation, and while he advanced down the long, narrow road the battery at Sandwich, commanded by Captain Hall, and the guns on the deck of the *Queen Charlotte* poured heavy fire into the fort. This had its effect, for just at the time Brock's column was nearing its destination a shot from Captain Hall's guns found its billet in one of the rooms at the fort, wounding and killing several officers and men. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Bullock was leading the advance guard for Brock. He had three six pounders and two three pounders. It was a case of David and Goliath over again, for this sort of weapon was hardly fitted to the great task in front of Brock. He was leading his men down the country road, in the very face of a battery of two twenty-four pounders, two twelve-pounders, and two six-pounders.

General Hull was feeling subdued enough by now. Brock had uniformed the militiamen he had with him in the old tunics of the 41st, and Hull therefore imagined that Brock had more regulars than he had at first supposed. And he was sure too of the presence of the Indians. He conjured up visions of innumerable scalplings. His last ounce of courage faded when Captain Hall's effective shots fell within the fort and he despatched messengers with a flag of truce to the Captain. Hall, however, returned word that Major-General Isaac Brock alone could accept surrender.

Not far away the Indians were coming through the woods, shrieking their war-cries, terrifying all who heard. Already the York volunteers had had some desultory fighting, and they were now only a mile or so from the battery of heavy guns. But to the American soldiers manning them, as to the men

in the fort, there came no order to fire. Presumably, Hull expected that the white flag he had despatched precluded any opposition. Brock, of course, knew nothing of the offer of surrender.

The British advanced to within three-quarters of a mile of the fort and called a halt to reconnoitre. Brock was amazed to find that the American gunners had fled to the fort, and that, approaching him was one of Hull's staff officers bearing a flag of truce. An hour or two later Brock led his men into the fort! The way which had seemed so difficult had become miraculously easy.

It was next day, Monday, August 17th, that Brock formally took possession of the fort, which implied the surrender of the whole of surrounding Michigan. There were many prisoners of war, but even more to be desired, 40 cannon, 2,500 muskets, 60 barrels of gunpowder, 200 tons of cannon ball, and large stores of other ammunition fell into the hands of the British. Looking around, the men found horses and sheep and cattle in abundance. These had been stolen from Canadian farmers by the marauding Americans. Food too was discovered. The fort had evidently prepared for a long siege. There was one other prize, a brig called the *Adams*. With this Hull had hoped to make himself master of the lakes. Brock converted it into the British Brig *Detroit*.

The fickle population who had welcomed Hull with open arms now shouted just as hard for Brock. There were great rejoicings, and everywhere the Union Jack was hoisted. In the fort there were some captured British cannon which had been taken from the British in the Revolutionary War. These fired salutes in honor of Brock's victory, and the guns of the *Queen Charlotte* replied heartily.

Brock's first act, almost, after entering the captured fort, was characteristic of the man. He ordered that Private Dean, who a few days previously had distinguished himself at the Canard River and had been taken prisoner by the Americans, should be brought before him, and in the presence of the assembled troops warmly congratulated him on his heroic conduct.^[1]

The capture of Detroit was a very real victory. Had the day gone otherwise, Hull might have made his boasted march to Quebec, and that as a conqueror. But his march now was as a prisoner of war. Brock had dared what looked impossible and by a stroke of fortune had won out. His victory was an imposingly public one. It cheered his men. It made those Canadian inhabitants who were hesitating declare definitely for the British, while those with leanings towards the United States kept silent. It saved Canada from invasion at a moment when, owing to the shortsightedness of her rulers, she was particularly vulnerable.

Brock apprised Sir George Prevost, modestly enough, of his victory and wrote to his brothers: "Rejoice at my good fortune, and join me in prayers to Heaven. I send you a copy of my hasty note to Sir George. Let me know that you are all united and happy."

¹. In the general order issued by the commander-in-chief at Quebec on August 6th, 1812, the conduct of the 41st Regiment is specially praised. The order goes on to say: "In justice to that corps, His Excellency wishes particularly to call the attention of the troops to the heroism and self-devotion displayed by two privates, who, being left as sentinels when the party to which they belonged had retired, continued to maintain their station against the whole of the enemy's force, until they both fell, when one of them, whose arm was broken, again raising himself, opposed with his bayonet those advancing against him, until overwhelmed by numbers." The names of the two privates of the 41st were Hancock and Dean.

CHAPTER VIII

HIS HANDS ARE TIED

BROCK'S spectacular capture of Fort Detroit brought all Canada to his feet. Foremost in admiration was Sir George Prevost. Had Brock failed, Sir George no doubt, would have been as brusque in condemnation as, now that Brock had conquered, he was fulsome in praise. He had done his best to hamper Brock, and indeed at the last minute had sent a staff officer commanding him not to undertake the proposed Detroit expedition, but the messenger, happily alike for Canada and Brock, had failed to arrive in time. Provincial authorities and friends rained their congratulations, while Lord Bathurst, the British Secretary for War and the Colonies, commended him for his "firmness, skill, and bravery." Bathurst's case was similar to Prevost's, for he had adjured the governor-general by repeated messages not to assume the offensive lest the Americans become unduly aggravated and thus possibly have some genuine cause of complaint. Nothing could better show the smallmindedness of the class of officialdom to which Bathurst and Prevost belonged than their willingness, now that victory was achieved, to share in the credit therefore. Bathurst wrote to Brock that "the Prince Regent had honored him for his services by making him an extra Knight of the Bath." Unhappily, the man whom the Prince thus delighted to honor and who, one likes to think, would have honored the order by accepting it, died before he received word.

Brock's victory did something to offset the misfortunes which had piled upon the British in Europe. Just before the news of the capture of Fort Detroit was received in London, Britain had been beaten in a naval duel. The American ship *Constitution* had thrashed the British battleship *Guerriere*. The shame which Britain felt on this account was deepened by the knowledge that she had been beaten on her own element by what was once a colony of hers. News of Brock's victory, therefore, was opportune, and the British government was able to point out to the people that, if America had won a victory on the sea, she had more than lost it by the surrender of Detroit.

October 6th was Brock's birthday, the day on which the news of the victory at Detroit reached London. Brock's brother William and his wife happened to be walking in a London park, and Mrs. Brock asked the reason of the flag-waving and the firing. "Do you not know," said William, "that it is Isaac's birthday? It is in honor of him." What William said in jest turned out to be the very truth.

If Brock's victory had a happy effect on the people of Britain the opposite was the case in the United States. The Jeffersons, the Clays, and the Hulls of the United States had led the people to believe that their northerly neighbor could very easily be conquered. It was a sad blow to American self-esteem when it became known that Detroit and Michigan had fallen to a country which they had been taught to regard as an enemy hardly worth considering. Gloom and discouragement were everywhere evident, and President Madison ordered the churches throughout the country to hold services of prayer that success might come to American arms.

Between Black Rock and Fort Niagara part of the American army was camped. It did nothing to hearten them for the task that lay before them to see the men whom Brock had taken prisoners at Detroit, and who had come by boat to Fort Erie, march along the Niagara River to Fort George. From there the prisoners were sent down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and in some cases, to Quebec. Some Canadian cities, therefore, had an opportunity of seeing that when Brock bared his arm it was not for nothing. They might indeed feel hopeful under such a leader. On the other hand, the American army, badly disciplined, ill in health, and surprisingly inexperienced were gloomy and morose.

Brock, having left the arrangements for the future government of Detroit in the hands of Colonel Procter, left for Fort Erie. Hardly had his schooner passed Amherstburg when it was hailed by the *Lady Prevost* coming up the lake. The commander gave Brock the news that an armistice had been concluded between Sir George Prevost and the American commander-in-chief, General Dearborn, and until President Madison had ratified or discountenanced this armistice, all actual warfare must cease.

Brock was dumbfounded. Instead of being allowed to finish the task he had got so well under way, that of clearing the borders of American troops, he found his hands tied.

General Brock's plans were all laid. Procter, whom Brock had left at Detroit, was marching against Fort Wayne in the Miami country with some regulars and some Indians, and there was little doubt of his success. As the fort contained supplies, its capture would seriously hamper American operations. Its defenders were few and were in deadly fear of a horde of Indians who, intoxicated with their success at Detroit, desired only further chance to display their prowess. Brock knew that they would show the garrison at Fort Wayne no quarter, and it was as much to save the lives of the men of this garrison as to secure the fort that he had despatched Procter. Now, of course, he had to countermand his instructions. His plans for raiding Sackett's Harbor were likewise spoiled, though the capture of that port would have given the British complete power over Lake Ontario.

A personal incident in Brock's voyage to Fort Erie showed how mentally distraught he was at this time. His schooner, the *Chippewa*, ran into a fog. The commander lost his bearings and, when the mist lifted, found himself very near to the American shore. No doubt news of the armistice had not reached as far down the shore as this, and had the Americans known of the proximity of the victorious British general, they certainly would have made an effort to capture the schooner. Brock, who was vexed and heart-broken, instantly suspected treachery and cried to the captain of the *Chippewa*: "You scoundrel! you have betrayed me. Let but one shot be fired from that shore and," pointing aloft, "I will run you up on the instant to that yard-arm."

There does not seem room for doubt that the captain was quite innocent, and loyal to Brock. Luckily the *Queen Charlotte*, which had preceded the *Chippewa* by several days, heard a shot which was fired from the latter and bore down on the vessel which held the commanding general. Ultimately she towed the *Chippewa* to safety.

When Brock arrived at York the joy of the people knew no bounds. They presented him with an address in which they tried to tell him how grateful to and proud of him they were. Brock, always generous, took little credit to himself for the victory, but ascribed it to the confidence he had in the loyalty, zeal, and valor of the Canadian volunteers. His exact words are worth quoting: "I cannot but feel highly gratified by this expression of your esteem for myself; but in justice to the brave men at whose head I marched against the enemy, I must beg leave to direct your attention to them as the proper objects of your gratitude. It was a confidence founded on their loyalty, zeal, and valor, that determined me to adopt the plan of operations which led to so fortunate a termination. Allow me to congratulate you, gentlemen, at having sent out from yourselves a large portion of that gallant band, and that at such a period a spirit had manifested itself on which you may confidently repose your hopes of future security. It will be a most pleasing duty for me to report to our Sovereign conduct so truly meritorious."

Brock went on to Kingston and employed the time spent on the schooner, which bore him thither, in writing to his brothers. In the letter which appears to have been addressed to his brother William, he says: "They say that the value of the articles will amount to thirty or forty thousand pounds; in that case my portion will be something considerable. If it enabled me to contribute to your comfort and happiness, I shall esteem it my highest reward. When I returned Heaven thanks for my amazing success, I thought of you all; you appeared to me happy—your late sorrows forgotten; and I felt as if you acknowledged that the many benefits which for a series of years I received from you were not unworthily bestowed. Let me know, my dearest brothers, that you are again united. The want of union was nearly losing this province without even a struggle, and be assured it operates in the same degree in regard to families."

It is well for us that we are able to catch a glimpse of the humanity of this man of action. Neither political success nor failure, neither military advantage nor setback, could exclude from his great heart the thought of the loved ones at home. He joyed in his successes, because they would bring pleasure and possibly more practical gratification to those he loved and who loved him. It was a heavy grief to him that his brothers were estranged. Though he was never to know it they buried their difference. By a strange chance this happened upon the very day of Brock's glorious death at Queenston. His influence, great in many things, was greater in nothing than in this, the amity and affectionate regard which his brothers came to have for each other.

At Kingston, Brock learned that the armistice arranged by Sir George Prevost and General Dearborn had been refused by President Madison. September 8th saw the renewal of hostilities between the two countries. No doubt Sir George had entered into the armistice thinking he acted for the best. He appears to have been moved by his knowledge that the New England and several other States were opposed to the war and also by the fact that the orders in council, which had been the cause of the trouble between the United States and Britain had been repealed. And he may have believed that in attempting to avoid a conflict in America he was relieving Britain of a minor task which was hampering her in her contest with Napoleon. But to the student and reader of later years the armistice was an utterly foolish move.

When Brock learned that the armistice had come to an end, he proposed to Prevost that he immediately attack Sackett's Harbor from Kingston. Again the governor-general said him nay, and Brock, disheartened and annoyed, returned to Fort George there to deal, as best he could, with the threatened invasion at Niagara.

Naturally enough the United States forces had made great use of the time granted by the armistice. In very sight of the British supplies of food had been brought up to the American army at Lewiston. Heavy guns had been placed at strategic points on the American shore. Large detachments of troops were sent to the Niagara frontier. Ships which had been held at Ogdensburg, covered by the British guns at Prescott, had been rushed to Sackett's Harbor. Had there been no armistice, General Brock could have cleared the Fort Niagara district of enemy troops, but now he had, by reason of the delay, to face four times as large an army.

Let us take stock of the situation. On the shores of the Niagara River, there were enough United States troops to have conquered Upper Canada. There were over six thousand men between Black Rock and Fort Niagara, while Brock had only fifteen hundred men, and these distributed at several points between Fort Erie and Fort George. Thus he had about a quarter the number of men of the enemy and while their forces were concentrated his were scattered over a line forty miles long. Again the odds looked against him. Volunteers in Upper Canada, however, had rallied to his standard, and he was able to arm them by the very arms he had captured at Detroit. And once again it should be emphasized that the Canadian forces had much better *morale* than that of the Americans. They felt that they had indeed "their quarrel just." Moreover, they were fighting in defence of their homes and families. And they had unbounded confidence in their commander.

It came to Brock's ears about October 1st that the United States commanders planned their invasion somewhere along the British forty mile line. It later appeared that Queenston was the point decided upon. The plan of attack seems to have been to capture Queenston, and there to collect a large army with which, next year, an attempt would be made to reach Montreal. Luckily for Brock and Canada too many cooks spoil the broth. There was dissension in the American higher command as to the precise point at which the attack should be made.

The British suffered a loss on October 9th. The Americans under Lieutenant Elliott captured two British vessels, the *Caledonia* and the *Detroit*. This victory gave a fillip to the now jaded spirits of the United States troops, and General Van Rensselaer, now that his men had cheered up, decided to invade Canada. This seems to have been in disagreement with the views of the other American commander, General Smyth. Van Rensselaer sent a spy into the British camp. The spy returned with the information that Brock had set out, with a large force, for Detroit. The spy, however, did his work but poorly. Brock had left Fort George, but he had gone only to the other end of the line, Fort Erie.

It still remains somewhat of a mystery why Van Rensselaer, who had a large army, did not steal along the shore of Lake Ontario, cross the Niagara at the mouth and try to catch the tail of Brock's army. Instead of this, on October 10th, he prepared his boats and got his troops ready to cross the Niagara River where it whirls and swirls at the base of Queenston. The British, on the Canadian side, were quite unprepared for the attack. Very early in the morning of October 11th the first boat of American soldiers put out. In this boat was Lieutenant Sims. History does not tell us what happened to Sims. He may have landed on the Canadian side, but it is more likely that he was caught in the current and tried to return to the American shore. Whatever became of him, he had with him the oars for the remaining boats, thus preventing his comrades following him across the river. To attempt his rescue was impossible. They waited till dawn, but were finally driven, sodden by the rain and terror-stricken by the storm, to their camp.

Next day a Major Evans, of the British forces, presented a flag of truce to Van Rensselaer, which truce was for the purpose of exchange of prisoners. While this was under way, Evans's sharp eye noticed that preparations were being made for what could not be other than an attack on Queenston. He returned to Queenston and warned Captain Dennis, commanding the men there, that large boats were concealed on the other side ready, he thought, for an attack. Brock, at Fort George, must also be given news at once, thought Evans, and he hastened away to acquaint the commander with what was afoot.

Evans was right. The fate of the October 11th expedition did not deter Van Rensselaer from another attempt. This was to be made before dawn next day.

CHAPTER IX

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

It has been pointed out that the forces under Brock were widely scattered. His main body was at Fort George, seven miles from Queenston. At Brown's Point, three miles away, there was a battery, and a single gun was mounted at Vrooman's Point, a mile distant. In the village of Queenston Captain Dennis commanded the grenadier company of the 49th Regiment; Captain Chisholm was stationed there with a company of the second York; Captain Hall's company of the 5th Lincoln Militia brought the whole force at Queenston to about three hundred men. At a vantage point on the height itself was stationed Captain Williams with a light company of the 49th, supporting the crew of a redan battery of one eighteen-pounder gun.

Van Rensselaer was confident of victory. He deputed the attack to his cousin, Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, an officer of the regular army, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Christie, who between them commanded six hundred men, half militia and half regular. The first of these men embarked at three o'clock in the morning, when the landscape was dark and dismal and rain was falling, in a boat from the Lewiston landing. Their oars were muffled, but the sentries upon the heights on the other side detected their approach. They fired into the boat, and the noise brought Captain Dennis and his men at a run. More firing ensued. Colonel Van Rensselaer, who was in the leading boat, was badly wounded. The invasion was checked for the moment, and such Americans as had effected a landing were compelled to hide in the brush overhanging the bank. Lieutenant-Colonel Christie's boats were less fortunate. A current carried them down stream, and they had to return to Lewiston, to set out again. Under Colonel Fenwick a force of regulars followed the advance party, but their boat was swept below Queenston and beached there. The defenders on the height had it at their mercy and fired, wounding Fenwick and eventually compelling the surrender of the whole boatful. Another boat which landed at Vrooman's Point met the same fate.

The defenders' guns, while they warned the Canadians also warned those American soldiers still at Lewiston of the opposition to the invading force. The gunners at Lewiston opened fire on Queenston Heights, in an endeavor to cover the landing of the attacking troops, while the Canadian batteries kept on with their grim work of firing volleys into the boats in midstream. Meanwhile Brock at Fort George was uneasy. He had sat up most of the night of October 12th making his plans and writing despatches. He seems to have expected an engagement almost immediately, for he wrote a letter to his brother about it in which he said: "If I should be beaten the province is inevitably gone." He had hardly gone to sleep on the night of October 12th when the sentry, who had heard the firing at Queenston, aroused him. So it had come! He wasted no time, but was soon galloping, unattended, under darkling skies and pouring rain, to Queenston.

Captain Cameron was at Brown's Point with a body of men, watching the battle anxiously. A messenger came to him and urged that immediate word be sent to General Brock. Lieutenant Jarvis put spurs to his horse and galloped away, intent on getting to Fort George in the shortest possible time. He had not gone very far before, through the darkness and mist, he discerned the general. Brock was riding hard, anxiety on his face, index to the fear he felt for Canada. He did not even stop but, motioning to Jarvis to turn his horse and follow, kept on in his grim journey. Jarvis caught up to the general, and, as they were galloping, he gave Brock his portentous news. Dawn was just breaking when Brock told Jarvis to hasten to Fort George with instructions to Major-General Sheaffe to bring his whole reserves to Queenston. He also ordered Jarvis to tell the Indians at Fort George to occupy the wood on the right when Sheaffe's troops came on. Brock wasted no time in getting to Brown's Point. On the way he passed a company of the York Volunteers and instructed Captain Cameron, commanding them, to follow him immediately. He sped on past Vrooman's Point, hastily acquainting Captain Heward with what had happened, and was very soon at Queenston. He climbed the Heights to the point where the redan battery was stationed, so that from there he could command a view of the stream.

In the village of Queenston Captains Chisholm, Dennis, and Hall were making a brave fight of it against superior forces. Brock, seeing their predicament, detached Captain Williams and his men and sent them to help. This left him unprotected, except for eight artillerymen. Day had dawned and turning his head, Brock saw above him, on the summit of the heights, a detachment of about sixty American soldiers. The odds were too great, and the general, with his artillerymen and the crew of the eighteen-pounder gun, returned to the village, leaving the gun behind. The British had made one mistake. They had left a path leading up the bank of the river to the heights unguarded. They had deemed it too difficult for an attacking force to climb, but this underestimation of the courage of the enemy cost them dearly. Captain Wool, a United States regular army officer, reached the summit, and it was he and his sixty men that Brock saw.

Meanwhile, the battery and the infantry in Queenston village were keeping the invaders at bay with great difficulty. The eighteen-pounder had been left behind, and Brock, who as we have seen, knew the inspiration of personal example, decided himself to win the gun back. With two companies of the 49th and a hundred militiamen he set out for the Heights, crying: "Follow me boys." At the base of the hill he rested his men. A little later he dismounted, climbed over a low stone wall, and, his sword flashing, charged up the hill in front of his men.

Captain Wool had been reinforced and now had four hundred men under his command. One of these men stepped in front of the rest and shot down General Brock. The bullet struck him in the right breast near the heart. The wound was fatal, and the death of their commander, more perhaps than the continuous fire poured upon them from the heights, forced the British to retire. The underestimation of the enemy had indeed been costly.

Some discrepancy exists as to what were Brock's last words. According to Lieutenant Jarvis, who was immediately at his side when he fell, with the question: "Are you hurt, Sir?" Brock did not reply, but, pressing his hand to his chest, "slowly sank down." This is the most probable version, as it is likely that he was wounded too severely to say anything at all. Others have it, however, that, just before he died Brock cried: "Push on, brave York Volunteers!" This story probably has its origin in the early shout to Captain Cameron, to bring up his men. Captain Glegg, who acquainted William Brock the next day with the news of the General's death, said that, as he fell Brock whispered: "My fall must not be noticed or impede my brave companions from advancing to victory." It is not likely, however, that a plain man like Brock would have struck an attitude so dramatic. The story of Lieutenant Jarvis seems most nearly to fit the case. Whatever he said or did not say, this man of action died as he had lived, bravely and as a man.

Brock's death filled his men with a just rage, and before night the cry, "Revenge the General!" was heard from one end of the forty mile line to the other. His spirit breathed "an inextinguishable flame," and the soldiers at Fort George drove the Americans out with little trouble. At Fort Erie, the men behind the guns, saddened and awed by the death of their beloved leader, redoubled their efforts on the Americans at Black Rock.

The force which Brock himself had been leading had to retreat, leaving behind the gun which had cost them their leader's life. With them they bore his body to Queenston. When his men looked at his corpse they might say as Antony did of Caesar's body, "Here is himself, marr'd," and the sight of this "bleeding piece of earth" spurred them on in his name and for his sake.

His men tried again, after his death, to take that fateful gun. Vrooman's Point and Brown's Point furnished their quotas of York Volunteers to reinforce the troops from Queenston, as Brock had commanded, and about ten o'clock, under Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell, Brock's aide-de camp, another attack was made on the Americans on Queenston Heights. This too was unsuccessful. Again the troops had to retreat, while their leader was mortally wounded.

The Americans were sure that they had won a great victory. Messengers were despatched to Albany with the tidings of the death of Brock and Macdonell, and the city gave itself up to rejoicings. But the joy was premature.

It became apparent to Van Rensselaer, who with Lieutenant-Colonel Christie had seen, from the captured redan battery, a long line of Canadians marching to Queenston, that another battle was inevitable. These were the reinforcements moving to the front under the command of Major-General Sheaffe. Van Rensselaer crossed the river, but was met with a flat refusal from his men to cross the stream to the Canadian side. The New York militia, who by this time had seen their dead and wounded and had heard, justly enough, of the bravery of the "Green Tigers"—this was the name given to the men of the 49th because of the green in their uniforms—were terror-stricken. While Van Rensselaer was alternately persuading and threatening, a force of Indians, commanded by Brant and a young Scotsman, Chief Norton, who had been made an Indian Chief, had quietly left Fort George, climbed the Heights, and showed themselves on the left of the Americans. There were not enough of them to do very much real harm, but they appear to have stricken fear into the heart of the enemy by their wild cries and to have caught a number of them and punished them pretty severely.

Major-General Sheaffe commanded about seven hundred men. When he had looked over the situation, he decided that the best attack could be made from the rear. He therefore placed some artillery under Lieutenant Holcroft in a courtyard in the village of Queenston, to check any attempt the foe made to cross. Along the Chippewa road near the Niagara river troops were advancing to join Sheaffe. About one hundred and fifty Indians had moved eastwards from the little town of St. David's and were lying in ambush in the woods on the enemy's right front. Sheaffe himself advanced with forces now numbering about a thousand. The enemy were therefore in a position to be attacked from all sides.

The conflict began again at three o'clock, and the opening shot seems to have been fired by the troops in Queenston who trained their guns on the river. At the same time the men on the British left attacked the enemy's front. They were guided by Indians, who knew every inch of the ground on the west of the hill. These guides led Sheaffe's men through the heavy woods, so that they might attack on this flank. This would be quite unexpected by the enemy. The Niagara militia with two guns and a company from the 41st Regiment, were on the right. The York and Lincoln militia, backed up by the 49th, were in the middle. A company of negroes, refugees from the United States, gave material assistance to the British. The six hundred American soldiers on Queenston Heights were surprised. Instead of an attack from down-stream they had to face one from the left. They were caught like rats in a trap, but fought valiantly. They saw that escape was impossible, for the swift current flowed behind them and they had no boats to take them back to the American shore. Besides, they faced almost double the number of men. Lieutenant-Colonel Winfield Scott of the regular army was their commander, and he was a brave man. His men fired on the advancing Canadians, but Scott knew he was outnumbered. To the accompaniment of the savage cries of the Indians, Sheaffe's men came on in a determined bayonet charge. The Americans broke in disorder. They had many dead and dying already, and the rest turned tail and ran to the edge of the precipice. Half crazed, many threw themselves over. The rest made for the river bank, but there were no boats, and their only way of escape was by way of swimming. Few were able to breast the current, and many perished in the cruel stream. The Americans were badly beaten, and Scott, having made a brave fight, surrendered all his men then on the Canadian side to General Sheaffe. It is ten thousand pities that the gallant Brock was not there to see the result of the work of his hands.

The British took nearly a thousand prisoners, among whom was General Wadsworth and about seventy other officers. The British on their side had lost eleven killed and something like sixty wounded. The Indians, no less gallant, had losses of five killed and nine wounded. History differs as to the American casualties. There were probably nearly a hundred killed and about two hundred

wounded. So the inextinguishable flame of Brock's spirit had blazed the way to victory, for Queenston Heights was a great victory. Canada, however, grieved so much at the death of Brock, that not even the feat of arms of his successor mitigated her sorrow.

To the Americans the death of Brock was "equivalent to a victory." President Madison, in his next message to Congress, said: "Our loss at Queenston has been considerable and is to be deeply lamented. The enemy's loss, less ascertained, will be the more felt for it includes among the killed their commanding general."

After the battle Brock's body was taken from Queenston to Fort George. It was buried under one of the bastions of the fort, and beside it was laid the body of Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell. During the burial of Canada's great general, Lieutenant-Colonel Winfield Scott, now a prisoner, sent a request to the officer commanding the United States troops that the flag at Fort Niagara be flown at half-mast as was the Canadian flag at Fort George, and when the Canadian guns boomed out their respect for the dead general the American guns responded.

CHAPTER X

CONCLUSION

If Brock's prowess at Detroit called forth universal admiration, his death was the occasion of a wonderful outpouring of affectionate regard and regret. When the news reached England Earl Bathurst wrote to Sir George Prevost: "His Majesty has lost in him not only an able and meritorious officer, but one who displayed qualities admirably adapted to dismay the disloyal, to reconcile the wavering, and to animate the great mass of the inhabitants against successive attempts of the enemy to invade the province." Nor was British gratitude a matter of words only. On July 20th, 1813, the House of Commons voted a monument to Brock in appreciation of what he had done. The monument, at a cost of £1,575, was erected in St. Paul's cathedral. Each of Brock's four brothers was granted twelve thousand acres of land in Upper Canada, and a pension of £200 a year for life. A memorial coin was struck in Brock's honor. Thus Great Britain tried to show how much she thought of the man who had held his life so lightly beside the safety and honor of the Empire.

In Canada the sorrow was just as great and more immediate. Colonel Nichol, Brock's militia quartermaster, wrote of his death: "Our situation has materially changed for the worse. Confidence seems to have vanished, and gloom and despondency seem to have taken its place." "His moderation and impartiality had united all parties in pronouncing him the only man worthy to be at the head of affairs" was the tribute of Lieutenant Ridout, who himself fought bravely at Queenston Heights. The newspapers of Canada were genuinely sorrowful, and the Quebec *Gazette* declared his death was received as "a public calamity."

A lasting mark of Canada's esteem was to be found in a fine monument erected on Queenston Heights. This column which was 135 feet high, and stood 485 feet above the river, covered a vault to which, on October 13th, 1824—just twelve years after his death—Brock's remains and those of his gallant aide were removed. On the occasion of this transference, a great crowd, in which were almost as many Americans as Canadians, gathered to honor the memory of Canada's great general.

This monument unhappily was entirely ruined through the agency of a man named Lett who, on April 17th, 1840, exploded gunpowder under it. This man was one of the rebels of 1837 who fled to the United States when his sedition was discovered. The motives that animated him were petty and spiteful, but if he thought that by destroying the outward and visible sign of Brock's wonderful work, he was besmirching the memory of a great man, he was very wrong. Canadians flocked to Queenston, and at a public meeting there it was decided to build a monument even more imposing than the one so meanly destroyed. The foundation stone for this new monument was laid in 1853 and it was completed three years later. The formal inauguration took place on October 13th, 1859. From its base to its summit, a splendid image of Brock, the monument is 190 feet in height.

So this man of action has been honored, but the greatest monument to his deed and his memory is in the hearts of the Canadian people. Canada may well be proud of him, for he saved our country in a very real and vital sense. He managed to crowd the few short years he was in Canada full of earnest and devoted service to the country he had adopted and had come to love. The splendor of his achievement shines out as a beacon, at once drawing attention to itself as a proof that Canada had its great ones a hundred years ago, and imposing on all Canadians the same high privilege of doing something to make glorious and keep stainless the fair name of their country.

Reuben Butchart, a Canadian poet of power, has written a sonnet in commemoration of Brock, and this little book could not leave a better message with its readers than the beautiful words and even more beautiful thoughts that this poet gives us:

On Queenston's hill we reared thy lofty shrine,
Where sleeps thy fiery heart, our gallant Brock.
Our many-voiced acclaim shall here unlock
Time's chest of honors, proffering what is thine.
Thy name is with the glorious names that shine
O'er War's red flood, a beacon on a rock.
Thy soul, which bore its hour's consummate shock.
All valorous thou did'st to fame consign.

Sheathed be the blade, nor seek through blood a name
Our foes are of our household; mingled rife
Through hourly needs there rings the vital strife
With doubt and sin, the lust of honor, shame:
O soul, live greatly; thy self-conquering life
Shall breathe an inextinguishable flame.

APPENDIX

GENERAL HULL'S PROCLAMATION

"Inhabitants of Canada! After thirty years of peace and prosperity, the United States have been driven to arms. The injuries and aggressions, the insults and indignities of Great Britain, have once more left them no alternative but manly resistance or unconditional submission.

"The army under my command has invaded your country, and the standard of Union now waves over the territory of Canada. To the peaceable, unoffending inhabitant it brings neither danger nor difficulty. I come to *find* enemies, not to *make* them. I come to protect, not to injure you.

"Separated by an immense ocean and an extensive wilderness from Great Britain, you have no participation in her councils, no interest in her conduct. You have felt her tyranny, you have seen her injustice, but I do not ask you to avenge the one or redress the other. The United States are sufficiently powerful to afford you every security consistent with their rights and your expectations. I tender you the invaluable blessings of civil, political, and religious liberty, and their necessary result, individual and general prosperity—that liberty which gave decision to our councils and energy to our struggle for independence, and which conducted us safely and triumphantly through the stormy period of the revolution; that liberty which has raised us to an elevated rank among the nations of the world, and which has afforded us a greater measure of peace and security, of wealth and improvement, than ever yet fell to the lot of any people.

"In the name of my country, and by the authority of my government, I promise protection to your persons, property, and rights. Remain at your homes, pursue your peaceful and customary avocations, raise not your hands against your brethren. Many of your fathers fought for the freedom and independence which we now enjoy. Being children, therefore, of the same family with us, and heirs to the same heritage, the arrival of an army of friends must be hailed by you with a cordial welcome. You will be emancipated from tyranny and oppression and restored to the dignified station of freemen. Had I any doubt of eventual success I might ask your assistance, but I do not. I come prepared for every contingency. I have a force which will look down all opposition, and that force is but the vanguard of a much greater. If, contrary to your own interests and the just expectation of my country, you should take part in the approaching contest, you will be considered and treated as enemies, and the horrors and calamities of war will stalk before you. If the barbarous and savage policy of Great Britain be pursued, and the savages be let loose to murder our citizens and butcher our women and children, this war will be a war of extermination. The first stroke of the tomahawk, the first attempt with the scalping-knife, will be the signal of one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner; instant destruction will be his lot. If the dictates of reason, duty, justice, and humanity cannot prevent the employment of a force which respects no rights and knows no wrong, it will be prevented by a severe and relentless system of retaliation.

"I doubt not your courage and firmness. I will not doubt your attachment to liberty. If you tender your services voluntarily, they will be accepted readily. The United States offer you peace, liberty, and security. Your choice lies between these and war, slavery, and destruction. Choose then, but choose wisely, and may He who knows the justice of our cause, and who holds in His hands the fate of nations guide you to a result the most compatible with your rights and interests, your peace and prosperity.

"By the General,

"W. HULL,

"A. F. HULL,

"Captain 13th Regiment U.S. Infantry and Aide-de-Camp."

"Headquarters, Sandwich, 12th July, 1812."

BROCK'S PROCLAMATION

"The unprovoked declaration of war by the United States of America against the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and its dependencies has been followed by the actual invasion of this province, in a remote frontier of the western district, by a detachment of the armed force of the United States.

"The officer commanding that detachment has thought proper to invite His Majesty's subjects, not merely to a quiet and unresisting submission, but insults them with a call to seek voluntarily the protection of his government.

"Without condescending to repeat the illiberal epithets bestowed in this appeal of the American commander to the people of Upper Canada, on the administration of His Majesty, every honest inhabitant of the province is desired to seek the confutation of such indecent slander in the review of his own particular circumstances. Where is the Canadian subject who can truly affirm to himself that he has been injured by the government in his person, his property, or his liberty? Where is to be found, in any part of the world, a growth so rapid in prosperity and wealth as this colony exhibits? Settled not thirty years by a band of veterans exiled from their former possessions on account of their loyalty, not a descendant of these brave people is to be found who, under the fostering liberality of their sovereign, has not acquired a property and means of enjoyment superior to what were possessed by their ancestors. This unequalled prosperity would not have been attained by the utmost liberality of the government, or the persevering industry of the people, had not the maritime power of the mother country secured to its colonists a safe access to every market where the produce of their labor was in request. The unavoidable and immediate consequences of a separation from Great Britain must be the loss of this inestimable advantage; and what is offered you in exchange? To become a territory of the United States, and share with them that exclusion from the ocean which the policy of their government enforces; you are not even flattered with a participation of their boasted independence, and it is but too obvious that, once estranged from the powerful protection of the United Kingdom, you must be re-annexed to the dominion of France, from which the provinces of Canada were wrested by the arms of Great Britain, at a vast expense of blood and treasure, from no other motive than to relieve her ungrateful children from the oppression of a cruel neighbor. This restitution of Canada to the empire of France was the stipulated reward for the aid afforded to the revolted colonies, now the United States. The debt is still due, and there can be no doubt that the pledge has been renewed as a consideration for commercial advantages, or rather for an expected relaxation of the tyranny of France over the commercial world. Are you prepared, inhabitants of Canada, to become willing subjects—or rather slaves—to the despot who rules the nations of continental Europe with a rod of iron? If not, arise in a body, exert your energies, co-operate cordially with the king's regular forces to repel the invader, and do not give cause to your children, when groaning under the oppression of a foreign master, to reproach you with having so easily parted with the richest inheritance of this earth—a participation in the name, character, and freedom of Britons.

"The same spirit of justice, which will make every reasonable allowance for the unsuccessful efforts of zeal and loyalty, will not fail to punish the defalcation of principle. Every Canadian freeholder is, by deliberate choice, bound by the most solemn oaths to defend the monarchy as well as his own property. To shrink from that engagement is a treason not to be forgiven. Let no man suppose that if, in this unexpected struggle, His Majesty's arms should be compelled to yield to an overwhelming force, the province will be eventually abandoned; the endeared relation of its first settlers, the intrinsic value of its commerce, and the pretension of its powerful rival to repossess the Canadas, are pledges that no peace will be established between the United States and Great Britain and Ireland, of which the restoration of these provinces does not make the most prominent condition. Be not dismayed at the unjustifiable threat of the commander of the enemy's forces to refuse quarter should an Indian appear in the ranks. The brave band of aborigines who inhabit this colony were, like His Majesty's other subjects, punished for their zeal and fidelity by the loss of their possessions in the late colonies, and rewarded by His Majesty with lands of superior value in this province. The faith of the British government has never yet been violated; the Indians feel that the soil they inherit is to them and their posterity protected from the base arts so frequently devised to over-reach their simplicity. By what new principle are they to be prohibited from defending their property? If their warfare, from being different to that of the white people, be more terrific to the enemy, let him retrace his steps. They seek him not, and he cannot expect to find women and children in an invading army. But they are men, and have equal rights with all other men to defend themselves and their property when invaded, more especially when they find in the enemy's camp a ferocious and mortal foe using the same warfare which the American commander affects to reprobate. The inconsistent and unjustifiable threat of refusing quarter, for such a cause as being found in arms with a brother sufferer in defence of invaded rights, must be exercised with the certain assurance of retaliation, not only in the limited operations of war in this part of the king's dominions, but in every quarter of the globe; for the national character of Britain is not less distinguished for humanity than strict retributive justice, which will consider the execution of this inhuman threat as deliberate murder, for which every subject of the offending power must make expiation."

Transcriber's Note

The following changes have been made to the original text:

- p. [18](#) seniority -> seniority
- p. [19](#) monchalant -> nonchalant
- p. [29](#) Clark -> Clarke
- p. [36](#) Britan -> Britain
- p. [38](#) to to be -> to be
- p. [75](#) therefor -> therefore

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