

had captured from a convoy of barges a short time before. After this exploit, Mulcaster kept close on the heels of the flotilla, with occasional exchanges of cannon shot. Finding the flotilla had halted at Cook's point, Morrison and his men landed to await developments, while the gunboats dropped down near enough to open fire, which the Americans returned, without damage to either. The British troops encamped under the pine-trees for the night.

The morning of the 11th November dawned bleak and cloudy, with an east wind that told of coming storm. The night having passed without sign of the enemy, Wilkinson declared he was confident the British dare not attack him, and ordered that the boats be got ready to sail and that the troops on shore begin their march to Cornwall. The movement on both land and water was in progress when Mulcaster renewed his fire from the gunboats and at the same time the Americans beheld a long red column issue from the woods and form in line of battle on a cleared field on the farm of John Crysler. Seen at a distance of nigh a couple of miles, the force looked imposing, and Wilkinson concluded it was necessary to disperse it. The order to the flotilla to sail and to the troops to march to Cornwall was countermanded and preparations made to give battle. There was confusion and unpreparedness that caused delay, and it was not until after dinner the advance was sounded, when General Swartwout's brigade moved on the line of skirmishers thrown out by Morrison, who from bush and ravine were keeping up a lively fire. The skirmishers were militia and Indians who, seeing they were outnumbered, fled for shelter, and the sight of them running evoked prolonged cheering from the American spectators on the boats and the river bank, who took their flight as a prelude to that of the column that stood beyond them. That column was composed of well-tried soldiers. The battalion of the 49th was of Brock's own regiment, and had been with him when he fell at Queenston Heights, their commander was now Lieut.-Col. Harvey, the hero of Stoney Creek. Colonel Morrison and his battalion had arrived in Canada a short time before from service on the Continent. He was of a type of which the British service has never lacked representatives—a devout Christian. Duty called on him to make a stand despite his inadequate force, and he did so in simple faith that the justice of the cause he was called upon to maintain, would secure