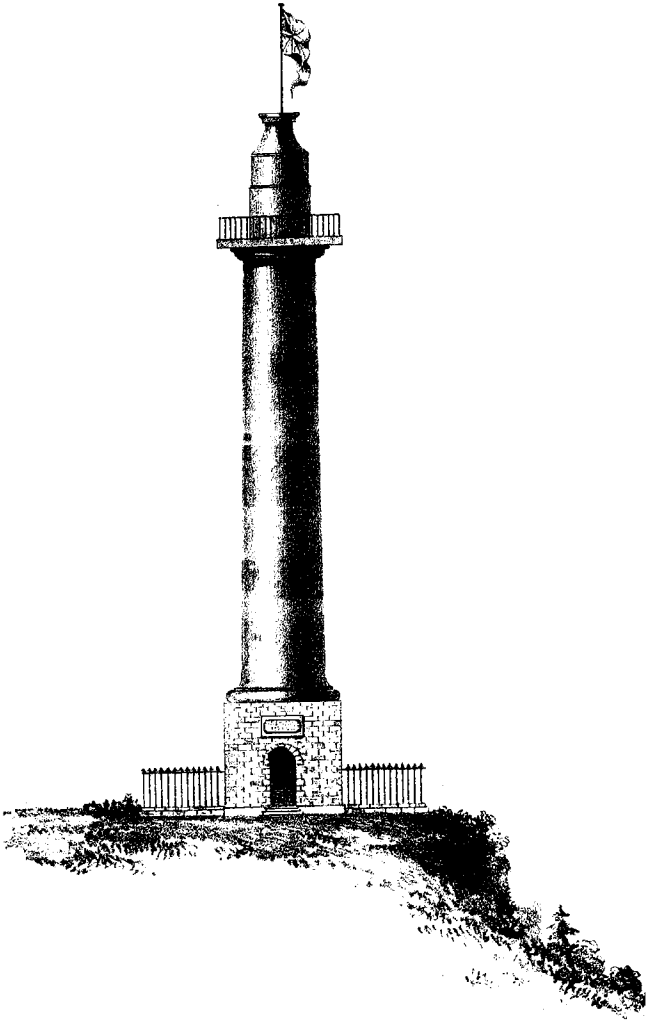


FAMILY RECORDS.



BROCK'S MONUMENT,
ON
QUEENSTON HEIGHTS, UPPER CANADA.

*Stansfeld & Lemon, Engrs.
77, Cornhill, London.*

FAMILY RECORDS;

CONTAINING

MEMOIRS

OF

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K. B.

LIEUTENANT E. W. TUPPER, R. N.

AND

COLONEL WILLIAM DE VIC TUPPER,

WITH NOTICES OF

MAJOR-GENERAL TUPPER AND LIEUT. C. TUPPER, R. N.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE LIFE OF TE-CUM-SEH,

A MEMOIR OF COLONEL HAVILLAND LE MESURIER,

&c. &c. &c.

BY FERDINAND BROCK TUPPER, ESQ.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me,"

SHAKESPEARE.

GUERNSEY:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY STEPHEN BARBET, NEW-STREET.

MAY ALSO BE HAD OF

BALDWIN AND CRADOCK, LONDON.

1835.

TO LADY DE HAVILLAND,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

AS A SLIGHT MARK OF AFFECTIONATE REGARD,

BY HER SINCERELY ATTACHED NEPHEW,

F. B. T.

P R E F A C E .

THE following Memoirs were chiefly written at sea, in February, 1832, during a passage of nineteen days from Rio de Janeiro to Bahia, and the Editor has at length been induced to submit them to publication, from an anxious wish of collecting in one volume the many detached fragments contained in the Appendix. The greater part of these fragments, not generally accessible even now, would in a few years otherwise have been lost, and, as interesting at least to the family and friends of the deceased, they have been thought worthy of being preserved. To others the collection may appear too diffuse, but, as it either confirms or elucidates the previous narratives, the Editor was unwilling to curtail it.

In composing the Memoir of Sir Isaac Brock, the Editor deeply regrets having laboured under the disadvantage of being unable to consult any of the general's private papers, although he perfectly remembers, and is otherwise assured, that the few letters written by him to his family, during the

American war in which he fell, were interspersed with comments and strictures on his being limited to defensive operations, and deprived of those reinforcements which he thought should have been sent from the Lower to the Upper Province. In consequence, this Memoir must be considered only as a brief summary of his life and services, and as a concise introduction to the extracts in Appendix A.*

Of Lieutenant Tupper's Memoir, the Editor has merely to observe that he transmitted a copy (omitting the observations at page 39, on the present system of naval promotion,) of the description of the attack on the pirates at Candia to Sir John Pechell, who returned it with an assurance of its being so substantially correct, that he had no alteration to make. Sir John, who at the time (December, 1832) was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and M. P. for Windsor, also wrote: "You might add that Mr. Tupper went to the Mediterranean in the *Sybille*, when I was so

* Since the Memoir of Sir Isaac Brock was printed, the Editor has heard another trait in his character, the mention of which may serve as a guide to other young officers, similarly circumstanced. When he joined the 49th as a captain, the regiment was disturbed by one of those pests of society—a confirmed duellist. Captain Brock soon proved to his brother captain, who took advantage of being a dead shot, that he was neither to be bullied nor intimidated, and the consequence was a challenge from the latter, which was promptly accepted. On the ground, Captain Brock, who was uncommonly tall and athletic, observed that to stand at twelve paces was not to meet his antagonist on any thing like equal terms, and, producing a handkerchief, insisted on firing across it. This the duellist positively declined, and being soon after compelled to leave the regiment, the officers were thus relieved, by the firm and resolute conduct of a very young man, of the presence of one, with whom all social intercourse had previously been difficult and dangerous.

satisfied with his conduct that, upon his promotion and appointment to the Seringapatam, I prevailed upon the admiral to transfer him to the Sybille."

The Memoir of Colonel Tupper is compiled partly from his letters and partly from data gleaned during a residence of upwards of five years (from 1826 to 1832) in Rio de Janeiro, where the Editor became acquainted with many individuals, English, French, and Chileno, on their passage from Chile to Europe, two or three of whom had known Colonel Tupper very intimately. And although, owing to the difficulty of procuring information at so great a distance, this Memoir may contain a few trivial inaccuracies, yet the reader may rely on the general correctness of the narrative.—Of the unprincipled faction still holding the reins of government in Chile, the Editor has not attempted to conceal his abhorrence; but he can safely assert that while he has withheld nothing which his fraternal feelings prompted him to relate, neither has he written one word which he had not good grounds for believing to be strictly true.

The life of the indefatigable and undaunted Te-cum-seh cannot fail to add to the interest of this volume; it is drawn from various and apparently authentic sources, and the Editor believes that the sketch is more copious and connected than any which has yet been published of this distinguished Indian Chief. A perusal will probably awaken the sympathy of the

reader in behalf of a much injured people,—it may also tend to remove the films of national prejudice, and convince him that virtue and courage are not confined to any particular station or country, but that they may exist as well in the wilds of the forest, as in the cultivated regions of civilization.

Guernsey, June, 1835.

Note.—After the preceding Preface was in type, the Editor learnt by the newspapers, that on the 20th February last, the southern parts of Chile were visited by an earthquake, which was attended with almost unprecedented devastation. Several of the towns mentioned in Colonel Tupper's Memoir were destroyed;—at Conception only one house escaped the shock; of its port, Talcahuana, not a vestige remained.—Chillan suffered nearly in equal degree; and Talca, whose handsome and regular edifices ranked it as the third town of the republic, was transformed into a mass of ruins.

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CORRIGENDA.

- Page 103.—Note *.—For No. 9, *read* No. 7.
 Page 128.—Line 3.—For Potawatimics, *read* Potawatimies.
 Page 191.—Line 9.—In some copies. For hosom, *read* bosom.

MEMOIR

OF

THE LATE

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K. B.

Joy's bursting shout in whelming grief was drown'd,
And Victory's self unwilling audience found;
On every brow the cloud of sadness hung,—
The sounds of triumph died on every tongue!

THIS officer was born in Guernsey on the 6th of October, 1769, and was the eighth son of John Brock, Esq., who by his wife, Elizabeth De Lisle, daughter of Daniel De Lisle, Esq., Lieutenant Bailiff, had fourteen children. His family was nearly connected by marriage with those of De Beauvoir, Le Marchant, and Saumarez, some of the most ancient in this island.* One of his brothers, John, a lieutenant-colonel, was killed, in 1802, at the Cape of Good Hope, in a duel with Captain M——, the son of a baronet: as steward of a public ball, he very properly resisted the introduction, by his antagonist, of a female of a disreputable character, and the result was his melancholy fall. Another brother, Ferdinand, a subaltern of the 60th regiment, was slain in the

* Major-General Le Marchant and his eldest son, a captain in the Foot Guards, who both fell in Spain during the late war; and Captain Saumarez, who was Lord Anson's first lieutenant in the Centurion, and was slain in 1747, while commanding the Nottingham, of 64 guns, were members of these families, as is the present Admiral Lord De Saumarez, ennobled for his distinguished naval services.

defence of Bâton Rouge, on the Mississippi, in the first American war. The subject of this memoir purchased an ensigncy in the 8th regiment shortly after the termination of that war, and at the age of twenty-one he obtained an independent company, by raising the requisite number of men to complete it. Exchanging immediately after into the 49th, he proceeded with his regiment to Jamaica, but was compelled to return to England very suddenly, having nearly fallen a victim to the pestilential effects of the climate, and an immediate embarkation being pronounced his only chance of recovery. Another near relative, Lieutenant Brock, who was ill with him, died of the fever, and the survivor always thought that he was indebted for his life to the affectionate attentions of his servant, whom he afterwards ever treated with the kindness of a brother, until he died in his service, shortly before himself, in Canada. Having purchased the succeeding steps with unusual rapidity, he became lieutenant-colonel commanding the 49th regiment, on the 25th October, 1797, just after he had completed his twenty-eighth year. Owing to gross mismanagement and peculation on the part of his predecessor, who was in consequence recommended privately to sell out if he did not wish to stand the ordeal of a court martial, the regiment was sadly disorganised ; but the late Duke of York was heard to declare that Lieut.-Colonel Brock, from one of the worst, had made the 49th one of the best regiments in the service. During the campaign in Holland, in 1799, he distinguished himself at the head of his regiment ; a horse was shot under him, and his life was in all probability preserved in action, on a very cold day, by his wearing several black silk cravats, which were all perforated

by a bullet, and which prevented its entering his neck. He was second in command of the land forces at the memorable attack of Copenhagen by Lord Nelson, in 1801, and was appointed to lead the 49th in storming the principal of the Treckroner batteries, in conjunction with five hundred seamen under Captain Fremantle; but the protracted and heroic defence of the Danes rendering the attempt impracticable, Lieut.-Colonel Brock, during this hard-fought battle, continued on board the *Ganges*, of 74 guns, commanded by that excellent officer, the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Fremantle. Another of his brothers, Savery, served under him in the 49th in Holland, and at Copenhagen. While in the act of pointing one of the guns of the *Ganges*, his cocked hat was torn from his head by a cannon or grape shot, and a naval officer, who was present, recently described the scene which followed this narrow escape in these words: "I now hear Sir Isaac exclaim, Ah! poor Savery is dead! But Savery was not an instant on his back; in the same moment he rubbed his head, assured his brother that he was not injured, and fired the gun with as much coolness as if nothing had happened."* In the following year Lieut.-Colonel Brock proceeded to Canada with his favorite 49th, and there remained, with only one intermission, when he returned on leave to Europe, until the period of his death. In 1803 or 1804, he quelled a serious mutiny which was on the point of breaking out in the regiment, part of which was in garrison at Niagara, under the command of the junior lieutenant-colonel, while the head quarters were fixed at York, the

* The effect of the ball passing so near him was such, that although a remarkably tall, athletic young man, he was knocked down and stunned for a moment.

capital of the Upper Province. This officer, it seems, more by useless annoyance than by actual severity, had exasperated the men to that degree, that at length they formed a plot to rise on their officers, and to avenge themselves on the few who had incurred their resentment. Far be it from us to justify the attempt, which indeed was highly criminal, but in all such extreme cases we hold that a sad abuse of power, or a gross want of tact, must be the predominant cause, and that, even in the passive obedience of a military life, there may be a limit to human endurance. The proximity of the United States rendered this plot a very feasible one, as the men in a body could have crossed the river without molestation or difficulty. Colonel Brock was privately informed, it appears, by one of the men, of the conspiracy, and he immediately proceeded in an open boat from York to Fort George. On his arrival he ordered the detachment under arms, and walking up to a sergeant, whom he knew to be the ringleader, commanded him to lay down his pike. The sergeant, taken by surprise, mechanically obeyed, and those most culpable were fortunately secured without the slightest resistance, although, we believe, the plot was to have been carried into effect that very day. On being tried by a court martial four were condemned to suffer death, and, with three deserters, were shot early in the month of March, in presence of the garrison at Quebec. A most awful and affecting sight it was: the wind was easterly, strong, and cold,—a thick drift of snow added to the gloom,—and, as if to increase the horror of the scene, a few of the firing party, fifty-six in number, instead of advancing to within eight yards of the prisoners as was intended, owing to some mistake, commenced firing at the

distance of at least fifty yards. The consequence was, that the unhappy wretches were only partially wounded, and dropped one after another. Nearly forty shots were fired before one poor fellow in the centre fell, although he was wounded through the abdomen at the first discharge. The men, who had reserved their fire, were at length ordered up, and, lodging the contents of their muskets in the breasts of the culprits, by that means put them out of torture. The unfortunate sufferers declared publicly that, had they continued under the command of Colonel Brock, they would have escaped their melancholy end; and, as may be easily conceived, he felt no little anguish that those, who had so recently and so bravely fought under him, were thus doomed to end their lives, the victims of their unruly passions inflamed by vexatious authority. He was now directed to assume the command at Fort George, or Niagara, and all complaint and desertion instantly ceased.

The following are extracts from two of his private letters, beyond which few or none have unfortunately been preserved:—

“Quebec, September 5, 1808.—I have been here but a few days, having been superseded at Montreal by Major-General Drummond. I do not approve much of the change. Being separated from the 49th is a great annoyance to me. But soldiers must accustom themselves to frequent movements; and as they have no choice, it often happens that they are placed in situations little agreeing with their inclinations. My nominal appointment has been confirmed at home, so that I am really a brigadier. Were the 49th ordered hence, the rank would not be a sufficient

inducement to keep me in this country. In such a case I would throw it up willingly.”

“Quebec, June 8, 1810.—It was my decided intention to have asked for leave to go to England this fall, but I have now relinquished the thought. Several untoward circumstances combine to oppose my wishes. The spirit of insubordination lately manifested by the French Canadian population of this colony naturally called for precautionary measures, and our worthy chief 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. Should, however, a senior brigadier to myself come out in the course of the summer, I shall certainly be fixed in the Upper Province, and there is every probability of such an addition very soon. Since all my efforts to get more actively employed have failed; since fate decrees that the best portion of my life is to be wasted in inaction in the Canadas, I am rather pleased with the prospect of removing upwards.”

Brigadier-General Brock was accordingly soon after detached to the Upper Province, and continued to command there with the exception of a short period, during which he returned in June, 1811, to Quebec, to act, we believe, as temporary governor-general, Sir James Craig having proceeded to England previously to the arrival of his successor, Sir George Prevost. During his brief residence in Quebec he

obtained his promotion as a major-general, and he at the same time anxiously repeated his application to the commander-in-chief for more active employment in Europe. At the close of that year His Royal Highness at length expressed every inclination to gratify his wishes, and Sir George Prevost was authorised to replace him by another officer; but when the permission reached Canada, a war with the United States of America was evidently near at hand, and Major-General Brock, with such a prospect, was retained both by honor and inclination in the country.

At the commencement of the second American war, in June, 1812, Great Britain having long been engaged in an arduous struggle in Europe, was totally unprepared to protect the Canadas with that force which an extended frontier of eight hundred miles* demanded; and Major-General Brock, who was administering the civil as well as the military government of the Upper Province, could scarcely collect fifteen hundred regular troops for its immediate defence. With this very inadequate force, it was the opinion of the highest authorities that the Province could not be maintained; but fortunately the major-general had so gained on the affections of all within his control, that, in the trying period of invasion, the Upper Canadians, with few exceptions, displayed a zealous and even enthusiastic loyalty, which surprised those most who believed they knew them best. These exceptions occurred in the western districts, far removed from the seat of government, and which were the

* From Quebec to Amherstburgh, at the head of Lake Erie.

At the opening of the war in July, 1812, the regular force in the Canadas consisted of seven regiments of infantry, three of which were fencible battalions, one of veterans or invalids, and a detachment of artillery, amounting in all to less than four thousand five hundred men. The incorporated militia of the two provinces probably amounted to an equal number.—*Quarterly Review*.

more subject to hostile influence, as the population was partly composed of natives of the United States, or their descendants; but there the machinations of the evil-disposed were quickly counteracted by that good spirit which animated the people generally, and Major-General Brock soon experienced the gratification of receiving voluntary offers of service from the militia most easily embodied. In the attainment of this important object gentlemen of the first character and respectability eagerly came forward; and no sooner had the British commander reached Amherstburgh, than he was joined by the Indian warriors in considerable numbers, among whom the gallant Te-cum-seh was conspicuous. The Americans complained loudly of the employment of men whom they termed savages; but the major-general, with his limited means, could not consistently refuse the assistance of such willing and useful auxiliaries, the more particularly as, in compliance with his wishes, they submitted in some degree to the restraints of discipline, and promised to treat their prisoners with humanity,—a promise which they faithfully performed.

The American government, previously to its declaration of war, had detached to the Michigan territory an army of about two thousand five hundred men, under the command of Brigadier-General Hull, who, said the president in his message to congress, “possessing discretionary authority to act offensively, passed into Upper Canada with a prospect of easy and victorious progress.” The enemy evidently confided in the very limited defensive means of the Province, and in the impossibility of its receiving early assistance from the mother country. They relied also on the supposed disaffection of many of

its inhabitants, and they anticipated confidently that, weak and divided, it would fall an easy prey to the invaders; but they were soon undeceived. Having reached the village of Sandwich, Brigadier-General Hull issued on the 12th of July an ably written proclamation to the Canadians, from which the following extract deserves to be recorded here. "Had I," he observed, "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 interest 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." Major-General Brock, in a counter proclamation, assured the inhabitants "that Great Britain would consider the execution of this inhuman threat as deliberate murder, for which every subject of the offending power must make expiation;" and, alluding to the Indians, added:

“By what new principle are they to be prevented from defending their property? If their warfare, from being different to that of white people, be more terrible to the enemy, let him retrace his steps. They seek him not, and 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.”

The deeds of the American general, however, but ill accorded with his boasted and real superiority of force; and as his threats had not the effect which he intended, it had been better in him to have withheld them. After wasting nearly a month in preparations for the siege of Fort Amherstburgh, and not meeting with the welcome from the inhabitants in the neighbourhood which he had fondly anticipated, he retraced his steps precipitately to Fort Detroit, whither he returned with his army on the 8th of August. Major-General Brock reached Amherstburgh by water on the 13th, with a reinforcement of three hundred men, chiefly militia, having traversed Lake Erie in open boats, when he immediately determined on following the enemy into his own territory, and on attempting, by a sudden and resolute attack, the annihilation of his power in that quarter. With this view the troops marched with the utmost expedition to Sandwich, where a few guns were placed in battery, from which a fire was opened against Fort Detroit on the 15th of August. On this day Major-General Brock transmitted a summons to his adversary, in which he declared, “that the force at his disposal authorised him to require the immediate surrender of Fort Detroit, and that he was disposed to enter into such conditions as would satisfy the most scrupulous sense

of honor." Brigadier-General Hull replied, on the same day, that he was prepared to meet any force which might be at the disposal of the British general; who, nothing daunted, and contrary to the opinion of the next in command, issued orders to cross the strait, or river, which is here about three fourths of a mile in width, on the following morning, in the hope of inducing the enemy to meet his little force in the field. Accordingly, at the first blush of dawn, on Sunday the 16th of August, thirty men of the royal artillery, two hundred and fifty of the 41st regiment, fifty of the Newfoundland regiment, together three hundred and thirty regulars, with four hundred militia and about six hundred Indians, were embarked, with five pieces of light artillery, in boats and canoes of every description, and soon effected a landing without opposition; the white troops at Springwell, three miles below Detroit, and the Indians two miles lower down. The former marched towards the fort, along the banks of the river, while the latter moved forward through the woods, and covered the left flank. We learn from Morse's American Geography, on the acknowledged authority of Governor Hull, that Fort Detroit, in 1810, was a regular work of an oblong figure, "covering about an acre of ground. The parapets were about twenty feet in height, built of earth and sods, with four bastions, the whole surrounded with pallisadoes, a deep ditch, and glacis. It stood immediately back of the town, and had strength to withstand a regular siege, but did not command the river." And as the American government had been for some time secretly preparing for war, it may be safely inferred, that in the mean while this fort had been rather strengthened than permitted to fall

to decay, and that it was at least as tenable in 1812 as when Governor Hull, two years before, gave the preceding description of its defences. The enemy's effective force was estimated at nearly two thousand five hundred men, and, supported as they were by a neighbouring fortress, it required no little daring to pursue them on their own ground with such unequal numbers. Having received information on landing that a detachment of three hundred and fifty men had left the garrison a day or two previously, and learning soon after that this detachment had been seen that morning within a few miles on its return, Major-General Brock decided on an immediate attack. Contrary to his expectation, the Americans abandoned a favorable position strengthened by pickets and two twenty-four pounders, and retreated into the fort on the advance of the British. Ascertaining that the enemy had taken little precaution on the land side, the major-general resolved on attempting to carry the fort by assault. While the various columns were forming for that purpose, a flag of truce, borne by Captain Hull, was unexpectedly seen emerging from the fort,—Lieut.-Colonel M'Donell and Captain Glegg accompanied him back ; and shortly after the British troops marched in with Major-General Brock at their head, the American general having assented to a capitulation, by which the Michigan territory, Fort Detroit, with thirty-three pieces of cannon,* the Adams vessel of war, and about two thousand five hundred troops, including one company of artillery, some cavalry, and the entire 4th U. S. regiment of infantry, were surrendered to the British arms. To

* Including six or eight brass field pieces, captured with General Burgoyne at Saratoga, in 1777 ; some of which were retaken by the Americans at the battle of the Thames, in October, 1813.

this surrender the after preservation of Upper Canada at least, may in a great measure be ascribed, as it caused a delay of nearly a whole year in the meditated invasion, imparted confidence to the Canadian militia, and secured the support of some of the Indian tribes, who were wavering as to the side they should espouse. The conduct of Brigadier-General Hull is almost inexplicable, and can only be accounted for by the supposition that the boldness of his adversary's movements led him to believe he had to contend with far greater numbers ; or, that having threatened to refuse quarter to the white man found fighting by the side of the Indian, he was apprehensive, in the event of defeat, that this threat would be visited with severe retaliation, particularly by the Indians, whose fury, in a successful assault, it might have been very difficult to restrain. To their honor, however, be it said, that although they took a few prisoners on the advance, the enemy sustained no loss of life beyond that caused by the British batteries ; and in general orders at Detroit they were told, that in nothing could they testify more strongly their love to the king, their great father, than in following the dictates of honor and humanity by which they had hitherto been actuated. Leaving a small force in the captured post to keep the inhabitants in awe, Major-General Brock hastened to Niagara, a command he had only relinquished for the purpose of undertaking an achievement which his energy and decision crowned with such unqualified success. His services, on this occasion, were on the 10th of October rewarded with the order of the Bath ; but he lived not long enough to learn that he had obtained so gratifying a distinction, the knowledge of which would have cheered him in

his last moments. Singularly enough his dispatches, accompanied by the colours of the U. S. 4th regiment, reached London early on the morning of the 6th of October, the anniversary of his birth. One of his brothers, who was residing in the vicinity, was asked by his wife why the park and tower guns were saluting. "For Isaac, of course," he replied; "do you not know that this is his birth-day?" And when he came to town he learnt, with emotions which may be easily conceived, that what he had just said in jest was true in reality, little thinking, however, that all his dreams, all his anticipations of a beloved brother's increasing fame and prosperity would that day week, one short week, be entombed

"Where Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound."

The unfortunate General Hull, on his return to the United States, was tried by a court martial and condemned to death; but the sentence was remitted by the president, in consideration of his age and services during the war of independence.* His name was, however, struck off the rolls of the army. His son, and aid-de-camp at Detroit, Captain Hull, was killed in July, 1814, in the hard-fought battle near the falls of Niagara.

The successful commander, in transmitting his dispatches to the governor-general at Montreal, expressed his intention of proceeding immediately with his gallant little army to Kingston, and from thence to the attack of the naval arsenal at Sackett's Harbour, on Lake Ontario. Had its destruction been accomplished,—and no one can doubt that this was the proper period to attempt it, as the enemy, dispirited by the capture of Detroit, would probably have offered

* For his revolutionary services, see Appendix A, Section 2.

but a feeble resistance,—the Americans could not, without much additional difficulty, have built and equipped the fleets, which subsequently gave them the naval ascendancy on those waters. But unhappily for the interests of his country and for the credit of his own fame, Sir George Prevost, whose civil administration was as able as his military one in Canada was inefficient, disapproved of the contemplated enterprise, and commanded Major-General Brock to remain on the Niagara frontier. We seek not to impugn his motives, as they doubtless originated in a sense of duty, however mistaken, and evidently from an impression that to attack the Americans again on their own territory would be to render the contest more popular among them.* Forbearance in war, when success is probable, is a positive evil that a very doubtful good may ensue,—it is seldom properly appreciated; and the governor-general appears to have seen his error when too late, as in the following year he was himself somewhat ignobly foiled in an attack on Sackett's Harbour. At the same time it is due to the memory of this unfortunate officer to add, that although his conduct on two or three occasions was the subject of much and just animadversion in England, yet he acquired the attachment of the French Canadians, who speak highly of him to this day. Certain it is, on the other hand, that Major-General Brock, thus frustrated in his intention and restricted to defensive warfare, felt the disappointment most acutely; and subsequent events too truly proved that had he been permitted to pursue that course which his zeal and foresight dictated, his valuable life might have been spared, and a very different series of inci-

* Appendix A, Section 1, No. 2.

dents in that war claimed the attention of the historian. The high-minded soldier could not brook a state of inaction with such promising prospects before him. His best feelings revolted at being compelled to languish within the strict pale of military obedience, when so rich a field for doing good service presented itself; and in place of becoming the assailant, he was soon doomed, by awaiting the attacks of his opponents, to sacrifice not only life, but, what is far dearer, the opening prospects of honorable ambition.

The Americans, burning to wipe away the stain of their recent discomfiture, and apparently determined to penetrate into Upper Canada at any risk, concentrated with those views, along the Niagara river, an army, by their own account, of about six thousand men, partly militia, under the command of Major-General Van Renssalaer. To oppose this force Major-General Brock, whose head quarters were at Fort George, had under his immediate orders part of the 41st and 49th regiments, a few companies of militia, and from two to three hundred Indians, in all about fifteen hundred men, but so dispersed in different posts at and between Fort Erie and Fort George,* (thirty-four miles apart,) that only a small number was quickly available at any one point. Under these circumstances it was impossible to prevent the landing of the hostile troops when favored by the obscurity of the night; they crossed over from Lewistown in a considerable body before daybreak, on the 13th of October, and after some loss, gained possession of the shore near Queenston, a pretty village, seven miles from Fort George. The cataract of Niagara is sup-

* On the opposite or American shore stands Fort Niagara, which, while in the hands of the French, was the scene of so many conflicts. The 49th regiment assisted at the reduction of this fort, in July, 1759!

posed to have commenced on the adjacent heights, and to have gradually receded, or worn its way backwards to its present site seven miles above, the banks of the river on both sides between the two spots being precipitous, chiefly of solid rock, and of the same height as the fall. For some days the British commander suspected that the enemy meditated an attack, and the evening previously he called his staff together, and gave to each the necessary instructions. Agreeably to his usual custom he arose before daylight, and, hearing the report of cannon and musketry, directed Major-General Sheaffe to bring up the troops as soon as they were assembled. He then galloped eagerly from Fort George to the scene of action, and, on his arrival there at a quarter before seven, found the flank companies only of the 49th regiment, with a few of the militia, warmly engaged with the enemy. The light company, under Captain Williams, was on the road leading up the heights watching the enemy below, and the grenadiers, under Captain Dennis, the senior officer, were guarding the village and covering two three pounders, whose fire swept the banks of the river. The general rode up the hill in front of the light company under a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry from the American shore. Soon after the enemy gained possession, by a fisherman's pathway, of the summit of the heights, and the light company was compelled, by dint of numbers, to retreat slowly down the hill into the village of Queenston, where they formed across a street, while the grenadiers came up with the three pounders, and formed on the right of the enemy. Sir Isaac Brock, observing the Americans to waver, ordered a charge, which he personally accompanied, but, as they gave

way, the result was not equal to his expectations. Retreating on their main body, the whole opened a heavy fire of musketry; and conspicuous from his dress, his height, and the enthusiasm with which he animated his little band, the British commander was soon singled out by their riflemen, whose celebrity for unerring aim was never more cruelly justified. While within pistol shot of the American lines, about an hour after his arrival, the fatal bullet entered his right breast, and passed through his left side. He lived only long enough to utter this dying exhortation: "My fall must not be noticed, or impede my brave companions from advancing to victory!" and then to express a wish that some token of remembrance, which could not be distinctly understood, should be transmitted to his sister. On the same day, a week previously, he had completed his forty-third year. The lifeless corpse was immediately conveyed into a house at Queenston, where it remained until the afternoon unperceived by the enemy. His provincial aid-de-camp, Lieut.-Colonel M'Donell, of the militia, a fine promising young man, and the attorney-general of Upper Canada, was mortally wounded nearly at the same instant as his chief, and died the next day at the early age of twenty-four. Although one ball had passed through his body, and he was wounded in four places, yet he survived twenty hours, and, during a period of excruciating agony, his words and thoughts were constantly occupied with lamentations for his deceased commander and friend.

The flank companies having suffered considerably, and both their captains being severely wounded, the disputed ground was lost soon after the fall of the general. The Americans remained in quiet possession

of the heights and village of Queenston for some hours, during which they were but partially reinforced, as their militia could not be induced, either by threat or entreaty, to cross the river. In the mean while Major-General Sheaffe* collected a force from Fort George and Chippewa, and in the afternoon commenced an attack on the enemy. The British, now equal in number, and superior in discipline, easily drove the invaders from their position at the point of the bayonet. Pressed to the edge of the precipice which overhangs the river, they fought with desperation for a moment, but quickly discovering that resistance was hopeless, the greater part threw down their arms, and called for quarter. Of those who attempted to escape into the woods, some were soon driven back by the Indians; while others, cut off in their return to the main body, and terrified at the sight of these exasperated warriors, flung themselves wildly over the cliffs, and endeavoured to cling to the bushes which grew upon them, but many, losing their hold, were dashed frightfully on the rocks beneath; and several who reached the river perished in their attempts to swim across it. Such, alas, are the dreadful horrors too often arising from human warfare! Few returned to tell the tale of their disaster, and upwards of nine hundred men, with their commander, Brigadier-General Wadsworth, remained as prisoners. The death of the British general is said to have cost the invaders many a life on that day which otherwise had been spared. The detachment of the 49th above all, in the excite-

* This officer was made a baronet after the battle of Queenston; he is a native of New England, and was succeeded in 1813, in the command of Upper Canada, by Major-General De Rottenburgh, a German, we believe, who was in his turn soon superseded by Lieut.-General (now Sir Gordon) Drummond.

ment arising from the loss of their late beloved colonel, fought with such animosity that the few Americans, who escaped to their own shore, described them to their companions as the "green tigers," from their green facings; and the fame of their desperate prowess, on this occasion, was long remembered by the enemy's invading army. But the success, though complete, was felt by the victors as a poor compensation for the fate of the British chieftain, thus prematurely cut off in the midst of his career; and the sorrow manifested throughout both provinces proved that those who rejoiced in the result of this second invasion would gladly have foregone the triumph, if by such means they could have regained him who rendered the heights of Queenston memorable by his fall.

"The news of the death of this excellent officer (observed the Quebec Gazette) has been received here as a public calamity. The attendant circumstances of victory scarcely checked the painful sensation. His long residence in this province, and particularly in this place, had made him in habits and good offices almost a citizen; and his frankness, conciliatory disposition, and elevated demeanour, an estimable one. The expressions of regret as general as he was known, and not uttered by friends and acquaintance only, but by every gradation of class, not only by grown persons, but young children, are the test of his worth. Such too is the only eulogium worthy of the good and brave, and the citizens of Quebec have, with solemn emotions, pronounced it on his memory. But at this anxious moment other feelings are excited by his loss. General Brock had acquired the confidence of the inhabitants within

his government. He had secured their attachment permanently by his own merits. They were one people animated by one disposition, and this he had gradually wound up to the crisis in which they were placed. Strange as it may seem, it is to be feared that he had become too important to them. The heroic militia of Upper Canada, more particularly, had knit themselves to his person; and it is yet to be ascertained whether the desire to avenge his death can compensate the many embarrassments it will occasion." A Montreal newspaper of the day also contained the following observations: "The private letters from Upper Canada, in giving the account of the late victory at Queenston, are partly taken up with encomiastic lamentations upon the never-to-be-forgotten General Brock, which do honor to the character and talents of the man they deplore. The enemy have nothing to hope from the loss they have inflicted; they have created a hatred which panteth for revenge. Although General Brock may be said to have fallen in the midst of his career, yet his previous services in Upper Canada will be lasting and highly beneficial. When he assumed the government of the province he found a divided, disaffected, and, of course, a weak people. He has left them united and strong, and the universal sorrow of the Province attends his fall. The father, to his children, will make known the mournful story. The veteran, who fought by his side in the heat and burthen of the day of our deliverance, will venerate his name." And the sentiments of the British government, on the melancholy occasion, were thus expressed in a dispatch from Earl Bathurst, the secretary of state for the colonies, to Sir George Prevost:—"His Royal

Highness the Prince Regent is fully aware of the severe loss which his Majesty's service has experienced in the death of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. This would have been sufficient to have clouded a victory of much greater importance. His Majesty has lost in him not only an able and meritorious officer, but one who, in the exercise of his functions of provisional lieutenant-governor of the province, displayed qualities admirably adapted to awe 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, in the last of which he unhappily fell, too prodigal of that life of which his eminent services had taught us to understand the value."

The Canadian boat songs are well known for their plaintive and soothing effect, and a very beautiful one was composed on the death of Major-General Brock. The writer of this memoir, while sailing one evening in the straits of Canso, in British North America, the beautiful and picturesque scenery of which greatly increased the effect of the words, remembers to have heard it sung by a Canadian boatman, and he then thought that he had never listened to vocal sounds more truly descriptive of melancholy and regret.

Sir Isaac Brock, after lying in state at the government house, where his body was bedewed with the tears of many affectionate friends, was interred, with every military honor, at Fort George, in a cavalier bastion, which he had suggested, and which had been just finished under his daily superintendence. His surviving aid-de-camp, Major J. B. Glegg, at the same time recollecting the decided aversion of the general to every thing that bore the appearance of

ostentatious display, endeavoured to clothe the distressing ceremony with all his native simplicity. Such was the esteem in which he was held by the enemies of his country, for he had or could have no personal enemies, that Major-General Van Renssalaer, in a letter of condolence, informed Major-General Sheaffe that immediately after the funeral solemnities were over on the British side, a compliment of minute guns would be paid to his memory on theirs!!! Accordingly, the cannon at Fort Niagara were fired, "as a mark of respect due to a brave enemy." How much is it then to be regretted that we should ever come into collision with those who possess the same origin and the same language as ourselves, and who, by this generous feeling and conduct, proved that they are a liberal, as they undoubtedly are a gallant, people; and may the future rivalry of both powers be, not for the unnatural destruction of each other, but for the benefit of mankind.* No words can better express the favorable opinion entertained by the Americans of the deceased than the language of their president, Madison, who, alluding to the battle of Queenston in his annual message to congress, observed: "Our loss has been considerable, and is deeply to be lamented. That of the enemy, less ascertained, will be the more felt, as it includes amongst the killed the commanding general, who was also the governor of the province."

Nature had been very bountiful to Sir Isaac Brock

* The Americans have been frequently traduced for declaring war with Great Britain when the greater part of Europe was arrayed against her, but we must admit, in common candour, that they had received many provocations; their citizens had been impressed, their ships captured, their commerce restrained, and, above all, their coasts had been insulted; and national warfare has yet to be waged on more generous principles, if the aggressed await the convenience of the aggressor.

in those personal gifts which appear to such peculiar advantage in the army, and at the first glance the soldier and the gentleman were seen. In stature he was tall, erect, athletic, and well proportioned, although in his latter years his figure was perhaps too portly ; and when a young man, at the head of his company of grenadiers, he attracted general observation by his martial presence. His fine and benevolent countenance was a perfect index of his mind, and his manners were courteous, frank, and engaging. His character has already been so fully developed in the preceding pages that it may appear superfluous to add a brief sketch of its more prominent features. Brave, liberal, and humane ; devoted to his sovereign, and loving his country with romantic fondness ; in command so gentle and persuasive, yet so firm, that he possessed the rare faculty of acquiring both the respect and the attachment of all who served under him. When urged by some friends, shortly before his death, to be more careful of his person, he replied : “ How can I expect my men to go where I am afraid to lead them ;” and although perhaps his anxiety ever to shew a good example, by being foremost in danger, induced him to expose himself more than strict prudence or formality warranted, yet, if he erred on this point, his error was that of a soldier. Elevated to the government of Upper Canada, he reclaimed the disaffected by mildness, and fixed the wavering by argument ; and having no national partialities to gratify, that rock on which so many provincial governors have split, he meted equal favor and justice to all. British born subjects soon felt convinced that with him their religion or their birth place was no obstacle to their advancement. Even

over the minds of the Indians Sir Isaac Brock gained an ascendancy altogether unexampled, and which he judiciously exercised for purposes conducive equally to the cause of humanity and to the interests of his country. He engaged them to throw aside the scalping knife, implanted in their breasts the virtues of clemency and forbearance, and taught them to feel pleasure and pride in the compassion extended to a vanquished enemy. In return they revered him as their common father, and whilst he lived were guilty of no excesses. It is well known that this untutored people, the children of the forests, value personal much more highly than mental qualities, but the union of both in their leader was happily calculated to impress their haughty and masculine minds with respect and admiration; and the speech delivered, after the capture of Detroit, by the celebrated Te-cum-seh,* who also fell during the war, is illustrative of the sentiments with which he had inspired these warlike tribes. "I have heard," observed that chief to him, "much of your fame, and am happy to shake by the hand a brave brother warrior. The Americans endeavour to give us a mean opinion of British generals, but we have been the witnesses of your valour. In crossing the river to attack the enemy, we observed you from a distance standing the whole time in an erect posture, and, when the boats reached the shore, you were among the first who jumped on land. Your bold and sudden movements frightened the enemy, and you compelled them to surrender to half their own force."

Of all the good qualities which adorned this accomplished soldier none was more prominent than his

* For a narrative of his life, &c., see conclusion of Appendix.

decision, and it was ever under the guidance of a sound judgment. His strong attachment to the service, and particularly to his regiment, formed another distinguishing feature in his character. There was a correspondence of regard between him and his officers, and even the non-commissioned officers and privates, that produced the picture of a happy family. Those extremities of punishment, which the exactions of discipline will sometimes occasion, rarely reached his men. He governed them by that sentiment of esteem which he himself had created, and the consolation was given him to terminate a brief but brilliant course in the midst of his professional family. They performed his last obsequies, and those who knew the commander and his men will be convinced that on the day of his funeral there was an entire detachment in tears.

It deserves to be recorded, as an instance of good fortune, unprecedented perhaps in military annals, and especially in a country where the advantage and facility of escape were so great, that from the 5th of August, the day on which Major-General Brock left York for Detroit, to the period immediately preceding the battle of Queenston, the force under his personal command suffered no diminution in its numbers either by desertion, natural death, or the sword. This comprehended a period of nearly ten weeks, during which an army was captured, and a journey of several hundred miles, by land and water, accomplished with extreme rapidity.

In conclusion it is due to the memory of this excellent man to declare that, eminent and undisputed as were his public virtues, he was no less estimable in private life. In his own family he was the object of

the warmest affection, and his servants carefully preserved relics of their dear master, as they style him to this day. His cares and anxieties had no reference to the wealth he should amass, but to the sum of human misery he might relieve; and towards the close of his brief career, as the prospect of increasing honors and emoluments opened to his view, he contemplated his good fortune only as the means of diffusing felicity, of drying the tear of affliction. Indeed so totally devoid was he of every mercenary consideration, that although he enjoyed an ample income from his appointments, by which he might have been enriched, or at least repaid for the purchase of his commissions, yet he left literally nothing but his fair name behind him. Some of his nearest relatives have since been cut off more prematurely, and far more cruelly than himself; but those who still survive him possess the never-failing consolation which arises from the remembrance of his virtues, and from the reflection that, though his blessed spirit hath fled for ever from this world, they may meet again in the mansions of futurity.

Though the dead heed not human praise, yet the living act wisely in commemorating the fall of a distinguished chief,—the example is never thrown away,—and on this occasion it is gratifying to reflect, that every posthumous honor was paid to the memory of one who had merited the distinction so well. A public monument, having been decreed by the imperial parliament, was raised a few years since in St. Paul's, and a view of it is said to have awakened in an astonished Indian more surprise and admiration than any thing he witnessed in England.* To “the

* Appendix A, Section 1, No. 11.

hero of Upper Canada," as he is still termed in that country, the provincial legislature has recently erected a lofty column on Queenston heights, to which his remains, and those of his gallant aid-de-camp, were removed from Fort George in solemn procession, on the 13th of October, 1824.* Although twelve years had elapsed since the interment, the body of the general had undergone little change, his features being nearly perfect and easily recognised, while that of Lieut.-Colonel M'Donell was in a complete mass of decomposition. One of his regimental companions, Colonel Fitzgibbon, in transmitting a detail of the ceremonies of the day, thus pathetically expressed himself: "Nothing, certainly, could exceed the interest manifested by the people of the province upon the occasion; and numbers from the neighbouring state of New York, by their presence and conduct, proved how highly the Americans revere the memory of our lamented chief. Of the thousands present not one had cause to feel so deeply as I, and I felt as if alone, although surrounded by the multitude. He had been more than a father to me in that regiment which he ruled like a father, and I alone of his old friends in that regiment was present to embalm with a tear his last honored retreat. What I witnessed on this day would have fully confirmed me in the opinion, had confirmation been wanting, that the public feeling in this province has been permanently improved and elevated by Sir Isaac Brock's conduct and actions while governing its inhabitants. These, together with his dying in their defence, have done

* A magnificent grant of twelve thousand acres of land in Upper Canada was also bestowed by the Provincial Legislature on Sir Isaac Brock's four surviving brothers, who in addition were allowed a pension for life of Two Hundred Pounds a year each, by a vote of the British Parliament.

more towards cementing our union with the mother country than any event or circumstance since the existence of the province. Of this our leading men are aware, and are careful to seize every opportunity of preserving recollections so productive of good effects." The height of the column, which commands a view of the surrounding country for about fifty miles, is from the base to the summit one hundred and twenty-seven feet, and from the level of the Niagara river, which runs nearly under it, four hundred and seventy-seven feet. The following inscription is engraven on this splendid tribute to the unfading remembrance of a grateful people :—

UPPER CANADA
 HAS DEDICATED THIS MONUMENT
 TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
 MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K. B.
 PROVISIONAL LIEUT.-GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER OF THE FORCES
 IN THIS PROVINCE,
 WHOSE REMAINS ARE DEPOSITED IN THE VAULT BENEATH.
 OPPOSING THE INVADING ENEMY,
 HE FELL IN ACTION NEAR THESE HEIGHTS,
 ON THE 13th OCTOBER, 1812,
 IN THE 43rd YEAR OF HIS AGE,
 REVERED AND LAMENTED
 BY THE PEOPLE WHOM HE GOVERNED,
 AND DEPLORED BY THE SOVEREIGN
 TO WHOSE SERVICE HIS LIFE HAD BEEN DEVOTED.

February, 1832.

MEMOIR

OF

THE LATE

LIEUT. E. W. TUPPER, OF H. M. S. SYBILLE.

By deadly sufferings now no more oppress'd,
Mount, dear William, to thy destin'd rest :
While I,—reversed our nature's kindlier doom,—
Pour forth a brother's sorrows on thy tomb.

Paraphrase.

THE subject of this memoir, the third son of John E. Tupper, Esq., by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of John Brock, Esq., was born in the island of Guernsey. Having received the rudiments of his education at Harrow, where, although so young, he was remarked for an ardent love of reading, united to a very retentive memory, he commenced his naval career in the *Victory*, of 110 guns, under the care and patronage of the present Lord De Saumarez, with whom he continued in the *Baltic* until he struck his flag. Being sent occasionally to serve in smaller vessels for the greater facility of acquiring practical seamanship, he in one instance narrowly escaped a watery grave, the *Bellette*, 18-gun brig, being lost with all her crew, excepting five, the cruise after he left her to rejoin the flag ship. Having wintered on that station in 1812 in the *Ranger*, of 28 guns, Captain Acklom, he was employed in that ship early the following spring, in the reduction of *Dantzic*, then occupied by a

French garrison. He served on the American coast, during the latter part of the war, in the *Asia*, 74, and was present at the disastrous attack of New Orleans, on the 8th of January, 1815, forming one of a party under Captain Rowland Money, landed from the fleet to co-operate with the army. On the night of the storm, this party, in conjunction with the 85th Light Infantry, under Colonel Thornton, attacked some fortified works on the right bank of the Mississippi, and were completely successful after sustaining a trifling loss, but the failure of the main assault rendered this success unavailing. The cannon on these out-works appear to have enfiladed the principal defences on the left bank of the river, the attempt to carry which cost the army so many men; and had the main assault been deferred until these guns could be turned against the garrison, the city would probably have been captured. In the same year he joined the flag ship of Sir Thomas Fremantle, who, having been an intimate friend of his late uncle, Sir Isaac Brock, kindly assured him of his influence and support; but ere he had attained the requisite age for promotion, peace took place and blighted all the bright prospects with which he entered the service. In November, 1817, on his return in the *Active* frigate, Captain Philip Carteret,* from the Jamaica station, he passed at the Naval College at Portsmouth, and was one of four midshipmen complimented as having undergone a superior examination. In 1823 he was appointed to the *Revenge*, 76, Sir Harry Neale's flag ship in the Mediterranean, and took a passage to join her in the *Sybille*, of 48 guns. Captain Yorke,† command-

* The late Sir Philip Carteret Sylvester, Bart. and C. B.

† The present Earl of Hardwicke.

ing the Alacrity brig, having applied to Captain Pechell, on the voyage from Gibraltar to Malta, for an officer capable of taking charge of a watch, Mr. Tupper was selected for that purpose. Captain Yorke wished him to remain on board the brig, but he preferred joining the flag ship, and a flattering testimonial of Captain Yorke's approbation was found among his papers, when received in Guernsey after his decease. Being placed on the admiralty list for advancement, through the interest of a relative residing in London, he was, while at Smyrna, promoted from the Revenge into the Seringapatam frigate; but Captain Pechell* was so satisfied with his conduct, during the short period he was under his orders, that he prevailed upon the admiral to transfer him to the Sybille, and Lieutenant Tupper, as gladly as unfortunately for himself, joined the latter ship, which was distinguished on the station for superior gunnery and discipline. She was what is termed "a crack frigate;" her commander was not only a scientific, but an experienced and zealous officer; and young men of the first families and interest were then serving under him.†

The Sybille was at Alexandria, on her way from Malta to the coast of Syria, when intelligence was received by Mr. Salt, the well known oriental traveller and the British consul general in Egypt, of the plunder of a Maltese and a Sardinian vessel by a strong party of Greek pirates, who had taken possession of a small barren island on the southern coast of Candia, and whose treatment of both the crews had been attended with circumstances of great atrocity. Cap-

* Captain Pechell, C. B., succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, the 18th June, 1826, on which day the rencontre at Candia took place.

† Some mention is made of the Sybille, her captain, and the attack of the pirates at Candia in Whyhcotte of St. John's.—Vide Appendix B, No. 3.

tain Pechell set sail immediately in pursuit of these lawless and desperate men. On Saturday the 17th of June, 1826,* being near Gozo, the boats were dispatched to destroy some small vessels hauled up on the beach, but, as a heavy surf was breaking there, the crews could not land, and they coasted along, followed by the frigate and by a large party of armed Greeks, who anxiously watched their motions from the shore, offering them, however, no molestation, although within musket shot. In the evening the boats were recalled, having been unable to effect a landing. The ship stood off and on the coast of Candia during the night, and early the following morning two misticoes were observed under sail standing towards her. On perceiving their mistake they immediately made for the land, and, while in chase of them, a rocky islet was unexpectedly discovered under Cape Matala, on which were seen armed men, the crews of three or four piratical misticoes, which were secured to the rocks in a narrow creek, called, by the English, Good Harbour, formed by the islet and the main land of Candia. This island, the Crete of the ancients, and the theatre of so much contention and bloodshed in modern times, was in possession of the Turks, some of whom were seen from the Sybille, and were equally dreaded by the Greeks, whose retreat to the main, had they been so inclined, was thus effectually cut off. Candia rises pre-eminently above the multitude of isles which overspread the Egean, and the snowy tops of Mount Ida are seen distinctly at sea from a distance of thirty

* Exactly thirty-two years after the Sybille was captured from the French in the Greek Archipelago, and fifty-one years after the attack of Bunker's Hill, in which Lieutenant Tupper's great uncle, Major, afterwards Major-General, Tupper, commanded a battalion of marines.



GOOD HARBOUR IN CANDIA.

miles. But of the hundred flourishing cities, which it once contained, scarcely a vestige, with two or three exceptions, now remains, so complete has been the destruction brought on by war and Ottoman barbarism. One of the misticoes ran into the creek, and was followed by the frigate; the other, finding she could not reach the island without risk of capture, bore up and escaped to leeward. On the approach of the Sybille, Sir John Pechell was informed by the mate of a Greek schooner, which was coming out of the creek, that the position of the pirates was too strong to be attacked with boats only, and that they were determined to defend their vessels to the last extremity. Their position was indeed well chosen, the islet being exceedingly rocky and precipitous, and from two to three hundred armed men awaited the attack under cover of the rocks and artificial stone breast works on the summit, which completely commanded the creek. From this their "point d'appui" they could espy and pounce upon any unfortunate merchant vessel which approached the coast, and when disengaged, they occasionally sallied forth and committed depredations on the neighbouring Turkish villages. It will soon be seen how resolutely they defended themselves, and how much of the spirit of ancient Greece they exhibited on this unfortunate occasion. The suppression of piracy by British ships of war had hitherto been attended with little loss, being confined to the Greeks of the Morea and Cyclades, not remarkable for courage; and although the Candiotes of either religion have always been noted as the most daring and ferocious of the Sultan's subjects, there was on this occasion, with so great a disparity of force, no cause to apprehend so serious

and so successful a resistance. Captain Pechell, having ascertained that the ship could be taken in, cast anchor, with the boats in tow, at about noon in the mouth of the creek ; and before the broadside could be brought to bear by means of a spring on the cable, Lieutenant Gordon impetuously dashed forward in the barge with the view of boarding a mistico, which was endeavouring to escape by the weather channel. The captain intended that the boats should wait until the frigate was ready to co-operate with them, and he immediately recalled Lieutenant Gordon, but the latter was either too eager to attack, or did not hear the order ; and Lieutenant Tupper and the remaining officers, who were still within hail of the ship, were thus left in doubt as to the course they should pursue. The other boats, however, quickly followed to support the barge, whose crew alone boarded and carried the mistico ; but Lieutenant Gordon, Midshipman Edmonstone, and every man, excepting one, being killed or wounded, they were compelled to abandon her, and aided by a light breeze off the shore, the barge fortunately drifted out, and was towed on board by the launch, Lieutenant Tupper pressing forward to her assistance, although he was by this time himself desperately wounded. The boats, six in number, having been exposed to a most murderous fire for about a quarter of an hour, on returning to the Sybille, presented, particularly the barge, the melancholy spectacle of a heap of dead and dying. Midshipman J. M. Knox and twelve men were killed ; Lieutenant Edward Gordon, dangerously ; Lieutenant Tupper, mortally ; Midshipman William Edmonstone*

* A younger son of the late Sir Charles Edmonstone, Bart., and grandson of Lord Hotham.

and Robert Lees,* both very severely; and twenty-seven men wounded, of whom five died in a few days. Mr. Knox, who was shot dead in the second cutter, had, on a former occasion with the Greek bandits, manifested much coolness and courage when unexpectedly encountered by them with his boat's crew on shore. Mr. Edmonstone, another fine and gallant young man of sixteen, and the only midshipman in the barge, was dreadfully wounded in the chin, the bullet carrying away several of his teeth; and a ball is said to have pierced the shoulder of Mr. Lees, who was in the first cutter, and to have killed the coxswain behind him. Lieutenants Gordon and Tupper were the first and third of the ship, and the only officers of that rank in the boats. The day of the attack was the sabbath, and on the same day of the week and month, eleven years previously, was fought the battle of Waterloo. Sir John Pechell now resolved to inflict summary punishment for the slaughter of so many of his crew; two of the misticoes were quickly sunk, and many of the pirates, who for a little time kept up a brisk fusilade on the ship, were killed and wounded by the frigate's guns, their dead bodies and muskets being every where strewed among the rocks. Their fire being silenced, they crowded towards their boats, and attempted to escape by the weather channel; but as soon as the headmost boat became exposed to the ship's guns, a well-directed fire of grape and canister left her neither rower nor helmsman, and she fell off towards the shore and sank in shallow water. But humanity to one of her own crew at length caused a cessation of the firing from the Sybille. A marine, according to his own account, while in the

* A nephew of Sir Harcourt Lees, Bart.

act of cutting the cable of the *mistico* boarded from the barge, was thrown on the rocks and stunned by the violence of the shock. On coming to his senses he found himself alone in a cave, and immediately ran down towards the ship, from whence he was recognised by his scarlet jacket, although intermingled with the Greeks, who, when the firing ceased, brought him to a projecting rock, and offered to restore him unhurt if the attack were discontinued. There was no alternative without the sacrifice of this man's life, and the *Sybille*, having received him on board, weighed anchor from this ill-fated spot, and immediately returned to Malta to land her wounded. Great anxiety was at first entertained for Lieutenant Gordon, two balls having passed through, and a third lodged in, his body, and being an excellent officer, he was highly beloved by the whole ship's company. He was then, unknown to himself, a commander, having been promoted by the admiralty fifteen days before this sanguinary affair, for his previous zeal and gallantry. Although the pirates, behind their breastworks, defended themselves in comparative security, yet, in justice to them it should be added, that their chief headed a party which was bold enough to come down to the water's edge and to fire upon the *Sybille*, so as to prevent her men putting a spring on the cable, the effect of which they well understood. Here the daring chief fell, and his followers were distinctly seen from the frigate to divest the corse of its ill-gotten spoils. Their total loss was not clearly ascertained, but nearly eighty are reported to have been slain, and the remainder, being able to equip only one of their vessels, subsequently set forth to commit other depredations. They were pursued by a Turkish brig of

war, and driven on shore on the coast of Anatolia, whence they escaped into the mountains. Thus this piratical establishment was finally abandoned, and it is deeply to be regretted that its attack by the Sybille should have been attended with such a lamentable loss of life on both sides. Sir John Pechell could not, in the performance of his duty, act otherwise; but as long as the unjust and cruel system of promotion prevails in the navy, by which during peace no officer, however deserving, without powerful interest or extreme good fortune, can hope to be advanced in the usual course of service, many brave men will be unnecessarily exposed and sacrificed, as they undoubtedly were on this occasion. We blame not Lieutenant Gordon,—his intrepidity and sufferings excite our admiration and sympathy, but we should be devoid of the common feelings of humanity if we did not execrate that system, of which he also was the victim.

In this attack Lieutenant Tupper commanded the launch, and, although severely wounded in three places, he stood up the whole time, and retained the command of her until she returned to the ship. The bullet, which proved fatal, entered his right breast, and, passing obliquely downwards and backwards, was extracted from under the skin over the false ribs. Having gone into action with his coat and epaulette on, it is probable that he was more particularly aimed at,* as the four midshipmen, Mr. H. M. E. Allen, the Honorable Frederick Pelham,† Mr. Robert Spencer Robinson,‡ and the Honorable Edward Plunkett,§

* A Greek is a soldier by nature,—his sight is so keen that it surprises our most expert sportsmen.—Colonel NAPIER.

† Second son of the Earl of Chichester.

‡ Son of Sir John Robinson, Bart.

§ Son of Lord Dunsany.

Among the midshipmen in the other boats were the present Captains Hon. E. G. Howard and H. G. Hamilton, and Lieutenant Hon. J. Deuman.

who were in the launch, escaped unhurt. After lingering for eight days, he breathed his last in a state of delirium on board the *Sybille*, at Malta, and passed from time to eternity totally unconscious of the awful change that was awaiting him. His remains were interred in the quarantine burial ground, where a monument was erected by his captain and messmates, with this inscription of their esteem and regard.

TO THE MEMORY OF
LIEUT. E. W. TUPPER, LATE H. M. S. SYBILLE,
WHO DIED 26th JUNE, 1826,
FROM WOUNDS RECEIVED IN AN ATTACK AGAINST PIRATES.
HE WILL LONG BE REGRETTEED BY THOSE WHO KNEW HIM.

It was placed between the tombs of Charles Locke, Esq., British consul-general for Egypt, and Theodore Gatton, Esq., the only mementos of the living then seen throughout the cemetery to indicate that aught, which once breathed, was laid below. Captain Gordon and Mr. George Johnstone, the surgeon, in letters to the family in Guernsey, after their return to England, thus feelingly and eloquently expressed themselves.

The former said :—

“ It will be some consolation to an afflicted family to learn that no one had been more esteemed, and none more regretted, by his captain, brother officers, and shipmates, than poor William. He was a good officer and an excellent seaman, and in whom Sir John Pechell had always the greatest reliance. . . . Your poor brother was too amiable and honorable a young man not to have possessed proper religious feelings. He bore his sufferings with fortitude,—during the six days previous to my being landed I never heard him complain, although I have little doubt he was conscious that his wounds were mortal.”

The surgeon wrote :—

“When I first saw him he was firm and cool. He asked me to give my opinion without reserve, and knowing him to be possessed of great fortitude, I told him that the wound in the chest was of a most *dangerous* nature, but not *necessarily* fatal. He had by this time lost a great deal of blood, but the internal hemorrhage, though the most alarming, was slight. He remained so low for three days that it was expected he would have sunk, though he still continued collected and firm. On the fourth day he rallied, his pulse became more distinct, and he evidently encouraged hopes. Need I say that I felt myself incapable of destroying them,—indeed I was not altogether without hope myself. The principal danger was from hemorrhage upon the separation of the sloughs, and my fears were fatally verified, for on the 25th, at noon, it commenced and increased internally, until his lungs could no longer perform their functions, and he died at about three o'clock on the morning of the 26th. During the whole time he was resigned, evincing the greatest strength of mind. As it was with unfeigned sorrow that I saw a fine and gallant young man fall a victim to such a cause, so it was with admiration that I witnessed his heroic bearing when the excitement was past, and hope itself was almost fled. I have seen many support their firmness amidst danger and death, but it belongs to few to sustain it during protracted suffering, which is indeed a trial often too severe for the bravest, but through which your lamented brother came with a spirit and resignation which reflected lustre upon himself and family, and endeared him to all his shipmates.”

The spot on which this desperate encounter took place is called, in modern Greek, Kaloslimionas, which, in English, signifies "The Fair Havens;" and although its position does not exactly accord with that of the same name laid down in a recent scriptural chart of St. Paul's voyage, still, as the identity of the appellations is so remarkable, as the latitude corresponds, and as there is only a slight difference of longitude, it is very possible that the present Kaloslimionas is The Fair Havens mentioned in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

"And there the centurion found a ship of Alexandria, sailing into Italy, and he put us therein.

"And when we had sailed slowly many days, and scarce were come over against Cnidus, the wind not suffering us, we sailed under Crete, over against Salmone.

"And, hardly passing it, came unto a place which is called The Fair Havens, nigh whereunto was the city of Lasea."

That this promising young officer should have fallen by such hands was the more severely felt by his disconsolate family, because, a few months previously, some of its members had it in their power to be of service to the officers and crew of the Greek brig of war, *Cimoni*, wrecked on Alderney in November, 1825. The commander, Captain Miaulis, son of the celebrated Greek admiral of that name, thus expressed his thanks in a letter on the subject to the Greek deputies in London.

[TRANSLATION.]

"Portsmouth, 1st January, 1826.—Being on the point of quitting England, I consider myself obliged by duty to express the sincere gratitude which I, my officers, and crew,* entertain towards the inhabitants

* Each seaman, besides food and raiment during his stay, received £5 on his departure from the island.

of Guernsey in general, and particularly towards the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Colborne, and the family of Mr. Tupper, resident in that island, for their most benevolent and generous conduct towards us.

“ If any thing can possibly alleviate the misfortunes of those who are shipwrecked on a foreign coast, far from their native country, unacquainted with the language of the people among whom chance has thrown them, it is the meeting with men of liberality and humanity. Such, we thank Heaven, has been our lot, and we can assure the inhabitants of Guernsey that, whilst we live, their conduct will remain indelibly engraven on our hearts.

“ You will oblige me and my officers by giving publicity to this letter. Treatment, like that we met with, should not remain unrecorded.”

Of this crew very possibly some, urged by want and desperation, were among the pirates at Good Harbour,—one may have inflicted the fatal wound which deprived Lieutenant Tupper of his life, and if so, it is melancholy to reflect, as the orientals pathetically express it, that the arrow which pierced the eagle’s heart was poised with an eagle’s feather,—that a Greek, lately cherished in his victim’s native isle,

“ gave the final blow,
Or helped to plant the wound that laid him low.
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast.”

BYRON.

In person Lieutenant Tupper was rather above the middle height, with a pleasing and intelligent counte-

nance, and he and his next brother, Charles, when midshipmen in the *Victory* together, were designated on board as the handsome brothers.* His love of reading continued in its full force to the last, and as he possessed a very copious fund of information, particularly on naval subjects, he was often referred to on a disputed point. Cruelly cut off in the opening bud of manhood, when fortune seemed at length propitious, and life in consequence was become doubly dear to him, the only consolation left to his near relatives is, that he, unlike his brother De Vic, died in the service of his own country. He, who sketches this feeble tribute to his memory, was the elder companion of his childhood, and the friend of his later years; and he still feels, from sad experience, how impossible it is to forget him, and how poignant is the ever recurring thought of their earthly separation. Who indeed has not observed that in this world there are griefs of a nature which time cannot obliterate, which sympathy cannot assuage,—that there are secret sorrows which embitter our happiest hours, and terminate only in the grave,—that there are sudden bereavements whose wounds heal but for a moment, or perhaps never cease to bleed? And in this instance the void, which the premature loss of an amiable young man will ever cause in the hearts of those who knew him best, is the surest testimony of departed worth, and the only eulogium worthy of the good, the unfortunate, and the brave.

The truly gallant Captain Gordon was, as soon as he recovered in some degree from his desperate

* By a singular coincidence the two brothers commenced their career in the same ship, the *Victory*, to which their near relative, Lieutenant Carré Tupper, belonged when he was killed in the Mediterranean in one of her boats, and all three lost their lives in boats!

wounds, appointed to the command of the *Acorn*, a new corvette of 18 guns, and the appointment was a flattering tribute to his bravery and sufferings, as well as the prelude of further promotion. The *Acorn*, built by Sir Robert Seppings as an experimental ship, and represented as a most perfect vessel of her class, foundered in a hurricane in the Gulf Stream, on the 16th or 17th April, 1828, while on her passage from Bermuda to Halifax, having never been seen or heard of since. That Captain Gordon outlived his wounds at Candia was deemed quite wonderful; but as one ball lodged near the spine and could not be extracted, he was reduced in consequence from a remarkably active, athletic man, to a mere invalid, and his sufferings could have terminated only with his existence. A midshipman of the *Sybill* told the writer "that there was not a man on board the frigate who would not have run the gauntlet for Gordon."* That ship had four lieutenants when her unfortunate rencontre with the Greeks took place, and the second, Lieutenant J. O. Bliss, a very superior young man, was lost in the *Acorn* with Captain Gordon. They both sleep in the deep waters, and soon alas were they doomed to follow their brother lieutenant to that haven whence no voyager returns! Hard was the fate of the victims,—peace be to their gallant shades!

February, 1832.

* Vide Appendix B, No. 4.

M E M O I R
OF
THE LATE
COLONEL WILLIAM DE VIC TUPPER,
OF THE CHILIAN SERVICE.

My beautiful, my brave!

Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an unequal war!

THE common ancestor of the Tupper of Guernsey was an English gentleman, who settled in the island about the year 1592, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and his descendants have continued to rank among the first insular families. He had two sons, the elder of whom married the daughter of the Procureur du Roi, or Attorney-General,* and the younger removed to England. During the revolution of 1688, the Channel or Norman Isles were eminently protestant, being among the first in the British dominions to disarm and imprison the troops of James the Second, as well as to declare for the Prince of Orange; and another ancestor of the subject of this memoir gladly conveyed to Admiral Russell, at some expense and

* Hillary Gosselin, Esq., grandson of Hillary Gosselin, Esq., Bailiff of Guernsey in four reigns,—Henry VIII. to Elizabeth,—and among whose very few male descendants are the present Vice-Admiral Gosselin, and his brother Lieut.-General Gosselin.

risk of capture, passing either through or in sight of the French fleet, the information that Tourville was at sea. For this acceptable service he was presented by his sovereigns, William and Mary, with a massive gold chain and medal, which are now in possession of the family, and which they are permitted to bear as an honorable augmentation to their arms and crest. The name appears to be of Saxon origin, as there are several Tuppers residing in Germany at this day.

William De Vic Tupper, whose life we are about to narrate, was born in Guernsey on the 28th April, 1800, and was so named from his paternal uncle, who fell in a duel in Guernsey with an officer in the army. He was the fifth of ten sons, and one of thirteen children. His father was a younger son of a much respected jurat or magistrate of the Royal Court, who died in 1802, leaving five children.* Having received an excellent education in England, partly under a private tutor in Warwickshire, De Vic, the name by which he was always designated, was sent on the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, to a college at Paris, in which he continued until the arrival of Napoleon from Elba, being then gratified by a glimpse of that extraordinary man. When he landed in France, although he had barely completed his fourteenth year, his stature was so tall and athletic as to give him the appearance of a young giant; and on being asked his age at the police office, that it might be inserted in his passport, his reply was received with a smile of astonishment and incredulity, which afforded much subsequent amusement to his

* Two sons,—Daniel married Catherine, daughter of John Tupper, Esq., Jurat; and John married Elizabeth, daughter of John Brock, Esq.—and three daughters, Emilia, wife of Sir P. De Havilland, Bailiff; Elizabeth, wife of W. Le Marchant, Esq.; and Margaret, wife of I. Carey, Esq.



*Medal presented to
 John Tupker Esq. 1692
 by
 William and Mary*

elder fellow travellers. At the age of sixteen his strength and activity were so great, that few men could have stood up against him with any chance of success. On his return to Guernsey, every interest the family possessed was anxiously exerted to indulge his wish of entering the British army, but owing to the great reductions made after the peace of 1815, he was unable to obtain a commission, even by purchase. Those relatives, who could best have forwarded his views, had been slain in the public service, and in that day few claims were admitted, unless supported by strong parliamentary influence. He attended the levee of the commander-in-chief, who promised to take his memorial into early consideration; but His Royal Highness had first to satisfy the cravings of an insatiable oligarchy, whose iniquitous misrule has at length succumbed to the desperation of a long-injured people. This was a cruel disappointment to one, whom nature ever intended for a military life, and it ultimately drove him to a distant land to shed that blood, and to yield that breath, which he in vain sought to devote to his native country.* Happy for him and for his friends had it been otherwise, as it will quickly be seen that he was endowed with qualities, which must have rendered him conspicuous in any service, but which, in a civil strife, only hastened his destruction. Thus disappointed, he spent two or three years in Catalonia, of which province a relative†

* How different is the success of members of the same family in the same pursuit! His first cousin, William Le Mesurier Tupper, entered the army in the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers, in September, 1823, and in August, 1826, was a captain in that distinguished regiment.

† The late P. Carey Tupper, Esq., who enjoyed a pension of £600 sterling a year for his services in Spain during Napoleon's invasion, and for which he declined the offer of an English baronetcy and a Spanish barony. During a long residence in that country he formed a very valuable collection of paintings and cartoons, part of which were sent to England. A younger brother was British consul at Caraccas, and subsequently at Riga.

was British consul, and "the young Englishman" received the public thanks of the municipality of Barcelona, for having boldly exposed his life to extinguish a conflagration, which threatened to destroy a whole barrier of the city. Here his vanity was constantly excited by exclamations in the streets on the manly beauty of his person. The profession of arms continuing his ruling passion, he embarked at Guernsey late in 1821 for Rio de Janeiro, whence he proceeded to Buenos Ayres, and thence over land to Chile. His family was averse to his joining the patriot cause, as it was then termed, and he arrived at Santiago a mere soldier of fortune,—without, we believe, a single letter of introduction to those in authority. But his appearance and manners, and a perfect knowledge of three languages, English, French, and Spanish, all of which he spoke fluently, soon procured him friends. The Italian, in a less degree, was also another of his acquirements. The garrison of Valdivia having revolted, Colonel Beauchef, who had served in Europe, and who led with Major Miller the troops in the successful attack of that fortress by Lord Cochrane, was sent from the capital to endeavour to bring the mutineers to submission, and he requested that young Tupper might accompany him. They landed there alone, and, with great personal risk, succeeded in securing the ringleaders, who had ordered their men to fire on them as they approached in a boat; but Colonel Beauchef having previously commanded them and obtained their regard, the men fortunately refused to proceed to extremities with their old commander. Young Tupper is also said to have excited their astonishment by the manner in which he seized on one of the ringleaders, a very

athletic and powerful man, and led him captive to the boat. For this service, and for his conduct in a campaign against the fierce Araucanians, whom the Spaniards had never been able to subjugate, he was made in January, 1823, over the heads of all the lieutenants, captain of the grenadier company of battalion No. 8, commanded by the same gallant Frenchman, Colonel Beauchef. This company consisted of upwards of one hundred exceedingly fine men, and accompanying the battalion shortly after in an expedition to Arica, it excited the surprise of the comparatively diminutive Peruvians, and to which its captain appears not a little to have contributed. This expedition was soon recalled from Peru to proceed under the director, General Ramon Freire, against the island of Chiloe,* so long and so bravely defended by the Spanish Governor Quintanilla. On the return voyage from Arica to Coquimbo the vessel, which conveyed the grenadiers of No. 8, was short of both provisions and water, and of the latter only a wine glass full was at last served out in twenty-four hours to each individual. Although the heat was intense, and two of the grenadiers died, the company, when drawn up to receive the scanty draught, invariably refused to touch it until their captain had tasted of each glass, and one dying soldier would confess himself to no one but his captain, so strong a hold had he already gained on the affections of those he commanded.

We have already said that an attempt was about to be made to wrest the island of Chiloe from the

* Lord Cochrane's next attempt was upon the island of Chiloe, the largest of an archipelago of seventy-two islands, stretching along the inhospitable coast between Valdivia and the straits of Magellan. The navigation is very intricate, on account of eddies, currents, and whirlpools; and a tremendous surf renders the coast almost every where unapproachable.—*Modern Traveller, Peru, Chile*, 1829.

dominion of the Spaniards. In pursuance of this object, battalion No. 8 was embarked at Coquimbo in January, 1824, and landed on the small island of Quiriquina, in the bay of Talcahuano, where it remained until the preparations were completed. The troops were formed into three divisions, and Captain Tupper was named second in command of the third, but the nomination giving great umbrage to several majors and lieutenant-colonels who had been passed over, this arrangement was annulled, and battalion No. 8 was directed to take the advance. The expedition reached Chiloe on the 24th of March, and the next day battalion No. 8 gained possession of the fort of Chacao, which offered but a slight resistance. On the 31st, a detachment consisting of two battalions, Nos. 7 and 8, and the grenadier company of No. 1, disembarked at Delcague, and at noon on the 1st of April commenced its march, through a very woody and broken country, towards the town of San Carlos. Two companies of grenadiers, under Captain Tupper, formed the vanguard of this detachment. A strong Spanish force awaited them in ambush at Mocopulli, which is an immense bog surrounded by underwood, having a masked gun on an adjacent eminence. The grenadiers and No. 8 marched through the mouth of the defile perfectly unconscious of their danger, and when within a few paces of the enemy so murderous a fire was opened upon them that they were thrown into the utmost confusion. The enemy was invisible, and in a short time two hundred of the patriots had fallen, while No. 7 halted in the rear and refused to advance. Captain Tupper is represented as having behaved here with the most devoted heroism, charging twice into the thickets with the few grenadiers who

would follow him to so perilous a service. In the second charge three men only accompanied him, one of whom was killed and another received a bayonet wound in the face, while Captain Tupper was himself slightly wounded in the left side by a bullet,—another perforated his cap,—and a Spanish sergeant made a blow at him with a fixed bayonet, which he struck down with his sabre, and it went through his leg. The bushes, however, favored their escape, and, after being nearly surrounded, they rejoined the battalion, which had retreated a short distance. Colonel Beauchef, as a “dernier ressort,” now boldly resolved on attacking the enemy in close column. Animated by their gallant commander, the men formed, although they were previously in complete disorder and No. 7 had retreated, and carried the position at the point of the bayonet, pursuing the royalists for about half a mile. But the field was dearly purchased, the detachment engaged of scarcely five hundred men having three hundred and twenty killed and wounded, including thirteen out of eighteen officers, and seventy-one of one hundred and thirty-six grenadiers composing the vanguard. The division having thus suffered so severely, and the nature of the country being so favorable to its defenders, Colonel Beauchef returned next day to the ships; and the lateness of the season, added to the intelligence of the arrival in the Pacific, from Spain, of the *Asia*, of 64 guns, and *Achilles* brig, of 20 guns, compelled the squadron to sail for Chile.* The latter vessel is the same which Colonel Tupper attempted, in 1830, to carry by boarding. He was rewarded with a brevet majority for his conduct in this disastrous affair, and he wrote nearly

* Vide Appendix C, No. 2.

two years afterwards, in allusion to some remarks relative to the Chile troops, as follow :—“ The observations in F——’s letters, respecting our troops, are not at all just ; the Chile soldiers are as fine a class of men as I have ever seen, extremely brave and very capable of fatigue, indeed to a degree of which your English soldiers have no idea. Moreover, they are very robust, and so contrary to what F—— supposes, we have not a single black in the regiment. The discipline is tolerable now, and the clothing is superior to any I have seen in Spain. I perhaps speak passionately, as I dote on all my brave fellows, particularly on my old company of grenadiers, with the fondness of a brother ; the feelings of absolute adoration with which they regard me, and of which so many have given me such melancholy proofs, are surely sufficient to draw my heart towards them. I wish you could see my gallant servant as he now stands before me,—his dark and sparkling eye intently fixed on my countenance, his sun-burnt visage, his black mustachoes, and his athletic figure, altogether forming as fine a soldier as can well be seen.”

Early in the year 1825 Major Tupper expressed an anxious wish to obtain an appointment in one of the British mining associations, which at that period were established in Chile, and, as his letter on the subject contains other information, we extract the following particulars :—

“ Santiago, 25th May, 1825.—Military services are here no longer required, and foreign officers are therefore looked upon as a burthen, which, sooner or later, must be shaken off. A feeling of envy attends us, which renders our situation extremely galling to every man of honour ; and some of my companions

in arms are indeed to be pitied, who, having lost their limbs in the service, are totally dependent upon the generosity of this ungrateful republic. As to myself I cannot so much complain, as I suffer little or no inconvenience now from the bayonet wound I received in the last action, my leg only swelling occasionally in cold weather.

“Nor is it easy to steer a safe course in a country so disposed to anarchy: a congress has been established in three different periods, and has always terminated its sessions in tumult and disorder. There is no stability in affairs, and the director, Freire, is totally destitute of political courage; he dare not be absolute, and the mass of the people is much too ignorant to admit of other government than the iron hand of a despot.

“Chile contains about nine hundred thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the Indians or aborigines; it extends from the desert of Atacama to the borders of Patagonia, comprising about twenty degrees of latitude, and its extreme breadth, from the Andes to the sea, does not exceed one hundred leagues. The provinces of Coquimbo and Conception have lately declared indirectly their independence of Santiago, which is too weak to enforce their obedience. Coquimbo is a pretty town of about eight thousand inhabitants, and the province is extremely rich in gold, silver, and copper mines. Conception has been a fine town, but it is now reduced to about six thousand residents; the whole province is very rich and picturesque, abounding in wood and pastures. It has for many years been subject to the inroads of the Araucano Indians, and exposed to the depredations of a numerous banditti, as the lofty Andes, the trackless

forests, and the magnificent rivers of this immense territory, afford so many means of refuge to the savage hordes of Indian and Creole robbers, that it is impossible for the government, in its present debilitated state, to clear the country of them.

“The Araucano Indians extend from the river Bio Bio, which laves the southern side of Concepcion, to Valdivia. They are the fiercest and most warlike of all the tribes, and the best horsemen in the world. Their property consists in herds of cattle, which they drive before them on the approach of an enemy, and the women cultivate the potatoe, bean, and maize. They are a fine robust people, and possess great muscular strength. Polygamy is universally in practice, and the women are virtuous to a surprising degree. I never could discover any other sign of religion than what is to be deduced from the fact that they bury spurs, provisions, &c., with their dead. Their worst characteristic, in common with all savages, is their utter faithlessness and total disregard of compact or treaty, and they are moreover cruel beyond all conception of cruelty. I was ten months campaigning in their territory, and I suffered hardships which indeed required all my constitution to resist. Half a dozen of them will put to flight any number of our cavalry, but they dare not face infantry; their arms are sabres and lances about twenty feet long. With our battalion of three hundred men we defeated six or seven hundred of them twice.”

In October, 1825, the director, Freire, was deposed by an aristocratical faction; and the conduct of Major Tupper, now effective of No. 8, on the occasion will be best explained in other extracts from his letters, dated at Santiago in 1826, and addressed to his family.

“ February 18.—The director has wished frequently to make me his aid-de-camp, and I have as often declined the situation. In a country like this, distracted by party and still subject to all the disorders of the revolution, the stout heart and the stalworth arm are of more effect when they are backed by a few good soldiers. About a month before our departure for Chiloe, the director was deposed by the efforts of a party supported by two regiments,—he was obliged to leave the city in the morning; at two in the afternoon Colonel Sanches was elected in his place; in the night I formed a counter revolution in my own corps, brought over No. 7, and, in spite of the other two regiments, replaced Freire in his situation before ten o'clock the next morning. Mr. Nugent, the British consul-general, expressed himself well pleased with my conduct in this affair, but Freire is not a man to recollect the services of his best friends, and he is losing them fast. I shall be surprised if he be director six months hence.”

“ May 29.—I perceive that honorable mention is made of my name in the Representative* of January 25th last. I believe that I alluded, in one of my former letters, to the circumstances which gave rise to this commendation,—they were in themselves of a very unpleasant nature to me. In October last a party had prevailed so far in Santiago as to procure the spurious election of another director. Many of Freire's measures having given great disgust, and his incapacity for government becoming every day more evident, the election was strongly supported, particularly by two of the corps forming the garrison of Santiago. My commanding officer, Colonel Beauchef,

* A London daily newspaper.

to whom I have so many and great obligations, was implicated with the rest. I was aware, however, that the faction was composed of bad and dangerous men,—moreover, that the provinces of Coquimbo and Concepcion would certainly support Freire, and therefore, that a civil war must be the result of the election in the city. I represented all this to Beauchef in the strongest terms; I endeavoured to convince him that civil war must always be a losing game for foreign officers,—he, however, would not see it as I did, and I felt myself under the disagreeable necessity of taking the command of the regiment from him. This may appear strange, but it was easily effected. I called the officers together, and made them a spirited exhortation in my uncle Savery's style; they all swore upon their drawn swords to support me to the last. I distributed thirty rounds of ball cartridge to each man,—of their love and confidence I had no doubt,—I believe they would follow me to perdition itself. All this was done at midnight. Beauchef soon after came into the barracks; I made it evident to him that the corps was no longer under his orders; I once again urged him not to ruin himself for ever, and he at last submitted to lead the^{*} battalion to the assistance of the director, and the whole business was quelled with the banishment of about twenty individuals. Our corps being considered a crack one, other battalions were induced to follow the example we had set, and a counter revolution was in consequence effected without difficulty."

The commendation in the Representative we have not seen, but the Morning Chronicle in January, 1826, concluded an account of this political commotion in the following words:—

“ While the conduct of an English officer, Major Tupper, is mentioned in terms of high commendation for the firmness and steadiness with which he prevented the troops from being drawn aside from their duty, we are, on the other hand, very sorry to perceive the manner in which French influence has been exerted on this and other occasions in Chile.”

Among the individuals banished was Colonel Viel, a Frenchman, who went to Peru, and of whom frequent mention will be made in the sequel ; but either from some jealousy on the part of General Freire, or very possibly from a dread of giving offence to many powerful individuals implicated in this conspiracy, Major Tupper received no immediate advancement or reward for his very decisive interference. If the former motive were the cause, that jealousy probably arose from the circumstance of Major Tupper having been in some degree a rival in the affections of the young lady whom the director had recently married, and who had, it is natural to suppose, evinced a preference for the equally young major ; but in Chile, as in older countries, parents do not always consult the inclinations of their children, and attachment is sacrificed at the shrine of wealth or ambition. General Freire, a native of Talcahuano, was at that time about forty-six years of age, and, without any of the usual advantages of education, had raised himself from a humble origin to the high situation he then occupied. Represented as possessing a stately and pleasing exterior with a frank and conciliatory address, he was doubtless indebted, in a great measure, to these advantages for his success, as he displayed neither talent nor energy from the date of his fatal elevation to power.*

* Vide Appendix C, No. 3.

The decisive battle of Ayacucho having, with the solitary exception of the fortress of Callao, effected the liberation of the whole continent of Spanish America, it was resolved to renew the attempt to drive the Spaniards from the islands of Chiloe, which form the natural keys of the Pacific when approached from Cape Horn. Another expedition in consequence, commanded again by the director in person, set sail from Valparaiso in November, 1825, and, after touching at Valdivia, reached Chiloe in January, when barely two thousand men were disembarked. Major Tupper commanded the grenadier companies of Nos. 6 and 8, forming part of the advanced division, and was left by its commander, Colonel Aldunate, chiefly to his own direction. The enemy, in force considerably above three thousand men, including four hundred cavalry, occupied a strong entrenched position, his right flank resting upon the sea, his left guarded by impenetrable woods, his front palisaded and strengthened by a deep and muddy rivulet, which offered but two passes, one near the wood defended by three hundred men, the other on the beach. On the 14th Colonel Aldunate, with six flank companies, took the beach, while Major Tupper, with his two companies, carried the pass near the wood in a few minutes, with little loss, by jumping over the palisade, when he escaped almost miraculously, as before his men could join him he was exposed to a tremendous discharge of musketry, which covered him with mud, and shot away one of his epaulettes. The royalists having been driven also from a second position, their cavalry attempted a charge, but were completely routed by the grenadier company of No. 8. The enemy now retreated to his last and strongest position

on the heights of Bella Vista on the road to Castro, the principal town of the island, and was attacked unsuccessfully three different times by five flank companies. Colonel Aldunate then called Major Tupper, and pointing to the royalists, said, "The glory is reserved for you,—dislodge the enemy immediately." This was a most desperate service, as the road, or rather path, was so narrow as to admit of only three or four men abreast, but taking a flag in his left hand, Major Tupper ordered his grenadiers to follow him without firing a shot. By running quickly he reached the crest of the heights with the loss of only six men killed behind him, his escape appearing so astonishing to the survivors that they were convinced he wore a charm. Here he encountered a Spanish officer, named Lopez, commanding we believe the rear guard, who resolutely maintained his ground; a personal combat ensued, and the Spaniard was killed by a sabre cut, which nearly clove his head in two. There was unhappily no alternative, as the gallant Lopez would neither surrender nor give way. In the mean time fourteen or fifteen of the Spaniards having fallen by the bayonet, the remainder fled, and were vigorously pursued for about a league on the road to Castro, when orders were brought to the grenadiers to halt. In this pursuit a colonel and about fifty men were made prisoners. The action lasted altogether nearly four hours, and on the whole the enemy, whose troops consisted partly of militia, shewed but little conduct or courage, having indeed been routed by the eight companies, which were the only troops seriously engaged on the side of the patriots, whose entire loss did not exceed one hundred and seventy-five men in killed and wounded. A

gallant North American, Lieutenant Oxley of the navy, was killed in an attack on two gun boats, the stronger of which was taken. Major Tupper, having volunteered, assisted at its capture, although, as a Chileno officer of his regiment, from whom we derive the information, writes, "it was not necessary that he should, as an officer of the army, seek to fight by sea, particularly when he was not ordered." Major Tupper mentioned, that throughout the action "Colonel Aldunate had distinguished himself much, and that General Borgono had given great proofs of ability." The surrender of the island* was the immediate consequence of these successes, and Major Tupper was rewarded with a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy, although much more was promised him when the impression, which his behaviour left, was fresh in the mind of the director. But a foreign officer in any country must naturally expect that his gallantry and devotion will be viewed by many a native with a jealous eye, and indeed too often treated with frigid indifference when his services are no longer required. Alluding to this subject Major Tupper wrote from Santiago on the 14th of March, 1826, as follows:—

"Long ere you receive this the public papers will have informed you of the success of our late expedition against Chiloe. I have been fortunate enough to find my name inserted in the dispatches, and notwithstanding I feel convinced that there exists a strong feeling in the army that my services have been disguised and glossed over; many causes are assigned for this injustice; it is extraordinary, as politically

* General Rodil, after resolutely sustaining a siege in Callao for thirteen months, surrendered from famine 19th January, 1826, and thus the dominion of Spain in Peru and Chile was severed nearly on the same day, and doubtless for ever.

speaking I have been his best friend,—I allude to the director Freire. I cannot think so meanly of him as to allow myself to suppose with some people, that jealousy in a foolish love affair, has had any influence on his mind. I shall, however, receive my commission as lieutenant-colonel as soon as he arrives from Conception.”

The chief part of the expedition having returned to Chile, and Colonel Aldunate being appointed governor of the islands, No. 4 was left in garrison; but in May following that battalion revolted in favor of O’Higgins, and the governor arrived at Valparaiso for assistance, having been made prisoner by the insurgents, and compelled to embark. Lieut.-Colonel Tupper volunteered to accompany him back, and they proceeded with less than three hundred men to Chiloe. On the 12th of July the Resolution transport, in which was Lieut.-Colonel Tupper with the troops, Colonel Aldunate being in the Achilles brig of war, was obliged to bring up to the eastward of the island of San Sebastian, the tide running out so strong that she could not stem it. They attempted to reach the Achilles, anchored on the opposite coast, with the flood, but the ebb making again before they could do so, they were driven so fast on the island of San Sebastian that they had scarcely time to drop an anchor, which brought them up with a very dangerous reef on their lee quarter. Here they remained for several hours in imminent danger of losing both the ship and their lives, when they fortunately drove past the reef in consequence of the anchor breaking. On their arrival near the small island of Lacao on the 13th, at sunset, Lieut.-Colonel Tupper was ordered to attack the fort of Chacao with one hundred men.

and he left the ship at midnight with his favorite company of grenadiers of No. 8 and a few soldiers of No. 1, landing in the cove of Remolinos, where he surprised a neighbouring battery, making prisoners the few artillerymen who garrisoned it. From them he learnt that in the battery of San Gallan, which occupied a strong position on the road from Lacao to Chacao, there were two officers and fifty men of the insurgents, and instantly directing himself towards it by a road almost impassable, as it was very boggy and intersected by fallen trees, he reached the battery at five o'clock a. m. Advancing alone with the guide he perceived that no sentry was guarding the land side, "and throwing himself on the enemy with intrepidity he managed to take them prisoners, not one, except an officer, escaping. In the attainment of this object no more than twenty soldiers could keep up with their commander, owing to the narrowness of the road, and also because it was necessary that those in advance should push forward, so as to arrive before daylight. On our part there was no loss whatever, and on that of the enemy only four wounded. This undertaking being completed, Lieut.-Colonel Tupper marched towards the port of Chacao, and took the battery there, which was abandoned by the enemy. On receiving intelligence of these operations we made sail at eleven o'clock a. m., and at five in the afternoon anchored in the said port."*

Colonel Aldunate having landed with the remainder of the troops, the insurgents were reduced to submission without further difficulty, as the natives in great numbers presented themselves, and offered to act

* Extract translated from Colonel Aldunate's dispatch. Of the dispatches, in which we know that honorable mention was made of Colonel Tupper's name, this only has accidentally reached us.

against them. Indeed the greatest danger apprehended throughout was from the season, the gales of wind on that coast being very violent during the winter.

“In horrid climes, where Chiloe’s tempests sweep,
Tumultuous murmurs o’er the troubled deep.”

A newspaper, published in English at Buenos Ayres, observed in reference to the departure of this small expedition, which left Valparaiso in the *Achilles* and *Resolution* on the 25th June :*

“Colonel Aldunate is an officer of honor, and if he has been surprised once, he will, for this reason, know how to take better precautions hereafter. Besides, he is accompanied by Major Tupper, whose character is well known, and whose valour cannot be better estimated than in the words of our correspondent : ‘four hundred brave soldiers, and Tupper at their head, are sufficient to annihilate all the royalists there may be in Chiloe.’”

The above extract reached England in October, 1826, and about the same time the Bailiff,† or chief magistrate of Guernsey, received the following letter from a British officer‡ of high rank and reputation, who had previously been lieutenant-governor of the island :—

“Though I always like to converse with you, yet I do not know that I should have sat down to write to you exactly at this time, but that I have had a long conversation with Mr. Miller, who is brother to a celebrated general of that name in

* On this day his brother, Lieutenant Tupper, mortally wounded, was in the last agonies of death on board *H. M. S. Sybille*, at Malta.

† Daniel De Lisle Brock, Esq., succeeded the late Sir Peter De Havilland as Bailiff, in 1821.

‡ The late General Sir John Doyle, Bart., G. C. B., &c.

the Peruvian army, and who has himself lately arrived from Santiago.

“ He there knew your nephew, young Tupper, and his account is so creditable to that fine fellow, so honorable to our country, and must be so gratifying to his highly respectable family, that I cannot defer communicating it to you. He says that in point of appearance he is the handsomest man he has ever seen in either hemisphere ; that he is esteemed one of their best soldiers, extremely active and habile ; and stands so well with all parties, that no change in the local politics of the country could be in any way disadvantageous to him ; and he adds, that he is perfectly idolized by the troops he commands, particularly those who have served with him in action ; and to crown all, he says, with a partiality very justifiable, especially to so distinguished a brother, that when they speak of young Tupper they call him another General Miller. This at all events, in coming from my friend, is the acme of panegyric, for the brother is really a first rate character. I could not resist telling you all this upon the testimony of a cool, sensible, and unprejudiced observer. Pray remember me to Savery and my other friends, and believe me, &c.”

Lieut.-Colonel Tupper, on his return from Chiloe to Santiago, in August, 1826, learnt that he had become lieutenant-colonel effective, in consideration of his services in the recent reduction of that island. In December he joined at Talca the army of the south, under General Borgono, whose object was to destroy a horde of bandits composed chiefly of Indians, and of nearly a thousand strong, who ravaged the province of Conception in summer, retiring on

the approach of winter to the eastern side of the Cordillera.* Their incursions had been of late so frequent and destructive, that it was absolutely necessary to put them down. Three divisions, to act on different points, were accordingly formed, and Lieut.-Colonel Tupper was appointed to command a squadron of dragoons, with which he passed the Cordillera, parallel with the town of Chillan, in pursuit of the bandits, and went to the eastward as far as the river Nanken, in the province of Mendoza. Pincheira contrived, however, to elude all pursuit, and before the end of the campaign Lieut.-Colonel Tupper was sent by General Borgono on a mission to the capital, where he arrived in April, 1827, and on the 1st of May following was appointed first aid-de-camp to the supreme government, an office of trust and respectability. At this time General Pinto, a statesman of liberal principles and enlightened views, although perhaps wanting in political firmness, was elected president in the place of General Freire. Much was expected from the administration of the new president, and it was hoped that he would be powerful enough to remove many existing abuses, but those interested in their continuance proved in the end the stronger party. General Pinto, having been employed in a diplomatic capacity in England, was a warm admirer of every thing English, and his chief aid-de-camp ever found in him a sincere and steadfast friend. He wrote on June 27th :—

“ I consider my commission in this service as secure as an employment under any South American government can well be. My pay is that of a lieutenant-

* They were commanded by Pincheira, the son of a European by an Indian mother, who held the rank of colonel in the Spanish service, and committed his depredations under the Spanish standard.

colonel of cavalry, with one hundred and fifty dollars per month, and my situation is at present 'Edecan Mayor,' or aid-de-camp in chief to the president of the republic, General Pinto, a very clever man, who has resided in England for some time. This situation I shall probably hold for some years if I continue in the service."

And on August 4, 1827:—

"The president mentioned to me some time back, that should the present governor of Chiloe resign, as was expected, he would send me there. My pay would then be four thousand dollars per annum, and there are other advantages."

In October, 1827, a midshipman of H. M. S. Doris unfortunately killed a Chileno sergeant, who had attacked him with his bayonet during some disturbance in the theatre at Valparaiso. It appears that this young officer was stabbed twice by the sergeant, who was intoxicated, when in his own defence he drew out a pocket pistol and shot him dead. Sir John Sinclair, who commanded the frigate, gave up the midshipman to the authorities on shore, the inhabitants of the town declaring that they would have vengeance either of him or of some other British officer; and the president of Chile ordered a court martial, which was composed partly of foreign officers in the service of the republic. At the solicitation of the British consul-general, Lieut.-Colonel Tupper undertook the defence, and it is said conducted it with so much ability that the result was an acquittal, although it was generally expected that the prisoner would have been found guilty of murder, such was the irritation of the public mind against him, and in that case the consequence might have been fatal.

Lieut.-Colonel Tupper again wrote on April 5, 1828, as follows :—

“ Our congress met on the 25th of February ; it is very badly composed, and will not, I fear, do much good. The provinces begin to be greatly divided, thanks to the system of federalism. I think the whole of South America is in a dreadful state of anarchy and confusion,—so much ignorance and so little morality. I believe it is impossible that the different states can constitute themselves for many an age, and what Moore says of another country applies particularly to them :—‘ And there is certainly a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit, and of private animosity which results from it.’ ”

While acting as aid-de-camp, Lieut.-Colonel Tupper was engaged in the suppression of two or three dangerous revolts, incited by the party to which we have just alluded, and whose private interests had suffered when in 1823 many exclusive privileges were abolished. Their first object was to supplant General Pinto in his high office, so as to accomplish their insidious designs under the cloak of legal authority. We subjoin extracts from two letters which the subject of this memoir wrote to a brother at this period.

“ Santiago, August 17, 1828.—My long silence has been owing to a trip which I made last month to San Fernando, (forty leagues south of Santiago,) to suppress a mutiny among the forces quartered there. General Borgono, having been ordered to take command of the troops destined to put down the mutineers, requested the president to allow me to accompany him, which was acceded to. We left this place on the 4th of July, with two hundred infantry, and were

subsequently joined by about four hundred militia cavalry. On arriving near San Fernando we found that the mutineers, battalion No. 6, about three hundred in number, had taken up a strong position to the north of the town. Not judging it prudent to attack them, we passed on to San Fernando; the general sent me before him, with two weak companies of infantry, to take possession of the place; on arriving in the Plaza Mayor I was charged by a body of dragoons, two hundred strong, who, having declared for the mutineers, had just arrived from Curico, about twelve leagues south of San Fernando. After a little skirmishing I succeeded in driving them out of the town, having lost on our part two men killed and five wounded, which casualties arose from the fire of a detachment of No. 6, which had possessed itself of a church steeple. The general soon after joined us. Immediately after this affair the dragoons re-united out of the town, and joined battalion No. 6. Both corps marched to Santiago, seizing all the horses on the road, and were so expeditious as put it altogether out of our power to overtake them. They were met near Santiago by about one hundred cuirassiers and four hundred militia infantry. After exchanging a few shots, the government party took to their heels and ran into Santiago. About sixty of the militia were cut down by the dragoons, and the mutinous troops marched in the evening to the artillery barracks. We arrived next day close to the capital, and they, finding our force so near, the people enraged against them and altogether opposed to the change of government which they had in view, accepted a general pardon and submitted to the constituted authorities. And thus ended the business, being, I

dare say, only the harbinger of the civil wars which are about to break out over all South America. It was reported in Santiago that I had been killed in the affair of San Fernando; I hope the report will not, by any channel, have reached you. Since these things came to pass, the congress has sanctioned a constitution, which many think is likely to allay our political effervescence, while others imagine it will prove another apple of discord; for my part, I am of opinion that the elements of political organization are throughout South America inefficient to the establishment of good government, and, perhaps fortunately for these states, that despotism, which is the child of anarchy, will ere long crush in its iron grasp as well the seeds of discord as the tree of liberty.

"E'en now
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays.
Even now in dawn of life her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death,
And like the nymphs of her own withering clime
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime!"

MOORS.

"August 18.—I have been compelled to melt the seal of this letter to inform you that a very dangerous conspiracy was discovered last night, of which the object was, as usual, to drive the president from his situation. It is ascertained that the intention of the conspirators was to murder the president, General Borgono, myself, and about ten others, among them Viel, a French officer. Part of the battalion No. 6 and the dragoons had already entered into the conspiracy. The principal persons accused have absconded, and we have only been able to seize three of the subordinate agents."

“September 15.—I think I mentioned in my last letter that a conspiracy had been discovered, the object of which was to effect an entire change in the government; it was intended to seize upon the president and upon several of those who surround him, putting them to death if the least resistance were offered. We had, however, timely notice of the affair, and were enabled to suppress the mutiny entirely in one battalion. An order having been sent at the same time to arrest some officers of dragoons, the whole regiment rose and marched to the province of Conception, where, being met by a superior force, they were obliged to lay down their arms. On the 18th of this month the civil authorities and military will swear to the maintenance of the constitution. There are two houses of representation elected every two years; foreigners can occupy every situation excepting that of president and minister of state. On the whole I think the constitution is not a bad one, but the popular elections are too frequent.”

On March 10, 1829, he again wrote to his brother as follows:—

“I procured Miller’s memoirs yesterday, and turned over to the taking of Chiloe in 1826; the author had much better have said nothing about it. He states our force at four thousand men, while the real number embarked at Valparaiso was this:—

Artillery	59
Battalion No. 1.	450
” 4.	583
” 6.	550
” 7.	371
” 8.	378
Dismounted Cavalry	142

Of this reduced number not quite two thousand men were disembarked at Chiloe, as upwards of one hundred men were left sick at Valdivia, and more than four hundred remained on board the ships. The Chilotes had considerably upwards of three thousand men, of whom four hundred were cavalry. Major ——, so far from distinguishing himself, would I think have been tried in the English service for cowardice. He commanded the first column of grenadiers, and I the second; notwithstanding, my column led the van during the whole action, he bringing up the rear at a considerable distance, and certainly not being under fire during the four hours the affair lasted. Besides, he did what I think no brave man would do,—he took off his epaulettes when the first shot was fired, and gave them to his servant in presence of both columns of grenadiers.”

In reply to some questions from his brother relative to a narrative by Doctor Leighton, an English surgeon, of an expedition in the Indian territory in 1822, published in Miers' travels in Chile, he wrote from Santiago in October, 1829:—

“About a month previously to the expedition which Leighton narrates, Colonel Beauchef sent me with thirty men to endeavour to surprise Palacios in his dwelling, situated in the Indian territory, about forty or fifty leagues to the northward of Valdivia. The intended surprise was planned upon the information of a deserter of ours, who had resided some time with Palacios; he offered to guide me, and averred that the dwelling of the bandit could be reached in one night. We set out accordingly, and after a most fatiguing night's march arrived by daybreak only on the borders of the territory of the Indians of Tolten.

If you have a good map you will see this river laid down. These were friendly to us, and they assured me that I could not reach the dwelling of Palacios in less than three days' very hard march. I at once perceived that Beauchef had been grossly deceived, and that I had no chance of success in the object of my expedition. I was, however, too young in my enthusiasm to be so easily turned back. I continued, I may say merely for the fun of the thing, and to have a little insight into the customs of the Indians, who are rather numerous about there. I was regaled by some caciques, and I skirmished with others; I even made love to the dryades of the land, with whom, however, I was not successful. I got a terrible box on the ear from one sylvan beauty, which almost felled me to the earth. On the third day I was nearly surprised by Palacios himself, at the head of two or three hundred Indians. However, I was not surprised, and I took up so good a position and shewed such a countenance, that, as Palacios himself afterwards confessed to me, he and his Indians thought the attack would be too difficult. I retreated,—he dodged me until I reached Tolten, and then left me. The Indians of Tolten, although friendly, did not accompany me, as they considered I was going to certain destruction. Palacios was much dreaded by them; he was a native of Valdivia, had been a sergeant in the Spanish army, and spoke the Indian language perfectly. He was subsequently betrayed into the hands of the patriots and shot in Valdivia, where he had just arrived when our first expedition to Chiloe touched in that port. I spoke to him for more than an hour."

On the retirement of Colonel Beauchef in June, 1829, Lieut.-Colonel Tupper unfortunately for himself, as it necessarily embroiled him in the approaching commotion, accepted the command of his old battalion, No. 8, and on the following month he was made full colonel. A few weeks before hostilities commenced between the rival parties, Colonel Tupper with the same prophetic spirit which is visible in a preceding letter, and with a presentiment which was too soon to be realized, thus wrote to a member of his family in Guernsey :—

“ I naturally cannot consider my life of long duration ; I am too immediately acted upon by every revolution in this country not to be prepared for death, and to be perfectly resigned to it when the day shall arrive ; even in my time how many foreign officers have not perished by climate and by the sword. I shall have lived long enough if I leave my children a subsistence and a name unblemished. My late elevation in rank is an earnest of my rising reputation, and I have perhaps reason to hope that when I fall, my rank and the circumstances of my death will place an obligation on Chile towards my family, which she may be willing to acknowledge.”

Spain has indeed much to answer for, not only to her late South American colonies, but to general civilization and humanity, for three centuries of the grossest misrule that ever disgraced any age or country. Her dominion on that continent, having been from the first pregnant with avarice and cruelty, is perhaps the foulest blot on the moral history of the world. But she has not escaped the punishment of her political offences, and the hand of retributive justice is surely visible in her present state of degra-

dation. Were it otherwise, an 'unholy' alliance of despots dared not have decreed that the will of her king should be superior to the voice of her people, and that the obstinacy of one man should bring desolation over a whole country. Too proud to acknowledge his weakness, and too vicious to yield where submission would be a virtue, the wretched Ferdinand has prolonged the contest with independence abroad and freedom at home, until his character has become a by-word among nations. Proud and once mighty Spain is indeed fallen,—her coasts unprotected, her commerce destroyed, her power a nullity, her name almost a term of reproach, she presents a sad spectacle of the evils arising from a long course of absolute government! And if such be the lamentable position of the mother country, can it be a matter of surprise that the acquisition of independence found her colonies totally unprepared to appreciate the blessings of rational freedom? They had been so long and so studiously debased, that he, who expected that a native master spirit would at once appear among each of them to suppress the constant struggles for power and to allay the prolific elements of anarchy and confusion, the natural consequences of that debasement, must have been little acquainted with the workings of the human mind. The effects of so cruel a system of policy could only be mitigated or removed by years of probation and suffering. In Chile the Spaniards, on their final expulsion, left an intolerant priesthood and a selfish oligarchy,—the one anxious to preserve its sway, the other to continue in possession of several royal monopolies, which were of course inconsistent with the general welfare and republican feelings of equity.

The predominance of both, now united there for mutual support, must disappear before the increasing knowledge of the people; the impious league of church and state, for interested purposes, cannot long exist with genuine liberty, as to question the tenets of the one will be to draw down the vengeance of the other,—will be to stigmatize constitutional resistance as infidelity, and religious reformation as political disobedience.

In June, 1829, General Pinto was re-elected president of the republic for five years, but unfortunately he declined the office, and this unexpected refusal not only compromised his best friends, but was the main cause of all the bloodshed which followed. In the subsequent crisis General Freire's conduct was inconsistent and vacillating; and General Prieto, under the guise of obtaining the recal and return to power of the exiled Director O'Higgins, whose aid-de-camp he had formerly been, having marched his troops from Conception towards the capital, a coalition of the disaffected there was formed to support him, and through his means to seize on the reins of government. The mob, ever fond of change, was induced by large bribes and the hope of plunder to act under this coalition, which, if at first weak in numbers, was very formidable in resources. General Freire attempted to assume the command of the garrison of Santiago, but the field officers of the different corps refused to obey his orders, and resolved to acknowledge only the existing authorities. Thus foiled, he introduced himself into the barracks of No. 8, during the absence of the colonel, and ordering the battalion under arms, he endeavoured in an insidious harangue to gain over the soldiers to his own purposes, well

knowing that their defection, as composing the finest battalion in the service, would prove fatal to the constitutional cause. Colonel Tupper, being quickly informed of the attempt, mounted his horse and galloped furiously to the barracks. He rushed in, and the difficulty of his situation will be easily conceived,—a foreigner opposed singly to a native of the highest present military and late civil rank, and beloved also by the soldiery,—but the result will best prove the attachment of his men towards him. Addressing them in Spanish, he spoke briefly to this effect: “Soldiers! the captain general has led you to victory,—your colonel has also led you to victory; whom do you obey,—your colonel or General Freire?” The whole battalion instantaneously responded as one man, “We obey our colonel,—Viva el Coronel Tupper!” and General Freire and his suite, among whom was Admiral Blanco, were happy to escape unhurt, the soldiers having, we believe, levelled their muskets at them. On their way to the barracks they were followed by a large mob, who attempted to force the gates, but on hearing Colonel Tupper order the guard to prime and load, the people, well knowing his resolute character, dispersed in a moment. This attempt was the more dangerous, as battalion No. 1 was quartered in the same barracks, and would have immediately followed the secession of No. 8. Freire, on his return home, was taunted by his wife with the baseness and inconsistency of his conduct on this occasion. Her family belonged to the constitutional party, and this beautiful young woman told her husband that the soldiers had acted like men of honor, and in her indignation she threw a plate on a marble table, whence it glanced off and shattered a

large and valuable mirror into pieces. She was probably the cause of his returning to that party which he should never have forsaken. It may be added here that Colonel Tupper, during his short command, had been enabled, from his personal influence with the president, to do much for the welfare of his battalion, which, having been repeatedly distinguished in battle, was proud and jealous of its reputation; and the officers, who were principally very young men of the first families in the country, adhered to their colonel to the last with inviolable fidelity. He had established a school in the regiment, and whenever the pay of the men was in arrear, he borrowed money on his own responsibility from his friends, and discharged the claims of his soldiers.

Amid the distrust and confusion which prevailed during this eventful period in Santiago, General Prieto arrived by easy marches in the neighbourhood, and encamped his army on some heights within a league of the city. General Lastra, an old man and without experience, having served chiefly in the navy, was appointed, as he was a native Chileno, first, and Colonel Viel second in command of the constitutional troops, and daily skirmishes preceded the decisive action of December 14th. Subjoined is a transcript of the last unfinished letter which Colonel Tupper addressed to his brother, and which not only best explains the origin of the contest, the objects of the different leaders, and the part which he took in this trying moment, but affords a general specimen of his style of correspondence without the most distant idea of publication. It should, however, be remembered, that the letter was written in the hurry and confusion attendant on his approaching departure for

Conception, for which port he sailed with his battalion on the 28th of January.

“Valparaiso, January 26, 1830.—I have not the slightest idea when I addressed you last, or indeed what chapter in my history I then concluded; it is nevertheless certain that the eventful period, which has since intervened, has been so chequered with incident, so replete with tumult and strife, that had I the pen of Cæsar I could almost imitate his commentaries, if indeed any string of occurrences in this wretched country could merit such a book with such a name.

“I am afraid that poor Chile has forfeited for ever the reputation of comparative tranquillity and organized government, which hitherto had been the boast of those interested in her welfare. The scenes we have lately witnessed, and the illiberal and even furious hatred evinced throughout the country against all foreigners, have perfectly astonished even those who were least friendly to the character of these people, and least sanguine in their prognostics of future prosperity.

“I really sit down in absolute despair of being able to make you understand the cause and course of late events, or to write such a narrative as will not confuse you, and of which the tediousness will not disgust you; it is indeed a hard task, and I would rather make bricks for the Egyptians, but I know that you will expect some account from me,—let me therefore cross the Rubicon at once. I would give you Cæsar’s language in his own words if I recollected them, but much riding has long jostled classic lore out of me.

“You know that the elections closed about six months ago; they were gained by a party called the

'Liberales,' in contra-distinction to the 'Peleucones,' who are the aristocrats of the country and shun all innovations, and to the Estanqueros, who are the vampires of the state, a party whose object is to raise itself to opulence by exclusive commercial privileges, inconsistent with the general prosperity. The O'Higginsists form another party, the object of which is to bring back O'Higgins and absolute government.

"I have said that the 'Liberales' gained the elections; General Pinto, their chief, was elected president for five years by the electoral colleges, (not by congress,) the constitution stating that any individual, having more than one half of the votes of the electoral colleges, becomes president of course,—otherwise the election is left to congress. The vice-president is elected by congress, from among those persons who, next to the president, unite most votes from the electoral colleges, or, as the 'Liberales' have it, from among all those who have votes at all. Now Pinto had more than half the votes of the colleges, and was therefore recognised president. The election of vice-president became the attribute of congress, and this was a most interesting point, as by this time General Pinto had positively declined the acceptance of the presidency.

"The constitution enacts, that the vice-president is to be elected by congress from among those having the immediate majority of votes,—'Mayoria inmediata.' Those opposed to the 'Liberales' construe the meaning to be that the vice-president is to be elected from the two having most votes from the colleges, while on the other hand the 'Liberales' contend that the vice-president may be elected indiscriminately from all those who have votes. In con-

sequence congress, composed almost exclusively of 'Liberales,' elected as vice-president the individual third on the list of candidates, that is, leaving out the two with more votes. This individual, however, resigned also, and the functions of government then devolved on the president of the upper house, who issued a convocation ordering a new election of presidents by the electoral colleges.

“General Prieto, an old friend of O'Higgins, had been named, previous to the elections, general of the army of the south, (situated on the Indian frontier,) and there is now no doubt that from the day of his nomination he intended to subvert the government, and to render the O'Higgins party once more paramount in Chile. Even very shortly after his nomination, reports were received in Santiago that his conduct was extremely suspicious, and that his intentions were secretly hostile.

“On learning General Pinto's election to the presidency, he declared himself, and issued a proclamation in which he asserted his refusal to obey the established authorities, avowing as his motive the necessity of liberating the people from the rule of an illegal congress. When the news of Prieto's revolt reached Santiago, the president of the upper house, a poor old man of the name of Vicuna, was exercising the functions of government from causes already detailed. He had the more reason to be alarmed at his situation that both the Estanqueros and Peleucones* declared for Prieto, and coalesced to destroy with one effort the government and the liberal party, by which it was supported.

* Peleucones are royalists or old Spaniards; Estanco, a monopoly granted or retained by the government.—See *Glossary, in Miers' Chile.*

“There is little doubt that matters would have still gone well had General Freire acted with his accustomed integrity, but this weak man was completely led by two or three of the ‘Estanqueros,’ and, though the natural enemy of Prieto, he positively refused to support Vicuna,—on the contrary, leaning considerably to the other side.

“I was at this time quartered with my corps in Santiago, and I considered it my duty to support the government and congress, because I think that the case is extremely rare in which a military man can with honor do otherwise, and because I was satisfied that the matter in question was not one in which the interference of the military was at all called for, the greatest grievance urged by the rebels being confined to the allegation that the letter of the law had not been adhered to in the election of vice-president. I knew moreover that all parties, whatever their avowed object might be, only sought the furtherance of their private views,—that they all wished to be in place, and to plunder the country at discretion,—and above all, I considered that no free government or orderly state could exist an hour if the military were once allowed to throw the sword into the scale, and decide points of legislation by the force of arms, as is now too generally the case in South America. Fortunately the chiefs, who were in garrison in the capital, were much of this opinion. We determined to give Prieto battle in support of legitimate authority, and the several corps therefore left Santiago. The enemy was encamped about a league from the city, on ground higher than ours, though not otherwise favorable to him, as many ditches and walls (with the exception of the position itself low) rendered ineffectual

his immense superiority in cavalry. He shewed us his front, his right resting on a farm house called Ezaguirre, much strengthened by walls and ditches, and his left on another called Ochagavia, scarcely less capable of defence. A large body of cavalry was stationed on the right of Ezaguirre. We marched in parallel columns; the battalions in close columns of companies, Pudeto* forming the left of the line. Each flank was protected by two pieces of artillery,—a howitzer in the centre; our cavalry, about one hundred and eighty strong, was advanced considerably before our left flank.

“The battle began by a charge which the enemy’s cavalry, posted at Ezaguirre, made upon our cavalry, which, being much weaker, fled instantly. The enemy’s cavalry pursued ours so vigorously, that the greater part passed our column within fifty paces; the rear companies faced about and opened fire, which soon obliged them to retire.

“Our column had already halted on coming within range, and a very smart cannonade opened on both sides; the enemy’s guns were extremely well served, but did little execution notwithstanding, as, owing to the chance of the ricochet, every ball went directly over the column it was intended for, and one went through my flag.

“We had halted in front of Ochagavia, at the distance of little more than half a mile from the house. Our three light companies were ordered to move to the right and to attack the left of Ochagavia; I was ordered to lead the attack in front; we expected to

* His regiment, No. 8, so called from a place in Chiloe, where the two flank companies of the battalion distinguished themselves in the battle of Bella Vista. The two other battalions in the action were No. 1, or Chacabuco, and No. 7, or Concepcion.

have much to do, but were mistaken, as the enemy abandoned the house after skirmishing a little, and we occupied it immediately.

“We now held possession of the position which had originally covered the enemy’s left flank, having experienced a very trifling loss ; however, our light companies, supported by the grenadiers, commenced a sharp firing in the direction of Ezaguirre, and No. 1, or Chacabuco, was ordered to support them, Pudeto and Conception bringing up what now might be termed the reserve. This was twice charged by the enemy’s cavalry, which had formed behind Ochagavia’s house, but these charges were rendered ineffectual by the steadiness of both battalions and by the nature of the ground, which was not favorable to cavalry. The enemy behaved well, and evidently suffered much from these charges, as well from musketry as from grape shot, and made off quite discomfited.

“In the meanwhile the light companies and grenadiers, vanquishing all opposition, beat the enemy’s infantry out of Ezaguirre’s house in a very short time, and occupied the second position, making many prisoners, among whom the Choco Silva with his host. My major, Varela,* even took all the knapsacks of No. 3 ; and he has assured me on his word of honor, that Arequita, the major of that battalion, sent an officer to him to beg that he would cease firing, and that they would lay down their arms. This was complied with, and all the soldiers who had not dispersed were disarmed and made prisoners. The firing had of course then become very slack, and in fact the battle was considered to be over by those who occupied Ezaguirre’s house.

* Slain also at Lircai on the 17th April, 1830.

“Immediately on repulsing the cavalry, the battalions of Conception and Pudeto marched towards Ezaguirre’s house. On arriving near it, the firing having now almost ceased, I saw General Prieto ride up a little to the left of my column to Colonel Rondisoni, and, as I then understood, gave himself up a prisoner of war. I soon after received an order to cease further aggression, and to recall the skirmishers, which I immediately complied with.

“A small part of the enemy’s infantry, about two hundred and fifty men, which still held together, was situated some ten paces on the other side of a wall close to us; the soldiers were resting on their arms, and appeared, to all intents and purposes, to have yielded themselves prisoners of war. We formed our corps in line along the wall, and I asked General Lastra’s permission to disarm these troops, but he would not consent, saying it was useless to humiliate the enemy further.”

Here the letter thus abruptly terminates without even a signature, owing to the writer having sailed so soon after from Valparaiso, and been doubtless busily employed in the intermediate time in consulting with General Freire, and in superintending the preparations for the conveyance of his battalion. This sudden termination is the more to be regretted, as the writer was evidently about to narrate,—what, however, is too well authenticated to admit of the slightest doubt,—the perfidious conduct of General Prieto, who, when he found that the battle was lost, rode up to Colonel Rondisoni, and endeavoured to obtain by stratagem what he could not by the force of arms. Taking the colonel by the hand, he declared that the contest was over, and that he was anxious to avoid the further

effusion of blood. With these professions he was permitted to pass on unguarded to the rear, where Colonel Viel appears to have been deceived by similar declarations, as he not only ordered that the swords of the officers, who had surrendered, should be returned to them, but allowed Prieto to proceed to the farm house of Ochagavia, accompanied by part of one of his battalions, which had also surrendered, but had not been disarmed! From Ochagavia, Prieto sent officers to Lastra and Viel, with assurances of his anxiety to terminate at once the strife which was desolating the country, and with entreaties that they would come to him to hold a conference for that purpose. They went, and, by this second unaccountable step, suspicions of something worse than incapacity or indifference to the constitutional cause are doubly excited. On their arrival, Prieto told them that they were his prisoners, and pretended that not he, but they, had sought the cessation of the combat. He next sent for the remaining constitutional chiefs, under the pretext that their presence was requisite to assist in the conference; but Colonel Tupper, "this chief, whose eulogium our pen is too feeble to compose worthily,—this bold chief, whose memory will live in the hearts of all true Chilenos, even after his brilliant course is run,—this chief, we say,"* after consulting his companions, returned for answer, that unless Lastra and Viel were released in a few minutes, Prieto would be attacked, and himself and his followers be put to the sword. Prieto now became alarmed and released his dupes, but not until the feeble Lastra had been compelled to sign a treaty, by which he agreed to suspend all offensive operations

* Extract translated from a printed "Aviso al Publico."

for the present, alleging afterwards that he did so to regain his liberty. In confirmation of this account, gleaned from public documents, the truth of which might otherwise be questioned, it may be as well to add the following extract from a private letter, dated Santiago, 14th December, 1830, and written by one Englishman to another, both perfect strangers to Colonel Tupper's family:—

“This being agreed to, Lastra and Viel went over, but they were no sooner arrived than Prieto said, ‘Deliver your swords,—you are my prisoners.’ They were greatly enraged at so felonious an action. Prieto requested Lastra to sign a document to the effect that Tupper should surrender with his battalion; but, be this true or not, certain it is that Prieto sent to Tupper, stating that his presence was necessary, as Lastra and Viel could not come to any decision without him. Tupper replied that he would not go over, and insisted on Lastra and Viel immediately returning to their stations. After waiting a short time, and no appearance of these officers, he sent to Prieto to say that, if they were not released in five minutes, he would immediately attack, and shew no quarter either to him (Prieto) or to any other who might fall into his hands. This had the desired effect; the officers were given up, but Prieto implored that the war should cease, and that a treaty should be entered into.”

Notwithstanding that a convention, obtained under such circumstances, was any thing but binding on General Lastra, whose first act should have been to punish him by whom he had been so grossly deceived, an armistice of forty-eight hours took place, during which General Freire was appointed, by mutual con-

sent, to the command of both armies, Prieto and his troops being most imprudently, if not most treacherously, admitted into the capital, although his infantry had, or might have, been made prisoners, his artillery captured, and his cavalry completely discomfited.

This action was fought on the morning of the 14th of December; the numbers on each side were, we believe, about two thousand men; and fully two hundred men appear to have fallen, the greater part of whom belonged to Prieto's army. Colonel Tupper is represented to have behaved on this day with more than usual gallantry, although his letter is so barren as to his own conduct; but he had the bitter mortification of seeing the success, to which he had mainly contributed, rendered perfectly unavailing by this ridiculous treaty. During the battle about one hundred and fifty of Prieto's mounted followers penetrated into the city, either in search of plunder or in the hope of causing a diversion; and after sacking the French consulate, for which outrage a compensation of thirty thousand dollars was exacted by a French squadron in 1831, and committing other depredations, they proceeded to the house of Colonel Tupper with the view, it would seem, of murdering his wife, who was far advanced in pregnancy. Not finding her at home, and understanding that she had taken refuge at the bishop's residence, they galloped thither, and, breaking open the portal, declared that they were come to kill "la muger del Ingles Tupper." The bishop approached them in his robes, with a large crucifix in his hands, and the demons fled almost as soon as they saw him. On hearing their cries, a deep swoon happily came to the relief of their in-

tended victim; but the previous anguish of this unhappy young woman, then in her twenty-third year, may be more easily conceived than described. She had heard, during the morning, every shot fired by the contending armies, and did not yet know the fate of her husband! The day after the action, Colonel Tupper waited in plain clothes on General Freire, and resigned the command of his regiment, determined to serve no longer under such leaders and in such a cause; but unfortunately he was prevailed upon by his old commander to accept the appointment of commandant of arms, or military governor, of the town and province of Coquimbo, a very desirable part of the country, and a situation of emolument, as well as, at that time, of great responsibility. To a young officer, with an increasing family and limited means, the offer was too tempting to be refused, although he never entertained a favorable opinion of General Freire's abilities, giving him credit only for good intentions. He was at Valparaiso, preparing to embark for Coquimbo, when Freire arrived in the former town, Prieto having, as Colonel Tupper had all along foreseen and apprehended, attempted to take him prisoner, and compelled him to seek security in flight from the capital. In this manner Prieto obtained possession of a fine park of field artillery, and incorporated the constitutional cavalry with his own. Among other charges of duplicity, General Freire accused Prieto, in a letter of January 18th, which was published, of having excited the authorities of Coquimbo not to receive Colonel Tupper, whom he had destined for that command in the conviction that he was best fitted for it. Colonel Tupper, now bound in honor not to abandon Freire in his difficulties,

very reluctantly resumed the command of his battalion, and proceeded with it to Concepcion, which province was in favor of the liberal party. The three battalions of infantry, which had fought against Prieto on the 14th of December, followed the fortunes of Freire; each, previously to their departure from Valparaiso, issued a manifesto to the citizens, and we translate that of Pudeto, or No. 8, which was by far the most poignant and uncompromising; and although written in an inflated tone of defiance, the language was well suited to the Spanish character of those to whom it was addressed.

“The battalion of Pudeto, ever faithful to its oaths, swears to maintain the constitution. Fellow citizens, confide in its honor which has never been violated. Enemies of order, tremble: you well know Pudeto.

“His Excellency Captain-General Freire leads us to victory. His name electrifies the hearts of the brave, and guarantees the pacific citizen in his employments.

“The infamous Prieto will be for ever intimidated; this soldier without honor, who, deriding in repeated instances the most sacred engagements, aspires to despotism by the most unjust means.

“Valparaiso, 27th January, 1830.”*

Prieto doubtless never forgave this fearless, but perhaps imprudent, mention of his treachery, and probably the commandant of the battalion was from that moment marked out as the object of his sanguinary vengeance.

Colonel Tupper described the voyage to Concepcion as the most comfortless and painful he had ever made, and after landing at the island of Juan Fernandez for

* Vide Appendix C, No. 4.

water, it was by mere hazard that they escaped capture by the Achilles, a very large 20-gun brig, in possession of Prieto's party. While commanding at Talcahuano, the seaport of the city of Concepcion, he attempted to carry by boarding, during the night of the 17th of February, the same Achilles, which was then blockading the harbour, and whose crew were unconscious of the meditated attack. He set out with six boats and about eighty men, but after traversing the whole of the extensive bay, the captain of the port was unable to find the object of their search, although she was at anchor. Two of the boats having separated, Colonel Tupper concealed himself all the next day, with the four others, in the small and picturesque cove of Tomé,* surrounded by rocks and immense trees, with a little village in the upper corner, almost hid in the foliage. From hence he wrote to Colonel Viel, who was in the neighbourhood, for a reinforcement to be sent to the rendezvous at the small island of Quiriquina. This reinforcement of four boats arrived, and on the night of the 18th he returned again to the attack, with eight boats and about one hundred and thirty men; but the enemy was now perfectly prepared, and he was repulsed with the loss of seven men killed and twenty-three wounded, and one of the boats sunk by a cannon ball. It deserves to be recorded, as an instance of the reckless courage of British sailors, that twelve of the crew of an English whaler in the bay volunteered to accompany him, and on these men he placed his chief dependance, well knowing that soldiers, however brave, are not fitted for such a service. These sailors did not deceive him,—they were in fact almost the

* Captain Basil Hall's Journal contains a description of the bay of Talcahuano.

only men who boarded, and one was killed and five wounded. Indeed, had all done their duty, the brig might possibly have been carried, but some of the boats remained behind, and only three approached near enough to be of any service. The commander of the whaler was the first who ascended the side,—Colonel Tupper the second. The former escaped with two slight wounds,—the latter's left hand was pierced by a pike; his sleeve was perforated by a bullet from a musket, the muzzle of which almost touched him; and he was then knocked overboard head foremost by a violent blow on the breast, but being an admirable swimmer, he reached a boat at some distance, so weak and exhausted, however, from the effects of the contusion, that he was unable to get in alone. The English captain arrived first at Talcahuano, and stated that Colonel Tupper was dead, as he had seen him fall wounded into the sea. When the latter at length appeared, he found his soldiers in tears, and even their wives were uttering loud cries; but on seeing him, they and the officers rent the air with their acclamations, and welcomed him as one risen from the dead. Numbers had come from Concepcion to the port, a distance of twelve miles, to make inquiries relative to his fate, and in that city, whither a messenger was instantly dispatched, the church bells were rung to celebrate his return. The report of his death was quickly conveyed to Santiago, and of such consequence was it deemed by the opposite party, that they evinced their joy by music and bonfires in the streets; while at Valparaiso, they were barbarous enough to proceed to the lodgings of his wife, and under the windows to proclaim the fate of her husband. But when his safety was ascertained,

some verses were published on "La Muerte del Coronel Tupper," in ridicule of this premature rejoicing, and in exultation at his escape.

Having recovered from his wounds, Colonel Tupper proceeded northwards to Chillan, which town was garrisoned by three hundred and fifty hostile infantry. Its reduction was highly desirable, and Colonel Viel, the superior in rank, thought that by taking an outwork, they would be enabled to command the main defences of the place. Accordingly, on the night of the 9th of March, Colonel Tupper made the attack indicated with one hundred and forty-six old and tried soldiers of his battalion, all he had with him, and they carried the outwork by assault, although strongly entrenched and bravely defended. But as the garrison retired into an inner fortification, which could not be reached by musketry, it became necessary to abandon the redoubt, after sustaining a severe loss of good soldiers, who could but ill be spared at that moment. Two of his officers were severely wounded, one the brave Captain Sayago. Colonel Tupper was also much exposed in this affair, as, ever prodigal of his person, he was one of the first to mount the ladders amid a shower of bullets. Two days after, in a letter to his wife, he assured her that, unless in the event of a foreign invasion, this campaign would be the last he would make, and added: "Enfin, il me restait ce compromis avec le Général Freire,—il a fallu le remplir,—je sais que j'ai poussé la délicatesse très-loin,—en tout cas, je ne serai que plus digne de toi."

General Freire, having been repulsed from Coquimbo, landed near the river Maule, after sustaining the, to him, irreparable loss of a vessel laden with arms

and ammunition, and was soon joined by Colonels Viel and Tupper, who found his troops badly clothed and paid, as he would not follow the example of his opponents, who impressed, without hesitation, every necessary supply for their army. They had, moreover, under their control all the resources of the capital, of which Freire had allowed himself so foolishly to be dispossessed; and the infamous Prieto,* having organized a well-appointed force, commenced his march from Santiago for the south under highly favorable circumstances. The duplicity of this man, after he was so completely beaten on the 14th of December, could only be exceeded by the base collusion or extreme incapacity of those who treated with him. But it appears that he was only the willing tool of an unprincipled party, as he is represented as possessing neither military talents nor even personal courage; and certain it is that his victory at Lircai was stained with that cruelty which is ever the attendant of cowardice.

A battle, which was to decide the fate of one party, and which, it was foreseen, would be very sanguinary, was near at hand. The hostile armies approached each other with highly exasperated feelings; the chiefs of the one were conscious of their inferiority of force, but they burned to punish the treachery of which they were the victims, while those of the other well knew that they had forfeited all claim to honorable treatment, and were anxious to wipe away the disgrace of their late defeat. The deep and rapid Maule, whose fords are not always practicable for cavalry, much less for infantry, now alone separated the combatants. Colonel Tupper requested to be al-

* Prieto, in Spanish, signifies blackish, narrow-minded.

lowed to cross over with a column of four or five hundred infantry, for the purpose of making a night attack on the enemy's camp, which, in the desperate state of affairs, was the best expedient that could be devised ; but unfortunately General Freire would not sanction the attempt, as, in the fatal persuasion that his popularity would carry him through the contest, he had allowed himself to be deceived by some of Prieto's chiefs, who, probably at the instigation of their general, had promised to join him with their troops at the first convenient opportunity. In consequence, Colonel Tupper is said, by one of his officers, to have been completely disgusted at Freire's evident infatuation or incapacity, and to have anticipated the fate which awaited him with gloomy resolution. He well knew that his enemies were too anxious for his death to show him any quarter, and as a husband and a father he could not but feel deeply the forlorn and desolate condition in which his death would leave his wife and children.* He had, however, gone too far to recede, and in any extremity his high sense of honor would have prevented his withdrawing himself on the eve of a battle from the cause he had espoused. On the 15th of April, 1830, General Freire crossed the river, and marched three leagues without obstruction to Talca, the principal town of the province, beautifully situated midway on the high road from Santiago to Concepcion, and about two hundred miles from either city. Here his army was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and a council of war being called, it was resolved that, as the enemy was so much superior in cavalry and artillery, the consti-

* Unhappily for him and for them, a letter from the editor, containing the offer of a very desirable situation in Rio de Janeiro, did not reach Chile till shortly after his death.

tutional troops should remain in the vicinity of the town, where they could not be attacked but under a very great disadvantage, as Talca is skirted by enclosures and ditches. Had this decision been adhered to, Prieto must have retraced his steps towards the capital for want of forage and other supplies, and having necessarily to pass several defiles and rivers, he might have been much harassed in his retreat. On the 16th, Prieto endeavoured to bring on an engagement, but could not draw the constitutionalists from their vantage ground. Early on the 17th, General Freire proceeded, with Colonel Viel and the cavalry, to the adjoining plain of Cancharayada, for the purpose, we suppose, of making a *reconnaissance*; but from some unexplained and unaccountable motive, he sent suddenly for the remainder of his forces. It was on this plain that General San Martin manœuvred, in March, 1818, to bring the Spanish General Osorio to battle, but the latter being inferior in numbers, retreated southwards to the same position in front of Talca,* which Freire had just abandoned. Nothing could be more ill judged or imprudent, as his army, which consisted of about seventeen hundred men, had only two weak squadrons of regular cavalry and four pieces of artillery, while that of Prieto, amounting to fully two thousand two hundred men, had eight hundred veteran cavalry, and eleven or twelve pieces of artillery. The Chile cavalry is very formidable, the men being most expert riders, mounted on active and powerful horses, and generally armed with long lances, which they use with great dexterity. Prieto, observing this inexplicable movement, succeeded without difficulty in placing his troops

* Vide Appendix C, No. 5.—Extract from Miller's Memoirs.

between the constitutional army and Talca. In this manner its return to the town was completely cut off, and it had to fight in an extensive open plain with the enemy in front, the flanks unprotected, and the river Lircai, a tributary of the Maule, close in the rear. The first shot was fired at half-past ten in the morning, and the action continued, with some intervals in effecting changes of position, until nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, when the rout was complete. The result is said to have been doubtful until two o'clock, at which period Freire's cavalry, which consisted of about six hundred men, including militia and Indians, and commanded by Colonel Viel, being decoyed too far in a charge, was taken in flank, and fled across the river Lircai, towards the north, completely discomfited, and accompanied, we believe, by General Freire, who thus abandoned the infantry to its fate. The situation of the three weak battalions, Nos. 1, 7 and 8, was now indeed desperate, as the ground was so favourable to cavalry, and the neighbourhood offered them no accessible place of defence or refuge. To complete the disaster, their few pieces of artillery were yoked to oxen, which soon became furious and unmanageable, while that of Prieto, being drawn by horses, was moved quickly over the field. When they formed into squares to resist the hostile cavalry, they were mowed down by artillery, and, when they deployed into line, the cavalry was upon them. In this dreadful emergency they maintained the conflict for nearly an hour, with all the obstinacy of despair; and at length, in attempting to charge in column, they were completely broken. There are two lines by the immortal Byron so concisely, and

yet so faithfully, descriptive of a similar last effort, that we cannot avoid transcribing them :

“ One effort—one—to break the circling host !
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost !”

The loss in Freire's army fell chiefly on the devoted infantry, and appears to have exceeded considerably one third of the original number, including eighteen officers among the killed. The only officers mentioned as slain in Prieto's hurried dispatch of the 17th of April, are Colonel Elizalde, chief of the staff, Colonel Tupper, and his gallant Major Varela, a young man of five or six and twenty. Colonel Tupper is said to have exhibited the most reckless valour during the day, and to have rallied his little battalion several times. Thrice he led it to the charge, and in the last charge he was slightly wounded in the foot by a spent cannon ball. Having previously dismounted to encourage his men, he was unable, in the *mêlée* which succeeded, to find his horse ; and the accounts of the manner in which he got away, when all was lost, are so contradictory, that it is impossible to reconcile them. All agree, however, in stating that he was particularly sought after, and that a Major Baquedano* gave orders to his dragoons to show him no quarter. A party of these dragoons and some Indians overtook him, and finding that they would not spare his life, he reproached them with their brutality, and drew his sword to

* This miscreant *par excellence*, it seems, had some private pique against Colonel Tupper, who had probably treated him with the contempt he deserved. His worthy chief, Prieto, promoted him after the battle for this acceptable service. Baquedano had been a domestic servant in the family of General Carrera, and boasted that he had killed a Spanish officer, a prisoner and defenceless, in the battle of Maipu. Long shunned by every man of honor, he was a disgrace even to the cause in which he served, and in 1831 he was brought to a court martial by his own officers, for embezzling money from the regimental chest, but was *of course* acquitted.

defend himself; but being surrounded, an Indian from behind ran him through the body with his lance, when he fell, and a few sabre cuts soon terminated his sufferings. One of the barbarians immediately severed a finger, on which the victim wore a ring, and conveyed it to his commander as a proof that one they so much dreaded, would trouble them no more. A Captain Garcia, of Baquedano's regiment, who was also promoted after the battle, stood by during this barbarous murder, without interfering to prevent it. The corpse was sought out the next day by a friend, and interred in the spot on which the deceased breathed his last.* Another brave Englishman, Captain Bell, of the Chilian navy, was also butchered in the pursuit. It was the general opinion, even of the natives themselves, that had Colonel Tupper commanded the army either on the 14th of December, near Santiago, or on this unfortunate day, a very different result would have awaited the constitutional cause. A private letter written by a gentleman in Chile, the chargé d'affaires of the United States of America, and which was never intended to meet the eye of the family, as it was addressed to a British officer commanding a ship on the South American

* Nearly three years after, the corpse was exhumed for the purpose of being conveyed to the capital for interment; but being found in an extraordinary state of preservation, it was, for the convenience of carriage, consumed to ashes, which, on the 1st of February, 1833, were deposited in a plain monument raised to his memory in the pantheon of Santiago, with the following simple inscription:—

A LA MEMORIA
DEL CORONEL
GUILLERMO DE VIC TUPPER,
NACIO EN GUERNSEY, EL XXIX DE ABRIL, M.DCCC,
MURIO EL XVII DE ABRIL, M.DCCC.XXX.

“PATRIE INFELICI FIDELIS,” were to have been added, but some of the rival party having declared that they would deface this motto, it was necessarily omitted by the widow, although she was strongly importuned by many to inscribe it.

station, also a perfect stranger, thus speaks of their unfortunate relative :—

“ The heroism displayed by Tupper surpassed the prowess of any individual that I ever heard of in battle ; but, poor fellow ! he was horribly dealt with after getting away with another officer. A party of cavalry and Indians was sent in pursuit, and they boast that poor Tupper was cut to pieces. They seemed to be more in terror of him, on account of his personal bravery and popularity, than of all the others. Guernsey has cause to be proud of so great a hero,— a hero he truly was, for nature made him one.” And an English gentleman, holding a high consular appointment in that country, also wrote :—“ I trust you will believe that any member of the family of Colonel Tupper, who may require such services as I am at liberty to offer, will be always esteemed by one, who for many years has looked upon his gallant and honorable conduct as reflecting lustre upon the English name in these new and distant states.”

Thus perished, at the early age of twenty-nine, one who, if he did not fall in the service of his own country, at least did honor to that country in a foreign clime. From his earliest youth he gave indications of that fearless and daring spirit which marked his after-life ; and when he left Europe he was generally thought to bear a striking resemblance to his late uncle, Major-General Brock, at the same age. This similarity extended in some degree even to their deaths, as the Indians of either continent were employed as auxiliaries in the actions in which they fell, and both were killed in the months that gave them birth. It was observed of Colonel Tupper by no mean judge, in the early part of his career : “ C'est un officier à toute épreuve, qui réunit à sa

brillante valeur des connaissances très-distinguées.”— His tall, manly, and strikingly handsome person, his almost Herculean strength, the elegance of his manners, and his impetuous valour in battle, gave the impression rather of a royal knight of chivalry, than of a republican soldier.* The influence and popularity which in a few short years he acquired in his adopted country, by his own unaided exertions, and under the many disadvantages of being a stranger in a strange land, best prove that his talents were of the first order, and that he was no common character. The attachment of his men to him was constant and unbounded, for he not only possessed that bravery which, with the brave, is the surest passport to affection, but that kindness of heart which ever wins a way to the human breast. The union of so many excellent qualities, joined to his previous services to Chile, ought at least to have procured him quarter; but unfortunately in civil wars, they who aim at arbitrary power seldom spare any one who may successfully oppose their despotic views, and both gratitude and humanity would fain throw a veil over his last moments. He deserved far better than to have fallen by the order of a band of assassins, whose cause and conduct were in every way worthy of so foul a deed. The opinion of his friends, however, will correct the errors of fortune, which denied him a better field for the exercise of his endowments. He is dead, but his memory lives, and though his mangled corse now lies far from the tombs of his forefathers,

“Unknell’d, uncoffin’d, and unknown.”

yet it is some melancholy consolation to his deeply

* In height he was about six feet two inches, and his figure was a perfect model of strength and symmetry. His countenance was benign and “*pleine de franchise*,”—his complexion florid,—and he had a profusion of beautiful dark chesnut hair.

afflicted family to reflect, that he is not lamented by them only, and that his false, perjured, blood-thirsty murderers cannot deprive their unhappy victim of his fair name. But, as a French traveller wrote of him, “N’est-il pas déplorable que de tels hommes en soient réduits à se consacrer à une cause étrangère?”*

Colonel Tupper married, at Santiago, in 1826, Maria Isidora de Zegers,† a native of Madrid, and grand-daughter of Manuel de Zegers, Count de Wasserberg, in Flanders. He left two infant daughters, and his young widow, from whom his death was kept concealed for some time, gave birth a few weeks after to a son, who, it is to be hoped, will resemble his father in every thing but his misfortunes. The British and a few of the foreign merchants in Chile, most liberally united to present the unhappy widow with some solid proof of the estimation in which they held the worth and gallantry of her unfortunate husband, and being joined by a small number of the natives, the amount raised was about seven thousand dollars, several of the English contributing five hundred dollars each.—An act of such unusual generosity should not go unrecorded, as, while it redounds so much to the credit of those engaged in it, it speaks volumes in favour of the deceased.

Of the fatality attending some families there are many melancholy proofs on record, but perhaps few instances of modern date will exceed, in the number of victims, the following series, which may not prove uninteresting even to the general reader. It has already been mentioned that Colonel Tupper was one

* Vide Appendix C, No. 9.

† Her mother was a Monte-negro, of the noble family of that name, in Spain.

of ten brothers. The eldest, John, a contemporary of Lord Byron at Harrow, perished at sea, in the Mediterranean, in 1812, aged twenty; the vessel in which he was a passenger from Catalonia to Gibraltar having never been heard of since.* The third brother, William, aged twenty-eight, was mortally wounded near Candia, in 1826, as related in the preceding memoir. The fourth, Charles, aged sixteen, a midshipman of the *Primrose*, a fine 18-gun brig, was drowned in 1815 at Spithead, by the upsetting of the boat in which he was accompanying his commander, Captain C. G. R. Phillott, from Portsmouth to the ship at St. Helen's; he had just returned from the North American station, where the crew of the *Primrose* had been actively engaged during the war, in the destruction of privateers and in boat expeditions. The fifth brother, De Vic, is the subject of this memoir. The sixth, Brock, aged thirty, died in 1833, on board H. M.'s packet *Rinaldo*, on his passage from Rio de Janeiro to Falmouth, for change of climate, and his remains were committed to the deep. The seventh, Frederick, when only nine years of age, was brought home insensible and speechless, and apparently at the point of death, having, in an attempt to reach the mast head of a vessel in the pier of Guernsey, fallen about twenty-five feet head foremost on the edge of the quay, whence he rebounded off into the harbour at low water, a further distance of sixteen feet: his skull was frightfully fractured and indented, and his life despaired of for some time. A young officer of the 45th regiment, who was betrothed to their eldest sister, was

* He went to the Peninsula with a friend of the family, Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Barlow, of the 61st regiment, and with his first cousin, William Potenger. The former fell gallantly soon after, at the head of his battalion, and the latter, an officer of the 22d regiment, died of the fever at Jamaica.

mortally wounded at the siege of Badajos, in 1812, —this bereavement, and the untimely end of so many of her brothers, undermined a naturally vigorous constitution, and hurried her prematurely to the grave : she died in December, 1830, and, possessing the graces both of mind and person, her memory is still fondly cherished by those who knew her worth. Of their uncles, four fell by the bullet, viz. their mother's brothers, Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K. B., Lieut.-Colonel John Brock, and Lieutenant Ferdinand Brock, and their father's brother, William De Vic Tupper, Esq., as already mentioned. Another near relative, Lieutenant Carré Tupper, of the *Victory*, Lord Hood's flag ship, and only son of Major-General Tupper, was also slain in the Mediterranean : after distinguishing himself at Toulon and being in consequence assured of the first commander's vacancy, he volunteered to bring off an enemy's sentinel from Bastia to the fleet, for the purpose of gaining intelligence, and was shot dead in the gallant but desperate attempt.

General Freire, irretrievably undone by the defeat at Lircai, was discovered some weeks subsequently in concealment at or near Santiago, and banished to Peru ; while Colonel Viel, after capitulating with the remnant of the cavalry, with which he escaped to the northward of the capital, was compelled to take refuge on board a French ship of war at Valparaiso, Prieto having again attempted to violate the treaty between them. His desertion of the infantry in the hour of need perhaps could not be avoided, as he may have been unable to prevent the shameful flight of the cavalry, but his behaviour on this day, as well as on the 14th of December, will not tend to

establish a military reputation, which appears to have been previously somewhat equivocal. Of Freire's inexplicable movements at Lircai we would fain speak with leniency: he is in exile, and as he was even more sinned against than sinning, our feelings towards him are those of commiseration, not of resentment,—but manifest it is that as at the commencement of the unfortunate contest, his conduct was weak and vacillating, so at its melancholy termination it was marked neither by ordinary prudence nor capacity, and that an onset of tergiversation was succeeded by a close of disastrous unskillfulness, to both of which the constitutional cause and many of its supporters were sacrificed. Prieto was elected president of Chile in 1831, as the reward of his perfidy, although the liberal and enlightened Chilenos were decidedly averse to the change of rulers thus forcibly effected. When the country is more worthy of liberty, the people will achieve it; but until then, it is neither to be expected nor desired that a party, whose cause was so wretchedly mismanaged during this unhappy contest, will succeed in returning again to power. Despotism is ever vigilant, while freedom too often slumbers in fancied security,—the one maintains itself by its fears, the other is frequently lost by its fearlessness,—but as a government based on deceit, inhumanity, and violence, can flourish only for a season, those who would break the chains which now bind Chile in thralldom may be assured, that

“ They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad ! ”

BYRON.

February, 1832.

NOTE.—*April, 1835.*—As the reader may wish to know the present political state of Chile, the editor subjoins the following extract from the last letter which he has received from that country, and dated Santiago, 22d September, 1834 :—“ I am happy to say that the country still enjoys perfect quiet. Liberal ideas, and the freedom of the press, are daily becoming more unknown. The power of the priesthood is every where unchecked ; but you know too well the value of tranquillity to us foreigners in these countries to suppose that we repine.”

“ Amongst the guests was a Chileno who had been in the United States as *chargé d'affaires*. Speaking of our country, and those things which struck him as curious, he told the gentlemen that our ‘prisons are secure without military guards, and that he had seen no soldiers in the country except the volunteer corps on holidays.’ contrasted with the countries of South America, where even the municipal police consists of soldiers, this circumstance is striking. This gentleman remarked farther, that ‘previous to the revolution of 1829, Chile had advanced in slow sure steps ; but since that period society had split into political parties, and the social intercourse created and cherished by the *Sociedad Filarmonica* had almost ceased.’

“ The Philharmonic Society was instituted in 1827, for improving and fostering the native taste for music, and creating a more generally social intercourse.”—*Three Years in the Pacific, 1831-1834, by an Officer in the United States' Navy.*”

From the same author we learn that, in the Chilian constitution of May 1833, it is decreed that the religion of the republic is “the Roman Catholic Apostolic. The nation protects it by all the means that conform to the spirit of the Evangelist, and will not permit the exercise of any other.”

MAJOR-GENERAL TUPPER.

THIS officer, the third son of Daniel Tupper, Esq., by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of E. Dobree, Esq., of Beauregard, was born in Guernsey, 25th September, 1727, and was brother of E. Tupper,* jurat, grandfather of the subjects of the two preceding memoirs. He obtained his commission by purchase in General Churchill's regiment of marines, that corps being then somewhat differently constituted to what it is now; and it also then appears to have been a more favorite service, although none has ever been more distinguished, as in the annual army list for 1777 we find the only six majors to be

John Tupper Mar. 30, 1771	William Souter . . . July 27, 1775
Hon. Frs. Napier . . July 21, 1771	Hon. J. Maitland . . Oct. 1, 1775
John Hughes Apr. 12, 1773	Alexander Trotter . Nov. 15, 1775

Major Tupper was employed in North America at the commencement of the revolutionary war, and he succeeded to the command of the marines, of whom there were two battalions at Bunker's Hill, in 1775, after the fall of the gallant Major Pitcairn, when he was honorably mentioned in the general orders of the day. A bullet grazed his right cheek, and drew blood. In this sanguinary attack the marines behaved with their usual gallantry, and it was they who, after the regiments of the line had been twice repulsed by a most murderous fire, carried the provincial defences by storm. Cooper, the American novelist, in his

* See page 48.

“Lionel Lincoln,” thus describes a scene in the battle :—

“Push on with the ——th!” cried the veteran major of marines —“push on, or the 18th will get the honor of the day!”

“We cannot,” murmured the soldiers of the ——th; “their fire is too heavy!”

“Then break, and let the marines pass through you.”*

The feeble battalion melted away, and the warriors of the deep, trained to conflicts of hand to hand, sprang forward, with a shout, in their places. The Americans, exhausted of their ammunition, now sunk sullenly back, a few hurling stones at their foes, in desperate indignation. The cannon of the British had been brought to enfilade the short breast-work, which was no longer tenable; and as the columns approached closer to the low rampart, it became a mutual protection to the adverse parties.

“Hurrah! for the Royal Irish!” again shouted M’Fuse, rushing up the trifling ascent, which was but of little more than his own height.

“Hurrah!” repeated Pitcairn, waving his sword on another angle of the work—“the day’s our own!”

One more sheet of flame issued out of the bosom of the work, and all those brave men, who had emulated the examples of their officers, were swept away, as if a whirlwind passed along. The grenadier gave his war-cry once more, and pitched headlong among his enemies; while Pitcairn fell back into the arms of his own child. The cry of “Forward, 47th!” rang through the ranks, and in their turn this veteran battalion mounted the ramparts. In the shallow ditch Lionel passed the expiring marine, and caught the dying and despairing look from his eye, and in another instant he found himself in the presence of his foes. As company followed company into the defenceless redoubt, the Americans sullenly retired by its rear, keeping the bayonets of the soldiers at bay, with clubbed muskets and sinewy arms. When the whole issued upon the open ground, the husbandmen received a close and fatal fire from the battalions, which were now gathering around them on three sides. A scene of wild and savage confusion succeeded to the order of the fight, and many fatal blows were given and taken, the *mêlée* rendering the use of fire-arms nearly impossible for several minutes.

* This circumstance, as, indeed, most of the others, is believed to be accurately true.

Major Tupper was promoted about two years after, and on the 16th May, 1781, obtained the rank of colonel. In the life and correspondence of Lord Rodney we find two letters in the second volume, of which the following are extracts:—

SIR GEORGE RODNEY to PHILIP STEPHENS, ESQ., Secretary of the Admiralty.

*Arrogant, Cawsand Bay,
30th Dec. 1781.*

On considering the great number of marines belonging to the fleet their Lordships have put under my command, and that the very important service on which I am ordered may render it necessary for his Majesty's service to land bodies of them to attack the public enemy, and co-operate with his Majesty's land forces, I must beg leave to suggest to their lordships the utility of field-officers to command the different bodies of marines that it may be necessary to land in the different operations in which I may be employed.

Experience has taught me that captains of marines are not proper officers to command large detachments of troops, and that discipline is not so well maintained as when field-officers of rank command them. I therefore hope their lordships will take the matter into consideration, and that I shall have the pleasure of seeing marine field-officers arrive in the West Indies in the squadron which their lordships have appointed to follow me.

I will venture to affirm that it will be attended with great consequences to his Majesty's service, and may prevent much confusion, whenever it may be necessary to employ the marines on shore.

EARL OF SANDWICH to SIR GEORGE RODNEY.

January 2d, 1782.

Though I hope this letter will not find you still at Plymouth, I cannot avoid letting it take its chance, in order to tell you that I entirely approve of your idea of having some field-officers of marines. We shall therefore give immediate orders, that three field-officers of that corps do either go with you, or come out in the next ships that are ordered to join you.

Colonel Tupper was in consequence selected to command the marines in the fleet, consisting of nearly forty sail of the line, ten or twelve frigates, and seven-

ral smaller vessels; and taking his passage in the Duke, of 90 guns, Captain Gardner, he arrived in the West Indies in March, and thus participated in the victory of 12th April, 1782, over the French fleet, being on board the Repulse, 64, Captain Dumaresq. Sir George Rodney had at once offered him a berth on board his flag ship, but as Captain Dumaresq was an intimate friend, he requested permission to join the Repulse. Colonel Tupper became a major-general on the 12th October, 1793, and, having attained the rank of commandant in chief of the marines, he died in London in January, 1795, his decease being probably hastened by the fall of his only son, at Bastia, a few months previously.

Major General Tupper married, at Cork, Ann Chilcott, the daughter of a gentleman who had been a captain in the fusileers. He had two children, Carré* and Ann; the latter, famed for her beauty, survived him,—she was the wife of Lieut.-Colonel 'Connell, of the Limerick militia.

Subjoined is an extract from the London Star of 19th November, 1794:—

The marine corps feel the utmost satisfaction at the appointment of Major-General Tupper to be colonel commandant of that corps, in the room of the late Lieut.-General Smith.

On Friday last the officers of the Chatham division, which General Tupper has for some time commanded with great credit and honor to himself, waited on him in a body to congratulate him on his appointment, and to express their sincere acknowledgments for his kind and polite attentions to them, so uniformly and happily blended upon every occasion with the due and necessary authority of military discipline. On Saturday the officers gave a dinner to the general, at their mess-room, on his resignation of the divisional command to Colonel Barclay until the arrival of Major-General Innes, who is appointed to it.

* So named from Mr. Carré, his mother's uncle, and a wealthy banker in Dublin.

LIEUT. CARRÉ TUPPER, OF H. M. S. VICTORY.

A brief mention is made of this officer at page 105. He was born on the 11th February, 1765, and obtained his lieutenancy in 1782, at the early age of seventeen, but the peace between 1783 and 1793 retarded his further advancement. Soon after the declaration of the war in 1793, he was actively employed in the Mediterranean, and he had already given fair promise of reaching the summit of his profession when he was suddenly cut off at Bastia, in the island of Corsica. We have heard that he was, unknown to himself, a commander, having been promoted by the admiralty for his recent services at Toulon ; and it is certain that Lord Hood, from the same cause, promised him the first commander's vacancy, which occurred a very few days after his death, and which was given in consequence to the present Vice-Admiral Sir John Gore, K.C.B., then also a lieutenant of the Victory. In person he was tall and remarkably handsome, and "Tupper was a dashing, gallant fellow," was an observation made to the editor by a distinguished British admiral, now living, who knew him.

The following are extracts relative to his brief career :—

From Sir Sidney Smith's official Letter to Admiral Lord Hood, describing the destruction of the ships and arsenal at Toulon, on the night of the 18th December, 1793.

In this situation we continued to wait most anxiously for the hour concerted with the governor for the inflammation of the trains. The moment the signal was made, we had the satisfaction to see the flames rise in every quarter. Lieutenant Tupper was charged with the burning of the general magazine, the pitch, tar, tallow,

and oil store houses, and succeeded most perfectly: the hemp magazine was included in this blaze. It being nearly calm was unfavorable to the spreading of the flames, but two hundred and fifty barrels of tar, divided among the deals and other timber, insured the rapid ignition of the whole quarter which Lieutenant Tupper had undertaken.

FROM JAMES' Naval History. Third Edition.

After describing minutely the conflagration at Toulon, &c., the author adds:—

As well as we can collect from the official accounts published on the subject, the following were the British naval officers who accompanied Sir Sidney Smith in his perilous undertaking: Captains C. Hare and W. Edge, Lieutenants C. Tupper, John Gore,—(and several others whose names follow.)—Vol. I, page 114.

At length on the 21st May, 1794, after a siege of thirty-seven and a negotiation of four days, the town and citadel of Bastia, with the several posts upon the neighbouring heights, surrendered on terms highly honorable to the besieged, whose bravery in holding out so long excited the admiration of the conquerors.

The possession of this important post was accomplished with the slight loss to the army of seven privates killed and dead of their wounds, two captains and nineteen privates wounded, and six privates missing; and to the navy, of one lieutenant (Carré Tupper, of the *Victory*,) and six seamen killed, and one lieutenant (G. Andrews, of the *Agamemnon*,) and twelve men wounded.—*Ibid*, page 272.

Lieutenant Tupper was buried in a sequestered spot under the walls of Bastia, with this epitaph:—

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
CARRÉ TUPPER, ESQ.
LIEUTENANT OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S SHIP
VICTORY.

HE WAS KILLED BY A MUSKET BALL
IN BRAVELY ATTEMPTING TO LAND,
DURING THE SIEGE OF BASTIA,
ON THE 24th APRIL, 1794,
AGED TWENTY-NINE YEARS.
HIS ASSOCIATES IN ARMS
DEEPLY REGRETTED AN EVENT
WHICH DEPRIVED THEM OF
AN INTREPID, EXCELLENT OFFICER,
A WORTHY, AMIABLE MAN.
HE WAS BORN THE 11th FEBRUARY, 1765.

VISIT OF INDIAN CHIEFS TO GEORGE IV.

Transcript of a Letter from Irving Brock, Esq., to Miss Caroline Tupper, dated London, April 12, 1825.

“I went to Windsor on Wednesday last with the four Indians, accompanied by my friend Mr. W——, to show them the castle, Frogmore, &c. ; but the chief object, which I had secretly in mind, was to have them introduced to his Majesty. Sir John C——, the late mayor of Windsor, assisted me very effectually, and the upshot of the matter is, that the king expressed his desire to see the Indian chiefs, although every body treated this as a most chimerical idea. They wore, for the first time, the brilliant clothes which Mr. Butterworth had had made for them, and you cannot conceive how grand and imposing they appeared.

“The king appointed half-past one on Thursday to receive our party at the royal lodge, his place of residence. We were ushered into the library ; and now I am going to say somewhat pleasing to your uncle Savery. As Sir John C—— was in the act of introducing me, but before he had mentioned my name, Sir Andrew Barnard interrupted him, and said : ‘There is no occasion to introduce me to that gentleman,—I know him to be General Brock’s brother,—he and Colonel Brock, of the 81st, were my most intimate friends,—I was in the 81st with the Colonel. There was another brother whom I knew,—he who was also in the 49th,—he was a gallant fellow. By

the bye, sir, I beg your pardon ; perhaps I am speaking to that very gentleman.'

“ In the library there was also present Marquess Conyngham, Lord Mount Charles, Sir Edmund Nagle, &c. &c. We remained chatting in the house above half an hour, expecting every moment to see the king enter, and I was greatly amused to observe Mr. W—— and Sir John C—— start and appear convulsed every time there was a noise outside the door. We were admiring the fine lawn when the Marquess Conyngham asked the Indians if they would like to take a turn, at the same time opening the beautiful door that leads to the lawn. The party was no sooner out than we saw the king standing quite still, and as erect as a grenadier on a field day, some forty yards from us. We were all immediately uncovered, and advanced slowly towards the handsomest, the most elegant, the most enchanting man in the kingdom, the Indians conducted by Marquess Conyngham, Sir Edmund Nagle, Sir Andrew Barnard, Lord Mount Charles, &c. &c. The range of balconies was filled with ladies. Sir John C——, Mr. W—— and I, allowed the party to approach his Majesty, while we modestly halted at a distance of twenty yards. It was worth while being there only to see the benign countenance of the greatest monarch in the world, and to witness his manner of uncovering his head. The four chiefs fell on their knees. The king desired them to rise, and entered into a great deal of preliminary conversation. I saw him turn towards the marquess, and after a few seconds he said, with his loud and sonorous voice : ‘ Pray, Mr. Brock, come near me,—I pray you come near me.’ I felt a little for my companions who continued un-

noticed, and especially for Sir John C——, to whom I was principally indebted for the royal interview.

“The king addressed the Indians in French, very distinctly, fluently, and loud: ‘I observe you have the portrait of my father; will you permit me to present you with mine?’ The marquess then produced four large and weighty gold coronation peer medallions of his Majesty, suspended by a rich mazaréen blue silk riband. The chiefs, seeing this, dropped again upon their knees, and the king took the four medallions successively into his hand, and said: ‘Will some gentleman have the goodness to tie this behind?’—upon which Sir Edmund Nagle, with whom we had been condoling on account of the gout, while waiting in the library, and who wore a list shoe, skipped nimbly behind the chiefs, and received the string from the king, tying the cordon on the necks of the four chiefs. We were much amused to observe how the royal word can dispel the gout. The instant the grand chief was within reach of the medallion, and before the investiture was completed, he seized the welcome present with the utmost earnestness, and kissed it with an ardour which must have been witnessed to be conceived. The king appeared sensibly affected by this strong and unequivocal mark of grateful emotion. The other chiefs acted in a similar way, and nothing could have been managed more naturally, or in better taste. After this ceremony the king desired them to rise and to be covered. They put on their hats, and which appeared extraordinary to me, his Majesty remained uncovered all the time. Here it was that the grand chief, as if incapable of repressing his feelings, poured out in a most eloquent manner, by voice and action, the following

unpremeditated speech in his native Indian tongue. I say unpremeditated, because that fine allusion to the sun could not have been contemplated while we were waiting in the library, the room where we expected the interview to take place. I was pleased to find that the presence of this mighty sovereign, who governs the most powerful nation upon earth, did not drive from the thoughts of the pious chief, the King of kings and the Lord of lords.

“The instant he had finished, the chief of the warriors interpreted in the French language, and I wrote down the speech as soon as I left the royal lodge. It should be observed, that the chiefs had been previously informed by me that, according to etiquette, they should answer any questions which his Majesty might be pleased to ask, but not introduce any conversation of their own. The sun was shining vividly.

THE SPEECH.

I was instructed not to speak in the royal presence, unless in answer to your Majesty's questions. But my feelings overpower me. My heart is full. I am amazed at such unexpected grace and condescension, and cannot doubt that I shall be pardoned for expressing my gratitude. The sun is shedding his genial rays upon our heads. He reminds us of the great Creator of the universe,—of Him who can make alive and who can kill. Oh! may that gracious and beneficent Being, who promises to answer the fervent prayers of his people, bless abundantly your Majesty. May He grant you much bodily health, and, for the sake of your happy subjects, may He prolong your valuable life! It is not alone the four individuals, who now stand before your Majesty, who will retain to the end of their lives a sense of this kind and touching reception,—the whole of the nations, whose representatives we are, will ever love and be devoted to you, their good and great father.

“His Majesty felt deeply every word of the speech, when interpreted by the chief of the warriors. The

king answered, that he derived high satisfaction from the sentiments they had expressed, and assured them that he should always be much interested in the happiness of his North American subjects, and would avail himself of every opportunity to promote their welfare, and to prove that he was indeed their father. After acknowledging in gracious terms the pleasure which the speech of the grand chief had afforded him, he mentioned, in an easy and affable manner, that he had once before in his life seen some individuals of the Indian nations, but that was fifty-five or fifty-six years ago. He inquired of their passage to this country, the name of the ship and of the master, and was persevering in his questions as to the treatment they had experienced at his hands, whether they had been made comfortable in all respects, and if he had been polite and attentive.

“While the grand chief was delivering his speech in the Huron language, it seemed as if it would never end, and, observing the king look a little surprised, I informed the Marquess Conyngham, in a loud whisper, that this was the mode in which they expressed their sense of any honor conferred, and that the chief of the warriors would interpret the speech in the French language. The king asked me to repeat what I had been saying, and George and Irving conversed for some time. His Majesty, on another occasion, asked me under what circumstances the Indians had been introduced to me. I answered that they were recommended to my notice, because they had been invested with the medallions of his late Majesty by my brother.

“His Majesty hoped the Indians had seen every thing remarkable in Windsor, and told us we were

welcome to see the interior of the lodge and pleasure grounds, that Sir Andrew Barnard would accompany us everywhere, to his stables, menagerie, aviaries, &c., and afterwards he trusted we would partake of some refreshment. He also offered us the use of his carriages. The refreshment was a truly royal repast,—we eat on silver,—the table groaned, as Mr. Heathfield would say, under the king's hospitality. We made a famous dinner,—pine apple, champagne, claret, &c.—servants in royal liveries behind our chairs. After dinner the Indians gave us the war song, when (in your uncle Savery's poetry about Maria Easy),

Tho' the dogs ran out in a great fright,
The ladies rush'd in with much delight."

NOTE.—These four Indians came to England for the purpose of endeavouring to recover lands which had been given to their tribe by Louis XIV. but it appears that they did not succeed. They were very pious Roman Catholics, and those who saw them were much amused with their simple and primitive manners.—ED.

*Extract of a Letter from Walter Bromley, Esq., dated London,
15th April, 1825.—From a Halifax N. S. newspaper.*

“The Indian chief, who accompanied me to England, sailed in the Ward, for New Brunswick, a few days ago, loaded with presents to his family and people. I think his appearance here has been more beneficial than if volumes had been printed on Indian civilization, and I am in hope that on both sides of the Atlantic a general sympathy has been excited. The four Canadian chiefs have attracted much attention, and have been presented to his Majesty by the brother of the late General Brock; they are the most interesting characters I ever saw,—are extremely polite,—and speak French very fluently.”

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

SECTION I.—BRITISH AUTHORS.

No. 1.

Extract of a Letter to one of the Captains of the 49th, at Fort George, dated Montreal, March 17, 1804.—See pp. 3 to 5.

“The execution of the four mutineers and three deserters took place at Quebec on the 2d instant, and as I have a letter of the 3d, giving the most minute account that I have seen of it, I therefore transcribe part of the same to you.—I embrace the earliest opportunity of saying that the seven mutineers and deserters were executed yesterday. At a quarter past ten, a.m., the procession moved off from the prison in the following order:—

Two Bugle Horns.

Major Campbell with a large party of the 41st as the advanced guard.

Artillery with a Field Piece.

The Firing Party, fifty-six in number.

Seven Coffins borne by two men each.

Escort with the Prisoners attended by four Roman Catholic Priests and the

Rev. Mr. Mountain.

Surgeons of the Garrison and Regiments.

Band of Music of the 41st playing a Dirge.

General Mann and Staff Officers of the Garrison.

Field Piece.

Colonel Glasgow with the main body of the Artillery.

Field Piece.

Colonel Proctor at the head of the 41st Regiment, with the Colours.

Major Muter, of the 6th, with the two flank Companies of that Regiment.

New Brunswick Volunteers, about seventy in number, without arms.

‘At about half-past ten they arrived on the ground, when the sentence and warrant of execution were read; after which the prisoners about to suffer were led to their coffins, upon which they respectively kneeled: they were kept nearly three quarters of an hour in prayer, during which time the weather was very cold and bad, a strong wind blowing from the eastward with a great drift of snow. The whole was conducted with the greatest propriety till it came to the firing, when, by some mistake, instead of the party

advancing to within eight yards of the prisoners and firing in three divisions, upon the signal being given for that purpose, the sergeants, commanding the divisions, ordered the men to make ready, and immediately after about ten muskets in the centre went off; this created confusion, and many other single shots were fired, and from a distance of at least fifty yards; the consequence was, that the poor wretches fell one after another, and, being partially wounded, some of them cried out bitterly. Forty shots must have been fired before one poor fellow in the centre fell, although it appeared that he received a ball through the lower part of the belly on the first discharge, as he was seen to put his hands down and cry out: the party was now ordered up singly, that is, each man, who had not fired off his piece, went and lodged the contents of it in the breasts of the culprits, and by that means put them out of torture. It was on the whole an awful and affecting sight, and from the appearance of the soldiery, seemed to have made a very proper impression.'

"Requesting my best compliments to Colonel Brock and the other gentlemen of the regiment, I remain," &c.

No. 2.

Extract from General Order, Head Quarters, Montreal, August 31, 1812.—See p. 15.

"Captain Pinkney, aid-de-camp to General Dearborn, arrived at nine o'clock last night, being the bearer of despatches from the commander in chief of the American forces, with the information that the president of the United States of America had not thought proper to authorise a continuance of the provisional measures entered into by his Excellency and General Dearborn, through the adjutant-general, Colonel Baynes, and that consequently the armistice was to cease in four days from the time of the communication reaching Montreal, and the posts at Kingston and Fort George That the conquest of the Canadas, either for the purpose of extending their own territories or of gratifying their desire of annoying and embarrassing Great Britain, was one amongst others of these objects, cannot be doubted. The invasion of the Upper Province, undertaken so immediately after the declaration of war, shews in the strongest manner how fully they had prepared themselves for that event, and how highly they had flattered themselves with finding it an easy conquest, from the supposed weakness of the force opposed to them, and the spirit of disaffection which they had previously

endeavoured to excite amongst its inhabitants. Foiled as they have been in this attempt by the brave and united efforts of the regular forces, militia, and Indians of that province, under the command of their distinguished leader, their whole army with its general captured, and their only remaining fortress and post in the adjoining territory wrested from them, it is not to be doubted but that the American government will keenly feel this disappointment of their hopes, and consequently endeavour to avail themselves of the surrender of Detroit, to term it an invasion of their country, and to make it a ground for calling upon the militia to march to the frontiers for the conquest of the Canadas. A pretext so weak and unfounded, though it may deceive some, will not fail to be received in its proper light by others, and it will be immediately perceived by those who will give themselves the trouble to reflect on the subject, that the pursuit of an invading army into their own territory, is but a natural consequence of the first invasion, and the capture of the place to which they may retire for safety, a measure indispensably necessary for the security and protection of the country originally attacked."

No. 3.

Extracts of a Letter from Major Glegg to William Brock, Esq., dated York, Upper Canada, 25th October, 1812.

"Since announcing to you on the 14th the heavy public and private loss that we sustained on the preceding day, by the fall of my beloved general, at the battle of Queenston, I have devoted every thought and moment to the painful discharge of my remaining duties. His funeral took place on the 16th, and a more solemn and affecting spectacle was perhaps never witnessed. I enclose a plan of the melancholy procession, but no pen can describe the real scenes of that mournful day. As every arrangement connected with that afflicting ceremony fell to my lot, a second attack being hourly expected, and the minds of all being fully occupied with the duties of their respective stations, I anxiously endeavoured to perform this last tribute of affection in a manner corresponding with the elevated virtues of my departed patron. Conceiving that an interment in every respect military would be the most appropriate to the character of our dear friend, I made choice of a cavalier bastion in Fort George, which his aspiring genius had lately suggested, and which had been just finished under his daily superintendence. Not trusting, however, wholly to my own ideas on a

point of so much interest, I consulted with Major-General Sheaffe and some other friends, who, I am happy to assure you, were unanimous in preferring military ground as the place of interment. His remains, by being always guarded by the respectful vigilance of admiring valour, will for ever remain sacred; his public and private worth have been justly appreciated in this province, and the high character, which he so modestly supported when living, will remain recorded in the memory of those who survive him. Our lamented friend was interred with every military honor that was due to his exalted station; at the same time recollecting his decided aversion to every thing that bore the appearance of ostentatious display, I endeavoured to clothe the distressing ceremony conformably with his native simplicity. My gallant friend and colleague Lieut.-Colonel M'Donell, whose noble soul hurried him on to revenge the fall of our beloved chief, appeared determined to accompany him to the regions of eternal bliss. Wounded in four places, he was carried off the field, and, though one ball passed through his body, he survived twenty hours, and, during a constant period of excruciating suffering, his words and thoughts appeared ever occupied with lamentations for his lost friend. My heart is overpowered with sorrow when I reflect on that awful and eventful day. I can almost fancy I see and hear your brave brother's cheering voice when our small band of 49th heroes were a third time charging the enemy in the streets of Queenston, who were treble our numbers; forgetful of himself, he was occasionally exhorting others to be more prudent,—every one did more than his duty,—and alas! in this glorious struggle for the country two heroes fell. They were deposited in the same grave close to each other."

NOTE.—The contents of Major Glegg's first letter, dated Fort George, 14th October, are embodied in Sir Isaac Brock's Memoir; the remainder of the second letter, as above, relates chiefly to the private affairs of the general.—ED.

No. 4.

Conclusion of Extract from Quebec Gazette of 29th October, 1812, given in pp. 20, 21.

"It is indeed true that the spirit, and even the abilities, of a distinguished man often carry their influence beyond the grave, and the present event furnishes its own example, for it is certain, notwithstanding General Brock was cut off early in the action, that he had already given an impulse to his little army, which contributed

to accomplish the victory when he was no more. Let us trust that the recollection of him will become a new bond of union, and that, as he sacrificed himself for a community of patriots, they will find a new motive to exertion in the obligation to secure his ashes from the pestilential dominion of the enemy.

“General Brock was a native of Guernsey. His family always belonged to the profession of arms. He entered the army early in life, and has been continually on service during the last and present wars. He made several campaigns on the European continent, and particularly distinguished himself in Holland, where he had a horse killed under him. He was shortly afterwards employed on board the Ganges, with his favorite 49th regiment, in the battle of Copenhagen, on the famous 2d of April, 1801. In the following year he came to this country as lieutenant-colonel commanding that regiment. His strong attachment to it made it a distinguishing feature in his character. There was a correspondence of esteem and regard between him and his officers and privates, with an addition of veneration on the part of these, that produced the picture of a happy family. Those movements of feeling, which the exactions of discipline will sometimes occasion, rarely reached his men. He governed them by that sentiment of esteem which he himself had created. The consolation was given him to terminate an useful and brilliant course in the midst of his professional family. They have performed his last funeral obsequies, and those who knew the commander and his men will be convinced that on the day of his interment there was an entire regiment in tears.

“His fate has been attended by a circumstance almost intolerable to a high-minded soldier. His enemy was not worthy such a catastrophe. The spirit of the victim often rebuked the hard destiny that denied him a field where it might be desirable to die. But brave and generous Brock the opinion of your country shall correct the errors of fortune. It shall estimate your efforts the more for having been made against an enemy without reputation, though powerful, and who, in waging this war, has shewn how destitute he is of every principal element that can constitute true greatness. It shall grant you all the fame that manly courage and heroic enterprise, skilfully and successfully employed, have the power to yield. Monuments shall rise to your glory in the public square of that province you have twice saved, and under the dome of the first cathedral in Europe.”

No. 5.

“At a General Council of Condolence held at the Council House, Fort George, 6th November, 1812,

“Present—The Six Nations, Hurons, Potawatimics, and Chippawas.

William Claus, Deputy Superintendent-Gen^l.

Captain Norton.

Captain J. B. Rosseaux, and several others
of the Indian Department.

Kasencayont Cayonga Chief, Speaker.

“*Brother*,—The Americans have long threatened to strike us, and in the beginning of the summer they declared war against us, and lately they recommenced hostility by invading the country at Queenston. In this contest, which, with the help of God, terminated in our favor, your much lamented commander and friend General Brock, his aid-de-camp Colonel M'Donell, and several warriors, have fallen.

“*Brother*,—We therefore now, seeing you darkened with grief, your eyes dim with tears, and your throats stopped with the force of your affliction, with these strings of wampum we wipe away your tears that you may view clearly the surrounding objects. We clear the passage in your throats that you may have free utterance for your thoughts, and we wipe clean from blood the place of your abode, that you may sit there in comfort, without having renewed the remembrance of your loss by the remaining stains of blood.

Delivered eight strings of white wampum.*

“*Brother*,—That the remains of our late beloved friend and commander General Brock shall receive no injury, we cover it with this belt of wampum, which we do from the grateful sensations which his kindness towards us continually inspired, as also in conformity with the customs of our ancestors; and we now express, with the unanimous voice of the chiefs and warriors of our respective bands, the great respect in which we hold his memory, and the

* Wampum is the current money among the Indians. It is of two sorts, white and purple: the white is worked out of the insides of the great Congues into the form of a bead, and perforated so as to be strung on leather; the purple is worked out of the inside of the muscle shell. They are wove as broad as one's hand, and about two feet long; these they call belts, and give and receive them at their treaties, as the seals of friendship. For lesser motives a single string is given; every bead is of a known value; and a belt of a less number is made to equal one of a greater, by so many as is wanted being fastened to the belt by a string.—*Buchanan's North American Indians.*

sorrow and deep regret with which his loss has filled our breasts, although he has taken his departure for a better abode, where his many virtues will be rewarded by the great Dispenser of good, who has led us on the road to victory.

A large white belt.

“*Brother,*—We now address the successor of our departed friend to express the confidence we feel that his heart is warmed with similar sentiments of affection and regard towards us. We also assure him of our readiness to support him to the last, and therefore take the liberty to speak strong to all his people to co-operate with vigour, and trusting in the powerful arm of God, not to doubt of victory.

“Although our numbers are small, yet, counting Him on our side, who ever decides on the day of battle, we look for victory whenever we shall come in contact with our enemy.

Five strings of white wampum.

(Signed) “W. CLAUS, D. S. G.”

No. 6.

IMPROMPTU

ON READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF THE GALLANT
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK.

Whence sprung that sigh of sorrow deep,
Those plaints that pierce the troubled air!
Whose that fair form that seems to weep
With tresses loose, and bosom bare?

Ah! now I know that form divine,
Whose looks her heartfelt grief declare;
Queen of the seagirt isle! 'tis thine,
And thine those plaints that pierce the air.

Thou mourn'st thy brave defender's fate
Far distant o'er yon western tide,—
The victim of illiberal hate
Fostered by French intrigue and pride!

Thou mourn'st the loss of valiant BROCK,
Chastiser of o'erweening pride,
Who fell in battle's furious shock,
By Niagara's thundering side!

In freedom's cause the hero fell,—
 His relics rest on glory's bed ;
 Twice vanquished, let Columbia tell
 How gallantly he fought and died. HAFIZ.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL BROCK.

Low bending o'er the rugged bier
 The soldier drops the mournful tear,
 For life departed, valour driven,
 Fresh from the field of death to heaven.

But time shall fondly trace the name
 Of BROCK upon the scrolls of fame,
 And those bright laurels, which should wave
 Upon the brow of one so brave,
 Shall flourish vernal o'er his grave. J. H. R.

No. 7.

Extracts from "James' Military Occurrences of the late War between Great Britain and the United States of America."—2 vols. 8vo. London, 1818.

"Major-General Brock, the president of Upper Canada, was at York when the news of war reached him. He, with his accustomed alacrity, sent immediate notice of it to Lieut.-Colonel St. George, commanding a small detachment of troops at Amherstburg, and to Captain Roberts, commanding part of a company of the 10th R. V. battalion, at St. Joseph's. A second despatch to the last named officer contained the major-general's orders, that he should adopt the most prudent measures, either for offence or defence. Captain Roberts, accordingly, on the day succeeding the arrival of his orders, embarked with forty-five officers and men of the 10th royal veteran battalion, about one hundred and eighty Canadians, three hundred and ninety-three Indians, and two iron six pounders, to attack the American fort of Michilimacinac. This force reached the island on the following morning. A summons was immediately sent in; and the fort of Michilimacinac, with seven pieces of ordnance, and sixty-one officers and privates of the United States army, surrendered, by capitulation, without a drop of blood having been spilt.—Vol. I., pp. 56, 57.

“General Brock had just arrived at Fort George from York, when he heard of General Hull's invasion. It was his intention to attack, and there is no doubt he would have carried, Fort Niagara ; but, Sir George Prevost not having sent him any official account of the war, nor any order to guide his proceedings, the general was restrained from acting according to the dictates of his judgment and the natural energy of his mind. After issuing a proclamation, to defeat the object of that circulated by General Hull, General Brock returned to York, to meet the legislature of Upper Canada ; which, on account of the war, he had called together for an extra session. This session was short ; and, on the 5th of August, the general again left York for Fort George, and for Long Point on Lake Erie. On the 8th he embarked at the latter place, with forty rank and file of the 41st regiment, and two hundred and sixty of the militia forces ; leaving the important command on the Niagara frontier to his quarter-master-general, Lieut.-Colonel Myers, an able and intelligent officer.

“General Brock and his little party landed safe at Amherstburg on the evening of the 12th, when that enterprising officer lost not a moment, but, with the reinforcement he procured at this place, pushed on for Sandwich. Here he found that the Americans had evacuated and destroyed a small fort which they had constructed soon after their arrival. On the morning of the 15th, General Brock sent across a flag of truce, with a summons, demanding the immediate surrender of the garrison ; to which an answer was returned, that “the town and fort would be defended to the last extremity.” That being the case, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the British batteries, which had been constructed for one eighteen pounder, two twelve pounders, and two $5\frac{1}{2}$ inch howitzers, opened upon the enemy, and continued to throw their shells into the fort until midnight. One shell killed three or four officers, and produced great alarm in the garrison. The fire was returned by seven twenty-four pounders, but without the slightest effect.

“At daylight the next morning the firing recommenced ; and the major-general, taking with him thirty of the royal artillery, two hundred and fifty of the 41st regiment, fifty of the royal Newfoundland regiment, and four hundred militia, crossed the river, and landed at Springwell, a good position, three miles west of Detroit. The Indians, six hundred in number, under the brave Tecumseh, had effected their landing two miles below ; and they immediately occupied the woods about a mile and a half on the left of the army.

The direction of the batteries on the opposite shore had, in the mean time, been left to an intelligent officer.

“At about ten o'clock the troops advanced, in close column, twelve in front, along the bank of the river towards the fort, and halted at about a mile distant; by which time the Indians had penetrated the enemy's camp. When the head of the British column had advanced to within a short distance of the American line, General Hull, and the troops under his command, retreated to the fort, without making any use of two twenty-four pounders, advantageously posted on an eminence, and loaded with grape shot.

“Just as the British were about to commence the attack, a white flag was seen suspended from the walls of the fort. So unexpected a measure caused General Brock to despatch an officer in front, to ascertain the fact. Shortly afterwards the capitulation was signed; and the fort of Detroit, its ordnance and military stores, a fine vessel in the harbour, the whole north-western army, including the detached parties, also the immense territory of Michigan, its fortified posts, garrisons, and inhabitants, were surrendered to the British arms.—Ibid, pp. 68 to 70.

“One reason for General Brock's marching so comparatively small a force against Detroit, was a deficiency of arms wherewith to equip the Upper Canada militia. Many of the latter were obliged, in consequence, to remain behind; and even the arms that had been distributed among their companions, were of the very worst quality; so that General Hull's ‘two thousand five hundred stands of arms,’ which were indeed of the very best quality, became a valuable acquisition. The success that attended this first enterprise in which the militia had been called upon to act, produced an electrical effect throughout the two provinces. It inspired the timid, settled the wavering, and awed the disaffected; of which latter there were many. It also induced the Six Nations of Indians, who had hitherto kept aloof, to take an active part in our favor.—Ibid, pp. 73, 74.

“Brigadier-General Hull was afterwards exchanged for thirty British prisoners; and his trial commenced at Albany on the 5th of January, and ended on the 8th of March, 1814. The particulars may not be uninteresting, and are therefore extracted from the pages of Mr. O'Connor's book :—

“‘Three charges were presented against him; to wit, *treason against the United States; cowardice; and neglect of duty, and unofficer-like conduct*; to all which he pleaded *Not Guilty*.—The general

having protested against the competency of the court to try the first charge, the court declined making any formal decision on it ; but yet gave an opinion that nothing appeared to them which could justify the charge.

“‘The court acquitted him of that part of the third specification, which charges him with having forbidden the American artillery to fire on the enemy, on their march towards the said Fort Detroit, and found him guilty of the first, second part of the third, and the fourth specifications. On the third charge, the court found the accused guilty of neglect of duty, in omitting seasonably to inspect, train, exercise, and order the troops under his command, or cause the same to be done. They also found him guilty of part of the fourth and fifth specifications, and the whole of the sixth and seventh ; and acquitted him of the second and third, and part of the fourth and fifth specifications.

“‘The court sentenced the said Brigadier-General William Hull to be shot to death, two-thirds of the court concurring in the sentence ; but, in consideration of his revolutionary services, and his advanced age, recommended him to the mercy of the president of the United States. The president approved the sentence, remitted the execution, and ordered the name of General Hull to be erased from the list of the army.’—*Ibid*, pp. 75, 76.

“‘The chagrin felt at Washington, when news arrived of the total failure of this the first attempt at invasion, was in proportion to the sanguine hopes entertained of its success. To what a pitch of extravagance those hopes had been carried, cannot better appear than in two speeches delivered upon the floor of congress, in the summer of 1812. Dr. Eustis, the secretary at war of the United States, said : ‘We can take the Canadas without soldiers ; we have only to send officers into the provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own government, will rally round our standard.’ The honorable Henry Clay seconded his friend thus : ‘It is absurd to suppose we shall not succeed in our enterprise against the enemy’s provinces. We have the Canadas as much under our command as she (Great Britain) has the ocean ; and the way to conquer her on the ocean is to drive her from the land. I am not for stopping at Quebec, or any where else ; but I would take the whole continent from them, and ask them no favors. Her fleets cannot then rendezvous at Halifax as now ; and, having no place of resort in the north, cannot infest our coast as they have lately done. It is as easy to conquer them on the land, as their

whole navy would conquer ours on the ocean. We must take the continent from them. *I wish never to see a peace till we do.* God has given us the power and the means; we are to blame if we do not use them. If we get the continent, she must allow us the freedom of the sea.' This is the gentleman who, afterwards, in the character of a commissioner,—and it stands as a record of his unblushing apostacy,—signed the treaty of peace.

“Upon Major-General Brock's arrival at Fort George, he first heard of that most impolitic armistice, which, grounded on a letter from Sir George Prevost to Major-General Dearborn, had been concluded between the latter and Colonel Baynes, Sir George's adjutant-general. It provided that neither party should act offensively before the decision of the American government was taken on the subject. To the circumstance of the despatch, announcing the event, not having reached the gallant Brock before he had finished the business at Detroit, may the safety of the Canadas, in a great measure, be attributed. The armistice was already sufficiently injurious. It paralyzed the efforts of that active officer, who had resolved, and would doubtless have succeeded, in sweeping the American forces from the whole Niagara line. It enabled the Americans to recover from their consternation, to fortify and strengthen their own, and to accumulate the means of annoyance along the whole of our frontier. It sent nearly eight hundred of our Indian allies, in disgust, to their homes. It admitted the free transport of the enemy's ordnance stores and provisions by Lake Ontario, which gave increased facility to all his subsequent operations in that quarter.—Ibid, pp. 76 to 78.

“This army, commanded by Major-General Van Rensselaer, of the New York militia, consisted, according to American official returns, of five thousand two hundred and six men; exclusive of three hundred field and light artillery, eight hundred of the 6th, 13th, and 23d regiments, at Fort Niagara; making a total of six thousand three hundred men. Of this powerful force, sixteen hundred and fifty regulars, under the command of Brigadier-General Smyth, were at Black Rock; three hundred and eighty-six militia at the latter place and Buffalo; and nine hundred regulars, and two thousand two hundred and seventy militia, at Lewistown, distant from Black Rock twenty-eight miles. So that, including the eleven hundred men at Fort Niagara, the Americans had, along thirty-six miles of their frontier, a force of six thousand three hundred men, of whom nearly two-thirds were regular troops; while

the British, along their line from Fort George, where Major-General Sheaffe commanded, to Fort Erie, whither Major-General Brock had just proceeded, could not muster twelve hundred men, nearly half of whom were militia.—Ibid, p. 80.

“The only British batteries from which the troops could be annoyed in the passage, were one, mounting an eighteen pounder, upon Queenstown heights, and another, mounting a twenty-four pound carronade, situate a little below the town. The river at Queenstown is scarcely a quarter of a mile in width, and the point chosen for crossing was not fully exposed to either of the British batteries; while the American batteries of two eighteen and two six pounders, and the two six pounder field pieces, brought up by Lieut.-Colonel Scott, completely commanded every part of the opposite shore, from which musketry could be effectual in opposing a landing. With these important advantages the troops embarked; but, a grape shot striking the boat in which Lieut.-Colonel Christie was, and wounding him in the hand, the pilot and boatmen became so alarmed, that they suffered the boat to fall below the point of landing, and were obliged, in consequence, to put back. Two other boats did the same. The remaining ten, with two hundred and twenty-five regulars, besides officers, including the commander of the expedition, Colonel Van Rensselaer, struck the shore; and, after disembarking the men, returned for more troops.

“The only force at Queenstown consisted of the two flank companies of the 49th regiment, and a small detachment of militia; amounting, in all, to about three hundred rank and file. Of these about sixty, taken from the 49th grenadiers and Captain Hatt's company of militia, having in charge a three pounder, advanced, at four o'clock in the morning, with Captain Dennis of the 49th at their head, towards the river, near to which Colonel Van Rensselaer had formed his men, to await the arrival of the next boats. A well directed and warmly continued fire killed and wounded several American officers and privates, including, among the wounded, Colonel Van Rensselaer and three captains, and drove the Americans behind a steep bank, close to the water's edge. In the mean time, a fresh supply of troops had effected a landing, and remained, with the others, sheltered behind the bank; whence they returned the fire of the British, killing one man and wounding four. The remaining subdivisions of the 49th grenadiers and of the militia company had now joined Captain Dennis; and the 49th light infantry, under Captain Williams, with Captain Chisholm's company

of militia, stationed on the brow of the hill, were firing down upon the invaders.

“Of five or six boats that attempted to land a body of American regulars under Major Mullany, one was destroyed by a shot from the hill battery, commanded by Lieutenant Crowther, of the 41st regiment; two others were captured; and the remainder, foiled in their object, returned to the American side. Daylight appeared; and, at the same instant, General Brock arrived at the hill battery from Fort George. Observing the strong reinforcements that were crossing over, the general instantly ordered Captain Williams to descend the hill, and support Captain Dennis. No sooner were Captain Williams and his men seen to depart, than the Americans formed the resolution of gaining the heights. Accordingly, sixty American regulars, headed by Captain Wool, and accompanied by Major Lush, a volunteer, also by a captain, six lieutenants, and an ensign of the 13th regiment, ascended a fisherman’s path up the rocks, which had been reported to General Brock as impassable, and therefore was not guarded. The Americans were thus enabled, unseen by our troops, to arrive at a brow, about thirty yards in the rear of the hill battery. Reinforcements kept rapidly arriving by the concealed path; and the whole formed on the brow, with their front towards the village of Queenstown.

“The moment General Brock discovered the unexpected advance of the American troops, he, with the twelve men stationed at the battery, retired; and Captain Wool, advancing from the rear with his more than ten-fold force, ‘took it without much resistance.’ Captain Williams, and his detachment of regulars and militia, were now recalled; and General Brock, putting himself at the head of this force, amounting, in all, to about ninety men, advanced to meet a detachment of one hundred and fifty picked American regulars, which Captain Wool had sent forward to attack him. The American captain says that, in consequence of the general’s ‘superior force,’ his men retreated; adding, ‘I sent a reinforcement, notwithstanding which, the enemy drove us to the edge of the bank.’ While animating his little band of regulars and militia to a charge up the heights, General Brock received a mortal wound in the breast, and immediately fell.

“At this moment the two flank companies of the York militia, with Lieut.-Colonel M’Donell, the general’s provincial aid-de-camp, at their head, arrived from Brown’s Point, three miles distant. By this time, also, Captain Wool had sent additional reinforcements to

Captain Ogilvie, making the latter's force 'three hundred and twenty regulars, supported by a few militia and volunteers,' or, in the whole, full five hundred men. Colonel M'Donell and his one hundred and ninety men,—more than two-thirds Canadian militia,—rushed boldly up the hill, in defiance of the continued stream of musketry pouring down upon them; compelled the Americans to spike the eighteen pounder; and would have again driven them to the rocks, had not the colonel and Captain Williams been wounded, almost at the same instant,—the former mortally. The loss of their commanders created confusion among the men, and they again retreated. Hearing of the fall of General Brock, Captain Dennis proceeded from the valley towards the foot of the heights, and, mounting the general's horse, rode up, and tried to rally the troops. He succeeded in forming a few; but the number was so inconsiderable that, to persist in a contest, would have been madness. A retreat was accordingly ordered, by the ground in the rear of the town; and the men of the 49th, accompanied by many of the militia, formed in front of Vromont's battery, there to await the expected reinforcement from Fort George.

"While we had, at this period, not above two hundred unwounded men at Queenstown, the Americans, by their own account, had upwards of eight hundred, and General Van Rensselaer tells us, that 'a number of boats now crossed over unannoyed, except by the one unsilenced gun,' or that at Vromont's battery; consequently, more troops were hourly arriving. Brigadier-General Wadsworth was left as commanding officer of the Americans on the Queenstown hill; and General Van Rensselaer, considering the victory as complete, had himself crossed over, in order to give directions about fortifying the camp which he intended to occupy on the British territory.—Ibid, pp. 86 to 91.

"When General Wilkinson complains that the executive has not rendered 'common justice to the principal actors in this gallant scene,'—not exhibited it to the country 'in its true light, and shewn what deeds Americans are still capable of performing,'*—who among us can retain his gravity? 'It is true,' says the general, 'complete success did not ultimately crown this enterprise; but two great ends were obtained for the country: it re-established the character of the American arms;—it did indeed!—'and deprived the enemy, by the death of General Brock, of the best officer that

* From an American work,—Major-General James Wilkinson's "Memoirs of my own Time," published in 1816.

has headed their troops in Canada throughout the war;—truth undeniable!—‘and, with his loss, put an end to their then brilliant career;’—yet the capture of General Wadsworth took place in less than five hours afterwards.

“The instant we know what the Americans expected to gain, a tolerable idea may be formed of what they actually lost by the attack upon Queenstown. General Van Rensselaer, in a letter to Major-General Dearborn, written five days previously, says thus: ‘Should we succeed, we shall effect a great discomfiture of the enemy, by breaking their line of communication, driving their shipping from the mouth of this river, leaving them no rallying point in this part of the country, appalling the minds of the Canadians, and opening a wide and safe communication for our supplies; we shall save our own land,—wipe away part of the score of our past disgrace,—get excellent barracks and winter quarters, and at least be prepared for an early campaign another year.’—Who could believe that this very letter is given at length in General Wilkinson’s book, and precedes, but a few pages, those ridiculous remarks into which an excess of patriotism had betrayed him.

“It is often said, that we throw away by the pen what we gain by the sword. Had General Brock been less prodigal of his valuable life, and survived the Queenstown battle, he would have made the 13th of October a still more ‘memorable’ day, by crossing the river and carrying Fort Niagara, which, at that precise time, was nearly stripped of its garrison. Instead of doing this, and thus putting an end to the campaign upon the Niagara frontier, Major-General Sheaffe, General Brock’s successor, allowed himself to be persuaded to sign an armistice; the very thing General Van Rensselaer wanted. The latter, of course, assured his panic-struck militia, that the British general had sent to implore this of him; and that he, General Van Rensselaer, had consented merely to gain time to make some necessary arrangements.—Ibid, pp. 99 to 101.

“Considering the character of the distinguished chief who fell on the British side, at the Queenstown battle,—of him who, undoubtedly, was ‘the best officer that headed their troops throughout the war,’—it will surely be deemed a pardonable digression to give a brief sketch of the more prominent features of his life and character.

“Sir Isaac Brock was born at Guernsey, in October, 1769; consequently, was but forty-three when he received the fatal bullet. He had entered the army at the age of sixteen, and been lieutenant-

colonel of the 49th regiment since 1797. During the campaign in Holland in 1799, he distinguished himself at the head of his regiment, and was second in command of the land forces at the battle of Copenhagen. He was gallant and undaunted, yet prudent and calculating; devoted to his sovereign, and romantically fond of his country; but gentle and persuasive to those whose feelings were less ardent than his own. Elevated to the government of Upper Canada, he reclaimed the disaffected by mildness, and fixed the wavering by argument: all hearts were conciliated; and, in the trying moment of invasion, the whole province displayed a zealous and an enthusiastic loyalty.

“Over the minds of the Indians General Brock had acquired an ascendancy, which he judiciously exercised for purposes conducive no less to the cause of humanity, than to the interests of his country. He engaged them to throw aside the scalping knife; endeavoured to implant in their breasts the virtues of clemency and forbearance; and taught them to feel pleasure and pride in the compassion extended to a vanquished enemy. Circumscribed in his means of repelling invasion, he studied to fix the attachment of that rude and wavering people; and, by reducing their military operations to the known rules of war and discipline, to improve the value of their alliance.

“His strong attachment to the service, and particularly to his regiment, formed a distinguishing feature in his character. There was a correspondence of regard between him and his officers, and even the non-commissioned officers and privates, with an addition of reverence on the part of the latter, that produced the picture of a happy family. Those movements of feeling which the exertions of discipline will sometimes occasion, rarely reached his men. He governed them by a sentiment of esteem which he himself had created; and the consolation was given him, to terminate a useful and brilliant course in the midst of his professional family.”—*Ibid*, pp. 103, 104.

NOTE.—There is some discrepancy between the text, (p. 18,) and ‘James,’ as to the circumstances of the fall of Lieut.-Colonel M’Donell; but from Major Glegg’s letters, written at the time and on the spot, he appears to have accompanied Sir Isaac Brock from Fort George,—to have remained near him at Queenston,—and to have been mortally wounded immediately after the death of the general.—*ED.*

Extracts from Quarterly Review for July, 1822.

“ But far more important consequences than these resulted from the surrender of Hull. The whole of the Michigan territory, an extensive peninsula watered by the lake of that name, by Lake Huron and the Detroit, and which separates the Indian country from Canada, was ceded to the British by the same capitulation. No acquisition could so effectually have secured the north-western frontier of Upper Canada by cementing our alliance with the Indian nations, whose confidence and respect were gained by this success. Its effects upon the militia who had shared in it, and upon the population of the Canadas generally, were hardly less beneficial: it inspired the timid, fixed the wavering, and awed the disaffected.

“ Leaving Colonel Proctor in command on the Detroit frontier and in the newly acquired territory, General Brock hastened his return to the Niagara line, with the intention of sweeping it of the American garrisons, which he knew were then unprepared for vigorous resistance. But the first intelligence which he received on his arrival at Fort George paralyzed his exertions. The commander in chief, Lieut.-General Sir George Prevost, had concluded an armistice with the American general, Dearborn, which provided that neither party should act offensively until the government at Washington should ratify or annul the suspension of hostilities! Of the inactivity thus forced upon General Brock, the enemy made the best use. As the armistice did not prohibit them from transporting ordnance, stores, and provisions, of all of which they were greatly in need, from Lake Ontario along the Niagara line, they had time to recover the panic which had seized them on the surrender of Hull, and to fortify their frontier. The president of the United States then refused, as might have been anticipated, to confirm the armistice, but not before an American force of six thousand three hundred men had assembled on the Niagara frontier. The British on the same frontier under General Brock, who now received orders from Sir George Prevost to act upon the defensive only, did not exceed twelve hundred regulars and militia.

“ The enemy now prepared to carry the war across the Niagara. Opposite the village of Queenston on that strait, they concentrated three thousand men of their force, and at daylight, on the 13th of October, effected a landing on the Canadian shore, notwithstanding

the gallant opposition of a British detachment of three hundred men which was posted at the village. By this handful of troops the passage was long and obstinately contested, until General Brock, who arrived, unattended, from Fort George during the struggle, fell in the act of cheering on his little band to a charge. With him the post was lost: a retreat was effected, and sixteen hundred of the enemy established themselves in position on the heights of Queenston. Meanwhile, the whole of the British disposable force on the Niagara, of about one thousand men, of whom five hundred and sixty were regulars, had assembled near Queenston; at three in the afternoon, they advanced against the American line, and, after a short and spirited contest, put the enemy completely to rout, capturing on the field Brigadier-General Wadsworth, nine hundred men, a piece of cannon, and a stand of colours. Many of the enemy were drowned in the attempt to swim to their own shore, and four hundred of them were killed and wounded, while the whole British loss did not exceed one hundred men.

“Such was the dismay of the enemy at the result of the action at Queenston, that had General Sheaffe, who commanded after the death of Brock, crossed over immediately afterwards, as it is said he was strongly urged by his officers to do, the fort of Niagara, which its garrison had even evacuated for some time, might have been captured, and the whole of that line cleared of the American troops. But General Sheaffe, like his superior, was a lover of armistices, and after the action he concluded one of his own with the American general, for which no reason, civil or military, was ever assigned. Such were the principal occurrences of the campaign of 1812, in Upper Canada; those in the lower province were utterly insignificant.

“In reviewing the campaign in the Canadas of 1812, the most striking feature is the failure of the enemy in attempting the subjugation of the British provinces. So extravagant were the hopes of the American government regarding the issue of the contest, that their secretary at war declared from his seat in congress, that they ‘could take the Canadas without soldiers; they had only to send officers into the provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own government, would rally round the American standard.’ Mr. Clay, of Virginia, added, that ‘it was absurd to suppose that the enterprise would fail of success; he was not for stopping at Quebec, or any where else; he would take the continent from the British; he never wished to see a

peace until this was done.' Yet this Mr. Clay was afterwards one of the American commissioners who signed the treaty of Ghent!

“The first act of the commander in chief, on learning the American declaration of war, was an earnest of his future irresolution. He dispatched orders to the commanding officer at fort St. Joseph's to remain upon the defensive; but Captain Roberts knew that, if attacked, his post was untenable; he was aware that the enemy at Michilimackinac must shortly be reinforced, and he boldly preferred to follow the directions of his immediate commander, General Brock, to assault that place if he found it advisable. The important result has already been told. To General Brock himself, Sir George Prevost sent no instructions whatever for some weeks after he received intimation of the war. Whether this neglect was intentional, to leave that officer to his own responsibility, or was merely the natural effect of the infirmity of purpose which the commander in chief afterwards so repeatedly evinced, the consequences were equally mischievous; for General Brock had moved from York to Fort George with the intention of attacking the American fort of Niagara, then unprepared for defence, and was only restrained from that measure by the perplexity of his situation in being left without orders. Hull's invasion, however, put it beyond doubt that he should do right in opposing him, and the capture of that force preceded his receipt of the first dispatches from the commander in chief. These dispatches, indeed, were of such a nature, that it was fortunate they arrived no sooner. They announced, as we have already stated, the conclusion of that impolitic armistice between Sir George Prevost and General Dearborn at the moment which should have been devoted to active exertion against the American posts on the frontier. By the terms of this truce, General Hull was to determine, at his option, whether or not the suspension of arms should be binding upon his division. If he had not already capitulated before he could make his choice, what might not have been the fatal consequences of permitting him to claim the benefit of the armistice?

“No sooner was the suspension of arms, to which Sir George had agreed, at an end, than he issued positive orders along the whole extent of frontier, that no offensive operations whatever should be attempted against the different points of the enemy's line. The short-sightedness of such a system of defence needs perhaps little exposition, but a practical illustration of its tendency

was afforded, before the close of the year, in the unopposed devastation of great part of the Indian country by General Harrison, while Colonel Proctor was compelled by his orders to refrain from advancing to the aid of our allies. 'This want of co-operation had a most unfavourable effect upon the minds of the Indians, and was an impolitic and unmanly desertion of them.'—*Campaigns in the Canadas.*

NOTE.—Although the editor does not approve of the spirit of acrimony towards Sir George Prevost, which is manifested throughout the article in the Quarterly Review, from which the preceding extracts are taken, yet he feels it a sacred obligation due to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock to withhold nothing descriptive of his energetic views and intentions, and of the obstacles he experienced in the vigorous prosecution of the contest,—obstacles which his gallant spirit could not brook, and which necessarily exposed "his valuable life" much more than it would have been in offensive operations. Sir George Prevost was most unfortunately induced to propose the armistice, in the expectation that the American government would stay all hostility on learning the repeal of the British orders in council, which were the chief among the alleged causes of the war; and this measure was attended with very prejudicial consequences, as it rendered unavailing the command of the lakes, which was then held by the British. It also caused a delay of nearly a fortnight in the contemplated attack of Sackett's Harbour by Sir Isaac Brock, as he returned from Detroit to Fort George on the 24th August, and the cessation of the armistice was not known at the latter post until the 4th September. This attack, however, could have been still carried into effect, and it was only relinquished by express orders from the commander in chief. The armistice was doubtless entered into as well from an error in judgment as from expectations which were not realized; but as the official intelligence of the president's refusal to continue the suspension of hostilities reached Sir George Prevost, at Montreal, on the 30th August,—a day or two before Captain Glegg, with the dispatches of the capture of Detroit,—it is difficult to account for his motive (unless it were that assigned at page 15) in preventing the attempt on Sackett's Harbour, as proposed to him by Major-General Brock, through his gallant aid-de-camp, a meritorious and talented officer.

The distance, by water, between Fort George and Kingston, *viâ* York, is one hundred and eighty miles, and from Kingston to Sackett's Harbour only thirty-six miles, so that the destruction of the arsenal at the last named post could have been effected by the 1st of September, had not the armistice prevented it.

Since the first memoir was printed, the editor has been informed by a provincial officer, who commanded the schooner *Lady Prevost*, of 14 guns, that on the 23d August he met Major-General Brock on Lake Erie, returning in the schooner *Chippewa* from the capture of Detroit, and, after saluting him with seventeen guns, he went on board the latter vessel, and gave the first intelligence of the armistice to the general, who, on hearing it, could not conceal his deep regret and mortification.—ED.

No. 9.

Preface to the Second Edition of Travels in Canada and the United States, in 1816 and 1817, by Lieutenant Francis Hall, 14th Light Dragoons, H. P.

“Soon after the publication of these travels, the author received an anonymous communication, charging him with misrepresenting the conduct of the officer who succeeded Sir Isaac Brock in the command of our forces in Upper Canada. The passages complained of are: the expression, (p. 227.,) that Tecumseh, after that general’s death, ‘found no kindred spirit with whom to act;’—the passages of Tecumseh’s speech, quoted in the note;—and the expression he is said to have subsequently used, ‘Tell the dog,’ &c.

“The author regrets that this communication, (which was conveyed in the most gentlemanly terms,) by being anonymous, left him no opening for private explanation, which he cannot but think would, on the whole, have proved more satisfactory than a discussion in print: as it is, it only remains for him to commit the litigated points to the judgment of the public.

“The only insinuation intended to be conveyed by the terms ‘no kindred spirit,’ was, that the general who succeeded Sir Isaac Brock was inferior to him in talents, and was so considered by Tecumseh. This is mere matter of opinion; but such as the author conceives every man is free to deliver, with respect to the conduct of an individual employed in a public capacity; nor, however he may be unfortunate enough to differ in it from his correspondent, does he believe it would, by any means, be considered a singular opinion by the officers who, at that time, served in Upper Canada.

“With regard to the application of the passages quoted from Tecumseh’s speech, the author conceives he cannot do better than make his readers the judges of it, by printing an entire copy of the speech, with which his correspondent has been kind enough to furnish him.

“His correspondent denies that Tecumseh *ever* used the expressions, ‘Tell the dog,’ &c.; upon which the author cannot forbear observing, that, as he has stated *no particular occasion* on which they were used, it seems scarcely possible his correspondent, unless he was never from Tecumseh’s side, can have the means of proving they were never uttered at all. The author conceives his authority on this point to be such, as fully to warrant

him in believing his statement to be correct ; at the same time, he would be understood as drawing no conclusion from it to the disparagement of the officer in question : he quoted it merely to show the nature of the Indian chieftain's feelings, and the light in which he regarded measures, on the propriety of which the author wishes to be considered as stirring no controversy."

NOTE.—The officer alluded to in the preceding preface was not Major-General Sheaffe, the successor of Sir Isaac Brock, but the officer commanding at Detroit, Amherstburgh, &c. The passages and speech will be given in the notice of Tecumseh.—*Vide Post*.—ED.

No. 10.

Extracts from Howison's Sketches of Upper Canada.—London, 1821.

"The village of Queenston is beautifully situated at the foot of a hill, and upon the side of the Niagara river, the bank of which is high and precipitous. The imagination is agreeably struck with the first view of the place. On one side of the village is a mountain covered with shrubbery and verdure ;—behind, a rich and cultivated plain extends backwards, which is bounded in every direction by luxuriant woods, while in front, the Niagara river glides in majestic stillness, and may be traced, with all its windings, till its waters are swallowed up in the vast expanse of Lake Ontario. The soil around Queenston consists chiefly of a red clay, the bright colour of which, upon the roads and declivities where it is exposed, forms a singular contrast, during summer, with the pure green of the trees and fields in the vicinity.

"The narrowness of the river here, and its suitableness for a ferry, renders this one of the principal channels of communication between Upper Canada and the United States ; consequently, there is a continual interchange of waggons, cattle, passengers, &c. which makes Queenston rather more lively than it would otherwise be. However, all its external attractiveness depends upon the fineness of its situation. The buildings are irregular and inelegant ; and an air of depression and inactivity pervades the whole place, to a degree I never saw equalled in any village of the same extent.

"Queenston must infallibly acquire magnitude and importance when the province becomes populous and flourishing, for it is situated at the commencement of a portage, which never can be evaded by any improvement in the navigation, it being rendered necessary by the falls of Niagara ; therefore, all vessels containing goods and stores destined for the western parts of Upper Canada,

must unload and leave their cargoes at Queenston, that they may be conveyed overland to Chippewa, where the Niagara river again becomes navigable. Even now, a good deal of this carrying business goes on during the summer months. The north-west company forward a considerable quantity of stores to the Indian territories by this route, and the country merchants receive annual supplies of goods from Montreal, and send down pork, flour, staves, and potash, in return.

“The environs of Queenston are beautifully picturesque and romantic, and nothing can be finer than the prospect up the Niagara river. Immediately above the village its channel narrows very much, and the banks rise to the height of three hundred feet perpendicular, while at the same time they become wild and rocky, and are thickly covered with trees of various kinds. In some places they partly over-arch the river, and throw an appalling gloom upon its waters, now dashed into turbulence and impetuosity by the ruggedness of their sloping bed. It was night when I first viewed this scene, and as the moon gradually rose, she threw a broken light successively upon different portions of the stream, and sometimes brought to view the foamy bosom of a rapid, at other times unveiled the struggling and heaving waters of a whirlpool, while the mingled roar, on all sides, excited a shuddering curiosity about those parts of the river that rolled along in darkness.

“Over the precipice, on the summit of which I stood while I contemplated this scene, many of the American soldiers had rushed at the close of the battle of Queenston heights. They were so warmly pressed by our troops and the Indians, and had so little prospect of obtaining quarter from the latter, that a great number wildly flung themselves over the steep, and tried to save their lives by catching hold of the trees that grew upon it; but many were frightfully dashed to pieces by the rocks, and others who reached the river perished in their attempts to swim across it. Several, who had dropped among the cliffs without receiving any injury, were afterwards transfixed and killed by falling upon their own bayonets, while in the act of leaping from one spot to another. I almost imagined I saw these unfortunate men writhing in all the agonies of a protracted death, and gazing with envy at their companions, who were convulsively catching for breath among the sullen waters below. Were the Canadians inclined to be superstitious, they could not select a more suitable place than this for the haunt and appearance of unearthly beings. The wildness of the scenery, the

gloom of the cliffs, and the melancholy incident I have just related, would subject Queenston heights to the *suspicion* of any people more under the influence of imagination than the Canadians are, and make them conjure up half a dozen bleeding sentinels at the top of the precipice every night after sunset.

“At the ferry, the Niagara river is twelve hundred and fifty feet in breadth, and from two to three hundred in depth. The current is very rapid, and the wreathing and perturbed appearance of the water shews that its course is much impeded by the narrowness of the channel, which must be entirely composed of rocks; for, otherwise, the continual and rapid attrition of such a large river as that which flows through it, would undermine and wear away the banks, and thus gradually enlarge and widen its course. I could not survey this noble stream without awe, when I contrasted it in the state in which it flowed before me, with the appearance it has when mingling with the ocean. I recollected having beat about the mouth of the St. Lawrence during two days, and having been alarmed by the prospect of shipwreck, while in the vessel that conveyed me to Lower Canada; but now the waters which formed the dangerous gulf all passed silently before me, within the narrow limits occupied by the Niagara river. The St. Lawrence derives but a small proportion of its torrents from tributary streams, the Ottawa being the only river of great magnitude that joins it. The rivers Chaudière, Saguenai, Pepechaissinagau, Black River, &c., are trifling indeed, when compared with that into which they discharge themselves.

“The Niagara river is subject to those periodical alterations in height, which, as I have already mentioned, occur in the lakes. This can be satisfactorily proved by the wharfs at Queenston, some of which are five feet higher above the surface of the river than they were in the year 1817, and also by the water marks left on the perpendicular sand banks near the ferry.

“General Brock was killed at the battle of Queenston heights, and the place where he fell was pointed out to me. The Canadians hold the memory of this brave and excellent man in great veneration, but have not yet attempted to testify their respect for his virtues in any way, except by shewing to strangers the spot on which he received his mortal wound. He was more popular, and more beloved by the inhabitants of Upper Canada, than any man they ever had among them, and with reason; for he possessed, in an eminent degree, those virtues which add lustre to bravery, and those talents that shine alike in the cabinet and in the field. His

manners and dispositions were so conciliating as to gain the affection of all whom he commanded, while his innate nobleness and dignity of mind secured him a respect almost amounting to veneration. He is now styled the Hero of Upper Canada, and, had he lived, there is no doubt but the war would have terminated very differently from what it did. The Canadian farmers are not overburthened with sensibility, yet I have seen several of them shed tears when an eulogium was pronounced upon the immortal and generous-minded deliverer of their country.

“General Brock was killed close to the road that leads through Queenston village, and an aged thorn bush now marks the place where he fell, when the fatal ball entered his vitals. This spot may be called classic ground, for a view of it must awaken in the minds of all those who duly appreciate the greatness of his character, and are acquainted with the nature of his resources and exertions, feelings as warm and enthusiastic as the contemplation of monuments consecrated by antiquity can ever do.—Pages 70 to 76.

“The prospect from the top of Queenston mountain is the finest and most extensive that Upper Canada affords, and, in an eminent degree, combines the beautiful and the magnificent. The wild and majestic precipices which engulf one part of the Niagara river, the windings and mirrored expanse of that noble body of water, the dim and undiscoverable extent of Lake Ontario, together with the verdant orchards, thick forests, and improved fields, glowing beneath a pure sky, collectively form a scene of admirable effect and composition. Even York, which is thirty-six miles distant, and lies very low, can be seen from the summit of this hill during clear weather.—Page 87.

“The Detroit river, which connects Lake St. Clair and Lake Erie, is forty miles long, and divides that part of Canada, which it traverses, from the United States. Its banks are in many places thickly peopled, and in a high state of cultivation. The inhabitants here are chiefly French Canadians, who began to occupy the country when Canada was still under the jurisdiction of France. They still retain that amenity of manners which distinguishes them from the peasantry of most countries. The houses are so numerous and so close together upon the banks of the Detroit river, that there is the appearance of a succession of villages for more than ten miles. The farms are very narrow in front, and extend a great way back. The lots were laid out in this awkward and inconvenient form, that their respective occupants might be able to render one another

assistance when attacked by the Indians, who were at one time very numerous and troublesome in this part of the country.

“The banks of the Detroit river are the Eden of Upper Canada, in so far as regards the production of fruit. Apples, pears, plums, peaches, grapes, and nectarines, attain the highest degree of perfection there, and exceed in size, beauty, and flavour, those raised in any other part of the province. Cider abounds at the table of the meanest peasant, and there is scarcely a farm that has not a fruitful orchard attached to it. This fineness of the fruit is one consequence of the amelioration of climate, which takes place in the vicinity of the Detroit river and Lake St. Clair. The seasons there are much milder and more serene than they are a few hundred miles below, and the weather is likewise drier and less variable. Comparatively little snow falls during the winter, though the cold is often sufficiently intense to freeze over the Detroit river so strongly, that persons, horses, and even loaded sleighs, cross it with ease and safety. In summer the country presents a forest of blossoms, which exhale the most delicious odours; a cloud seldom obscures the sky; while the lakes and rivers, which extend in every direction, communicate a reviving freshness to the air, and moderate the warmth of a dazzling sun; and the clearness and elasticity of the atmosphere render it equally healthy and exhilarating.

“About twenty miles down the Detroit river stands the village of Sandwich, which contains thirty or forty houses, and a neat church. Below this the soil becomes rather inferior in quality, being somewhat cold and swampy. The settlement is likewise partial and circumscribed, and a tract of land six miles in length, which belongs to the Huron Indians, does not contain a single inhabitant. A little above the mouth of the Detroit river, and head of Lake Erie, is the town of Amherstburgh, which forms the most westerly settlement in the Upper Province. The population of this place amounts to more than a thousand souls, a proportion of whom are merchants, who derive support in the way of trade from the farmers residing upon the shores of Lake Erie. Many of the inhabitants of Amherstburgh are persons of wealth and respectability, and the circle which they collectively compose is a more refined and agreeable one than is to be met with in any other village in the province.

“The mouth of the Detroit river, in which there are several islands, forms a safe and commodious harbour. The river itself is navigable for vessels of any size; and a chain of water communication extends westward, without interruption, to the head of Lake

Superior, which is more than a thousand miles distant from Lake Erie. The country north-west of Amherstburgh being entirely uninhabited, except by tribes of wandering Indians, is but little known; however, it would appear that many parts of it are well adapted for agriculture."—Pages 199 to 202.

No. 11.

"This chief of the branch of the once great tribe of the Hurons visited England some time ago. I afterwards saw him in Quebec, and had a good deal of conversation with him. When asked what had struck him most of all that he had seen in England, he replied, without hesitation, that it was the monument erected in St. Paul's to the memory of General Brock. It seemed to have impressed him with a high idea of the considerate beneficence of his great father, the king of England, that he not only had remembered the exploits and death of his white child, who had fallen beyond the big salt lake, but that he had even deigned to record, on the marble sepulchre, the sorrows of the poor Indian weeping over his chief untimely slain."—*Hon. F. F. De Roos' Travels in North America, in 1826.*

No. 12.

"To Colonel Brock, of the 49th, who commanded at the fort, I am particularly indebted for his kindness to me during the fort-night I remained at Niagara. Among many pleasant days which I passed with him and his brother officers, that of our visit to the Tuscorora Indians was not the least interesting. They received us in all their ancient costume; the young men exhibited for our amusement in the race, the bat game, &c., while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees, and the picture altogether was as beautiful as it was new to me."—*Note in Moore's Epistles, Odes, &c.*

"At Queenston the battle was fought in which General Brock fell, and the inhabitants point out a thorn bush at the bottom of the heights, where it is said that he received his mortal wound. His career was a short but a brilliant one; and had the direction of the affairs of the Upper Province, after his death, been characterized by an equal degree of courage, prudence, and humanity, a very different series of subsequent events would have claimed the attention of the historian."—*Duncan's Travels in the United States and Canada, in 1818 and 1819.*

“Close to the spot where we landed in Canada there stands a monument to the gallant General Brock, who was killed during the battle of Queenston, in the act of repelling an invasion of the frontier by the Americans, during the late war. The view from the top of the monument extended far over Lake Ontario, and showed us the windings of the Niagara, through the low and woody country which hangs like a rich green fringe along the southern skirts of that great sheet of water.”—*Captain Basil Hall's Travels in North America, in 1827 and 1828.*

Travelling in the state of New York, the author observes: “The late Sir Isaac Brock was, by some accident, mentioned. The canal agent spoke of him in terms of great respect, as the best commander the British had ever sent to Canada,—equally regretted on both sides of the St. Lawrence.

“From Niagara Falls we proceeded by the stage first to Queenston, (seven miles,) near which a monument has been erected to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, from the top of which, about one hundred and twenty feet high, there is a noble view of Lake Ontario and the adjoining country, and thence to the village of Newark, (seven miles,) formerly called Fort George, on the Niagara river.”—*Stuart's Three Years in America.*

“Immediately above Queenston stands Brock's monument, on the heights where the battle was fought in which that hero was killed. His body was removed to it from Fort George in 1824. The view from this fine column is probably the most beautiful in Upper Canada.—*M'Gregor's British America, Vol. II.*

“Seven miles south of Fort George, and at the foot of the romantic heights of the same name, which have become famous in Canadian history as the scene of a battle wherein General Brock fell, is the village of Queenston, pleasantly situated on the Niagara, and opposite to the American village of Lewiston. The monument, built to the memory of the gallant general and his companions, on the loftiest part of these heights, forms a prominent object to the numerous voyageurs who are constantly arriving at this portage, in elegantly fitted up steam boats, from York and Kingston, to view the neighbouring falls of the Niagara. The village contains a church, court house, large government stores, and a population of between four hundred and five hundred inhabitants.”—*The Canadas, by Andrew Picken.*

No. 13.

“Leaving a garrison in Detroit sufficiently strong to keep the inhabitants in awe, General Brock lost no time in leaving the conquered post and hastening to Niagara,—a command he had only relinquished for the purpose of undertaking an achievement which the gallantry and determination of his character could alone have crowned with such unqualified success.

“The month of October was marked by an event of the most melancholy nature,—the death of General Brock, who fell a victim to the intrepidity and daring of his character. The loss of their leader, however, cast a gloom over every English brow, and an advantage thus purchased was deemed at too high a price. General Brock was beloved by the soldiery, particularly the 49th, of which he had long been lieutenant-colonel, and the indignation of their grief for his loss cost the Americans many a life on that day, that had otherwise been spared. At Amherstburg, the account of his death was received with heartfelt concern, and not a man was there of those he had lately led to victory who failed to pay that tribute to his memory, which the gallantry and magnanimity of this glorious chief were so every way calculated to awaken in the breast of the soldier.”—*‘A Canadian Campaign,’ by a British Officer, in the New Monthly Magazine for December, 1826, and February, 1827.*

No. 14.

“Immediately opposite the town of Prescott, on the shore of the United States, is the town of Ogdensburg; and twelve miles higher up, on the Canadian shore, stands the delightful village of Brockville, so called in honor of the late lamented Sir Isaac Brock. This enchanting little spot unites in its situation every beauty of nature. In front of it flows the river St. Lawrence, interspersed with numerous islands, variously formed and thickly wooded; behind it is an assemblage of small hills, rising one above another in ‘gay theatric pride;’ and on each side are a number of well cleared farms, in an advanced state of cultivation. Every thing combines to render it pre-eminently beautiful. The dwellings are built of wood, and tastefully painted; and the court house, in an elevated situation at the back of the village, seems, from its superior size, to be the guardian of the villagers,—an idea of my fancy, which I did not seek to confirm by entering within its doors. Brockville contains four hundred and fifty souls. It has a par-

sonage house, but no church has hitherto been erected."—*Five Years in Canada, by E. A. Talbot.*

NOTE.—Brockville was originally named Elizabeth Town in compliment to the general's mother, and the township or county, in which the village is situated, is still called Elizabeth.—Ed.

No. 15.

Extract from a Description of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"In the western ambulatory of the south transept is a tabular monument to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, by the same artist (Westmacott).

"A military monument, on which are placed the sword and helmet of the deceased; a votive record, supposed to have been raised by his companions to their honored commander.

"His corpse reclines in the arms of a British soldier, whilst an Indian pays the tribute of regret his bravery and humanity elicited.

ERECTED AT THE PUBLIC EXPENSE
TO THE MEMORY OF
MAJOR-GENERAL
SIR ISAAC BROCK,
WHO GLORIOUSLY FELL
ON THE 13th OF OCTOBER,
M.DCCC.XII.
IN RESISTING AN ATTACK
ON
QUEENSTOWN,
IN UPPER CANADA.

No. 16.

"Anniversary of the Battle of Queenston, and the Re-interment of the late much-lamented Major-General Sir Isaac Brock.

"There is something so grand and imposing in the spectacle of a nation's homage to departed worth, which calls for the exercise of so many interesting feelings, and which awakens so many sublime contemplations, that we naturally seek to perpetuate the memory of an event so pregnant with instruction, and so honorable to our species. It is a subject that in other and in older countries has frequently exercised the pens, and has called forth all the descriptive powers of the ablest writers.* But here it is new; and for the first

* It is impossible here to forget (however different were the circumstances and character of the two warriors) that fine passage by the splendid historian

time, since we became a separate province, have we seen a great public funeral procession of all ranks of people, to the amount of several thousands, bearing the remains of two lamented heroes to their last dwelling on earth, in the vaults of a grand national monument, overtopping the loftiest heights of the most magnificent section of one of the most magnificent countries in the world.

“The 13th of October, being the anniversary of the battle of Queenston, and of the death of Brock, was judiciously chosen as the most proper day for the removal of the remains of the general, together with those of his gallant aid-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel M'Donell, to the vaults prepared for their reception on Queenston heights. †

“The weather was remarkably fine, and before ten o'clock a very large concourse of people, from all parts of the country, had assembled on the plains of Niagara, in front of Fort George, in a bastion of which the bodies had been deposited for twelve years. ‡

“One hearse, covered with black cloth, and drawn by four black horses, each with a leader, contained both the bodies. Soon after ten, a lane was formed by the 1st and 4th regiments of Lincoln militia, with their right on the gate of Fort George, and their left extending along the road towards Queenston, the ranks being about forty paces distant from each other: within this line was formed a guard of honor of the 76th regiment, in parade order, having its left on the fort. As the hearse moved slowly from the fort, to the sound of solemn music, a detachment of royal artillery began to fire the salute of nineteen guns, and the guard of honor presented arms.

“On moving forwards in ordinary time, the guard of honor of Rome, wherein he immortalizes the death and funeral of the ferocious Attila, in language at once musical and sublime, and which is probably without an equal in the whole range of English literature: “His body was solemnly exposed in the midst of the plain, under a silken pavilion; and the chosen squadrons of the Huns, wheeling round in measured evolutions, chaunted a funeral song to the memory of a hero, glorious in his life, invincible in his death, the father of his people, the scourge of his enemies, and the terror of the world.”

† The monument itself is not yet finished; we shall therefore defer our description of the edifice until it is completed.

‡ It is remarkable that, on inspecting the remains, the body of Colonel M'Donell was found to be almost entirely decomposed,—whilst that of the general was still firm and nearly entire; some of the flesh and lineaments of his martial countenance being yet visible.

broke into a column of eight divisions, with the right in front, and the procession took the following order :—

A Staff Officer.
 Subdivision of Grenadiers.
 Band of Music.
 Right Wing of 76th Regiment.
 THE BODY.
 Aid-de-Camp to the late Major-General Sir ISAAC BROCK.
 Chief Mourners.
 Relatives of the late Colonel M'DONELL.
 Commissioners for the Monument.
 Heads of Public Departments of the Civil Government.
 Judges.
 Members of the Executive Council.
 His Excellency and Suite.
 Left Wing of the 76th Regiment.
 Indian Chiefs of the Five Nations.
 Officers of Militia not on duty—junior ranks—First forward,
 Four deep.
 Magistrates and Civilians,
 With a long Cavalcade of Horsemen, and Carriages of every
 description.

“As the procession passed along the lane of militia, the latter wheeled inwards by subdivisions in succession, as soon as its own front was clear, and followed the procession. At a certain distance from Fort George the quick march was taken up, and arms were sloped; the members of the procession then took their carriages, preserving as nearly as possible the order above mentioned, and the whole proceeded on the road to Queenston. The 2d and 3d regiments of Lincoln militia, in like manner, formed a lane, its left resting on the heights, near the entrance to the monument, and extending along the road towards the village of Queenston. On reaching the commencement of this lane, the procession resumed its formation, all horses, carriages, &c., keeping in the rear; and when the head of the column approached the monument, it inclined to the right, to allow the body to proceed direct to the entrance. The guard of honor then halted and formed in parade order; the 2d and 3d Lincoln regiments following the procession in like manner as the 1st and 4th.

“The time occupied in moving from the fort to Queenston, a distance of nearly seven miles, was about three hours, including stoppages. Being arrived opposite the spot where the lamented hero received his mortal wound, the whole procession halted, and remained for a few minutes in solemn pause. It then ascended the

heights, and to the spectator who had his station on the summit near the monument, nothing could be finer than the effect of the lengthened column winding slowly up the steep ascent in regular order, surrounded by scenery no where surpassed for romantic beauty. On the bodies being removed from the hearse and deposited in the vault, the guard of honor presented arms, whilst the artillery, (which had been taken from the enemy during the last war,) posted on the heights, fired a salute of nineteen guns. The troops then marched in ordinary time round the monument, and immediately separated to their respective parades.

“All those who were inclined to visit the interior of the vault were then permitted to enter in small parties. The remains of the brave M'Donell lie to the left of those of the general. On the general's coffin, which is otherwise quite plain and covered with black cloth, are two oval plates of silver, each six inches by four, one above the other. On the first is the following inscription :—

Here lie the earthly remains of a brave
and virtuous hero,
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK,
Commander of the British Forces,
and President administering
the Government of Upper Canada,
who fell when gloriously engaging the enemies
of his country,
at the head of the Flank Companies
of the 40th Regiment,
in the town of Queenston,
on the morning of the 13th of October, 1812,
Aged 42 years.

J. B. GLEGG, A. D. C.

And on the second plate the following additional inscription is engraved :—

The remains of the late
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K. B.
removed from Fort George to this vault,
on the 13th of October, 1824.

Upon a similar plate, on the lid of the aid-de-camp's coffin, was engraved :—

The remains of
LIEUT.-COL. JOHN M'DONELL,
Provincial Aid-de-Camp to the late
MAJOR-GENERAL BROCK,
who died on the 14th of October, 1812,
of wounds received in action the day before,
Aged 25 years.

“Several printed papers, having the following extract from the government dispatches of the day, were handed about :

[See dispatch from Earl Bathurst to Sir George Prevost, pp. 21, 22.—Ed.]

“Besides which, on large placards, to the number of several hundreds, copies of the inscription to be placed on the tablet, over the entrance of the monument, were distributed amongst the assembled multitudes, and which is as follows :—

“The Legislature of Upper Canada has dedicated this Monument to the very eminent civil and military services of the late Sir Isaac Brock, Knight of the Most Hon. Order of the Bath, Provisional Lieutenant-Governor, and Major-General commanding the Forces in this Province, whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath. Having expelled the North Western Army of the United States, achieved its capture, received the surrender of Fort Detroit, and the territory of Michigan, under circumstances which have rendered his name illustrious, he returned to the protection of this frontier ; and advancing with his small force to repel a second invasion of the enemy, then in possession of these heights ; he fell in action, on the 13th of October, 1812, in the forty-third year of his age, honoured and beloved by the people whom he governed, and deplored by his Sovereign, to whose service his life had been devoted.”

REMARKS.

“By the best computation we could make, and avoiding all exaggeration, at the time the procession reached the monument there could not be less than five thousand persons present, many of whom were from the United States. General Brock, indeed, was a man no less esteemed by the enemy than he was admired and almost adored by his friends and soldiery ; and we heard several Americans say, who had served against him and saw him fall, that they lamented his death as much as they would have done that of any of their own generals, on account of his humanity, and the great attention he had uniformly shewn to his prisoners.

“His excellency the lieutenant-governor (Major-General Sir Peregrine Maitland, K. C. B.) was in full dress, and, we are happy to say, appeared in good health after his late fatiguing journey of inspection to the Lower Province. The two M'Donells and Captain Dickinson, of the 2d Glengarry regiment, relatives of the deceased Lieut.-Colonel M'Donell, in the highland costume, appeared in the procession to great advantage, and seemed to excite much attention.

“But, amongst the assembled warriors and civilians, none excited a more lively interest than the chiefs of the Indian nations from the Grand River, whose warlike appearance, intrepid aspect, pic-

turesque dress and ornaments, and majestic demeanour, accorded well with the solemn pomp and general character of a military procession—amongst these, young Brant, Bears Foot, and Henry, were distinguished. In our mind we never saw a dress more elegant of its kind, and fit for active service in the woods, than that worn by young Brant, who, with his tomahawk in hand, was a perfect resemblance of all that could be imagined of the accomplished Indian warrior.

“Amongst the numerous gentlemen in the procession, we observed that old veteran, Lieutenant M'Dougall, of his Majesty's 8th, or king's regiment, who, like a brave and loyal man, came from Sandwich to attend the re-interment.”—*Upper Canada Gazette, October, 1824.*

SECTION II.—AMERICAN AUTHORS.

No. 1.

Extracts from Niles' Weekly Register, Baltimore, 1812.

“Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Detroit to his friend in Pittsburg, dated July 7, 1812.—‘General Hull is making preparations to cross the river this evening or to-morrow, and it is expected that an immediate attack is contemplated on Malden (Amherstburg). The works of that place are not very strong, but they are well defended with artillery, having, I am told, forty pieces mounted and above two hundred regulars, with all the militia they can collect, the number not known: there is no doubt but there will be hard fighting before the place is taken. The army are all in health and good spirits, and wait with anxiety to be put on the other shore: they are certainly as fine looking men as ever I saw.’

“We have several reports of the capture of Fort Malden, or Amherstburg. General Hull has sent expresses to the governor of Ohio and Kentucky for further supplies of troops, supposed for the purpose of maintaining the ground he may take, and to keep the allies in check. We trust he may religiously adhere to his proclamation, whatever General Brock may say, and give no quarters to the white savages when found fighting by the side of the Indians, for whose extensive murders, on so many parts of our frontier, the British should be made responsible.

“September 5.—We have this week to announce a signal calamity,—General Hull, with the whole north western army, consisting

of two thousand five hundred men, with twenty-five pieces of cannon, has surrendered to the British and Indians, commanded by Major-General Brock, *without a battle*,—without any apparent effort to maintain the honor of his country.

“As yet this lamentable transaction is involved in mystery. Our army appears to have been well supplied with all sorts of stores,—to have had an abundance of provisions, with every munition of war,—and the British force (without taking into view the advantages that might have been expected from the strong fortifications at Detroit) seems inferior in point of numbers to the troops under General Hull. We are lost in astonishment on reflecting on this disaster,—how it has been brought about is yet incomprehensible; a strange misfortune, mighty error, or horrid treason has befallen us; but as we are uninformed of the particulars, it is right to suspend our opinion until the facts shall appear, all of which shall be carefully recorded.

“The western papers, and private letters from that quarter, abound with the severest animadversions on General Hull,—charging him with incompetency, or insinuating something worse. This is also surprising, for few men ever entered upon a command with greater popularity than that gentleman.

“Extracts of a letter from Colonel Lewis Cass, 3d regiment Ohio volunteers, to the Honorable William Eustis, secretary of war, dated Washington, September 10, 1812.—‘Sir, having been ordered on to this place by Colonel M’Arthur, for the purpose of communicating to the government such particulars respecting the expedition lately commanded by Brigadier-General Hull, and its disastrous result, as might enable them correctly to appreciate the conduct of the officers and men, and to develop the causes which produced so foul a stain upon the national character, I have the honor to submit for your consideration the following statement:—

“‘When the forces landed in Canada, they landed with an ardent zeal and stimulated with the hope of conquest. No enemy appeared within view of us; and had an immediate and vigorous attack been made upon Malden, it would doubtless have fallen an easy victory. The plan of attacking Malden was abandoned, and instead of acting offensively we broke up our camp, evacuated Canada, and re-crossed the river in the night, without even the shadow of an enemy to injure us. We left to the tender mercy of the enemy the miserable Canadians who had joined us, and the *protection* we afforded them was but a passport to vengeance.

On the 13th (August) the British took up a position opposite to Detroit, and began to throw up works. During that and the two following days, they pursued their object without interruption, and established a battery for two eighteen pounders and an eight-inch howitzer. About sunset on the 14th, a detachment of three hundred and fifty men, from the regiments commanded by Colonel M'Arthur and myself, was ordered to march to the river Raisin, to escort the provisions which had some time remained there, protected by a party under the command of Captain Brush.

“ On Saturday the 15th, about one o'clock, a flag of truce arrived from Sandwich, bearing a summons from General Brock for the surrender of the town and fort of Detroit, stating he could no longer restrain the fury of the savages. To this an immediate and spirited refusal was returned. About four o'clock their batteries began to play upon the town. The fire was returned, and continued without interruption, and with little effect, till dark. Their shells were thrown till eleven o'clock.

“ At daylight the firing on both sides recommenced; about the same time the enemy began to land troops at the Springwells, three miles below Detroit, protected by two of their armed vessels. Between six and seven o'clock they had effected their landing, and immediately took up their line of march. They moved in a close column of platoons, twelve in front, upon the bank of the river.

“ The 4th regiment was stationed in the fort; the Ohio volunteers and a part of the Michigan militia behind some pickets, in a situation in which the whole flank of the enemy would have been exposed. The residue of the Michigan militia were in the upper part of the town, to resist the incursions of the savages. Two twenty-four pounders, loaded with grape shot, were posted on a commanding eminence, ready to sweep the advancing column. In this situation the superiority of our position was apparent, and our troops, in the eager expectation of victory, awaited the approach of the enemy. When the head of their column arrived within about five hundred yards of our line, orders were received from General Hull for the whole to retreat to the fort, and for the twenty-four pounders not to open on the enemy. One universal burst of indignation was apparent upon the receipt of this order. Those, whose conviction was the deliberate result of a dispassionate examination of passing events, saw the folly and impropriety of crowding eleven hundred men into a little work, which three hundred could fully man, and into which the shot and shells of the

enemy were falling. The fort was in this manner filled; the men were directed to stack their arms, and scarcely was an opportunity afforded of moving. Shortly after a white flag was hung out upon the walls. A British officer rode up to inquire the cause. Our morning report had that morning made our effective men, present fit for duty, ten hundred and sixty, without including the detachment before alluded to, and without including three hundred of the Michigan militia on duty. About dark on Saturday evening, the detachment, sent to escort the provisions, received orders from General Hull to return with as much expedition as possible. About ten o'clock the next day they arrived within sight of Detroit. Had a firing been heard, or any resistance visible, they would have immediately advanced and attacked the rear of the enemy. The situation in which this detachment was placed, although the result of accident, was the best for annoying the enemy, and cutting off his retreat, that could have been selected. With his raw troops enclosed between two fires, and no hopes of succour, it is hazarding little to say that very few would have escaped.

“I have been informed by Colonel Findley, who saw the return of the quartermaster-general the day after the surrender, that their whole force, of every description, white, red, and black, was ten hundred and thirty. They had twenty-nine platoons, twelve in a platoon, of men dressed in uniform. Many of these were evidently Canadian militia. The rest of their militia increased their white force to about seven hundred. The number of Indians could not be ascertained with any degree of precision,—not many were visible. And in the event of an attack upon the town and fort, it was a species of force which could have afforded no material advantage to the enemy. That we were far superior to the enemy, that upon any ordinary principles of calculation we would have defeated them, the wounded and indignant feelings of every man there will testify. I was informed by General Hull, the morning after the capitulation, that the British forces consisted of eighteen hundred regulars, and that he surrendered to prevent the effusion of human blood. That he magnified their regular force nearly five-fold, there can be no doubt. Whether the philanthropic reason assigned by him is a sufficient justification for surrendering a fortified town, an army, and a territory, is for the government to determine. Confident I am, that had the courage and conduct of the general been equal to the spirit and zeal of the troops, the

event would have been brilliant and successful as it is now disastrous and dishonorable. I have the honor to be,' &c.

NOTE.—The entire British force was about thirteen hundred and thirty men. (See page 11.) Colonel Cass speaks only of the American *effective* force; the numerical force was about two thousand five hundred men.—ED.

“REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTOWN.”—(Extracts.)

“Captain Wool discovered the British troops forming at Queens-town, and formed the troops under his command in line. General Brock was at the head of the British troops, and led them round about to the heights in the rear of the battery. Captain Wool detached one hundred and sixty men to meet the British; this detachment was driven back, reinforced, and the whole driven to the brink of the precipice, forming the bank of the Niagara river, above Queenstown.

“At this moment some of the officers put a white handkerchief on a bayonet to hoist as a flag, with intention to surrender. Captain Wool inquired the object. It was answered that the party were nearly without ammunition, and that it was useless to sacrifice the lives of brave men. Captain Wool tore off the flag, ordered the officers to rally the men, and bring them to the charge. The order was executed, but in some confusion. The boasted 49th could not stand the American bayonet. The British troops were routed, and Major-General Brock, in gallantly exerting himself to rally them, was killed. His aid, Colonel M'Donell, fell mortally wounded at the same time.

“The British being completely driven from the heights about ten o'clock, the line was reformed and flanking parties sent out.”

No. 2.

“*Revolutionary Services of General Hull, as taken from his Defence before the Court Martial, in March, 1814.*—(See page 14.)

“For more than half a century I supported a character without reproach. My youth was devoted to the service of my country; I fought her battles in that war which achieved her liberty and independence, and which was ended before many of you, gentlemen, who are my judges, were born. If upon any occasion a man may speak of his own merits, it is at such a time as this; and I hope I may be permitted to present to you, in very few words, a narration of my life, while I was engaged in scenes which were calculated to

prove a man's firmness and courage. I shall do it with less reluctance, because the testimony I have offered of the venerable men who served with me in the revolutionary war, will vouch for all I have to say. In the year 1775, at the age of about twenty-one years, I was appointed a captain in one of the Connecticut regiments; during that campaign, and until March, 1776, when the enemy evacuated Boston, I served with the army at Cambridge and Roxbury, and in the immediate command of General Washington. I was with that part of the army, in March, 1776, which took possession of Dorchester heights; the movement which compelled the enemy to evacuate Boston. The next day, the regiment to which I belonged marched for New York. I was on Long Island when the enemy landed, and remained until the night the whole army retreated. I was in several small skirmishes, both on Long Island and York Island, before the army retired to the White Plains. I then belonged to Colonel Charles Webb's regiment, of Connecticut.

"This regiment was in the severest part of the action on Chartereddon's Hill, a little advanced of the White Plains, a few days after the main body of the army abandoned New York. This battle is memorable in the history of our country, and the regiment to which I belonged received the particular thanks of General Washington, in his public orders, for its bravery and good conduct on the occasion. It was particularly distinguished from all the other troops engaged in the action. I received a slight wound by a musket ball in my side, but it did not prevent me from remaining at the head of my company.

"I was in the battle of Trenton, when the Hessians were taken in December, 1776, and being one of the youngest captains in the army, was promoted by General Washington the day after the battle, to a majority, for my conduct on that occasion. The 1st of January, 1777, I was in the battle of Princeton. In the campaign of the same year, the regiment to which I belonged served in the northern army. I was early in the spring ordered to Ticonderoga, and commanded the regiment (being the senior officer present) under General St. Clair, and I was with that officer in his retreat from that post.

"After General St. Clair's army formed a junction with General Schuyler's army on the North River, at Fort Edward, the regiment to which I belonged was detached, and marched to Fort Schuyler, and relieved that post, which was besieged by General St. Leger.

“On the retreat of General Schuyler's army from Fort Edward, I commanded the rear guard of the army, and, being two miles in the rear, was attacked by a large body of British troops and Indians at daylight in the morning, in which action were killed and wounded between thirty and forty of my guard. And I received the particular thanks of General Schuyler for my conduct on the occasion.

“I was in the two memorable battles, on the 19th of September and the 7th of October, on Bemis' heights, against General Burgoyne's army, previous to its surrender. In the action of the 19th of September, I commanded a detachment of three hundred men, who fought the principal part of the afternoon, and more than one half of them were killed or wounded.

“On the 7th of October, I likewise commanded a detachment from the brigade which assisted in attacking the enemy on the left of our position, defeated him, followed him to the right of his lines, stormed his entrenchments, and took and held possession of the right of his position, which compelled him to retreat to Saratoga, and there to capitulate.

“After the memorable event of the capitulation of General Burgoyne's army, the regiment to which I belonged was ordered to Pennsylvania, to join the army under the command of General Washington. I remained with the army the winter of 1777, at Valley Forge; and in the spring of 1778, when the British army evacuated Philadelphia, I was in the battle of Monmouth.

“From December, 1778, to May, 1779, I commanded the American posts in advance of the White Plains, near Kingsbridge, during which time I had various skirmishes with the enemy. In May, 1779, the principal part of the British army advanced up the North River to Verplank's and Stoney Point, and I was ordered to retreat before them to West Point.

“I then joined the light infantry, under the command of General Wayne, and was in the memorable attack on Stoney Point, with a separate command of four hundred light infantry.

“For my conduct on this occasion I received the particular thanks of General Wayne, General Washington, and congress.

“In the summer and autumn of 1780, I commanded the advanced posts of the army, and in December of that year, I commanded an expedition against the enemy, stationed at Morrissina, which was successful, and for which I received the thanks of General Washington, in his general orders to the army, and likewise the thanks of congress. General Washington, in his orders, I well remember,

made use of these words: 'He thanked me for my judicious arrangements in the plan of operations, and for my intrepidity and valour in the execution.'

"From the conclusion of the revolutionary war I have lived with the respect of my countrymen, and have enjoyed repeated marks of their confidence in the offices which have been bestowed upon me. When I found that the independence, for which I had so often fought, was assailed,—that again my country must appeal to arms to avenge her wrongs, and to protect her rights,—I felt that I might yet do her some service. For though many years had passed since I had fought under her standard, and though my own arm might not have had its wonted strength, yet my spirit was unbroken, and my devotion to her unimpaired. I thought in the field, where there could be but few who had any military experience, what I had learned in the most active scenes of a seven years' war, might be useful. I fondly hoped that in my age, as well as in my youth, I might render services that should deserve the gratitude of my country. That if I fell by the sword of her enemies, my grave would be moistened with the tears of my countrymen; that my descendants would be proud of my name and fame. But how vain is anticipation! I am now accused of crimes which would blast my former honors, and transmit my memory with infamy to posterity. And in that hideous catalogue, there is none from the imputation of which my nature and my feelings have more recoiled than from that of cowardice, to which I am to answer."

"The appearance of General Hull was venerable and prepossessing. Beneath snowy locks, of sixty winters' bleaching, he exhibited a countenance as fresh and blooming as a youth of eighteen. His eloquence was perspicuous and graceful."—*American History*.

No. 3.

Letter from Captain Wool to Colonel Van Rensselaer.

"Buffaloe, Oct. 23, 1812.

"DEAR SIR,—I have the honour to communicate to you the circumstances attending the storming of Queenstown battery, on the 13th instant; with those which happened previously you are already well acquainted.

"In pursuance of your order, we proceeded round the point and ascended the rocks, which brought us partly in rear of the

battery. We took it without much resistance. I immediately formed the troops in rear of the battery, and fronting the village, when I observed General Brock with his troops formed, consisting of four companies of the 49th regiment, and a few militia, marching for our left flank. I immediately detached a party of one hundred and fifty men, to take possession of the heights above Queenstown battery, and to hold General Brock in check ; but in consequence of his superior force they retreated. I sent a reinforcement ; notwithstanding which, the enemy drove us to the edge of the bank : when, with the greatest exertions, we brought the troops to a stand, and ordered the officers to bring their men to a charge as soon as the ammunition was expended, which was executed with some confusion, and in a few moments the enemy retreated. We pursued them to the edge of the heights, when Colonel M'Donell had his horse shot from under him, and himself was mortally wounded. In the interim, General Brock, in attempting to rally his forces, was killed, when the enemy dispersed in every direction. As soon as it was practicable, I formed the troops in a line on the heights fronting the village, and immediately detached flanking parties, which consisted of Captain Machesney, of the 6th regiment, Lieutenant Smith and Ensign Grosvenor, with a small detachment of riflemen, who had that moment arrived ; at the same time, I ordered Lieutenant Ganesvoort and Lieutenant Randolph, with a detachment of artillery, to drill out an eighteen pounder which had been previously spiked, and if possible to bring it to bear upon the village. The wounded and prisoners I ordered to be collected, and sent to the guard-house. About this time, which was about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, Lieut.-Colonel Christie arrived, and took the command. He ordered me across the river to get my wounds dressed. I remained a short time. Our flanking parties had been driven in by the Indians ; but General Wadsworth and other officers arriving, we had a short skirmish with them, and they retreated, and I crossed the river.

“The officers engaged in storming the battery, were Captains Wool and Ogilvie ; Lieutenants Kearney, Hugouin, Carr, and Simmons, of the 43d regiment ; Lieutenants Ganesvoort and Randolph, of the light artillery, and Major Lush, of the militia.

“I recommend to your particular notice Lieutenants Randolph, Carr, and Kearney, for their brave conduct exhibited during the whole of the action. I have the honour to be,” &c.

NOTE.—Captain Wool, in stating that he was opposed to four companies of the 49th, *only* doubled the number of companies; but this exaggeration is a trifle compared with the following gross and *hudibrastic* mis-statements, relative to the battle of Queenston in “Ramsay’s History of the United States,” viz:—“The 49th British regiment, signalized in Egypt under Colonel, since Lieut.-General, Brock, and usually called the “Egyptian Invincibles,” was among the prominent corps, and was led by its favorite commander. In the second engagement, this regiment of British regulars, six hundred strong, encountered a body of three hundred and twenty American regulars, supported by a few militia and volunteers, the whole under Colonel Chrystie. They mutually resorted to the bayonet, and after a bloody conflict, the famous invincibles yielded to the superior energy of their antagonists, although the latter were so far inferior in numbers. They were rallied by Lieut.-General Brock, who was killed in conducting them a second time to the charge. The American prisoners were kindly treated by this brave regiment, who, after the battle was over, acknowledged they had never opposed more gallant adversaries.”—The 49th, not having been with the British army in Egypt, could not be called the “Egyptian Invincibles,” and instead of this regiment, six hundred strong, being led by Major (not Lieutenant) General Brock, only the flank companies were present, with a small body of militia, together about three hundred men. In fact, the head quarters of the 49th were at Kingston, one hundred and eighty miles distant, with, we believe, the whole of the battalion companies; and therefore, the assertion that the “famous invincibles” yielded to far inferior numbers, is something worse than ridiculous. Such, however, is the correctness of this American historian on the subject, and with such materials is history too often compiled.—Ed.

No. 4.

Extract from Jefferson’s Correspondence.—Monticello, Oct. 1, 1812.

“I fear that Hull’s surrender has been more than the mere loss of a year to us. Besides bringing on us the whole mass of savage nations, whom fear, and not affection, had kept in quiet, there is danger, that in giving time to an enemy who can send reinforcements of regulars faster than we can raise them, they may strengthen Canada and Halifax beyond the assailment of our lax and divided powers. Perhaps, however, the patriotic efforts from Kentucky and Ohio, by recalling the British force to its upper posts, may yet give time to Dearborn to strike a blow below. Effectual possession of the river from Montreal to the Chaudière, which is practicable, would give us the upper country at our leisure, and close for ever the scenes of the tomahawk and scalping knife.”

APPENDIX B.

No. 1.

Postscript of the 'Courier.'—London, July 25, 1826.

“The following extract of a letter was this morning received at Lloyd's. It is dated Malta, June 26, and gives an account of a serious affray between his Majesty's frigate *Sybill* and some Greek pirates in the Mediterranean, attended with a considerable loss of life on both sides. These daring outrages must at once be put an end to, and the perpetrators of them signally punished. If the Greek government have the power to restrain them, it is at once their interest and their duty to do so; but, at all events, our own government will take prompt and decisive measures for protecting the British flag, as well as British lives and property.

“The *Sybill* frigate arrived here on Saturday, after having had a serious affair with two Greek pirates off Candia, the crews of which got on shore and attacked the *Sybill*'s boats with such impetuosity, that twelve officers and men were killed, and twenty-nine wounded; of the latter an officer, Lieutenant Tupper, and three men have died since their arrival here. The first lieutenant, Gordon, had three balls lodged in him, and a midshipman, Mr. Edmonstone, had his chin shot away; another midshipman, and, I believe, the assistant-surgeon, were killed in the engagement.

“The pirate vessels were destroyed, and a great number of the pirates killed.

“The piracies in the Levant have become most alarming, for the Greeks attack all vessels, and frequently maltreat the crews.”

No. 2.

Extract from the Postscript of the Guernsey 'Star.'—July 31, 1826.

“The sympathy that the Greek cause has excited in England is spreading rapidly in France, but in reality one half the Greeks are not worth saving: the robberies and murders they have lately committed will prove this assertion. But what will the brave Miaulis feel when he sees that some of his desperate countrymen

have destroyed a Tupper, a name to which he is so much indebted ? There is little doubt but that the Greeks are harassed and driven to desperation, but they ought to respect every thing that is English."

No. 3.

Extract from "Whychcotte of St. John's."—2 vols., London, 1834.

After some favorable notices of the late Captain Honorable Sir Robert Spencer, then commanding the Naiad frigate, on the Mediterranean station, the author proceeds :—

"Though it is rather difficult, in a time of such complete inactivity, actually to '*distinguish one's self*,' yet it is somewhat singular, that more marked and decisive characters should not display themselves on the arena of a large station such as the Mediterranean. On looking back to those most prominent at this period, there were few who stood forth in any particular position which pointed them out from the general run of their profession. Sir Samuel, then Captain, Pechell, of the Sybil, was among the few,—nay, he was almost the sole exception. He was on intimate terms with Sir Robert Spencer, whose character his somewhat resembled. Like Sir Robert, he had his caprices and prejudices ; and, like St. Vincent, he could shew the wrong side of his tongue occasionally ; but he was noted for being a smart officer, and having his crew under admirable discipline. Add to this, the gunnery of the Naiad and of the Sybil were among the boasts of the station.

"Sir Samuel had some fantastic notions about the aristocracy of naval officers, but this did not prevent him from giving a severe lesson to a certain Captain ——, son of Sir T. B——, then serving on board his ship as a junior lieutenant, who had been promoted while a beardless boy, over the heads of many old and experienced officers, through the overwhelming interest of his indefatigable parent. As the story then ran, it appeared that this youth was as ignorant of his profession and as unequal to his duty as any young gentleman '*promoted through friendship*' could possibly desire. Sir Samuel, justly indignant, refused to allow the lieutenant to take charge of the watch, which it was his proper office to keep, and promoted to the trust the mate of the lower deck, a passed midshipman ; while the lieutenant received orders to carry into execution a subordinate task. Nor was this all. Strange to say, Mr. —— was compelled to sign a written bulletin, declaring himself, by his own admission, to be utterly incapable of performing the

duties of a lieutenant. This was rigorous it must be acknowledged. *Was it not also just?*

“Sir Samuel, like his brother captain, Sir Robert, chiefly exercised his industry in reaping the scanty laurels of his profession among the pirates of the Archipelago. Of several rencontres, one in the island of Candia became noted. It was a brave action, but unfortunate in its issue. Some pirates having taken refuge in one of the bays of the island, and established themselves in a secure position on the shore, Sir Samuel sent in his boats manned and armed to the attack. The Greek pilot, who belonged to the Sybil, declined accompanying the party, aware of the desperate character of the defendants, and the inaccessible nature of their position. He very sagaciously observed, that ‘he had nothing whatever to do with the fighting of the ship; and that if he fell,—*for few would escape*,—government would never trouble themselves about securing from starvation his wife and family.’

“The boats started under the command of Lieutenant Tupper.* On their approaching within shot of the Greeks, who were hidden by the rocks, the murderous aim of Candian rifles made itself apparent. Four shots had not been fired by their determined antagonists before the lieutenant and coxswain were for ever dismissed from mortal struggle, and five others severely wounded.

“Enraged to absolute fury by their loss, the men cheered, pulled in with redoubled quickness, and landed. A fatal affray took place. It ended in their being obliged to retreat, leaving a prisoner in the hands of the pirates. Not one escaped uninjured; and the ablest man among them had to row off to the frigate, by shifting his oar from one side to the other, and stooping down at intervals, to escape the shot fired at him by the ruffians on shore.

“Their prisoner the pirates threatened with instant immolation before the eyes of his shipmates, unless certain conditions of non-molestation were conceded by Sir Samuel. The latter rightly estimated the life of his marine far higher than the gratification of any petty feelings of vengeance, and sending on shore a flag of truce, recovered his man.

“Such, as nearly as I can recollect at this distance of time, were the heads of an affair which then excited no slight feeling on the station. The Sybil’s time having expired, she was soon afterwards ordered home, inspected at Spithead, and great praise awarded to Sir Samuel Pechell for the high state of excellence to which he had

* Incorrect—Lieutenant Gordon commanded the boats.—ED.

raised the science of gunnery on board his frigate."—Second Edition, Vol I., pp. 237 to 242.

No. 4.

Extract relative to the late Captain Edward Gordon.

"The Highflyer tender unexpectedly returned to us,* having fallen in with a heavy American privateer. A severe action had ensued, in which her brave commander, Lieutenant Lewis, was killed. Mr. Gordon, midshipman, (the same who so distinguished himself up the Archipelago in the boats of the Sybille, and who commanded the Acorn, sloop of war, when she foundered on the coast of America,) gallantly continued the contest till the enemy hauled off; but the Highflyer was so cut up in her rigging that Mr. Gordon was unable to follow her. She had only one long gun a-midships, and her crew were greatly exposed from having no bulwark, while their heavy antagonist was sheltered by one. The conduct of Mr. Gordon, who was then quite a lad, was highly commended by the rear admiral, and, as an earnest of his opinion, young Gordon was permitted to keep the command of the vessel, and dispatched to fulfil the orders of his late commander, after removing all the wounded on board the Marlborough, and filling up the vacancies in his own ship's company.

"It appears the vessel that engaged the Highflyer was the American privateer 'Roger Quarles, of fourteen guns, and full of men.' (Vide Niles' Register, Vol. IV., p. 228.) The American account states the action to have lasted from nine o'clock till eleven p. m. As the Americans are not in the habit of exaggerating their own force, this circumstance throws additional credit upon the gallant conduct of the late Captain Edward Gordon, and must be read by his friends with melancholy satisfaction."—*Recollections of a Naval Life, by Captain James Scott, R. N.*—Vol. III., p. 117.

No. 5.

From a Portsmouth Newspaper, December 31, 1825.—See p. 42.

"This morning sailed the Aurora for Hydra, having on board forty of the crew of the Greek brig of war, Cimoni, lately wrecked on the isle of Alderney, from whence they were taken to Guernsey, where they received the greatest kindness and attention from the

* The Chesapeake station under the command of Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn.—ED.

lieutenant-governor, Sir John Colborne, and the inhabitants, who, in addition to having provided them with food, clothing, and lodging whilst on the island, raised for them a most liberal subscription, and gave five pounds to each of the crew on their leaving Guernsey. We are requested to state, that for the kindness they have received from the governor and inhabitants of Guernsey, they feel the deepest gratitude, and beg to return their most grateful thanks. It is perhaps impossible to express the high sense they entertain of the kindness they experienced better than in their own words, which were : ' The people of Guernsey behaved to us like angels, not like men.' "

No. 6.

Transcript of a Letter from George B. Hamilton, Esq., to the Editor, partly relating to Lieutenant E. W. Tupper, and dated Admiralty, June 7, 1825.

" Lord Melville has directed me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th March last, with its inclosure, and to return you his lordship's thanks for the observations you have thought proper to make ; but the subject to which you refer has lately been under the consideration of the Board of Admiralty.

" With regard to your brother's claims to promotion, Lord Melville has directed me to state that he is perfectly aware of them, and took an opportunity, not long since, of recommending him to the commander in chief in the Mediterranean, and I have no doubt but his advancement will be the result of such recommendation at no very distant period."

APPENDIX C.

No. 1.

[Translated from the Spanish.—See page 50.]

“*Dr. Francisco Altes, Vice-Secretary of the most excellent Constitutional Ayuntamiento of this city of Barcelona, capital of the province of Catalonia.*

“I certify that in the dreadful conflagration which, on the 13th instant so unfortunately broke out in the house of Dr. Juan Planas, in the street of Regomir, at the corner of that of Lignas, among all the worthy citizens, who with the greatest intrepidity impeded its progress, the young Englishman, Don Guillermo Tupper, outshone in valour and heroism,—several times exposing his life to suffocate the flames, which would certainly have burnt down the whole barrier. And in order that the gratitude of the most excellent Ayuntamiento may be manifested in the most authentic manner for his resolute and beneficent courage, knowing how to appreciate so sublime an effort in favour of humanity, the present certificate is drawn out by order of their excellencies.

“Signed by my hand, and authorised with the common seal of my office.

“FRANCISCO ALTES, Vice-Secretary.

“*En Barcelona, February 17, 1821.*”

No. 2.

Extracts from Lieutenant Bower's Naval Adventures.—2 vols., London, 1833.

“Chiloe, from its geographical position, good harbours, and numerous resources, in the hands of an enlightened and enterprising people, might soon become the key to the eastern part of the South Pacific

“San Carlos, the principal port, situated at the north-west extremity of the island, in latitude 41° 45' south, is of easy entrance in tolerably clear weather, and is a good harbour at all seasons, there being several anchoring grounds. Well defended by art not less

than nature, it is a place of great strength, capable of resisting any ordinary means of attack The town of Castro lies on the east side, between which and the main are scattered an archipelago of smaller islands, about eighty in number, all inhabited, and the greater part even more susceptible of a ready cultivation than their principal, Chiloe, which is nearly one uniform dense forest of immense trees. The export trade consists of hams, lard, and timber Hogs are numerous Fish is good and abundant. Of shell fish, more especially, there is a surprising variety, on which, with potatoes, and the bucha, or rock weed, the indigent classes subsist The north winds blow long and heavily during the winter season, and rain, often in torrents, prevails more or less the greater part of the year

“The population of San Carlos and Castro, including the garrison of the former, is computed at about eleven thousand; the total of all the islands a hundred thousand.* The inhabitants, principally Creoles, descended from Spaniards and natives, with some few of the aborigines, are a strong, active, and well formed race.

“The Chilotes are brave, and make better soldiers than others along the coast. When I last visited the island, in 1828, they mustered fourteen thousand able bodied men,* enrolled by Quintanilla as militia In the time of the royalists, a large garrison was kept up, which was regularly paid from the royal treasury at Lima.

“Conception, or Penco, for the goodness of its port, (Talcahuano,) the salubrity of its climate, and the fertility of the neighbouring district, is superior to every other part of Chile, and, in my opinion, much to be preferred as the site of its capital Conception is rapidly increasing in trade and importance, promising, ere long, to become one of the most flourishing sea port towns in South America Plenty of good coal is found in the neighbourhood, as well as materials for brick and lime. The anchorage of this magnificent bay, extending from one extreme to the other a distance of five miles, and sheltered by the fine island of Quiriquina, is excellent; the shores abound with shell fish, and the muscles in particular, large and fat, are held in much estimation.

“Between Conception and Valparaiso is the river and port of Maule, the ingress and egress to which are rendered difficult by a bar formed of the drifting sand, that often shifts the course of the channel, which however is always sufficiently deep for vessels of

* These numbers are evidently over-rated.—ED.

three hundred tons The river is navigable for small vessels and barges, through a fertile and well inhabited country, where every article of produce is cheaper than at Conception or Valparaiso, as far as the city of Talca."

(See page 53.)

Lord Cochrane, after the capture of Valdivia, attacked Chiloe in 1820, but was repulsed with some loss. Major (now the celebrated General) Miller was severely wounded at Chiloe, and in his memoirs speaks highly of the courage and devotion of the Chile soldiers, who exposed their lives to bring him off, when his wounds rendered him incapable of retreating.

By a census of 1827, the population of the archipelago of Chiloe was ascertained to be forty-three thousand two hundred and ninety souls. Public instruction was gaining ground, and four thousand four hundred and eighty-nine children then attended the schools. Captain Tupper wrote in 1824, that Quintanilla had done much towards the advancement of these islands, that they were covered with sheep, and were in a high state of cultivation. He added, that potatoes grew almost spontaneously, and that the country was beautiful, much like England.—ED.

No. 3.

Extract from "Kotzebue's Voyage round the World."

At anchor off Talcahuana, January, 1824.—Speaking of the president, General Freire, at that time in Conception, and about to proceed with three thousand men against Chiloe, the captain observes :—

"Freire, who had already distinguished himself as a general, is a stately looking man, at that time about forty-five years of age, and of a very agreeable exterior; he was born at Talcahuana, of very poor parents, and, without enjoying any particular advantage of education, he raised himself, by his own merit alone, to the high rank he occupies.

"The little town (Talcahuana) was soon filled with warlike tumult. A grenadier regiment from Conception marched in with drums beating, and a very good band playing. The uniform was in the French fashion, clean and substantial; the muskets were in the best order."

No. 4.

[See Translation, page 91.]

“ Los Gefes y Oficiales del Batallon Pudeto, à sus Compatriotas.

“ El Batallon Pudeto siempre fiel à sus juramentos, protesta sostener la Constitucion. Conciudadanos, confiad en este honor que jamas fue tachado. Enemigos del orden, temblad : ya cono- ceis à Pudeto.

“ S. E. el Capitan General Freire nos lleva à la victoria. Su nombre electriza el corazon de los valientes, y garantiza el empleo de la fuerza ante el pacifico ciudadano.

“ Quedarà escarmentado para siempre el infame Prieto, ese militar sin honor, que burlando en repetidas ocasiones los mas sagrados compromisos, aspira al despotismo por los medios mas inicuos.

“ Valparaiso, Enero 27 de 1830.”

No. 5.

Cancharayada and Lircay.—See page 97.

General Miller, in his memoirs, after stating that the Spanish general, Osorio, advanced from Talcahuana towards Santiago, with about six thousand effective men, and that to meet him General San Martin formed a junction with the Director O'Higgins and Colonel Las Heras, at San Fernando, the united patriot forces amounting to seven thousand infantry, fifteen hundred cavalry, thirty-three field pieces, and two howitzers ; thus continues :—

“ Ignorant of the numbers and movements of his opponents, the royalist general crossed the river Maule, and was proceeding on to Santiago, when, on the 18th of March, (1818,) the van guard of each army came in contact at Quechereguas. In the affair which took place, the royalist advance was worsted. Osorio having ascertained the superiority of the patriots, countermarched with evident precipitation. General San Martin obliqued to his own left, for the purpose of interposing between the royalists and the ford of the Maule. The two armies crossed the river Lircay at the same time, at the distance of four miles from each other, on the morning of the 19th, and continued to march in almost parallel but gradually approximating columns over five leagues of open country. The patriots advanced in the finest order, and with the utmost regularity. The Spaniards quickened their march in some slight confusion, and were the first to reach the town of Talca, in

front of which they took up a position an hour before sunset, amongst enclosed fields. The patriot columns approached, and, whilst they drew up in line on the plain of Cancharayada, some sharp skirmishing took place. A regiment of Chileno cavalry charged, but, having committed the error of getting into a gallop at too great a distance from the enemy, formed behind a ravine which had not been perceived, it was repulsed, but retired in good order, under cover of the Chileno artillery, which was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Blanco, and particularly well served. On this occasion, Lieutenant Gerard, a brave young Scotchman, who had distinguished himself the day before at Quechereguas, was killed. He formerly belonged to the British rifle corps.

“General San Martin purposed to attack on the morning of the 20th. The situation of the royal army had become extremely critical. The able manner in which General San Martin manœuvred on the preceding day, gave the royalists little room to hope for success in risking a battle; whilst to retire to the difficult ford of the Maule, still five leagues off, in the presence of a superior enemy, threatened to expose their army to destruction.”—Vol. I., page 173.

General Miller next proceeds to relate the surprise of the patriots, during the night, by a Spanish column, which completely dispersed them.

No. 6.

Brief Extracts relative to the late Colonel Tupper.

“Few situations can be more distressing than those of foreign officers, who, having entered the service of the new republics, in order to combat the foreign enemy, have in the end found themselves involved in the domestic disputes of their adopted country, and at times either from principle, old attachments, or other strong causes, have been in a manner obliged to take active service with one or other of the parties.

“These observations have been elicited from us on reading a letter from Chile, which, although dated in December last, throws some light upon the situation in which the late Colonel Tupper was placed; an officer who, in the war for the independence of Chile, was one of its most distinguished heroes, and had gathered ‘golden opinions from all sorts of people,’ and yet he fell a victim to civil dissensions.”—*British Packet, Buenos Ayres, July 17, 1830.*

A letter from Valparaiso, of the 20th April, says: “In a battle near the Maule, on the 17th of this month, eight hundred men fell.

Freire is defeated, and three foreign officers, among whom is unhappily Tupper, were killed."—*English Chronicle*, August 24, 1830.

Conclusion of a letter, dated Santiago, May 14, relative to the affairs of Chile: "Freire with seventeen hundred, and Prieto with two thousand two hundred men, met again at Cancharayada, when the former was beaten; sixteen officers and six hundred rank and file were killed. Amongst them were Tupper, Captain Bell, of the navy, and, it is believed, Rondisoni. Freire and Viel escaped with three hundred cavalry, and have made their way past Santiago, towards Coquimbo. Troops have been sent against them. Prieto remains at Talca. We do not know what has occurred at Conception.

"Tupper was an extraordinary fine young man of twenty-five. His death is sincerely lamented by all parties."—*Times*, London, September 3, 1830.

No. 7.

Extracts from a weekly publication printed at Paris, entitled "Le Semeur, Journal religieux, politique, philosophique et littéraire," dated April 4, 1832.—Article, "Souvenir d'un séjour au Chili."

"J'étais fort curieux de voir l'intérieur d'un couvent, et, grâce à l'obligeance du général Pinto, vice-président de la république et chef du gouvernement, j'obtins la permission d'en visiter un. Je m'y rendis avec le lieutenant-colonel Tupper, aide-de-camp du vice-président. Ma visite aux religieuses capucines m'offrit un intérêt tout particulier. Leur ordre est l'un des plus sévères; leur nourriture est grossière, et leur lit ne se compose que de trois planches qui, après leur mort, leur servent de cercueil. On nous fit entrer dans une salle qui, pour tout ameublement, n'avait que trois ou quatre chaises, placées contre la muraille. On nous pria de nous asseoir, et, au bout de dix minutes, les nonnes entrèrent. Elles étaient au nombre de vingt à trente. Elles s'agenouillèrent en face de nous, sans ôter leurs voiles, et se mirent presque aussitôt à parler du monde avec le colonel Tupper, qui se trouvait connaître les familles de plusieurs d'entre elles. Elles paraissaient très-curieuses d'apprendre des nouvelles de Santiago. L'administration du couvent leur est confiée, et se divise en plusieurs départemens. Les unes s'occupent de la cuisine, d'autres du jardin, d'autres encore de l'entretien de la maison. Elles nous assurèrent toutes qu'elles étaient parfaitement heureuses et qu'elles ne désiraient pas changer de sort. Le colonel Tupper leur dit qu'un décret récent du congrès

défendait de ramener de force dans les cœuvres les religieuses qui auraient profité de la permission d'en sortir ; il leur apprit aussi qu'au Pérou plusieurs communautés avaient été forcées de quitter leurs monastères.

“ J'ai déjà exprimé mon opinion sur l'importance qu'il y aurait à donner aux jeunes Chiliens une éducation libérale, et à les mettre à même de recueillir des idées supérieures à celles qu'ils peuvent puiser dans leur patrie. Les Chiliens sont jaloux des étrangers qui prennent du service chez eux, et il est assez naturel qu'ils le soient, quoiqu'on ne puisse nier qu'ils aient de grandes obligations à plusieurs de ceux qui ont fait du Chili leur patrie adoptive. Depuis mon retour en Europe, un de ces hommes, digne d'une haute estime, a cessé de vivre. Je veux parler du colonel Tupper, qui a été fait prisonnier à la tête de son régiment, et qui, après avoir été tenu, pendant une heure, dans l'incertitude sur son sort, fut cruellement mis à mort par les ennemis. Le Colonel Tupper était un homme d'une grande bravoure et d'un esprit éclairé ; ses formes étaient athlétiques, et l'expression de sa physionomie pleine de franchise. Il se serait distingué partout où il aurait été employé, et dans quelque situation qu'il eût été placé. N'est-il pas déplorable que de tels hommes en soient réduits à se consacrer à une cause étrangère ?

“ J'espère que le temps n'est pas éloigné où l'on saura apprécier au Chili le patriotisme et l'énergie, dont le colonel Tupper a donné l'exemple. D'autres hommes éminents, tels que le général Benavente et don Pedro Palarzuchos ont fait preuve aussi d'un caractère désintéressé et généreux ; mais ils ont besoin d'être soutenus par l'opinion publique, et cette opinion elle-même ne peut se former que si de solides principes religieux et politiques jettent de profondes racines dans le caractère national, et si la tolérance laisse un libre accès à la Parole de Dieu.”

No. 8.

Extract from a Pamphlet, published at Lima, in 1831, by General Freire, in exposition of his conduct during the civil war in Chile, 1829-1830.

“ No entra en mi plan justificar los movimientos estratégicos que precedieron à la batalla de Lircay. La desproporcion entre las fuerzas beligerantes era monstruosa. De nada servian con esta inmensa desventaja, ni las maniobras de la tática, ni los prodijios del valor. Los liberales fueron derrotados. ; Ojalà pudiera echar un velo, no sobre la historia de un vencimiento, que ni

suponia valor, ni talento en el vencedor, sino sobre las horrorosas crueldades que siguieron à la batalla! Los salvajes mas feroces, los salteadores mas desalmados se avergonzarian de ejecutar las ordenes que el ejército faccioso recibió del jeneral Prieto, y que supo desempeñar con funesta exactitud. Tupper . . . sombra ilustre del mas valiente de los militares, del mas apreciable de los hombres: sombra de un héroe à quien hubieran alzado estàtuas Grecia y Roma: tu asesinato espantoso serà vengado. Si no hay castigo visible para tu verdugo, la justicia divina lo tomarà à su cargo. Ella pedirà cuenta de esa infame sentencia pronunciada contra todo extranjero, por un hombre que à la sazón era el juguete y el pupilo de un extranjero vagabundo, que habia debido su elevacion y el pan que comia, à la jenerosidad de Chile."

TRANSLATION.

"It does not enter into my plan to justify the movements which preceded the battle of Lircay. The disproportion between the contending forces was excessive. Neither tactics nor prodigies of valour could avail against this immense disadvantage. The liberals were routed. Would that I could throw a veil not only over a conquest, which proves neither courage nor talent in the conqueror, but also over the horrid cruelties which succeeded the battle. The most furious savages, the most unprincipled bandits would have been ashamed to execute the orders which the rebel army received from General Prieto, and yet which were executed with mournful fidelity. Tupper—illustrious shade of the bravest of soldiers, of the most estimable of men; shade of a hero to whom Greece and Rome would have erected statues—your dreadful assassination will be avenged. If there be no visible punishment for your murderer, Divine vengeance will overtake him. It will demand an account of that infamous sentence pronounced against all strangers by a man* who at the time was the pupil and the tool of a vagabond stranger,† indebted for his elevation and his bread to the generosity of Chile."

No. 9.

Extract of a Letter to the Editor relative to Colonel Tupper's attack on the brig of war Achilles, off Talcahuano, dated Concepcion, 28th May, 1832.

"All at this moment was confusion, and your brother's efforts to restore the attack unavailing. After knocking down in the boat

* General Prieto.

† Garrido, a Spanish deserter.

one of his volunteers, who refused to assist in returning to the vessel, he was compelled to proceed to the nearest shore,—the island of Quiriquina. Here part of his companions took refuge in the underwood; your brother remained with the wounded and dying sailor in the bottom of the boat, with a military officer, Captain La Rosa, (of whom, I believe, mention is made in General Miller's memoirs,) and two of his own soldiers. His first thought was now to retire to the other side of the island, opposite to the part of the main land of the promontory of Talcahuano, marked in the charts Plata Creek, and, if closely pursued in the morning, to swim across. But Captain La Rosa (formerly accustomed to the sea) volunteering to take an oar, your brother, notwithstanding his wounded hand, at once seized the other; and the two, during the night, pulled across with the wounded man and two soldiers from Sandy Point of the island to the opposite shore, near a point called Point Lirquez, a distance of more than a league. Here they buried the wounded man, who had died on the passage, in the sand; and with a doubloon, which your brother fortunately had in his pocket, they procured horses, and rode round the bay to Talcahuano. The people, who returned in the boats to Talcahuano, all declared that Colonel Tupper had been killed; that he had been seen to ascend and to fall into the water, and had not been heard of since. You should have been in this city to have witnessed the regret of his party for his supposed death: numbers proceeded to the port to make further inquiries. When your brother appeared on horseback in the square of Talcahuano, his officers and soldiers ran to embrace him like one risen from the dead; the soldiers shed tears, and called him by the name of father, which they were in the habit of giving him.

“Some days afterwards he came to the city, and a French surgeon uniting his entreaties with mine, we prevailed upon him to suffer leeches to be applied to his breast, which had a large circle of coagulated blood blackening it from the severe blow, causing him much difficulty to breathe. He stretched himself for this purpose on my bed, a small camp bedstead, and even to this hour I cannot drive away the recollection of his gigantic, well proportioned figure, occupying and supported, as if in appearance, only by the little, frail bedstead. The leeches were of good service, and his left hand, though carrying it of necessity in a sling, healed fast. His stay here was short.”

APPENDIX D.

COINCIDENCES.

In addition to the few mentioned in the text, (see pp. 14, 34, 44, and 101,) the following have been selected for insertion in this appendix. The subject may seem strange, but it is surely one which affords room for innocent speculation on the attributes of that Almighty Being, "who can make alive and who can kill." By many these coincidences will be ascribed to accident; others may view them as something more than special; while all must admit that so many links in the chain, if the effect of chance, do appear to be singularly casual.

Oh Providence! how hidden are thy ways,—
Who shall presume to fathom thy decrees?
To thee let man his suppliant prayers raise,
As thy dread mysteries he daily sees.

Sir Isaac Brock was born on the 6th *October*; made lieutenant-colonel 25th *October*, 1797; commanded his regiment at the battle of Egmont op Zee on the 6th *October*, 1799 (his birth-day); colonel 30th *October*, 1805; assumed the office of president of Upper Canada 9th *October*, 1811; and killed 13th *October*, 1812.

War was declared by the United States on the 18th June, 1812, not without a strong opposition in the house of representatives, the division being seventy-nine to *forty-nine* votes. Thus this day, which became three years subsequently so memorable in the annals of Great Britain, was equally fatal to uncle and nephew, Major-General Brock and Lieutenant Tupper, and the *forty-nine* dissentients to the war tally with the former's favorite regiment. Moreover, the counter declaration of war, with the granting of letters of marque and reprisals, was not issued by Great Britain till the 13th of October, the day on which Sir Isaac Brock was slain.

Extract of a letter from Fordsgrove, near London, dated 27th June, 1806.—"Isaac left town last evening in the mail for Milford Haven Dear fellow! Heaven knows when we shall see him again."—Thus Colonel Brock left London for the last time to embark for Canada on the 26th June, and his nephew, Lieutenant

E. W. Tupper, died at Malta of his wounds on the 26th June, 1826, exactly twenty years after.

The only two British general officers hitherto killed in action in Canada, derived their names from two animals formerly very common in Britain, the wolf and the brock, (the latter being the Saxon name for badger, and still retained in the English language,) and both their christian and surnames consisted of the same number of letters, James Wolfe and Isaac Brock. Both generals fell on the same day of the month, the 13th of September, 1759, and the 13th of October, 1812, and in places whose three first letters were the same, Quebec and Queenstown.

Since the last coincidence was written, we accidentally observed in the Navy List for July, 1831, the following extract:—

“Mastiff, 6, Surveying Vessel—Mediterranean.

Lieut. Commanding James Wolfe . . Nov. 22, 1830.

Super. Lieut. and Assist. Surveyor . . T. S. Brock . . . Nov. 22, 1830.”

T. Saumarez Brock, great nephew of Lord De Saumarez, and a near relative of Sir Isaac Brock.

As Captain *Isaac Hull* captured the *Guerriere*, so Major-General *Isaac Brock* captured Brigadier-General *Hull*, being the two first captures of any consequence made by sea and land in the late war.

Extract of a letter from J. Savery Brock, Esq., dated York, Upper Canada, August 20, 1817.—“I should also mention that last Saturday I dined at Fort George, (Niagara,) by the invitation of the gentlemen there and its environs: we were *forty-nine* in number, and it was the anniversary of the capture of Detroit. I was invited without their remembering the day of the month: it was a curious coincidence.”

As two of Lieutenant E. W. Tupper's brothers were drowned, so were two of his brother lieutenants of the *Sybille*.

The vacancy, to which Lieutenant Tupper was promoted, was occasioned by Lieutenant (now Captain Sir Thomas, Bart.) Thompson going home from Marseilles in June, 1825. The name of the officer, who killed his uncle William and godfather in a duel, was also Thompson.

Several coincidences relative to General Wolfe and Sir Isaac Brock, and the latter and Lieutenant Tupper, of the *Sybille*, have already been mentionèd. In Westminster Abbey there is a beautiful monument to the memory of General Wolfe, placed on a cross wall erected to receive it. On the other side of this wall is another

large and handsome monument to the memory of Captain Edward Cooke, of H. M. S. *Sybille*, who was mortally wounded at the capture of the French frigate, *La Forte*, in the East Indies, on the 28th February, 1799, and died at Calcutta, Captain Cooke and Lieutenant Tupper being the only British officers of either rank mortally wounded on board the *Sybille*. Captain Cooke was a lieutenant in the *Victory*, at Toulon, with Lieutenant Carré Tupper, and also distinguished himself there.

Captain and Lieutenants on board the *Sybille* frigate, June 18, 1826, with the date of their commissions :

Captain Sir Samuel S. Pechell, Bart., C. B.	June 16, 1808.
Lieutenants Edward Gordon	June 30, 1819.
„ J. O. Bliss	June 17, 1825.
„ E. W. Tupper	April 14, 1826.
„ H. A. Griffith	June 5, 1826.

All dated in *June*, excepting that of Lieutenant Tupper, and the *Sybille* was captured in the Greek Archipelago 17th *June*, 1794. Lieutenant Tupper's commission was dated in *April*, and he lost his life in *June*; the commissions of Lieutenants Gordon and Bliss were dated in *June*, and they perished in *April*. Lieutenant Tupper succeeded to a vacancy which occurred in *June*, 1825. Lieutenant Gordon was made a commander 3d *June*, 1826, and appointed to command the *Acorn* 25th *June*, 1827. He perished about the 17th *April*, 1828, and Colonel Tupper was killed in Chile 17th *April*, 1830.

APPENDIX E.

Extract from an Account of the Public Dinner given in Guernsey, on Tuesday, August 29, 1826, in honour of Sir John Doyle, Bart., G.C.B. and K. C., formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the island.

The health of Sir John Doyle having been drunk, he rose, and, after some preliminary observations, spoke as follows :—

“ Is there a profession in which you do not see native talent and spirit arrive at eminence ? In the commercial line I have myself witnessed, from this small island, two Lords Mayors of London.* In the arts and sciences, you can boast a Doctor John Macculloch, celebrated throughout Europe for his unrivalled scientific knowledge ; a Jeremie, who carries off the prizes even for English composition, in the University of Cambridge ; a Dobrée, who obtained a Professor's chair, and succeeded the great Porson. In acts of individual bravery, none can excel the youth of the island. It is but a few years ago that a fine young man, Captain Dobrée, of the royal navy, with other brave natives, in trying to save a shipwrecked crew, sacrificed his valuable life. More fortunate was the generous intrepidity of Messrs. Lefebvre and Thomas Dobrée,† of the same service, both of whom, at different times, jumped overboard, and each rescued *two* British seamen from a watery grave. In the navy and the army, the smallness of the island prevents your contributing so largely as the more extended portion of the empire ; but what you lack in quantity, you have amply made up in quality. Look to the annals of war : there you will see recorded the brilliant achievements of your gallant countrymen : the public gazettes will show you the names of Saumarez, Brock, Le Marchant and Smith, with other distinguished characters in the higher ranks of both services, that do not at this moment occur to me ; for there is scarcely a family in the island that has not given its share to the general stock of native reputation and renown. —When I mention Sir Isaac Brock, General Le Marchant, Sir

* The late Peter Perchard and Paul Le Mesurier, Esquires,—the latter was also Member of Parliament for Southwark.

† Now Lieutenants of the Royal Navy.

George Smith, in the higher, and Captain M'Crea,* Lieutenants La Serre* and Tupper in the junior ranks, I do from my heart deplore, that I must speak of those illustrious men, and brave youths, in the tense that is past, as, nobly prodigal of their blood in the service of their king and country, they have closed a life of glory on the bed of honor.† Their memories will long be cherished by a grateful country, and will live in the recollection of its enemies.—Our Saumarez, we still happily possess, not only to adorn and do honor to his native land, but to uphold the destinies of the empire, should they be endangered. His fame will be found recorded in every portion of the globe where the British flag has been known to fly. And well may our brave islander exclaim, with the Roman, '*Quæ Regio in Terris, Nostris non plena Laboris.*'

“The chairman gave—‘Colonel Evans and the garrison.’

“Colonel Evans, after having returned thanks for the garrison and himself in appropriate terms, said, that lately arrived in this island, and finding himself surrounded by the friends and relatives of a great man, the loss of whom no one could lament more than he did, he would beg leave to propose a solemn toast to the memory of that heroic officer, who he scarcely need say, was Sir Isaac Brock. Attached to his person by official situation, as well as by friendship at the time of his death, he could appreciate his merits, and truly say that he possessed every quality that constituted a great man and a good soldier—brave and humane in the highest degree, he raised his fame in a distant country, and saved a large and valuable province belonging to Great Britain, by the resources which his own mind and energy could alone have drawn out and used, successfully to repel an invasion against numbers so superior, that resistance was generally deemed hopeless. He had to defend a frontier of many hundred miles with a trifling force, which he augmented by the influence of his popularity, and inspired by his example. He not only defended Upper Canada, but actually captured a whole army, and a strong fortress; his name will live in that country, and in history for ever; and his death was lamented even by his enemies, or rather by the enemies of his country, for

* These two officers, both of the 87th regiment, were killed at Talavera, in 1809. Captain Rawdon M'Crea was only twenty years of age.

† Colonel Le Mesurier in the higher, and Captain Le Marchant and Lieutenant Le Mesurier in the junior ranks were omitted,—they all fell in the late Peninsular war.—Captain Carey Le Marchant was aid-de-camp to his father, when the latter was slain at Salamanca, in 1812, and subsequently to Lieut.-General Hon. Sir Walter Stewart.

he had, or could have, no enemies; and those opposed to him, on learning his death, begged to join in the solemn ceremonies which ensued. No man was ever more, or more justly and universally regretted.—‘To the immortal memory of the late Sir Isaac Brock.’

“This toast was drunk in solemn silence.

“Sir John Doyle then rose and spoke as follows:—

“Gentlemen,—Having received permission from the chair, I rise to propose a toast which would be well received in any society where the enlightened individual is known. But here I anticipate it will be met by acclamation and enthusiasm. I do not propose his health, merely because he is my friend, although I feel truly honored by his friendship; and the more so, as I know that it originated and was cemented by his conviction of my honest zeal for the public good, and the deep interest I took in the welfare of his native land. But I give him as a public man, who, to a sound, vigorous, and cultivated understanding, joins a liberal and enlightened mind,—an innate love of justice, and hatred of oppression,—an inflexible adherence to that which appears to him to be right,—a man too wise to be cunning. Armed with the ‘*mens conscia recti*,’ he marches straight forward to his object, nor turns into the devious path of crooked policy, and left-handed wisdom.

“To these qualities are added indefatigable industry, and a patience not to be exhausted. This is the man, who, as a public magistrate in high station, I offer for your acceptance. Of his private worth, I dare not say all that I feel. He is present. You know him and can duly appreciate his value. You will have anticipated that I mean the Bailiff of Guernsey*. I now propose to you ‘The health of the Bailiff, and unalloyed happiness to the island of Guernsey.’

“In rising to return thanks, the chairman observed, that it would be extraordinary indeed if his feelings were not overpowered, after the kind and flattering manner in which Colonel Evans, on his left, had treated the memory of a brother so dear to him, and after the praise bestowed upon himself, by the distinguished guest on his right. If he were deserving any part of that praise, he was more than rewarded by the manner in which his health had been proposed and received,—if he had discharged his duty, he could appeal to Sir John, who must so often have experienced it, whether there could be a pleasure, an inward satisfaction, equal to that which was produced by the consciousness of having performed a good action.”

* Daniel De Lisle Brock, Esq.

APPENDIX F.

TE-CUM-SEH.

THIS celebrated aboriginal warrior, whose name occurs in the previous pages, was so conspicuous in the annals of the late American war, for his fidelity and devotion to the British cause and for his attachment to Major-General Brock, that we feel it to be a pleasing act of justice to his memory, the more particularly as his talents and labours are so little known and appreciated on this side the Atlantic, not to conclude this volume without appending a brief sketch of his life, and subjoining every particular we have been able to collect descriptive of his conduct and character.

Te-cum-seh, a Shawanee, was born in 1769 or 1770, about the same year as his "brave brother warrior," Sir Isaac Brock. He may be said to have been inured to war from his childhood, as the Indians, with few exceptions, took part with Great Britain against the Americans in their contest for independence. When that independence was achieved, the Indian nations continued in hostility, alleging that the United States had infringed on their territories; and, in consequence, the settlers on the western frontier were for several years sadly harassed by their predatory incursions. These were the more terrible because the Indians seldom extended quarter to the men, scalping them without distinction, and spared the women and children only for captivity. Abhorrent as this cruel mode of warfare may appear, and different as it is to the more *honorable* slaughter of *civilized* enemies, we should not condemn it without remembering the many injuries the Indians had received. They knew from sad experience that they could place no faith in the whites, who had long considered them as legal prey, and too often treated them as the brute animals of the forest. Expelled from the coasts, and dispossessed of their hunting grounds, they had been gradually driven westward until they had too much cause to apprehend that the cupidity of their oppressors would be satisfied only with their utter extermination. "The red men are melting," to borrow the expressive metaphor of a celebrated Miami chief of that day, "like snow before the sun." Indeed it is melancholy to

reflect that the aborigines of both continents of America have, from their first intercourse with Europeans, or their descendants, experienced nothing but fraud, spoliation, cruelty, and ingratitude.

But, to return from this digression. In 1790, about which period Te-cum-seh first gave proofs of that talent and daring which so distinguished his after-life, General Harmer was dispatched with a competent force to punish these incursions; but he was glad to return, with the loss of many of his men. In the following year, General St. Clair proceeded with another army to ravage the Miami and Shawanee settlements, and was even more unfortunate than his predecessor, as the Indians boldly advanced to meet him on the way, attacked his encampment, and put his troops to a total rout, in which the greater part were cut off and destroyed. In 1794, however, a much more formidable expedition, under General Wayne, entered the Indian territory; the warriors gradually retired as the Americans advanced, but at length imprudently determined on making a stand. In the battle which ensued the Indians were so completely discomfited, that, the following year, they agreed to the treaty of Greenville, by which they were compelled to cede a large tract of country as an indemnity for *past injuries*. As Te-cum-seh had then scarcely completed his twenty-fifth year, and as the Indians pay great deference to age, it is not probable that he had any hand in this treaty, the more especially as, from that period to 1812, he laboured incessantly to unite the numerous aboriginal tribes of the North American continent in one grand confederacy, for the threefold purpose of endeavouring to regain their former possessions as far as the Ohio, of resisting the further encroachments of the whites, and of preventing the future cession of land by any one tribe, without the sanction of all, obtained in a general council. With this object he visited the different nations, and having assembled the elders, he enforced his disinterested views in strains of such impassioned and persuasive eloquence that the greater part promised him their co-operation and assistance. But to form a general alliance of so many and such various tribes required a higher degree of patriotism and civilization than the Indians had attained. From the numbers, however, who ranged themselves with Te-cum-seh under the British standard, on the breaking out of the war in 1812, it is evident that he had acquired no little influence over them, and that his almost incredible exertions, both of mind and body, had not been altogether thrown away.

In elucidation of the subsequent narrative it is necessary, ere we proceed further, to relate that, about the year 1804, the brother of Te-cum-seh proclaimed himself a prophet who had been commanded by the Great Spirit, the Creator of the red, but not of the white, people, to announce to his children, that the misfortunes by which they had been assailed arose from their having abandoned the mode of life which he had prescribed to them. He declared that they must return to their primitive habits,—relinquish the use of ardent spirits,—and clothe themselves in skins, and not in woollens. His fame soon spread among the surrounding nations, and his power to perform miracles was generally believed. He was joined by many, and not a few came from a great distance, and cheerfully submitted to much hardship and fatigue, that they might behold the prophet, and then return. He first established himself at Greenville, within the boundary of the United States, but the inhabitants of Ohio becoming alarmed at the immense assemblage of Indians on their frontier, the American authorities insisted on his removal. Accordingly he proceeded, in 1808, to the Wabash, and fixed his residence on the northern bank of that river, near the mouth of the Tippecanoe. Here his popularity declined, but through the influence of Te-cum-seh, he was again joined by many among the neighbouring tribes. The prophet's temporal concerns were conducted by Te-cum-seh, who adroitly availed himself of his brother's spiritual power to promote his favorite scheme of a general confederacy.

In 1811, Te-cum-seh, accompanied by several hundred warriors, encamped near Vincennes, the capital of Indiana, and demanded an interview with the governor of the state, Major-General Harrison, the same officer who, in 1813, commanded the victorious troops at the battle of the Thames, in which Te-cum-seh lost his life. The interview was agreed to, and the governor enquired whether the Indians intended to come armed to the council. Te-cum-seh replied that he would be governed by the conduct of the white people; if they came armed, his warriors would be armed also; if not, his followers would come unarmed. The governor informed him that he would be attended by a troop of dragoons, dismounted, with their side arms only, and that the Indians might bring their war clubs and tomahawks. The meeting took place in a large arbour, on one side of which were the dragoons, eighty in number, seated in rows; on the other the Indians. But besides their sabres, the dragoons were armed with pistols. The following incident is said

to have occurred at this interview. Te-cum-seh looked round for a seat, but not finding one provided for him, he betrayed his surprise, and his eyes flashed fire. The governor, perceiving the cause, instantly ordered a chair. One of the council offered the warrior his chair, and, bowing respectfully, said to him: "Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat." "My father!" exclaimed Te-cum-seh, extending his hand towards the Heavens, "the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; she gives me nourishment, and I will repose on her bosom." He then threw himself on the ground. When the governor, who was seated in front of the dragoons, commenced his address, Te-cum-seh declared that he could not hear him, and requested him to remove his seat to an open space near himself. The governor complied, and in his speech complained of the constant depredations and murders which were committed by the Indians of Tippecanoe; of the refusal on their part to give up the criminals; and of the increasing accumulation of force in that quarter, for the avowed purpose of compelling the United States to relinquish lands, which they had fairly purchased of the rightful owners. Te-cum-seh, in his answer, denied that he had afforded protection to the guilty, but manfully admitted his design of forming a confederacy of all the red nations of that continent. He observed, that "the system, which the United States pursued of purchasing lands from the Indians, he viewed as a *mighty water*, ready to overflow his people, and that the confederacy which he was forming among the tribes, to prevent any tribe from selling land without the consent of the others, was the *dam* he was erecting, to resist this mighty water." And he added, "your great father, the president, may sit over the mountains and drink his wine, but if he continue this policy, you and I will have to meet on the battle field." He also admitted, that he was then on his way to the Creek nation, for the purpose he had just avowed, and he continued his journey two days after, with twelve or fifteen of his warriors. Having visited the Creek and other southern tribes, he crossed the Mississippi, and continued a northern course as far as the river Demoins, whence he returned to the Wabash by land. But a sad reverse of fortune awaited his return; he found his town consumed, his bravest warriors slain, and a large deposit of provisions destroyed. On his departure, the settlement at Tippecanoe was left in charge of his brother, the prophet, with strict injunctions to prevent all hostile incursions, as they might lead to extremities before his plans were matured. The

prophet, however, wanted either the inclination or the authority to follow these injunctions, and the Americans assert, that murder and rapine occurred now so frequently, that they were compelled in their own defence, to punish the delinquents. Accordingly, General Harrison proceeded with nearly a thousand men to Tippecanoe, and on his approach, in November, 1811, was met by about six hundred warriors; a battle ensued, in which the Indians, deprived by the absence of their chief, of his counsel and example, were defeated, but with nearly equal loss on both sides. Assured by the prophet that the American bullets would not injure them, they rushed on the bayonets with their war clubs, and exposed their persons with a fatal fearlessness. But the prophet himself remained during the battle, in security on an adjacent eminence; he was chaunting a war song, when information was brought to him that his men were falling. "Let them fight on, for my prediction will soon be verified," was the substance of his reply, and he resumed his song in a louder key!!

The hostility of Te-cum-seh, to those whom he had ever considered as the spoilers of his country, was, if possible, redoubled by this severe act of retaliation. General Harrison, in particular, incurred his personal enmity, and he declared openly that he would seek for vengeance. Nor was he backward in putting his threats into execution. Early in 1812, the Indians renewed their hostile incursions, but they were now treated with unusual forbearance, in the hope that they would remain neutral in the war with Great Britain, which the American government well knew was near at hand. On its declaration in June, however, Te-cum-seh eagerly embraced the opportunity which it afforded, not only to promote his long meditated public views, but to avenge his private injuries, and, hastening with his warriors to Upper Canada, he had soon the gratification of witnessing, at Detroit, the surrender of the 4th U. S. infantry, (or heroes of Tippecanoe, as they were then denominated,) which regiment claimed the principal merit of having, the preceding year, defeated his followers and destroyed his settlement. In the contest which ensued, with varying fortune, for the preservation of Detroit and the western districts of Upper Canada, Te-cum-seh was of essential service, and he was constantly engaged with the enemy, in the neighbourhood, until the autumn of 1813, when the defeat of the British fleet on Lake Erie, gave the Americans an irresistible advantage. To prevent the communication with the army on the Niagara being intercepted by a very superior force

under Major-General Harrison, the evacuation of Detroit, Amherstburg, &c. became unavoidable. Te-cum-seh at first refused to consent to any retrograde movement, and taunted the British commander, Proctor, with promoting the destruction of the Indians; but he was finally prevailed upon to accompany the troops with his warriors. They retreated along the banks of the river Thames, and were pursued and overtaken near the Moravian village, eighty miles from Sandwich, by Harrison, with about three thousand men. When compelled to give battle, on the 5th of October, Major-General Proctor could only muster about six hundred regulars, and rather more than the same number of Indians. The former were posted in single files in two lines, their left resting on the river, their right on a narrow swamp, beyond which were the Indians, reaching obliquely backwards to a second and much broader swamp, so that neither flank of the allies could be easily turned. The enemy commenced the attack with a regiment of mounted riflemen, the *élite* of their army, formed into two divisions of five hundred men each, one of which charged the regulars with great impetuosity, while the latter advanced with a company of foot against the Indians. The regulars, dissatisfied by fancied or real neglect, and dispirited by long continued exposure and privation, made but a very feeble resistance; their ranks were pierced and broken, and being placed between two fires, they immediately surrendered, with the trifling loss of twelve killed and twenty-two wounded. But "the contest with the Indians on the left was more obstinate. They reserved their fire, till the heads of the columns, and the front line on foot, had approached within a few paces of their position. A very destructive fire was then commenced by them, about the time the firing ceased between the British and first battalion. Colonel Johnson finding his advanced guard, composing the head of his column, nearly all cut down by the first fire, and himself severely wounded, immediately ordered his columns to dismount and come up in line before the enemy, the ground which they occupied being unfavorable for operations on horseback. The line was promptly formed on foot, and a fierce conflict was then maintained, for seven or eight minutes, with considerable execution on both sides; but the Indians had not sufficient firmness to sustain very long a fire which was close, and warm, and severely destructive. They gave way and fled through the brush into the outer swamp, not however before they had learnt the total discomfiture of their allies, and had lost by the fall of Te-cum-seh, a chief in whom

were united the prowess of Achilles and authority of Agamemnon."* These gallant warriors did not, however, give way until Te-cum-seh was shot dead in the act of advancing to close with Colonel Johnson, who, although wounded, continued on horseback, animating his men, and they retired slowly, disputing the ground with much obstinacy for some distance. They left thirty-three slain on the field, besides many killed in the retreat.

Te-cum-seh was slain in his forty-fourth year, and of the many Indian chiefs who distinguished themselves in the wars of the whites, he was undoubtedly the greatest since the days of Pontiac.† In early life he was addicted to inebriety, the prevailing vice of the Indians, but his good sense and resolution conquered the habit, and, in his later years, he was remarkable for temperance. Glory became his ruling passion, and in its acquisition he was careless of wealth, as, although his presents and booty must have been of considerable value, he preserved little or nothing for himself. In height he was five feet ten inches, well formed, and capable of enduring fatigue in an extraordinary degree. His carriage was erect and commanding, and there was an air of hauteur in his countenance, arising from an elevated pride of soul, which did not forsake it when life was extinct. He was habitually taciturn, but when excited, his eloquence was nervous, concise, and figurative, as will be seen by the subjoined specimens, suffering as they do under all the disadvantages of translation. His dress was plain, and he was never known to indulge in the gaudy decoration of his person, which is the common practice of the Indians. On the day of his death, he wore a dressed deer skin coat and pantaloons. He was present in almost every action against the Americans, from the period of Harmer's defeat, to the battle of the Thames,—was several times wounded,—and always sought the hottest of the fire. After the victory, his lifeless corpse was viewed with great interest by the American officers, who declared that the contour of his features was majestic even in death. And notwithstanding it is said by an American writer, that "some of the Kentuckians disgraced themselves by committing indignities on his dead body. He was scalped, and *otherwise disfigured.*"

* American History.

† Mrs. Grant, in her "Memoirs of an American Lady," in the second volume, describes the deeds of Pontiac, as she spells his name, who, in 1764, waged war against the British in Canada, and nearly captured Detroit by surprise. Before the capture of Quebec, by Wolfe, in 1759, his alliance was anxiously courted both by the French and English.—ED.

Extract from "*Hunter's Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America.*"—London, 1824.

"In the following spring, a party of thirty hunters and six or seven squaws started on a visit to some of their connections, who remained at the Osage towns on the Grand Osage river,* taking me with them. Our course was up the Arkansas for a considerable distance; thence across the highlands, till we struck the head waters of the Grand Osage river, which we descended, to the village belonging to Clermont, or the Builder of Towns, a celebrated Osage chief. We remained among the Grand Osages, till early in the next fall. During our stay, I saw a number of white people, who, from different motives, resorted to this nation: among them, was a clergyman, who preached several times to the Indians through an interpreter. He was the first Christian preacher that I had ever heard or seen. The Indians treated him with great respect, and listened to his discourses with profound attention; but could not, as I heard them observe, comprehend the doctrines he wished to inculcate. It may be appropriately mentioned here, that the Indians are accustomed, in their own debates, never to speak but one at a time; while all others, constituting the audience, invariably listen with patience and attention till their turn to speak arrives. This respect is more particularly observed towards strangers; and the slightest deviation from it would be regarded by them as rude, indecorous, and highly offensive. It is this trait in the Indian character which many of the missionaries mistake for a *serious* impression made on their minds; and which has led to many exaggerated accounts of their conversion to Christianity.

"Some of the white people whom I met, as before noticed, among the Osages, were traders, and others were reputed to be runners from their Great Father beyond the great waters, to invite the Indians to take up the tomahawk against the settlers. They made many long talks, and distributed many valuable presents; but without being able to shake the resolution which the Osages had formed, to preserve peace with their Great Father, the President. Their determinations were, however, to undergo a more severe trial: Te-cum-seh, the celebrated Shawanee warrior and chief, in company with Francis the prophet, now made his appearance among them.

* "To understand this subject fully, it should be borne in mind that a part of the Osages, not long since, with the chiefs Big Track and White Hair for their leaders, had separated from the Grand Osage nation, settled on the Arkansas river, and sustained their independence.

“He addressed them in long, eloquent, and pathetic strains ; and an assembly, more numerous than had ever been witnessed on any former occasion, listened to him with an intensely agitated, though profoundly respectful interest and attention. In fact, so great was the effect produced by Te-cum-seh’s eloquence, that the chiefs adjourned the council, shortly after he had closed his harangue ; nor did they finally come to a decision on the great question in debate for several days afterwards.

“I wish it was in my power to do justice to the eloquence of this distinguished man : but it is utterly impossible. The richest colours, shaded with a master’s pencil, would fall infinitely short of the glowing finish of the original. The occasion and subject were peculiarly adapted to call into action all the powers of genuine patriotism ; and such language, such gestures, and such feelings and fulness of soul contending for utterance, were exhibited by this untutored native of the forest in the central wilds of America, as no audience, I am persuaded, either in ancient or modern times, ever before witnessed.

“My readers may think some qualification due to this opinion ; but none is necessary. The unlettered Te-cum-seh gave extemporaneous utterance only to what he felt ; it was a simple, but vehement narration of the wrongs imposed by the white people on the Indians, and an exhortation for the latter to resist them. The whole addressed to an audience composed of individuals who had been educated to prefer almost any sacrifice to that of personal liberty, and even death to the degradation of their nation ; and who, on this occasion, felt the portraiture of Te-cum-seh but too strikingly identified with their own condition, wrongs, and sufferings.

“This discourse made an impression on my mind, which, I think, will last as long as I live. I cannot repeat it *verbatim*, though if I could, it would be a mere skeleton, without the rounding finish of its integuments : it would only be the shadow of the substance ; because the gestures, and the interest and feelings excited by the occasion, and which constitute the essentials of its character, would be altogether wanting. Nevertheless, I shall, as far as my recollection serves, make the attempt, and trust to the indulgence of my readers for an apology for the presumptuous digression.

“When the Osages and distinguished strangers had assembled, Te-cum-seh arose ; and after a pause of some minutes, in which he surveyed his audience in a very dignified, though respectfully complaisant and sympathizing manner, he commenced as follows :

“ ‘ *Brothers*,—We all belong to one family ; we are all children of the Great Spirit ; we walk in the same path ; slake our thirst at the same spring ; and now affairs of the greatest concern lead us to smoke the pipe around the same council fire !

“ ‘ *Brothers*,—We are friends ; we must assist each other to bear our burdens. The blood of many of our fathers and brothers has run like water on the ground, to satisfy the avarice of the white men. We, ourselves, are threatened with a great evil ; nothing will pacify them but the destruction of all the red men.

“ ‘ *Brothers*,—When the white men first set foot on our grounds, they were hungry ; they had no place on which to spread their blankets, or to kindle their fires. They were feeble ; they could do nothing for themselves. Our fathers commiserated their distress, and shared freely with them whatever the Great Spirit had given his red children. They gave them food when hungry, medicine when sick, spread skins for them to sleep on, and gave them grounds, that they might hunt and raise corn.—*Brothers*, the white people are like poisonous serpents : when chilled, they are feeble and harmless ; but invigorate them with warmth, and they sting their benefactors to death.

“ ‘ The white people came among us feeble ; and now that we have made them strong, they wish to kill us, or drive us back, as they would wolves and panthers.

“ ‘ *Brothers*,—The white men are not friends to the Indians : at first, they only asked for land sufficient for a wigwam ; now, nothing will satisfy them but the whole of our hunting grounds, from the rising to the setting sun.

“ ‘ *Brothers*,—The white men want more than our hunting grounds ; they wish to kill our old men, women, and little ones.

“ ‘ *Brothers*,—Many winters ago, there was no land ; the sun did not rise and set : all was darkness. The Great Spirit made all things. He gave the white people a home beyond the great waters. He supplied these grounds with game, and gave them to his red children ; and he gave them strength and courage to defend them.

“ ‘ *Brothers*,—My people wish for peace ; the red men all wish for peace : but where the white people are, there is no peace for them, except it be on the bosom of our mother.

“ ‘ *Brothers*,—The white men despise and cheat the Indians ; they abuse and insult them ; they do not think the red men sufficiently good to live.

“ ‘ The red men have borne many and great injuries ; they

ought to suffer them no longer. My people will not; they are determined on vengeance; they have taken up the tomahawk; they will make it fat with blood; they will drink the blood of the white people.

“ ‘*Brothers*,—My people are brave and numerous; but the white people are too strong for them alone. I wish you to take up the tomahawk with them. If we all unite, we will cause the rivers to stain the great waters with their blood.

“ ‘*Brothers*,—If you do not unite with us, they will first destroy us, and then you will fall an easy prey to them. They have destroyed many nations of red men because they were not united, because they were not friends to each other.

“ ‘*Brothers*,—The white people send runners amongst us; they wish to make us enemies, that they may sweep over and desolate our hunting grounds, like devastating winds, or rushing waters,

“ ‘*Brothers*,—Our Great Father, over the great waters, is angry with the white people, our enemies. He will send his brave warriors against them; he will send us rifles, and whatever else we want—he is our friend, and we are his children.

“ ‘*Brothers*,—Who are the white people that we should fear them? They cannot run fast, and are good marks to shoot at: they are only men; our fathers have killed many of them: we are not squaws, and we will stain the earth red with their blood.

“ ‘*Brothers*,—The Great Spirit is angry with our enemies; he speaks in thunder, and the earth swallows up villages, and drinks up the Mississippi. The great waters will cover their lowlands; their corn cannot grow; and the Great Spirit will sweep those who escape to the hills from the earth with his terrible breath.

“ ‘*Brothers*,—We must be united; we must smoke the same pipe; we must fight each other's battles; and more than all, we must love the Great Spirit: he is for us; he will destroy our enemies, and make all his red children happy.’

“ On the following day, Francis the prophet addressed the Osages in council; and although he repeated almost precisely the language of Te-cum-seh, and enlarged considerably more on the power and disposition of the Great Spirit; yet his discourse produced comparatively little effect on his audience. He was not a favourite among the Indians; and I am of opinion, that he did more injury than benefit to the cause he undertook to espouse.

“ After they had concluded, I looked upon war as inevitable; and its consequences contemplated the destruction of our enemies,

and the restoration of the Indians to their primitive rights, power, and happiness. There was nothing I then so ardently desired as that of being a warrior, and I even envied those, who were to achieve these important objects, the fame and glory that would redound as a necessary result. In a short time afterwards, however, the Osages rejected Te-cum-seh's proposals, and all these brilliant prospects vanished."

Speech of Te-cum-seh, delivered on the 18th September, 1813, before the British Council of War, at Amherstburg, Upper Canada.

"Father, listen to your children! You have them now all before you.

"The war before this, our British father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war our father was thrown on his back by the Americans, and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge; and we are afraid that our father will do so again at this time.

"The summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren, and was ready to take up the hatchet in favor of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry,—that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

"*Listen!* When war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us that he was then ready to strike the Americans; that he wanted our assistance; and that he would certainly get us our lands back, which the Americans had taken from us.

"*Listen!* You told us, at that time, to bring forward our families to this place, and we did so; and you promised to take care of them, and that they should want for nothing, while the men would go and fight the enemy; that we need not trouble ourselves about the enemy's garrisons; that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts glad.

"*Listen!* When we were last at the Rapids, it is true we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground hogs.

Father, listen! Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with that arm. Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying

up every thing and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the king, is the head, and you represent him. You always told us that you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog, that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted, it drops it between its legs and runs off.

"*Father, listen!* The Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water: *we therefore wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance.* If they defeat us, we will *then* retreat with our father.

"At the battle of the Rapids, last war, the Americans certainly defeated us; and, when we retreated to our father's fort at that place, the gates were shut against us. We were afraid that it would now be the case; but instead of that, we now see our British father preparing to march out of his garrison.

"*Father!* You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go, and welcome for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be His will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

Extract from Lieutenant Hall's Travels.—Vide ante, page 144.

Having described the Six Nations, or Indians of the Grand River, the author thus continues:—

"The whole of the settlements are reckoned to furnish about five hundred warriors to our government. These, if not the best, are certainly the dearest of our allies: besides the support of themselves and their families during war, several thousands are expended annually in clothing and nicknacks, under the name of presents. Every accidental loss, from failure of crops, or other disasters, they are in the habit of expecting should be made good by the liberality of their 'Great Father,' whose means and generosity they are well disposed to consider as unbounded; an idea which his agents are little careful to repress. During the late war they behaved with the cautious courage of German auxiliaries, evidently considering

it their first interest to spare themselves, their second, to serve their father ; a mode of conduct which was nearly resented by the more enterprising warriors of the west, who had taken up the hatchet from a strong feeling of necessity, and hatred to the encroachments of the Americans. Among these, the most distinguished was Te-cum-seh, a Shawanee chieftain, whose courage and commanding talents recommended him, early in the war, not only to the notice, but to the personal esteem, and admiration of Sir Isaac Brock.* Te-cum-seh perceived the necessity of a general Indian confederacy, as the only permanent barrier to the dominion of the States. What he had the genius to conceive, he had the talents to execute : eloquence and address, courage, penetration, and what in an Indian is more remarkable than these, undeviating temperance. Under better auspices, this Amphictyonic league might have been effected ; but after the death of his friend and patron, he found no kindred spirit with whom to act ; but stung with grief and indignation, after upbraiding, in the bitterest sarcasms,† the retreat of our forces, he engaged an American detachment of mounted riflemen, near the Moravian village, and having rushed forward, singly, to encounter their commanding officer, whom he mistook for General Harrison, he fell by a pistol ball. The exultations of the Americans on his death, afford unerring, because unintended, evidence of the dread his talents had inspired.‡

* "The general, one day, presented him with the sash he had worn on his own person. Te-cum-seh received it with great emotion, and begged the general to consider, that if he refrained from wearing it himself, it was from an anxiety to prevent the jealousy, which such an honour conferred on a young chieftain might excite, among the older Indian captains ; but that he would send it to his family, to be preserved as an eternal memorial of his father's friendship."

† " 'I compare,' said he, speaking of the author of this retreat, 'our father to a fat white dog, who, in the season of prosperity carries his tail erect on his back, but drops it betwixt its legs and flies at the approach of danger.' On another occasion, when by way of pacifying his remonstrances with a metaphor, in the Indian manner, our commander professed his readiness to lay his bones by his side, 'Tell the dog,' said the angry warrior, 'he has too much regard for his carcass to lay his bones any where.'

‡ "The officer who shot him was a Colonel Johnson, who had been himself severely wounded the moment before. Te-cum-seh bore a personal enmity to General Harrison, to whom he attributed the slaughter of his family ; and had vowed that when they met, one of them should be left on the field."

“TO THE MEMORY OF TE-CUM-SEH.

“TE-CUM-SEH has no grave, but eagles dipt
 Their rav'ning beaks, and drank his stout heart's tide,
 Leaving his bones to whiten where he died :
 His skin by Christian tomahawks was stript
 From the bar'd fibres.*—Impotence of pride !
 Triumphant o'er the earth-worm, but in vain
 Deeming th'impassive spirit to deride,
 Which, nothing or immortal, knows no pain !
 Might ye torment him to this earth again,
 That were an agony : his children's blood
 Delug'd his soul, and like a fiery flood,
 Scorch'd up his core of being. Then the stain
 Of flight was on him, and the wringing thought,
 He should no more the crimson hatchet raise
 Nor drink from kindred lips his song of praise ;
 So liberty, he deemed, with life was cheaply bought.”

Extracts from “James' Military Occurrences.”

“The American general, in expectation that one hundred and fifty Ohio volunteers, under the command of Captain Brush, were waiting at the river Raisoin, thirty-six miles off, with a quantity of provisions for the army, despatched Major Vanhorne, with two hundred men, to meet and escort the reinforcement to its destination. Fortunately, the major encountered, on his second day's march, near Brownstown, seventy Indians, under the brave Tecumseh, in ambuscade. The latter fired, and, according to the American accounts, killed twenty men, including Captains M'Culloch, Bostler, Gilcrease, and Ubry ; and wounded nine. Tecumseh and his seventy Indians, with the loss of only one man killed, drove these two hundred Americans before them, for seven miles, and took possession of the mail they were escorting.—Vol. I. p. 61.

“We must not omit here to mention, that the famed Indian warrior, Tecumseh, buried his tomahawk in the head of a Chippeway chief, whom he found actively engaged in massacring some of Colonel Dudley's men. †—Ibid. p. 201.

* “The riflemen are said to have cut off strips of his skin to preserve as trophies.”

† American troops who had been taken prisoners near Fort Meigs, in May, 1813.—E.D.

“ The Indian warriors, led by the undaunted Te-cum-seh, rushed upon the enemy's front line of infantry, and ‘ for a moment,’ says the general, (Harrison,) ‘ made some impression upon it.’ It was not, in short, till the infantry was reinforced by the whole of Governor Shelby's, and a part of Colonel Johnson's regiment ; nor, till the fall of their lamented chief, and upwards of thirty of their warriors, that the brave foresters retired from the field of battle. Had the men of the 41st regiment at all emulated the Indians, the fate of the day might have been changed ; or, did the enemy's great numerical superiority render that an improbable event, the American general would not, in the very paragraph in which he admits that he contended with an inferiority of force, have dared to claim for his troops ‘ the palm of superior bravery.’—Ibid. p. 282.

“ Let us now ascend in the scale of human beings, from a ‘ member of congress’ to a ‘ savage,’—from Mr. Cheeves to the late Indian warrior, Te-cum-seh. It seems extraordinary that General Harrison should have omitted to mention, in his letter, the death of a chief, whose fall contributed so largely to break down the Indian spirit, and to give peace and security to the whole north-western frontier of the United States. Te-cum-seh, although he had received a musket-ball in the left arm, was still seeking the hottest of fire, when he encountered Colonel R. M. Johnson, member of congress for Kentucky. Just as the chief, having discharged his rifle, was rushing forward with his tomahawk, he received a ball in the head from the colonel's pistol. Thus fell the Indian warrior Te-cum-seh, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was of the Shawanee tribe ; five feet ten inches high ; and, with more than the usual stoutness, possessed all the agility and perseverance, of the Indian character. His carriage was dignified ; his eye penetrating ; his countenance which, even in death, betrayed the indications of a lofty spirit, rather of the sterner cast. Had he not possessed a certain austerity of manners, he could never have controlled the wayward passions of those who followed him to battle. He was of a silent habit ; but, when his eloquence became roused into action by the reiterated encroachments of the Americans, his strong intellect could supply him with a flow of oratory, that enabled him, as he governed in the field, so to prescribe in the council. Those who consider that, in all territorial questions, the ablest diplomatists of the United States are sent to negotiate with the Indians, will readily appreciate the loss sustained by the latter in the death of their champion.—Ibid. pp. 287, 288.

“‘By whom are the savages led?’ was the question, for many years, during the wars between the Americans and Indians. The name ‘Te-cum-seh!’ was itself a host on the side of the latter; and the warrior chief, while he signalized himself in all, came off victorious in most, of the many actions in which he had fought and bled. The American editors, superadded to a national dislike to the Indians, have some special reasons, which we shall develop presently, for blackening the character of Te-cum-seh. They say, that he neither gave nor accepted quarter. His inveterate hatred to the Americans, considering them, as he did, to have robbed his forefathers of their territory, renders such a proceeding, in a savage, not improbable. European history, even of modern date, informs us, that the civilized soldier can go into battle with a similar determination. Mr. Thomson says of Te-cum-seh, that, ‘when he undertook an expedition, accompanied by his tribe, he would relinquish to them the spoil, though he would never yield the privilege of destroying the victim.’ And yet, it was from an American publication that we extracted the account of Te-cum-seh’s killing a brother-chief, because the latter wanted to massacre an American prisoner. This trait in Te-cum-seh’s character is corroborated by all the British officers who have served with him. That it did not, however, proceed from any good-will towards the Americans, was made known, in an extraordinary manner, at the taking of Detroit. After the surrender of the American troops, General Brock desired Te-cum-seh not to allow the Indians under him to ill-treat the prisoners. Te-cum-seh promptly replied: ‘I despise them too much to meddle with them.’ Nor is there a single act of violence charged to the Indians on that occasion. As a proper contrast to this, an American editor, describing a battle between General Jackson and the Creek Indians, in March, 1814, says: ‘Of about one thousand Creeks, only ten of the men are supposed to have escaped with life: sixteen of the Creeks, who had hid themselves, were killed the morning after the battle. The American commander said, in his despatch, that he was *determined to exterminate* the tribe; of course,’ proceeds the editor, ‘no quarter was given, except to a few women and children.’

“Few officers in the United States’ service were so able to command in the field, as this famed Indian chief. He was an excellent judge of position; and not only knew, but could point out, the localities of the whole country through which he had passed. To what extent he had travelled over the western part of the

American continent, may be conceived from the well-known fact, that he visited the Creek Indians, in the hopes of prevailing on them to unite with their northern brethren, in efforts to regain their country as far as the banks of the Ohio. His facility of communicating the information he had acquired, was thus displayed before a concourse of spectators. Previously to General Brock's crossing over to Detroit, he asked Te-cum-seh what sort of a country he should have to pass through, in case of his proceeding further. Te-cum-seh, taking a roll of elm-bark, and extending it on the ground by means of four stones, drew forth his scalping knife, and, with the point, presently etched upon the bark a plan of the country, its hills, woods, rivers, morasses, and roads; a plan which, if not as neat, was, for the purpose required, fully as intelligible, as if Arrowsmith himself had prepared it. Pleased with this unexpected talent in Te-cum-seh, also with his having, by his characteristic boldness, induced the Indians, not of his immediate party, to cross the Detroit, prior to the embarkation of the regulars and militia, General Brock, as soon as the business was over, publicly took off his sash, and placed it round the body of the chief. Te-cum-seh received the honor with evident gratification; but was, the next day, seen without his sash. General Brock, fearing something had displeased the Indian, sent his interpreter for an explanation. The latter soon returned with an account, that Te-cum-seh, not wishing to wear such a mark of distinction, when an older, and, as he said, abler, warrior than himself was present, had transferred the sash to the Wyandot chief, Round-head. Such a man was the unlettered 'savage' Te-cum-seh; and such a man have the Indians for ever lost. He has left a son, who, when his father fell, was about seventeen years old, and fought by his side. The Prince Regent, in 1814, out of respect to the memory of the old, sent out as a present to the young Te-cum-seh, a handsome sword. Unfortunately, however, for the Indian cause and country, faint are the prospects, that Te-cum-seh the son, will ever equal, in wisdom or prowess, Te-cum-seh the father."—*Ibid.* pp. 289-293.

Extracts from "The Quarterly Review."—July, 1822.

"Among the Indians that joined General Proctor from the Wabash, was the highly gifted and celebrated chief, Te-cum-seh, who united in his person all those heroic qualities which romance has ever delighted to attribute to the 'children of the forest,' and, with

them, intelligence and feelings that belonged not to the savage. He possessed such influence among his brethren that his presence was an acquisition of the utmost importance.—Page 422.

“The situation of General Proctor’s little army after this disaster* is well depicted by Mr. James :—

“‘This was a sad blow upon the right division. As hope fled, despair found its way into the British camp. The situation of the men, it must be owned, was deplorable in the extreme. They had long been suffering, not only from a scarcity of provisions, but a scarcity of money. Few of them had received any pay for the last six months : to some indeed nine months’ arrears were due. Winter, a Canadian winter, was fast approaching ; and scarcely any of the soldiers had blankets, and all were without great coats. The severe privations which they had endured in the last, were therefore likely to be augmented rather than diminished, in the succeeding winter. In addition to all this, the commander of the forces appeared unmindful of their arduous exertions.’

“Under such circumstances was the retreat to commence, which had become inevitable to prevent the enemy from landing in rear of the troops. The reinforcements, which might as easily have been sent up when their arrival would have destroyed the enemy, were now afforded only to increase the want of provisions. But, if the maintenance of our positions on the Detroit was impossible, the attempt to retreat from them was big with danger, for it was foreseen, that to induce the Indians to retire with them, and quit their old haunts, would be attended with much difficulty. The warriors received the proposal with the utmost indignation, and considered the measure as a desertion of them. The British commander was thus placed, with the few troops which composed his force, in a most critical situation ; for there was every reason to expect that the numerous Indians would not restrain their irritated feelings to a mere dissolution of the alliance. But a successful endeavour was made to convince Te-cum-seh, who had at first violently opposed the measure, of its unavoidable necessity ; and his influence was sufficient to induce a large proportion of his nation to accompany the British troops in their retrograde movement.

“This important object being gained, the requisite preparations for a retreat were immediately completed. The forts of Amherstburgh and Detroit were dismantled, depôts were formed on the pro-

* The defeat of the British squadron on Lake Erie.—ED.

posed line of movement up the river Thames, which falls into Lake St. Clair, above the Detroit, and the bridges over that river were carefully repaired; the heavy stores, the sick, women and children, were sent to the rear by the water carriage. On the 27th of September, General Harrison landed below Amherstburgh, with his army of between five and six thousand men, and, on the same day, General Proctor broke up from his position and slowly retired to an advantageous spot, near the mouth of the Thames, where he had determined to make a temporary stand. But while the general, on finding that the enemy did not advance, had left the troops in position, to examine with his principal engineer the heights near the Moravian village, at some distance in the rear, which he intended to fortify and occupy during the winter, the officer next in command withdrew the troops from their strong post without orders, even before the appearance of the Americans; and thus caused the loss of the boats, containing the remnant of the stores and artillery with a guard, which could not ascend higher up the river from the nature of the navigation. The general, on hastily rejoining his troops, found that this unauthorized measure had left him no alternative but a battle. The Indians had, on the continued retreat of the British, forsaken them in great numbers, and of above three thousand, no more than five hundred warriors remained with the brave and faithful Te-cum-seh. The position chosen to await the attack of the American army was covered on either flank by the river Thames and an impassable swamp, and was calculated to render their immense superiority of numbers in a great degree unavailing. Here, on the morning of the 5th of October, the regular force (about five hundred effectives) were drawn up in open files in a straggling wood, which prevented any attack upon them in regular order; their left secured by the river, a gun flanking the road, and their right extending towards the Indians, who were posted where the wood thickened, so as to form a retiring angle with them, and to turn the enemy's flank on their advance. This disposition was shown to Te-cum-seh, who expressed his satisfaction at it; and his last words to the general were: 'Father, tell your young men to be firm, and all will be well:' he then repaired to his people and harangued them before they were formed in their places. The small band of our regulars, discouraged by their retreat and by the privations to which they had been long exposed, gave way on the first advance of the enemy, and no exertion of their commander could rally them. While they were thus quickly routed, Te-cum-

seh and his warriors had almost as rapidly repulsed the enemy, and the Indians continued to push their advantage, in ignorance of the disaster of their allies, until their heroic chief fell by a rifle ball, and with him the spirit of his followers, who were put to flight and pursued with unrelenting slaughter. The Americans showed their respect for Te-cum-seh in full as barbarous a manner as a hostile tribe of his own nation could have done under the same circumstances. The skin was flayed from his lifeless corpse and made into razor strops, one of which the late Mr. Clay, of Virginia, a member of the American legislature, prided himself in possessing.—Pages 430-432.

SUPPLEMENT.

The Le Mesuriers, (late governors,) of Alderney, and the elder branch of the Tuppers, of Guernsey, having been twice connected by marriage during the last century; John Tupper marrying Margaret Le Mesurier, 1730-31, and William Le Mesurier, son of the Dean of Guernsey, marrying Jane Tupper, 1781; and Colonel Tupper and his brothers being in consequence related to Colonel Le Mesurier; it may not be deemed irrelevant to include in these "Records" a life of that gallant and lamented officer, particularly as it will add to their local interest. Colonels Le Mesurier and Tupper fell nearly at the same age, and both in command of foreign troops, although the former was a lieutenant-colonel in the British service. The following Memoir is extracted, with some slight revision, from the Sarnian Monthly Magazine for July, 1815, a work of which only three numbers were published, and which is now nearly out of print.—ED.

MEMOIR
OF
THE LATE
COLONEL HAVILLAND LE MESURIER.

COLONEL HAVILLAND LE MESURIER was of a family which had been settled in the island of Guernsey from a very early period; as far back indeed as any authentic records can be traced. The branch to which he belonged has now (1815) for more than a century enjoyed the government and lordship of the neighbouring island of Alderney, which came to them by intermarriage with a niece of Sir Edmund Andros, to whom a grant of the island for a term of ninety-nine years had been made by Charles the Second. John Le Mesurier, son of John, the husband of Anne Andros, in the early part of his present Majesty's reign, having surrendered the existing patent, obtained a new grant for ninety-nine years, which is now possessed by another John, his grandson and heir.* Havilland Le Mesurier,† the father of the colonel, was a younger son of that John, by whom the patent was renewed, and is well known by the ability and integrity with which he discharged the office of commissary-general in the north of Germany, in the years 1795 and 1796; and, afterwards, in the year 1798, in the southern department of England; and, lastly, in the years 1801 and 1802, in Egypt and the Mediterranean.

The subject of this article was educated at Salisbury and Winchester, and, being destined for commercial pursuits, was sent to Berlin to acquire the German language. Here, however, the sight of the grand reviews, and all the military pomp which was kept up at that court, had such an effect upon the young man that he wrote to his father, earnestly entreating to be allowed to enter into the army; for which he said he had always felt the strongest predilec-

* The present Major-General Le Mesurier, who disposed of his patent to government in 1824 or 25.—ED.

† Brother of the late Paul Le Mesurier, Esq. M. P.—ED.

tion, but had checked himself, in deference to what he knew had been planned out for him. There were circumstances which so decidedly proved the truth of this statement, that his parents, though with the greatest reluctance, acceded to his wishes; the more readily, however, from the confidence which his father entertained, that the claims which he had established, in the course of his service, would enable him to procure advancement for his son: nor was he disappointed, for in January, 1801, an ensign's commission in the staff corps was obtained for him. This, however, as soon as the destination of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's expedition was ascertained, he quitted for a lieutenancy, by purchase, in the 20th regiment of foot; and he lost no time in embarking in a merchant ship, in the hope of immediately seeing active service in the face of an enemy, in which however he did not succeed on account of the general peace in that year.

The company to which Lieutenant Le Mesurier belonged, having been recruited from the militia, was reduced at the peace, but his royal highness the commander in chief immediately transferred him to the 83d regiment on full pay, in which he served till August, 1803, when he was admitted into the college at High-Wycomb, where he soon distinguished himself by his application and talents. In consequence, he, together with Mr. (afterwards captain) Bradford, a fellow collegian and friend, obtained leave to travel, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the German language, and getting an insight into foreign tactics. They were advised to fix at Kiel, in Holstein, where they remained during the winter.

In the summer following he passed his final examination at High-Wycomb, with the greatest credit, being highly complimented by the Board, and further told that they "should press on the consideration of the Supreme Board his perfect competency to the discharge of the duties of assistant quartermaster general." Having, in the month of September, obtained a captain's commission in the 21st regiment, he soon after joined his corps, then in Ireland, where he remained until the month of March following; when, being summoned to London, on account of the sudden and much lamented death of his father, General Brownrigg, in pursuance of a promise made to the deceased, gave him an appointment as assistant quartermaster general: and he served on the coasts of Kent and Sussex, making surveys and discharging the other duties of that office, until the end of the year 1807; when, it being stated that the regiment wanted officers, he was ordered to join, carrying

with him, however, the most perfect approbation of his services from the quartermaster general. Here he remained only a short time, having, through the interest of Sir James Saumarez, with the adjutant general, been appointed on the staff of that department in the expedition which sailed under Sir John Moore, for Sweden. With it he returned, and proceeded to Portugal in the same capacity. And here, on his first approaching the coast of the Peninsula, he received the unwelcome news of the death of his friend, Captain Bradford. Of this he spoke as a soldier should do: "I am," he writes, "much less affected by his loss than if it had taken place under other circumstances. If it be God's pleasure that I fall in the course of my present service, I could certainly wish to meet my fate at the close of some great day, which should stamp lasting glory on the British arms. But I have gayer hopes, and look forward to a happy reunion with the dear friends I have left behind." He did indeed once again meet those friends,—but it was only to return to a service where he met that fate which he had thus marked out for himself! During the campaign he neglected no means to acquire both the Portuguese and Spanish languages, in which he finally succeeded; but he mentioned, as a proof, (among others) of the bigotry of the Spaniards, and their aversion to the heretics, who were fighting their battles, that when in Salamanca, an university where there must have been many poor scholars, he could not procure one to give him lessons on any terms. At the battle of Lugo he had some very narrow escapes, and at Corunna had his horse shot under him. Upon his return to England with the troops, he made some efforts to purchase a majority, but was diverted from this by the prospect of procuring a nomination among the officers who were to be sent out with General Beresford to discipline the Portuguese troops. This appointment, however, only followed him to the Peninsula, for which he embarked in the middle of April, 1809, still as captain on the staff in the quartermaster-general's department. His majority was dated April 20th; and it carried with it the further step of a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Portuguese service.

Having thus attained that first great step, to which every military man looks up, as materially altering his situation, he could now indulge the hope, that in the command of a corps he should soon secure to himself that distinction which is desired by all, and by none, perhaps, more than it was by him. Nor was it long before that hope was realized. At first, indeed, he had considerable diffi-

culties, and much that was unpleasant, to encounter. He was attached to the 14th Portuguese regiment as a supernumerary, and thus was little better than a cypher. They were left, after the French had retreated, at Chaves, in most miserable quarters. In this town, "not a fowl, or an ounce of flesh meat, except pork, not a grain of tea, coffee, or chocolate, was to be had at any rate; and even bacon, salt fish, and vegetables, were at such a price, that few officers could purchase them:" even fruit (this was on the 29th of May) could hardly be procured. He had no Englishman within fifty miles, except his servant and two or three sick soldiers; so that his intercourse was only with the officers of his regiment, who were naturally jealous of him. In this interval, it being thought of importance to ascertain the position and motions of the French, he offered himself to General Silveira, and was sent by him into Galicia on a mission to the Marquis de la Romana, who received him with great distinction, and proposed, through him, a plan of attack on the enemy, by the joint forces of the Spaniards and Portuguese. This, however, could not be carried into execution, as Silveira had the most positive orders not to pass the frontier. Having now been promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the regiment, and the colonel (who was old and inefficient) being called away on the 23d of July, so that he was left commanding officer; he set about the disciplining of the corps in good earnest. It was in a wretched state in every respect; the officers old and stiff, and stupid for the most part; and of the men from two hundred to four hundred on the sick list. The general hospital was in such a dreadful state, that the men concealed their complaints, that they might not be sent there. With great difficulty he established a regimental hospital; and, with the help of a very intelligent adjutant, who, he said, had more of the Englishman in him than any Portuguese he ever met with, he soon made considerable progress; so much so, that, when inspected by Major-General Hamilton on the 21st October, at Torres Novas, and by Marshal Beresford on the 23d of December, he received the most flattering marks of approbation; the marshal assuring him that the brigade (for the 13th regiment had also been put under his command) was in no respect inferior to any that he had seen, and directed him to issue a brigade order to that effect. He was further charged with making the promotion for both regiments, which sufficiently shewed the very great confidence reposed in him by the marshal: it extended to one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, eleven captains, and sixteen ensigns,—an

extent of patronage at which he himself seemed astonished, particularly as he had before been allowed to name one major, four captains, four lieutenants, and one ensign, in his own regiment. Indeed, his merit cannot be sufficiently estimated without adding the circumstance that he alone, of all the commanders of Portuguese corps, had not, up to that time, had the assistance of any one (even non-commissioned) British officer. In the 13th regiment there was only one captain, by whom indeed he was perfectly well seconded. In fact, he had very early, or rather from the very beginning, discovered the good qualities of the Portuguese, and declared his persuasion that they would make, as they have turned out to be, excellent soldiers. He had by this time gained the confidence and affection of both officers and men, and went on improving them, until, in the judgment of the general officers who reviewed them, they were become equal in appearance to most British regiments.

Towards the end of April, 1811, he was recommended by Marshal Beresford to be Portuguese Military Secretary to Lord Wellington, and arrived at head quarters the day before the battle of Fuente d'Onore. Here he found himself, suddenly, in the charge made by General Stewart with the 14th dragoons; and afterwards perceiving the 7th Portuguese regiment, which had been ordered to cover General Houston's retreat, without a field officer, he dismounted, and took the command of the left wing; and, having taken post in a rocky ground, maintained himself as long as was necessary, losing eight or ten out of eighty men, and having his arm grazed by a musket ball. Some time after this, being rather disappointed as to the nature of the situation in which he was placed, he solicited, and, after some delay obtained, leave to return to his regiment, which he did towards the end of June. He found it a prey to internal animosities and dissensions, owing to his successors having been transported into some acts of violence by the ill conduct of certain of the Portuguese officers, which had set them and the British at variance. By Colonel Le Mesurier, however, harmony and order were quickly restored, and all parties reconciled. He had felt some apprehension lest his quitting Lord Wellington should have operated unfavourably for him in respect to his promotion in our service; but he was relieved from it by his commission of British lieutenant-colonel coming out on the 3d of October. This was followed by his being selected, in the middle of March following, to command the fortress of Almeida, at a time when Marmont's move-

ments in the north excited considerable alarm for the safety of that place. On this occasion he received the most flattering compliments from Lord Wellington, as well as from Sir Thomas Graham and Sir Rowland Hill; and his Lordship further promised to recommend for an ensigncy a younger brother of his, who had lately come out as clerk in the commissariat, having been prevailed upon by him to relinquish that employment and embrace the more active duties of a military life. No time was lost, immediately on his arrival, in repairing the fortifications, and disciplining the garrison, which consisted of new-raised militia. But, so completely had the place been dismantled, and so insufficient was this handful of raw troops for any serious defence, that, upon Marmont's appearing before it, every one gave it up as lost. He, however, shewed such a countenance, having prevailed upon his men to accompany him in two sallies, and skirmish with some of the more advanced troops, that the enemy gave him credit for being stronger than he was, and desisted from any attempt upon the place. The manner in which he proceeded from that time in repairing the fortifications, disciplining the garrison, and discharging all his other duties, drew repeated commendations from Lord Wellington and Sir William Beresford. He was equally beloved by the inhabitants of Almeida and by the troops. But all this did not satisfy him: he was impatient under this state of comparative inaction, and anxiously longed to share "the dangers, the toils, and the honors of his companions" in the field. In an evil hour, as his friends must consider it, his repeated solicitations to return to regimental duty prevailed; and he was appointed on the 18th of May to the command of the 12th Portuguese regiment, which he joined soon after: and which he found even superior to his own beloved 14th. By them indeed he was still beloved, for it happened, that in their line of march, the two corps met; and as he passed the column on horseback, the cheering was universal, and seemed, as he said, "really enthusiastic." He wrote of it with great feeling. Indeed he had laboured hard to resume his situation in that corps, of which he always spoke with great affection. Some time after he joined the main army in the Pyrenees, where he was destined to meet that death which he appeared so bent to encounter. Only a few days before the battle, he obtained that step in the Portuguese service, which he had for some time expected, being made full colonel; but, whether of the 12th or the 14th, he had not ascertained. He observed, that "between the two his expectations were balanced; and not only his expecta-

tions, but his hopes ; for, indeed, the 12th had taught him that there might be even better soldiers than his favourite Algarvians.— In the world," he added, "there are not such soldiers as the Portuguese: an opinion which is every day gaining proselytes." This letter, however, dated on the 25th of July, bore evident marks of a depression of spirits. He had lately been treated somewhat harshly in a discussion, in which he had laboured to obtain justice for his men, who had not been duly served with their rations ; and he had just received the account of a failure in his endeavours to obtain some advantage for that brother whom he had induced to enter the army, and who had lost his right arm by a cannon shot at the battle of Salamanca. He showed himself greatly hurt at this, and concluded with saying, "Some persons suppose, from the cessation of firing, St. Sebastian has surrendered. If the siege continue, I shall endeavour to obtain leave to visit the trenches. I never was in a finer humour to volunteer for a storming party, as, if I succeeded, I should perhaps be able to carry my brother's point ; and really, to carry it, I would give not only the chance of life, but perhaps life itself."

These and many other circumstances have made his death peculiarly affecting to his near connexions and friends. They would almost justify the idea that he had thrown away his life : but the fact does not warrant any such surmise. His corps had scarcely entered into action, on the 28th of July, 1813,* when a musket shot penetrated the back part of his head (or his temples, according to some accounts) and passed out at his eye, and he fell senseless ; nor did he ever afterwards utter a word, or shew that he was sensible, though he lived till the 31st. By some strange chance, he was stated in the Gazette only simply as wounded ; so that his friends were tantalized for more than three weeks before they obtained certain accounts of his fate.

When to the above particulars is added that he was little more than thirty years of age when he died, it will not be thought exaggeration to say, that Colonel Le Mesurier was an officer of uncommon promise, and superior military talents and acquirements. His zeal for the service was unbounded ; there was no fatigue, or privation, or danger, to which he did not cheerfully submit. His attention to his men was unceasing. A strict disciplinarian, he felt himself bound, even on that account, to study particularly the interests and

* The battle of the Pyrenees, near Pampeluna, in which Soult was defeated with great loss, in his successive attempts to raise the siege of St. Sebastian and the blockade of Pampeluna.— Ed.

the comforts of those, whom he commanded. They had, therefore, every indulgence which was compatible with discipline ; and this made them both orderly and contented. In him there was neither selfishness nor concealment. There was never a being more honourable, or high-spirited and generous ; more kind-hearted or liberal. Warm as he was in his temper, he harboured no resentment, even against those, who, he thought, had dealt most hardly with him. To his merits Marshal Beresford bore testimony in his general orders of August 11th : “ The death of Colonel Havilland Le Mesurier,” he said, “ will be felt by the service, as well as by all, who enjoyed his acquaintance.” Indeed, that such a man should be deeply regretted by his friends, cannot be wondered at. But the same Almighty power, which deprived them of him, will vouchsafe them humble and dutiful submission to his decrees. His will be done !

Colonel Le Mesurier, in the year 1809, published a translation of La Trille’s Art of War, with notes ; which has great merit. He was also employed by Marshal Beresford to draw up regulations and instructions for the Portuguese army, which only waited for the Marshal’s final sanction to be put to the press.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1836.

MEMOIR

OF

THE LATE

COLONEL WILLIAM LE MESURIER TUPPER,

OF THE BRITISH AUXILIARY LEGION, IN SPAIN.

WHEN the editor made allusion last year, in a note at page 49 of this volume, to Captain Tupper, he little thought that his cousin would have been so soon consigned to the grave. But, alas! the fate, which has attended so many of his name and lineage, was then awaiting him, and truly have "the news of his death pealed like a knell upon the ears" of his family and friends! Unhappily, these "Records" would now be incomplete without some memorial of this daring soldier,—a memorial which the editor conceives himself bound by every tie to undertake, although the subject awakens so many painful recollections, that he would fain transfer the melancholy task to other and more able hands. He will, however, confine himself chiefly to simple details, and refer the reader to the subjoined extracts from the newspapers of the day, as he feels that no eulogium on the deceased can be so impartial as that pronounced by his companions in arms, particularly as the authors are quite unknown to the family.

Colonel Tupper, the fourth and youngest surviving son of the late Daniel Tupper, Esq.,* of Guernsey, was born on the 1st of May, 1804, at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, where his parents resided for a short time. He entered the army, by purchase, as a second lieutenant, in the 23d, or Royal Welsh Fusileers, on the 4th September, 1823, and on the 1st of August, 1826, he was fortunate enough to obtain an unattached company, also by purchase, being re-appointed in the next Gazette to the 23d, by paying the difference. Thus in less than three years he attained the command of a company in one of the most distinguished regiments in the service. Captain Tupper spent the nine succeeding years with his regiment

* See note, page 48.

at Gibraltar, accompanying it in the expedition to Portugal in 1827, under Lieutenant-General Sir William Clinton. During this long period, however, he returned home occasionally on leave, and, receiving an invitation from Lord John Churchill, commanding the *Hind* corvette, he visited the eastern coast of Spain and other ports in the Mediterranean, in company with that young nobleman.

At Gibraltar, Captain Tupper will long be remembered for his youthful and reckless feats of daring, and for his personal encounters with the Spanish troops, in two or three of which he narrowly escaped with life. On another occasion, a Columbian privateer was driven from her anchors in the bay during a violent gale in the night, and stranded on or near the neutral ground. Spain being at that period at war with her South American colonies, some troops came down the following morning, and commenced firing at the privateer so as to compel her to surrender. This being observed from the garrison, three officers of the 23d, including Captain Tupper, pushed off in a boat—reached the privateer—and succeeded in bringing away twelve or fourteen of the crew under a heavy fire of musketry. A few years subsequently, a violent fever raged at Gibraltar, and the 23d was attacked among other regiments. The editor has since been told by a civilian, that Captain Tupper attended his own sick men, and fearlessly exposed himself to the contagion.

Early in 1835, Captain Tupper returned with the 23d to England, and, as he soon after exchanged on half-pay and joined the British Auxiliary Legion, then raised for the service of Spain, it will be necessary, in tracing the causes which led to its enrolment, to give a brief outline of the origin of the civil war which is now desolating that beautiful country. In doing so, it will be no difficult task to disprove the claims of Don Carlos to the throne.

In 1830, Christina, the fourth wife of Ferdinand the Seventh, gave birth to a daughter, the present queen, Isabella the Second, and, in his natural anxiety to be succeeded by his own issue, he repealed the Salic law, which had excluded females from the succession to the crown of Spain since the year 1714. His next brother, Don Carlos, disputed the legality of the change, but undoubtedly Ferdinand possessed the same right to rescind, as Philip the Fifth to enact, this law, especially as it was extorted by intimidation, and was generally odious at the time to the people, who fondly remembered the glories of the reign of Isabella—the union of the kingdoms of Castille and Aragon, the conquest of Grenada, and the

discovery of America. Ferdinand died on the 29th of September, 1833, having in June of that year assembled the Cortes to confirm the abolition of the Salic law, and to acknowledge Isabella as his successor. All parties rejoiced at his death, and the queen immediately assumed the office of regent. Don Carlos was at this period an exile in Portugal, then governed by Miguel, but he quickly passed into Spain, well knowing that he might rely on the support of the clergy, whose future sway depended on his success; and the standard of insurrection was in many places raised in his favor. The whole kingdom was now split into three parties—the Christino, or queen's, the Carlist, and the Republican. The first, comprising the inhabitants of the towns, sea coasts, and almost the whole country south of the Ebro, sought for a constitution and more liberal principles; the second wished for the continuance of absolute government, and were opposed to every innovation; and the third, disgusted by a long course of despotism and misrule, aimed at the subversion of royalty. At this crisis, unfortunately, the ministry in Madrid evinced neither talent nor decision, and the Carlists soon gained strength. Don Carlos, however, was pursued into Portugal, and nearly made prisoner at Miranda. Finding that he could not reach his faithful adherents in Biscay and Navarre, or remain in safety where he was, as Miguel now succumbed to Pedro, he expressed a wish, early in 1834, of quitting the Peninsula, and proceeding to England; and, having descended the Tagus, he embarked on board the *Donegal*, a British line of battle ship, provided for his reception, and was landed at Portsmouth on the 18th June. From England he escaped about a fortnight after surreptitiously, and, travelling through France in disguise, he accomplished the purpose he had all along had in view, that of joining his followers in the northern provinces of Spain. Encouraged by the inaction of the Christino generals, the insurgents grew bolder, and, descending from their almost inaccessible mountains, assumed the offensive. The queen's troops were utterly incapable of suppressing the insurrection, which had now existed eighteen months, and an appeal for assistance was made to the English government. The ministers were anxious that Isabella should prevail, but they refused to involve England as a principal in the contest, and the difficulty was overcome by the issue of an Order in Council on the 10th June, 1835, which authorized and excited British subjects to engage in the military and naval service of the young queen of Spain.

Having obtained this indirect intervention, the Spanish ambassador, General Alava, immediately empowered Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, M. P. for Westminster, to raise ten thousand men, to be divided into ten regiments of infantry, one of rifles, two of cavalry, and a small corps of artillery, and commanded by that officer with the rank of lieutenant-general, their pay and allowances being fixed as in the British army. Many officers of all ranks accepted of promotion in the Legion, and several regiments were soon completed without difficulty. Disappointed in his wish of purchasing an unattached majority, as there was no early prospect of his obtaining that step in the 23d, and tired of the inactivity of a garrison life, Captain Tupper was induced, in an unhappy moment, to accept of a lieutenant-colonelcy and the command of the 6th, or Scotch Grenadiers, in the hope of seeing service and of acquiring distinction at the head of a regiment. Disinterested to a fault, and possessed of an independent private fortune, he could be influenced by none of the mercenary motives so cruelly ascribed by the Tory prints to the officers of the Legion generally. His commission was dated on the 4th July, and he ranked as the second lieutenant-colonel in the Legion.

The 6th regiment having been quickly raised in the vicinity of Glasgow, Lieutenant-Colonel Tupper proceeded from thence in August, with the first division of nearly four hundred men, in the Cumberland, steamer, to Santander, touching at Falmouth for coal and provisions. From Santander he was almost immediately detached with the 6th to Portugalete, a small town situated at the mouth of the river leading to Bilbao, and which was then threatened by the Carlists. Here he animated his young troops by his individual example, exposing himself on every occasion with the utmost fearlessness. Bilbao itself being at this time closely invested by the insurgents, Lieutenant-General Evans was urgently requested by the governor of that important town to effect its relief, and he accordingly proceeded thither with the greater part of the Legion, including the 6th regiment. A few days after their arrival, a division of Spanish troops, having marched out to join General Cordova, was unexpectedly attacked by a Carlist corps, double their numbers, under Don Carlos, and in passing a bridge, of the nature of an intricate defile, was thrown into disorder, and compelled to return to Bilbao in the greatest confusion. The Carlists pursued closely, and menaced an attempt on the town, when two battalions, the 3d and 6th of the Legion, advanced in column, drove the enemy back across the bridge, and thus successfully terminated the affair.

After covering the construction of some new works around Bilboa, and leaving it perfectly defensible, the auxiliaries commenced their march from that town on the 30th of October, for the purpose also of joining the Spanish army of the Ebro, under General Cordova. The Carlists in considerable force endeavoured to oppose this junction, but it was effected at Briviesca on the 8th of November, after several circuitous and rapid marches, during which the stragglers, when taken, were put to death without distinction; Don Carlos having issued a decree that no quarter should be shewn to the Legion. This decree was the more cruel and inexcusable, because Don Carlos equally availed himself of the services of French Carlists and other foreigners, and he should also have remembered that, when his liberty was endangered, he had so recently found an asylum on board a British ship of war, now the usual refuge of deposed or unfortunate princes.

Great progress had been made at Bilboa in the organization and discipline of the Legion, but it was not until the first week of December, when it reached Vittoria, that General Evans reported it as fit to partake in general operations. When it is considered that three years are generally deemed requisite to perfect a British soldier in the duties of the field, that the major part of the officers had never served before, and that the men consisted chiefly of recruits, it will become a matter of surprise that the Legion was so soon in a state of efficiency. At Bilboa, it was also formed into brigades, of which the light was composed of the 3d, 6th, and rifle regiments, under Brigadier-General Reid, a captain of engineers, and brevet major in the British army.

The auxiliaries remained at Vittoria and its vicinity during the last rigorous winter, which was unparalleled in severity for many years, and, as is well known, their ranks were sadly thinned by an epidemic fever arising from numerous unforeseen privations, especially a want of proper shelter and clothing. Three officers of the 6th regiment died of this fever. In January, 1836, the Legion co-operated, as the right wing, with the Spanish army, in an attack on the Carlists in the neighbouring mountains; but General Cordova, with the centre and left, having sustained some check and retreated, the auxiliaries returned to Vittoria, after a trifling engagement and a bivouac of three frosty nights, mercilessly cold. During this time they were reinforced by a strong detachment of Spaniards, and Lieutenant-General Evans gave the whole Carlist force the option of attacking his division, but they could not be induced to come down from their mountains, which were only one mile distant.

In the ensuing spring, the town of St. Sebastian was rigorously blockaded by the insurgents, who had been for some months employed in fortifying the adjoining heights, and the British Legion was directed to proceed to its relief. The health of Brigadier-General Reid having suffered from fever, the temporary command of his brigade was conferred on Lieutenant-Colonel Tupper, with many flattering marks of approbation and the permanent rank of colonel. He was complimented in general orders for the high state of discipline into which he had brought his regiment, which, the editor has been informed, was by far the finest and most efficient in the Legion. In consequence, Colonel Tupper left Vittoria on the 12th April, with the Light Brigade and 1st Lancers, for Santander, General Evans and the other brigades following on the succeeding days. The troops, now inured to fatigue, marched daily from eight to nine leagues, and after a short sojourn at Santander, Colonel Tupper disembarked, with the 3d and 6th regiments, at St. Sebastian, on the 22d April, as did the lieutenant-general and his staff. The inhabitants of the town, long pent up within its walls, received the British auxiliaries with every demonstration of joy, and General Evans immediately determined on dislodging the Carlists, as quickly as possible, from their triple line of entrenchments, the formidable nature of which, as will be seen in the sequel, does not appear to have been sufficiently understood.

The town of St. Sebastian is built upon a peninsula formed by the river Urumea and the ocean, and terminates by a precipitous height of considerable elevation, on which is constructed the citadel; and the whole fortress struck the writer as bearing a strong miniature resemblance to Gibraltar. He resided a week in the place a few months after the memorable siege in 1813, when it was taken by the British and Portuguese, and it then presented a sad scene of havoc and desolation. Of about six hundred houses scarcely thirty remained standing; the rest had literally been battered down or razed to within three or four feet of the foundations, and the breaches had not yet been repaired. St. Sebastian has, however, since risen like a phoenix from her ashes, and is now one of the prettiest sea-port towns in Spain. But to resume the thread of this narrative. The road to Passages is carried over the Urumea by a bridge, which had been recently destroyed, and at the extremity there stands the large convent of San Francisco, and a considerable village, both of which were occupied by the insurgents. It was by a ford on the sea side of this bridge that the allies advanced

to the breaches in 1813, and it was by this same ford that it was proposed the Legion should cross, and, carrying the convent and village, recross the river higher up at Lopola, and thus take the enemy's defences in the rear, but the ford was found to be impracticable, and no materials existing for the construction of a bridge, the plan of operations was necessarily changed. In consequence, it was determined to attack the lines in three columns. The enemy's works, through the centre of which ran the high road to Ernani, extended on the right from an eminence up the Urumea, above the San Bartolomeo convent, to the chain of hills on the left, round which winds one of the roads to Tolosa. Nature and art had combined to render this position, which was moreover defended by five heavy pieces of artillery, which swept the ground in front in every direction, extremely formidable. And in the insurgent ranks were many French Carlist officers of every arm.

The Legion, with the exception of the 4th and 8th regiments, having reached St. Sebastian, it was decided that the assault should be made at daybreak on Thursday, the 5th of May, and the troops silently moved out of the town at two o'clock, a. m., while it was yet night. The left column, consisting of the light brigade and a Spanish detachment under Brigadier-General Reid, who had a few days previously been enabled to resume his command, was to march on the enemy's right; Shaw's brigade, the Irish, on their centre, and Chichester's brigade on their left, but in such a manner as to act as a reserve. The attacking force was composed of nearly six thousand men, of whom upwards of four thousand were British and the remainder Spaniards; and the insurgent lines were defended by about three thousand men, who, to do them justice, fought with devoted gallantry. And as the following description of the attack must necessarily be limited, in a great degree, to the part taken in it by the light brigade, and especially by the 6th regiment, it is also due to the two other assailing columns to mention here, that their conduct on this sanguinary day was equally distinguished.

Before three o'clock, a. m., the 3d regiment, or Westminster Grenadiers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill, and the 6th regiment, or Scotch Grenadiers, under Colonel Tupper, formed in close column within the convent of San Bartolomeo, about half a mile from St. Sebastian, on the road to Ernani, where they remained till dawn; the rifles under Major Fortescue, and the Oviedo regiment, in the mean time, moving by the base of the hill on which the enemy's right flank rested. At about half-past four the enemy's

picquets opened a brisk fire from their first line, which was sharply returned by the rifles, who, taking advantage of the obscurity which still prevailed, boldly dashed forward, and compelled the enemy to retire on his second line. The rifles attempted to pursue this success, but, as a heavy fire was now poured upon them, they returned to the cover of a wall which the enemy had just deserted.

At about a quarter before five o'clock the 3d and 6th regiments, together with the Chapelgories, pushed forward towards the centre of the enemy's second line, the first having been gallantly taken in that part by the flank companies of the Irish brigade. As the two regiments advanced, a battery of two 32-pounders and a 6-pounder opened upon them with frightful effect, and at the same instant they were swept down by a deadly fire of musketry from the breast-works and from loop-holed houses of the second line, which took them both in front and on their left flank. The 6th regiment found shelter behind a large house and garden wall, while the 3d knelt down under a long low wall, and returned the enemy's fire from the opposite heights. The firing was kept up for about a quarter of an hour, when the Westminster Grenadiers descended a ravine with the view of carrying the heights, but a sudden dip, which had not been seen, arrested their progress, and the increased fire compelled them to return again quickly under shelter.

The Scotch grenadiers, meanwhile, moved along the high road, hoping to penetrate the centre of the enemy's line; they advanced about fifty yards "*au pas de charge*," but, on turning an angle, became exposed to a deadly fire of musketry. A wall had been built across the road, and two large houses, loop-holed, flanked this parapet on either side. The leading files fell in clusters, and the regiment, taken as it were by surprise, suddenly wavered. In vain did Colonel Tupper, Major Ross,* and the other officers, now urge the men to make one dash; they recoiled with horror from these defences of living fire, and soon perceiving that to stand where they were was certain destruction, they retreated simultaneously to the adjoining cover.

The light brigade, thus foiled and roughly handled, was thrown into confusion, and now it was that the officers were seen rallying their men, and reforming their regiments and companies. Now it

* Major Malcolm Ross was lieutenant in Captain Tupper's company, in the 23d; they were much attached, and the former joined the Legion at the same time. Major Ross was promoted to a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy after the action, and succeeded to the command of the 6th on the death of his friend.

was that General Evans and his adjutant-general, Colonel Le Marchant, were observed animating the brigade to another attempt, but, although nobly seconded by the officers, who throughout fearlessly exposed themselves, it was quickly seen that the enemy's right was far too formidable to be carried by the three battalions.

During this sanguinary conflict, the two other brigades attacked the height of Monte Yeldo on the enemy's extreme left, and which, being surmounted by a strong redoubt, was almost impregnable. Twice or thrice these brigades, supported by three Spanish regiments, attempted to storm this height, which formed the tactical key of the enemy's position, but they were repulsed with severe loss. It was ten o'clock, and every attack had failed. But at this moment the Phoenix and Salamander, British steamers of war, commenced throwing eighty-pound shells into the redoubt of Monte Yeldo, fifteen hundred yards distant. These steamers, bearing the 4th and 8th regiments from Santander, had most opportunely arrived during the battle, and the welcome reinforcement was immediately landed. Such was the precision of the firing that a breach was soon effected in the redoubt, and the 4th and 8th regiments were ordered to storm it. They advanced up the height and entered the breach at the point of the bayonet, when the Carlists, finding their left turned, soon after gave way in every direction. The leading company in this attack was commanded by the gallant Captain John Allez, of the 4th, a native of Guernsey, who fell covered with wounds almost in presence of his two brothers, likewise officers in the Legion.

While the last successful assault was in progress, Colonel Tupper, who was now senior officer in the light brigade, General Reid having been wounded, gallantly sprang forward, and called on his men to follow him. They rushed simultaneously towards the defences which had already caused so much loss, and Colonel Tupper was about twenty yards in advance of his regiment, cheering it on to the attack of a battery in front, when a musket ball pierced his *schako*, and, entering the temple, lodged in the brain. He dropped as if dead, but being quickly conveyed a short distance, under shelter, he asked for water and refused to be carried further to the rear. "It is nothing," he said, "I shall be able to go on again in a few minutes." But he had unconsciously fallen to rise no more, and thus the "presentiment," which he had for some time entertained, that he should fall in the first serious affair, was but too fatally realized—thus the wish, which he had often expressed of dying in battle, was but too sadly accomplished.

The loss of the auxiliaries on this day was five captains, five lieutenants, five sergeants, and one hundred and sixteen rank and file—total, one hundred and thirty-one killed: sixty-five officers, thirty-three sergeants, and five hundred and ninety-four rank and file wounded, many mortally, or eight hundred and twenty-one killed and wounded. The Spanish regiments had sixteen killed and one hundred and ten wounded. The casualties among the officers of the 6th were as follows: killed, Captain M'Neil and Lieutenant Balfour;—wounded, Colonel Tupper, dangerously; Captain Richardson, severely; Captain Wood, slightly; Lieutenant Carnaby, severely; Lieutenant M'Donald, ditto; Lieutenant M'Kellar, ditto; Lieutenant Storey, ditto. The loss of the Carlists was stated in the official report at two hundred and sixty in killed and wounded, including their chief, General Segastibelza, who was shot dead by a bullet, which entered his forehead and pierced his brain. The enemy, who had shewn no quarter during the battle, killing even the wounded lying on the ground, deserved and received none at its close.

Lieutenant-General Evans has been much blamed, not only for commencing the assault without the co-operation of the two steamers and two regiments, but also for not turning the enemy's entrenchments in place of attacking them in front. We are not sufficiently acquainted with his motives, or the attendant difficulties, to be enabled to give a correct opinion on the subject, but although it is, doubtless, more easy to censure than to direct a military operation, yet it does appear to us that the attack should have been delayed at least one day, and that neither the formidable nature of the enemy's defences, nor the obstinate courage which the Spaniards have always shewn behind walls, was sufficiently appreciated by the commander in chief, who, however, conducted himself during the battle with great personal gallantry.

Just as the last attack was made, the sun burst through the clouds, and the whole population of St. Sebastian, congregated on the castle hill, distinctly beheld every movement. When they saw the effect of the firing from the steamers, the precision with which the shells were thrown, observed the last successful charges, and heard the wild hurrah sounding above the din of battle, a shout of enthusiastic joy and admiration burst from the assembled multitude. And it is due to the inhabitants to add, that they received and treated the wounded with every attention and kindness, some going out with bread and wine, while others posted them-

selves at the gates, and insisted on the officers being carried to their houses.*

Colonel Tupper was conveyed into St. Sebastian, where it was discovered that he had received two contusions, one in the shoulder, the other in the side, and his *schako* was perforated near the top by a bullet. He, however, survived eight days, and breathed his last on the afternoon of the 13th, at two o'clock, only three hours before the intelligence of his being mortally wounded reached his family in Guernsey. He was sensible to within a few hours of his decease, although he suffered occasionally intense pain, especially at first from the contusion in the side, and spoke of his approaching dissolution with the utmost composure and fortitude. The day before he died he called his friend, Brigadier-General Le Marchant, to his bedside, and said: "John, it is all up with me; I have made my will—read it. I am sure that you will approve of the disposal of my property." † The same night the inflammation in the temple increased so much that the wound was laid open, and a piece of lead larger than a pea extracted from near the brain. After death the brain itself was opened, and the bullet was found driven half an inch into it. The skull was much fractured, and the surprise was that he should have survived so long. He was a very handsome young man, in height about six feet, muscular and well proportioned, and at the time of his death had just completed his thirty-second year, although in appearance he was considerably younger. Indeed, in comeliness of person and intrepidity of character he was fully entitled to the appellation of "*le beau sabreur*." When it was known in Guernsey that the auxiliaries had carried the Carlist lines in front of St. Sebastian, after a severe loss, the general impression was that Colonel Tupper had fallen, so responsive was the prediction mentioned in the *Times*,—a prediction emanating from his well known daring and devotion; and when it was so unhappily verified, but one feeling of sympathy and regret was expressed in the island for the gallant victim. The same feeling was also evinced by his brother officers of the 23d, who put on mourning in a body on receipt of the melancholy intelligence.

In conclusion, the editor would fain offer comfort to the nearer

* These details have been collected from various sources in the newspapers of the day, and from personal inquiries.—ED.

† They were intimately acquainted, and there was a connexion between the two families, the former's brother having married the latter's sister, daughter of Major-General Le Marchant, who was slain at Salamanca.—See page 1.

relatives of the deceased, and especially to a widowed and broken-hearted mother, but he feels acutely that these are griefs which time alone can soothe, which can only be assuaged by the consoling remembrance of his gallantry.

GUERNSEY, June, 1836.

EXTRACTS.

(From the *Globe* of July 15, 1835.)

“SPANISH AUXILIARY FORCE.—Major Beatson has arrived in Edinburgh, for the purpose of raising a regiment for the service of the queen of Spain, to be called the 6th, or Scotch regiment, and to be composed entirely of Scotchmen. From the number of enterprising young men in Scotland, we have no doubt this opportunity of seeing service will be eagerly embraced. The lieutenant-colonel of the regiment is to be Lieutenant-Colonel Tupper, at present on full pay of the 23d fusileers, a distinguished officer, well known in the army. Major Beatson is of a Fifeshire family, son of the late Robert Beatson, Esq., of Kilric and Rossend Castle. Graham Hunter, Esq., son of General Hunter, of Broughty Ferry, is one of the captains of this Scotch regiment.”

(From the *Courier* of May 9, 1836.)

“ST. SEBASTIAN, April 29.—Lieutenant-Colonel Tupper, of the 6th regiment, from the high state of discipline of his corps, has been promoted to the rank of colonel; he commands, *ad interim*, the light brigade, two thousand strong, composed of the finest and most efficient men in the legion. Much is expected from the *en avant*, dashing character of this officer. Before the expiration of a week a blow will be struck. Notwithstanding the strength of the enemy’s lines, and the difficult nature of the country, I have no fears as to the result.”

(From the *Morning Chronicle* of May 21.)

ST. SEBASTIAN, May 14.—“I am grieved to have to inform you that Colonel Tupper, the brave commander of the Scotch regiment, died yesterday morning in consequence of a wound in the head. He is deeply and universally regretted. He was a gallant soldier, a kind friend, an engaging companion, and a zealous performer of duty, both in his public and private capacity. He will be buried to-day with military honours.”

(From the *Times* of May 23.)

“ST. SEBASTIAN, May 15.—On Friday Colonel Tupper, who received a musket shot in the head, whilst most gallantly encouraging his regiment, the 6th (Scotch), to the attack in the action of the 5th instant, breathed his last. From the nature of the wound, the ball having entered the forehead and come out behind the ear, little, if any, hopes were entertained of his recovery. On his skull being opened after death, a large fragment of the bullet was found imbedded in the brain. Yesterday he was buried with all due military honors, his own regiment preceding the coffin, whilst detachments from all the others followed it. In the procession were

COLONEL WILLIAM LE MESURIER TUPPER. 231

General Evans and his staff, and nearly all the officers of the legion, and the civil, military, and naval authorities of the town, and the captains of the British and Spanish war-steamers that were in the port, the French consul, &c. Colonel Tupper was a man of the most daring courage, and an excellent officer. Though his loss is deeply regretted, yet his death may be said to have been expected, as almost every one who saw him, and amongst those the Spanish officers at Vittoria, prophesied that he would fall in the first affair in which he should be engaged."

(From the Courier of May 23.)

The following letter from our military correspondent at St. Sebastian, has to-day reached us:—

"HEAD QUARTERS, ST. SEBASTIAN, May 15, 1836.—The remains of the lamented Colonel Tupper, who expired on the previous day, from the severe wounds he received in the action of the 5th instant, were yesterday consigned to the grave. He was buried on the spot where he received his wound, in front of the formidable redoubt which his gallantry so mainly contributed in carrying.

"The news of his death pealed like a knell upon the ears of the legion; but one feeling appeared to pervade both Spanish and English—a feeling of deep regret, and an amiable desire to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains.

"At twelve o'clock precisely the procession moved off in the following order:—

A firing party of the 6th regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ross.

A Spanish Band.

The Horse of the deceased.

Pall Bearers.		Pall Bearers.
Colonel Colquhoun.	THE BODY.	Colonel Godfrey.
Lieut.-Colonel Churchill.		Colonel M. Ross.
Mourners.		Mourners.
Inspectors-General of	Chief Mourner.	Deputy Inspectors-Gen.
Hospitals.	Adjutant-General	of Hospitals.
Dr. Culloden.	Brigadier-Gen. Le Marchant.	R. Alcock, K.T.S.
Dr. Dicker.		Dr. Wilkinson.

The remainder of the 6th regiment.

A detachment of artillery.

Officers, Spanish and English, in funeral order.

The Lieutenant-General,

Accompanied by the Spanish Governor, Members of the Ayuntamiento, Col. Wylde, (his Britannic Majesty's Commissioner,) the French Consul, Captain Henderson, and the Officers of his Majesty's ship Phenix.

"Nothing could exceed the staid and respectful demeanour of the population of St. Sebastian on this mournful occasion. The streets through which the procession moved—the road even as far as the spot where he fell, was lined with people, who were anxious to pay the last compliment to the remains of the gallant soldier, who had, in the very noon-tide of manhood, fallen in their defence. When the procession did reach the fatal spot, where fell one of the brightest ornaments of the legion, it would

require the pen of a Scott to describe the scene that presented itself. At our feet was the broad expanse of the Atlantic, and the fair white city shining brightly in the morning sun. Above us the dark gloomy Cordillera of the Pyrenees—before us the ruined redoubt, and the grave yawning for its prey, around which stood a group of officers, of every arm, and a confused mass of natives, in every picturesque variety of costume.

“The beautiful Church Service of the dead was impressively read by Brigadier-General Reid, and as the coffin was slowly lowered into the grave, the varying countenances of all present but too deeply portrayed the feelings of grief and regret by which they were agitated.

“Frank, open, and generous, the soul of honour, brave to a fault, the *beau ideal* of a gallant and chivalric soldier, Colonel Tupper had gained the esteem and respect of all who knew him. Irreproachable in his life, glorious in the manner of his death, to him may fairly be applied the beautiful epitaph of Tacitus on Agricola:—

“Tu vero felix Agricola, non tantum claritate vitæ, sed etiam opportunitate mortis.”

(From the “General Order” relative to the battle of the 5th May.)

“HEAD QUARTERS, ST. SEBASTIAN, May 17, 1836.—At length the admirably directed fire of his Britannic Majesty’s ships under Commodore Lord John Hay, and especially that of the Phoenix, Captain Henderson, destroyed a part of the enemy’s defences. The 4th and 8th regiments of the legion, under Lieutenant-Colonels Harley and Godfrey, just disembarked from his Majesty’s ships, now mounted to the assault through the breach thus made, and with the most cool and splendid intrepidity, without firing a shot, rendered themselves masters of this long contested point.

“At the same moment the Saragossa and Oviedo regiments, the distinguished volunteers of Guipuzoca, the mobilised company of National Guards, the 3d, 6th, and rifles of the legion, penetrated the centre, carrying in rapid succession several fortified houses, and capturing the enemy’s cannon in that part of the line. At this point the rebel standard, erected in the centre of their works, indicating their intention of giving no quarter, became the prize of the Westminster Grenadiers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill. Here also fell, mortally wounded, the rebel chief Segastibelza. On the other hand, it was in this last charge that Colonel Tupper received his wounds. He was leading on his men with that daring ardour, which those who knew him can conceive. He met the fate of a brave soldier, and his honoured remains now rest beneath the spot ennobled by his fall.”

(From the *Courier* of June 1.)

“ST. SEBASTIAN, May 26, 1836.—The brave Colonel Tupper, who belonged to General Reid’s brigade, had a presentiment of the fate that awaited him, and often mentioned to the general that he should be shot before Christmas. General Reid assured him that he should not, *for he would not allow him to push on*, as he seemed resolved to do. The day before the battle, Tupper said to some of his friends, he felt convinced that he should be killed; yet such was his gallantry, that he entreated General Reid to allow him to pass the river *first*, and the general, instead of restraining him, obtained permission for him from the commander-in-chief that the 6th should pass *first*. Before he received the fatal wound in the head, he had also got a severe one in the arm, which he studiously concealed.”

(From the *Guernsey and Jersey Magazine*, for June, 1836.)

ON COLONEL TUPPER,

Who was mortally wounded in the engagement at St. Sebastian, May 5, 1836.

HARK! the voice of Freedom resounds once more,
 Appalling the tyrant of every shore;
 But gladdening the hearts of the brave and free,
 And rousing sweet Liberty's chivalry.
 From the land of romance and of lady-love,
 From the land of the olive and citron grove,
 Where the dark flashing eye of proud beauty darts
 Irresistible love into noble hearts;—
 From the land of the South and the glowing vine,
 Loud rushes armed Liberty's voice divine!
 Through sunny Hispania the summons flies
 Till it spreads to the shores of her firm allies,
 And Britannia's sons to their banners fly,
 For freedom to conquer, for freedom to die!
 And the call was soon heard through the isles of the sea
 That proudly own Albion's sovereignty;
 But in none did it wake such sympathy
 As in Sarnia, the sweet little gem of the sea,
 The loveliest jewel that ever was set
 In imperial crown or coronet:
 The Norman line, the true Norman blood
 With Norman valour and hardihood,
 Existed still in that blissful spot,
 In the lordly mansion and lowly cot.
 But *one* there was of that lovely isle
 Who had ever bask'd in Fortune's smile;—
 Not a braver heart, not a nobler soul,
 Could be found in the realms between either pole;
 Not a knight in bold William the Conqueror's train,
 When he vanquished the beautiful Queen of the main;
 Not Rollo the brave, with his warrior host,
 Of a braver heart than his could boast.
 And he, when Hispania's watch-word came,
 Rushed forth to the war on the wings of fame:
 Not for lucre did he his sweet home resign,
 But to offer his sword at Liberty's shrine;—
 And though when he sped from his island strand
 He presaged his death in the stranger's land—
 Yet his dauntless bosom derided fear
 As the bark bore him on to his bright career.
 And of Scotia's sons an invincible band
 Await the brave Sarnian chief's command;—
 And soon the shrill clarion resounds to the fight,
 And high beats the warrior's breast with delight;

On, foremost, he rushes to beard the foe,
Lays many a serf of the tyrant low ;—
Though a voice had whispered his death should be
The costly price of the victory,
Yet too heedless of danger, too reckless of life,
He still dashes on through the heat of the strife !

With vengeful fury the foemen see
The hero's career of victory,
And maddened they aim the covert blow
That is destined to lay the brave conqueror low ;
Yet he heeds not his wounds, though deadly they be,
For he hears the loud cry of glad victory !

The tyrant was vanquished—but, alas ! he had dealt
A blow by each heart of the legion felt,—
O'er the bright sun of triumph a cloud was cast—
The Sarnian hero was breathing his last !
But in victory's arms he still lingered awhile
To wander in thought to his own native isle :
From his bosom escaped a parting sigh,
A tear-drop gushed from his closing eye
As he thought of the home of his childhood's hours,
Of its magic vales and its peaceful bowers,
Of the isle-gemm'd sea that engirt his home,
And the musical play of the pearly foam,—
Of the loving and loved that would mourn his fate,
Yet would proudly his deeds to their sons relate.
But, alas ! the vision recedes from his eye,
With the beautiful earth and the glorious sky—
Death darkens the scene—and the warrior's soul
Is calmly winged to its heavenly goal !

But though he fell on a distant shore,
There are bosoms there who his loss deplore :
Soft pity bursts forth from the hearts and eyes
Of the warrior chiefs as the warrior dies :
And a noble train of the free and brave
Attended the chief to his foreign grave,
With glory's proud honours and laurels crowned,
To the muffled drums, and the trumpets' sound,
With solemn march and funereal gloom,
He was borne in sad pomp to his warrior-tomb ;
And hearts that in battle faced death without fear,
Shed over the tomb of brave TUPPER a tear.

J. D. PIERCEY.

CORRIGENDA ET ADDENDA.

- Page 186. Note.—For "Sir Walter Stewart" read "Sir William Stewart."
Page 193. Line 19.—For "while the latter" read "while the other."
Page 211. Line 20.—For "Winchester" read "Westminster."
Page 217. Line 12.—As a note to the word "Salamanca," read "Another brother,
"Frederick Le Mesurier, flag Lieutenant to Sir Thomas Trowbridge, perished with that
"Admiral on board the *Blenheim*, 74, on her return from the East Indies in 1807, aged
"only 21 years."

MEMOIR OF THE LATE LIEUT. CARRÉ TUPPER, R.N.*

(From the *Guernsey and Jersey Magazine*, for April, 1837.)

Of the services of this gallant officer as a midshipman, during the first American war, we have no record; but on the 28th of February, 1782, a few days after he had completed his seventeenth year, he was appointed by Sir Peter Parker, the commander-in-chief at Jamaica, a lieutenant on board his flag ship, the *Sandwich*.

The peace of ten years, which soon followed, proved a bar to his further advancement, although during this period he was constantly employed in different ships; and in 1791, being then a lieutenant of the *Culloden*, he saved, in a most intrepid manner, the life of a seaman who had fallen from the fore yard into the sea, the ship being at the time under sail on her way out with the squadron from Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes.

In the beginning of September, 1793, while serving in the *Windsor Castle*, 98 guns, Vice Admiral Cosby, off Toulon, he volunteered to take the command of Fort Pomet, near that city, the garrison of which consisted of one hundred and fifty seamen and soldiers. This fort was commanded by an adjacent eminence, on which the enemy erected two batteries, one of two 12-pounders, the other of three 8-pounders, with a 12-inch mortar, and from which they kept a heavy fire on Fort Pomet during the day, as well as endeavouring to surprise it during the night. But by his activity and resolution, not pulling off his clothes for many weeks, Lieutenant Tupper frustrated every attack, and the garrison having, with very great labour and fatigue, strengthened the fort, by placing on the walls large casks and nearly fifteen hundred sacks filled with earth, the defence was protracted until the 9th of December following, when it was found necessary to blow it up. For his services on this occasion, Lieutenant Tupper received the repeated approbation and thanks of Lord Mulgrave, and Generals O'Hara and Dundas, successively commandants of Toulon; and, on his quitting Fort Pomet, Lord Hood immediately appointed him a lieutenant in his own flag ship, the *Victory*.

On the morning of the evacuation of Toulon, Lieutenant Tupper again volunteered to accompany Sir Sidney Smith in the perilous undertaking of setting fire to the arsenal and French ships of war in the harbour. Lieutenant Tupper having been charged with the destruction of the general magazine, the hemp, pitch, and other store houses, was employed the whole day, with his boat's crew of only seven men, in placing the combustibles, expecting that the gates of the yard would be forced open every moment by the enemy, and that they would be all put to death. On the preconcerted signal being made in the evening, Lieutenant Tupper set fire to the different combustibles, (no officer being in the dock yard that night but himself,) but owing to the wind being nearly calm, the destruction, although great, was not so complete as the awful blaze at first gave reason to suppose. Having performed his dangerous task, Lieutenant Tupper proceeded in his boat, to assist Sir Sidney Smith and Lieutenant R. W. Miller † in setting fire to four sail of the line, which had escaped the flames of the *Vulcan*, fire ship.

* This Memoir is composed from a rough draft of one recently discovered among some old family papers, and which appears to have been written immediately after the death of Lieutenant Tupper, upwards of forty years ago.

† Captain R. W. Miller, commanding the *Theseus*, 74, was killed in 1799, by the accidental explosion of some shells on board his ship, employed under Sir Sidney Smith, in the defence of Acre. He commanded the *Captain*, 74, at the battle of St. Vincent, and the *Theseus* at the battle of the Nile.

From Toulon the British fleet proceeded to the reduction of the island of Corsica, and in February, 1794, while near the town and formidable batteries of San Fiorenza, Lord Hood detached the boats under Captain Cooke* to endeavour to prevent the destruction by the French of two of their frigates, at anchor under the batteries. One of the frigates was burnt, but the other, although scuttied, was saved; and as the boats quickly pushed on towards the town, which the enemy were evacuating, Lieutenant Tupper, being the second person who landed, immediately ran to the citadel, and hauled down the French colours, which he afterwards delivered to Lord Hood.

On the 10th or 11th of April, Lord Hood entrusted Lieutenant Tupper with his summons of surrender to the commandant of Bastia, and, singularly enough, he, who carried the summons, was the only British naval officer who was slain before the place.

On the 24th April, 1794, Lieutenant Tupper having volunteered to obtain information, if possible, relative to the state of the French garrison of Bastia, he proceeded after dark on this perilous service, and his boat having unfortunately grounded at ten o'clock p.m., under the walls, he was endeavouring to get her off when she was discovered by a sentinel on shore, who fired at her, and the bullet unhappily striking Lieutenant Tupper in the heart, he instantly expired.

Thus fell, in the pride of manhood, a most zealous and intrepid officer, and his fate was the more lamented because Lord Hood had promised him the first commander's vacancy for his services at Toulon, which vacancy occurred only two days after his death, and was consequently conferred on the late Vice Admiral Sir John Gore. And we have heard, but cannot vouch for the fact, that the Admiralty had promoted him for those services, and sent out his commander's commission, before the intelligence of his death was received in England. Had his life been spared a few years longer, he would probably have found an opportunity of distinguishing himself in a higher rank in the many glorious engagements which soon after ensued, as did his more fortunate brother lieutenants at Toulon, Edward Cooke, R. W. Miller, and John Gore.

In person, Lieutenant Tupper was tall and uncommonly handsome, being upwards of six feet in height, well proportioned, and of a mild and most pleasing countenance. He was the only son of Major General Tupper,† of the Guernsey family of that name, and his death hastened that of his father, who languished a few months, and died in London, in January, 1795.

Lieutenant Carré Tupper was the first victim of that fatality in this family, to which we alluded in a Memoir of Colonel Tupper, in our February number for 1836, and we are now enabled to subjoin a list of the other members who, like himself, have since been prematurely cut off:—

1.—Lieutenant Carré Tupper, slain in 1794, as above.

* Captain Edward Cooke, while commanding the Sybille frigate, was mortally wounded in 1799, in the capture of the Forte, a French frigate of much superior force, in the Bay of Bengal. The present Commander N. Mauger, of Guernsey, was third lieutenant of the Sybille on this occasion, and first took possession of the prize.

† This officer served as a captain of marines, at the celebrated defeat of the French fleet, in Quiberon Bay, by Sir Edward Hawke, in 1759; as a major and commandant of a battalion at Bunker's Hill, in 1775, (where the marines greatly distinguished themselves, and in consequence won the laurel which now encircles their device); and as a colonel in Rodney's victory, of 12th April, 1782, having been sent out to command the marines in the fleet, in the event of their being landed on any of the enemy's West India Islands. At his decease he was commandant-in-chief of the marines, which corps he entered by purchase in 1747, and was made a Captain in 1756. A monument is erected to his memory, and that of his only son, in the church at Chatham.

- 2.—William De Vic Tupper, esq., his first cousin, mortally wounded in 1798, in a duel in Guernsey, with an officer in the army, and died the day following.
- 3.—John E. Tupper, esq., aged twenty, perished at sea, in 1812, in the Mediterranean, the vessel in which he was a passenger from Catalonia to Gibraltar, having never been heard of since.
- 4.—Charles J. Tupper, aged sixteen, a midshipman of H.M.S. Primrose, drowned in 1815, at Spithead, by the upsetting of the boat in which he was accompanying his captain to the ship.
- 5.—Lieutenant E. William Tupper, of H.M.S. Sybille, aged twenty-eight, mortally wounded in her boats, June 18, 1826, in action with a strong band of Greek pirates, near the island of Candia.
- 6.—Colonel William De Vic Tupper, Chilian Service, aged twenty-nine, slain in action near Talca, in Chile, April 17, 1830.—The four last, sons of John E. Tupper, esq., and Elizabeth Brock, his wife, and nephews of William De Vic Tupper, esq., already named, and also of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K. B., of Lieutenant-Colonel John Brock, and of Lieutenant Ferdinand Brock, who all fell by the bullet.
- 7.—Colonel William Le Mesurier Tupper, of the British Auxiliary Legion in Spain, and a captain in the 23d, or Royal Welsh Fusileers, mortally wounded near St. Sebastian, May 5, 1836, aged thirty-two.—Colonel Tupper was nephew of W. De Vic Tupper, esq., and first cousin of the four brothers last named.