The Battlefield Memorial on its original site prior to relocation necessitated by the recent Hydro and Seaway projects on the St. Lawrence.
The Day of Crysler's Farm

by RONALD L. WAY

The battle of Crysler's Farm occurred on Thursday the eleventh of November, 1813. It was a contest of some eight hundred British and Canadians against more than four times their number of Americans. The scene was set on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, twenty miles to the west of Cornwall and seven miles east of present-day Morrisburg. It was fought upon the open fields of a farm owned by one John Crysler. This was the first occasion in the War of 1812, when British drill, discipline and the thin red line were fairly tested against an enemy whose talent and preference was for “bush fighting”. Crysler’s Farm was one of the decisive battles of that war, but to understand its significance, we must examine both geography and history.

From its discovery by Jacques Cartier in 1535, the River St. Lawrence has been a predominant factor in the development of eastern North America. In the beginning, this part of the continent was characterized by virgin forests of great density so that the explorer, the trader, the settler and the soldier found practical transportation only along the waterways. With England’s first colonies confined to the narrow Atlantic coastal plain by the ramparts of the Appalachians, the more fortunate French found in the St. Lawrence the open sesame to the heart of the continent. La Salle gave it its first commerce, the fur trade, and in the eighteenth-century death struggle of Britain and France for dominion in America, the St. Lawrence brought Wolfe’s army to the walls of Quebec in 1759. It provided Amherst with the means for delivering the coup de grace in the following year.

From Gaspé to Montmorency, the St. Lawrence was a tidal river, a broad arm of the sea. No natural obstruction to navigation existed below the island of Montreal, but from Lake St. Louis to Lake St. Francis and between the present sites of Cornwall and Prescott were two nearly-continuous series of rapids and whirlpools. Westward from Prescott to Lake Ontario were fifty miles of navigable river, threading the latter half of its way amongst the Thousand Islands. The lower or Lachine Rapids and the upper rapids known as the Long Sault, although hazardous to navigation, were with toil and danger surmountable. To overcome these rapids the French devised small flat-bottomed craft, known as bateaux, capable of being sailed, rowed, poled or towed.

At the time of the conquest, French settlement had extended but little to the west of Montreal and was restricted to 60,000 Canadiens living in a narrow fringe along the river’s banks. The upper St. Lawrence, to the foot of Lake Ontario, knew only the fur trader and the Indian. There were no settlers in its valley.

On the nineteenth of April, 1775, the day of Concord and Lexington, began the War of the American Revolution. It was in essence a civil war—a struggle of neighbour against neighbour, even brother against brother. It endured from 1775 to 1783, or eight long
years. Generally speaking, although generalities are dangerous, those who fought to sever the connection with the British crown were the dissatisfied radical elements within the thirteen colonies. Those who fought against the rebellion were the conservatives, including the civil servants, great land owners like the Johnsons, merchants who profited by economic ties with the Motherland and many thousands of ordinary folk who, for a variety of reasons, shunned treason.

The forces were in almost equal balance, which is why the war dragged on so long. In the end, the scales were tipped in favour of the rebels by the active intervention of the French, anxious to be avenged upon Britain for the loss of Canada on the Plains of Abraham. The peace treaty which concluded the war established the Canadian-American boundary, which was almost as it is today.

As a result of the war, many thousands of displaced persons fled north from the horrors of Republicanism, which, to its opponents, was as unpalatable a dish as Communism is today. They were those who had opposed the rebellion, and they had lost lands, homes, savings—almost the shirts off their backs. At first they were accommodated in refugee camps, such as the one at Sorel and some ten thousand men, women and children were collected. Then in the spring of 1784, the settlement of displaced Americans, as far as the locale of our story is concerned, was begun along the uninhabited northern shores of the upper St. Lawrence, westward to the Bay of Quinte.

The settlers soon acquired a new name for themselves. The rebels had called them “Tories”; Haldimand, the Governor, had dubbed them “Royalists”, but a grateful monarch conferred upon them the title of “United Empire Loyalists”. Able-bodied loyal Americans had fought throughout the long war in what was known as the Provincial Corps, the units of which served mainly as auxiliaries to the regulars of the British Army. With the peace came the disbandment of these Loyalist regiments. Located in blocks along the river front of what was soon to become the Lunenburg or Eastern District of Upper Canada were the officers and men of the first battalion of the King’s Royal Regiment of New York, together with the personnel of the Loyal Rangers (Jessup’s Corps) and of the 84th Regiment or Royal Highland Emigrants. Their racial background was predominantly English, Scottish and Palatine German and with their families they numbered nearly 4,000 souls. In the light of what was to follow it is well to remember that these were men who had proven their willingness to bear arms in defence of a principle.
These first settlers of the upper St. Lawrence valley were a strong, hardy people, already conditioned in the old colonies to the hardships of North American life. Though their difficulties were many, their industry was even greater and by the early years of the nineteenth century the valley wore an air of primitive prosperity, agriculture was the leading industry, potash made from the burning of the cleared forest the chief export and the River the all-important means of communication.

For approximately one hundred miles downstream from where the St. Lawrence issues from Lake Ontario, the river was the international boundary and the infant Loyalist settlements along its northern banks soon had their counterparts upon the southern shore, with the beginnings of American settlement in northern New York State. In the quarter century that followed the Revolutionary War, the Canadian communities of Kingston, Gananoque, Elizabethtown, Prescott and Cornwall acquired their equivalents in Sackett’s Harbour, Oswego, Hamilton, Ogdensburg and French Mills. Since such roads as existed were makeshift and impassable for much of the year, Americans shared with Canadians their dependence on the river. Although old Loyalist wounds still ached, it was inevitable that mutual problems and a common environment should lead to neighbourliness and the intercourse of trade.

The cold war which followed the American Revolution was scarcely felt in the valley of the upper St. Lawrence where Jefferson’s suicidal Trade Embargo of 1807 was observed mainly in the breach. Not for such a law would the Americans ruin their lucrative business in potash and the trade with Canadian towns continue unabated. Indeed, one Jacob Brown of Brownsville, New York, who was later to achieve prominence as an American War of 1812 general, plied his illicit trade so diligently he became known as “Potash Brown”—a fact his enemies were to remember gleefully. Complaining about the impossibility of his task, a U. S. collector of customs, Hart Massey, wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury on March 14, 1809, “They (the smugglers) appear determined to evade the laws at the risk of their lives. More particularly in Oswegatchie [Ogdensburg] I am informed they have entered into a combination, not to entertain, nor even suffer any other force to be stationed in that vicinity, and their threats are handed out, that, if I, or any other officer should come there again, they will take a rawhide to them, . . . My life and the life (sic) of my deputies are threatened daily; what will be the fate of us, God only knows.”

Despite the rapport in the St. Lawrence Valley, everyone saw that Britain and the United States were drifting towards war. Many zealous citizens of the Republic deemed that their “Manifest Destiny” was that the whole continent from ocean to ocean, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the pole should be under the Stars and Stripes—a dream that was a nightmare to their displaced brothers, the Canadian Loyalists.

When, on June 16, 1812, President Madison of the United States delivered his declaration of war against Britain it was less for the reasons then alleged, than in the hope of adding Canada to the territories of the Republic. The British had the war with Napoleon on their hands; the chances of victory seemed to be with the European dictator of that day and the political party then in control of the United States Government hoped to share in the glory and the spoils. In the United States at the time there were about 7,250,000 persons while the population of Upper Canada was around 80,000 and of Lower Canada just slightly more than 200,000. Only 4,450 British regular troops were in the Canadas and of these but 1,450 were available in the Upper Province to defend over 1,200 miles of frontier from Michilimackinac to Montreal. Everything seemed in favour of the invaders whose confident expectation was, as Jefferson put it, “That the acquisition of Canada . . . will be a mere matter of marching.” So badly did the American war-party misjudge the temper of Canadians that Dr. Eustis, the Secretary of War, said on the floor of Congress in the summer of 1812, “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.”

Although the War of 1812 was a sprawling and sporadic conflict with a theatre that...
stretched from Lake Champlain in the east to Michilimackinac in the west, the bulk of the fighting took place on the frontier of what was then Upper Canada and is now Ontario. The topography of that frontier created unusual problems for the antagonists. From the British standpoint, the successful defence of Canada was of necessity predicated upon the maintenance of uninterrupted communication from the seat of war to the Mother Country from whence must arrive all reinforcements and military stores. The heart of the British problem has been graphically described by a participant in the struggle:

"Canada, so far from being able to supply an army and navy with the provisions required, was (as a great many of her effective population were employed in the transport of military and naval stores) not fit to supply her own wants, and it was essential to secure supplies from wherever they could be got soonest and cheapest. Troops acting on the Niagara frontier 1,000 miles from the ocean were fed with flour the produce of England, and pork and beef from Cork, which with the waste inseparable from a state of war, the expense and accidents to which a long voyage expose them, and the enormous cost of internal conveyance, at least doubled the quantity required, and rendered the price of them at least ten times their original cost. Not only provisions, but every kind of Military and Naval Stores, every bolt of canvas, every rope yarn, as well as the heavier articles of guns, shot, cables, anchors, and all the numerous et ceteras for furnishing a large squadron, arming forts, supplying arms for the militia and the line, had to be brought from Montreal to Kingston, a distance of nearly 200 miles, by land in winter, and in summer by flat-bottomed boats, which had to tow up the rapids, and sail up the still parts of the river, (in many places not a mile in breadth, between the British and American shores) exposed to the shot of the enemy without any protection; for with the small body of troops we had in the country, it was utterly impossible that we could detach a force sufficient to protect the numerous brigades of boats that were daily proceeding up the river;
and we must have been utterly undone, had not the ignorance and inertness of the enemy saved us. Had they stationed four field guns, covered by a corps of riflemen, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, they could have cut off our supplies without risking one man. As it was we had only to station a small party at every fifty miles, to be ready to act in case of alarm; but fortunately for us, they rarely or never troubled us. If they had done so with any kind of spirit, we must have abandoned Upper Canada, Kingston and the fleet on Ontario included, and leaving it to its fate, confined ourselves to the defence of such part of the Lower Province as came within the range of our own empire, the sea.”

Precarious as it was, the St. Lawrence was the Canadian life-line.

The American aggressors also had their transportation problems. For many months of the year their roads were as useless as those of Upper Canada and the main supply line of their armed forces was the water route from New York to Lake Ontario by way of the Hudson, the Mohawk, Lake Oneida and the Syracuse River to Oswego. While the shorter American supply route had many imperfec-

tions and shipment costs were high, it did not share the vulnerability to enemy interference of the British communication via the St. Lawrence. Westward, the Americans like the British were dependent upon hazardous naval convoys for the transportation of men and supplies.

Both sides had been equally unprepared for naval operations on the Great Lakes. Since the rapids of the St. Lawrence precluded the ascent to Lake Ontario of even the smallest vessels of the Royal Navy, both British and Americans were forced into on-the-spot naval construction. The Royal Navy Dockyard at Kingston had its counterpart in the American naval base at Sackett's Harbour. When the conflict began, the ships were mostly cutters, sloops and schooners, hastily converted from the peaceful pursuits of commerce to the purposes of war. With command of the lake the prize, a frenzied ship-builders’ contest evolved, so that by the end of hostilities, Lake Ontario floated warships as powerful as any on salt water. So close was the race, that neither Sir James Yeo, the British commodore, or Isaac Chauncey, the American naval commander, dared risk a major engagement. Sir James once explained to Mulcaster, one of his captains, “If we were on the high seas, I would risk an action at all hazards; because, if I were beaten, I could only lose the squadron; but

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1 Dunlop, Dr. William, Recollections of the American War, 1812-14, first published in the Literary Garland and reprinted by the Historical Publishing Company in Toronto, 1880, pp. 33-34. Dr. Dunlop, who served in Canada during the War as surgeon of the 89th Foot, settled permanently in Canada in 1825, where he became a member of the Legislature and achieved fame as "Tiger" Dunlop.
to lose it on this lake, would involve the loss of the country. The salvation of the western army depends on our keeping open their communications."

In the first year of the war American strategy was almost incomprehensibly inept. Over-aged American officers who had served during the Revolution were available for command, and single-minded patriots saw them as supermen, who had shared in the glory of the nation's genesis. General Henry Dearborn, Commander of the north-eastern army, had been a junior officer in the War of Independence and was sixty-one years old; General William Hull, a mere fifty-nine years of age, was also a Revolutionary veteran and commanded the north-western army. Literally taken out of moth balls, neither general had seen any active military service since the old war. The principal British officers, on the other hand, were professional soldiers in the prime of life. General Sir George Prevost, Governor-in-Chief and Commander of the Forces in all British North America, was forty-five years of age. Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, the experienced Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Upper Canada, was in his forty-second year and most of his subordinates were even younger. Because Britain could spare few troops from Europe, the Republic had the initiative and the first year of the war saw a series of American attacks foiled by a skilful British defense. General Hull's invasion of Upper Canada from Fort Detroit culminated in the surrender of his army and the loss of his fort; the Americans failed also in their invasion of the Niagara frontier, although for Canadians the price was the loss of their beloved Brock at Queenston Heights. Upon the lakes, neither side could secure a lasting advantage.

So far, the war had scarcely touched the valley of the St. Lawrence, strategically because the American command had mounted its offensives in the west and locally because the people, Americans and Canadians alike, heartily disapproved of it. There was, of course, some war fever. The old Loyalists reaffirmed old loyalties and with their sons responded to militia musters. In Glengarry, the hot-blooded Highlanders were roused to fill the ranks of the new Glengarry Light Infantry Fencibles, recruited by Captain "Red George" Macdonnell with the zealous assistance of his relative, the Bishop, who sent the fiery cross throughout the land. While the militia drilled and practised with their muskets, the people of Prescott could not be really angry at their good friends in Ogdensburg. Not only was there business as usual but visiting, gossiping and the exchange of news. Strangely enough, the greatest fear of the inhabitants of Ogdensburg seemed to be that some indiscretion on the part of American troops would bring British retaliation upon their heads. Colonel Pearson, the British commandant of Fort Wellington, far from discouraging this amicable state of affairs, actually encouraged fraternization and, with his officers, was a frequent guest at entertainments on the American side. From the standpoint of British strategy, keeping the war away from the vulnerable St. Lawrence line was good business.

The apprehensions of Ogdensburg that American regular troops might stir up trouble were soon verified. Captain Ben Forsythe, a reckless and fearless South Carolinian, descended upon the helpless villages of Gananoque and Elizabethtown in the dark and literally robbed the hen-roosts. When Colonel Pearson sent Major Macdonnell to Ogdensburg on February 20, 1813 under a flag of truce to remonstrate with Forsythe against such depredations, that unconstrite officer's reply was to challenge the British to a battle on the ice. Just two days later, "Red George" temporarily succeeded to the command at Prescott and, smarting under the American raider's jibes, lost no time in leading a force of some 580 regulars and militia to Ogdensburg. After a sharp skirmish, they drove Forsythe's riflemen out of the town, burnt the barracks, two ice-locked armed schooners, together with a brace of gunboats and captured eleven pieces of ordnance and a quantity of stores. With Forsythe's disconcerted and influential residents of Ogdensburg hastened to restore their public relations with the enemy and as early as March 6th they were over to dine again with Major Macdonnell.

Curiously enough, they held no rancour against the British for the attack on their town, but blamed the "nightly thefts" of

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Footnotes:

2 The Glengarry Light Infantry Fencibles were not militia but a regular unit of the British Army.
3 John Ross to David Parish, March 6, 1813, Parish Papers at Lawrence University.
"Forsythe and Co."11 Overt treason or not, the sympathies of many prominent citizens of St. Lawrence County were with the British and Canadians, for to them it was simply "Mr. Madison's War" and they wanted no part of it.

In the broad picture of the war, failure of attempts to subdue Canada in 1812 led to the replacement of the Secretary of War, Dr. Eustis, by John Armstrong, a man of much energy but little decision. Armstrong's plan for the American campaign of 1813 was sound, for he had the wit to see that the Achilles heel of the British defense was the St. Lawrence supply route. He proposed to assemble a formidable force at Sackett's Harbour, from where would be launched the "grand invasion". The first objective would be Kingston and, with that stronghold reduced, there would follow a swift descent down the St. Lawrence to Montreal—in other words, a repeat of Amherst's successful strategy of the Seven Years' War.

During the early months of the year, when the snows of winter rendered the primitive roads usable, some 5,000 troops were concentrated at Sackett's Harbour. Early in March, Major General Dearborn, Commander-in-Chief of the north-eastern Army, arrived to take personal command. Charged with the responsibility for executing Armstrong's grand strategy, he was a feeble instrument for the task. The old General, timid and in poor health, had hardly arrived at Sackett's, when he began to have apprehensions about the contemplated attack on Kingston and in a letter to Armstrong he grossly exaggerated the garrison of that place.12 Instead, he proposed to attack York13 and in this he was strongly seconded by Commodore Chauncey. When Armstrong reluctantly agreed to the lesser operation, there ensued in April, 1813, a successful American raid on York, when the feeble military defenses and the Parliament Buildings were destroyed. Already diverted from the main objective, Dearborn and Chauncey then proceeded to the capture of Fort George at the mouth of the Niagara. This was followed by humiliating American defeats by the outnumbered British at Stoney Creek and Beaver Dams. Meanwhile, the absence of Chauncey's fleet had encouraged the abortive British attack on Sackett's Har-

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11 Ibid.
12 Dearborn to Armstrong, March 19, 1813, quoted in Hough,
13 dusk p. 474.
14 Now Toronto.
laurel? . . . If our cards be well played we may renew the scenes of Saratoga." "

In view of what Wilkinson had become since the Saratoga days, this appeal to patriotism was ludicrous. As Governor of the Louisiana Territory from 1805 to 1807, he had sold out his country to the King of Spain for a pension of $2,000 a year and when treason came to light, had saved his own neck by the betrayal of his confederates. He was, in the words of his biographer, "As utterly destitute of all real honour, as venal, as dishonest, as faithless as any man that ever lived." Lacking the respect of his fellow officers, vain, jealous, pompous and suspicious, he was the prey of poor health, induced, it was said, by over-indulgence in spirits and possibly opium. Wilkinson left his life of ease and dissipation in New Orleans reluctantly, but no doubt the southern senators, who had already protested that so long as he remained in his southern command that city was not safe, were happy to see him depart for northern climes. Stopping briefly in Washington to confer with Armstrong who reiterated his strategy for the grand invasion, the "Tarnished Warrior" arrived at Sackett's Harbour on August 20, 1813.

Coupled with Wilkinson's appointment as Commander-in-Chief, yet another veteran of the Revolution, General Wade Hampton was ordered from Norfolk, Virginia, to the northern frontier, nominally under Wilkinson's command but temperamentally disinclined to take orders from anybody. Rated as one of the wealthiest men in the United States, Hampton was a stiff-necked Southern aristocrat who had nothing but cordial intent.
for his superior, Wilkinson. In anger, he wrote to the Secretary of War insisting that his was a separate command and threatening his resignation if compelled to act under Wilkinson. The Commander-in-Chief, quite as jealous of his prerogatives, wrote to Armstrong saying “I trust you will not interfere with my arrangements, or give orders within the district of my command, but to myself, because it would impair my authority and distract the public service. Two heads on the same shoulders make a monster.” Unfortunatly, in the words of a noted American historian of the war, the monster had “three heads, biting and barking at each other.”

Secretary Armstrong’s cherished plan for the “Grand Invasion”, for the execution of which Wilkinson and Hampton had become the chosen instruments, now took the form of a pincer movement against Montreal. Wilkinson with a force of approximately 9,000 men was to launch a major offensive from Sackett’s Harbour, its initial objective the reduction of Kingston, to be at once followed by a swift descent of the St. Lawrence to Montreal. In the move down river Wilkinson was to effect a junction with Hampton, who was to advance his division of 7,000 men from Plattsburg to the St. Lawrence. In Armstrong’s opinion, the combined forces would be more than sufficient to capture Montreal and end the War.

When, on September 5th, the Secretary of War himself arrived at Sackett’s to give personal direction to the offensive, Commodore Chauncey, who had so easily persuaded Dearborn that Kingston was too strong to be attacked, lost no time in advocating to both Armstrong and Wilkinson that the British stronghold could be safely by-passed. The American high command debated the pros and cons of ignoring Kingston, while the concentration of troops went on, in Armstrong’s words, “at a snail-like pace.” Finally, by the middle of October, there was assembled at Sackett’s Harbour a truly formidable force for the times. Wilkinson had no less than fourteen regiments of infantry, Forsythe’s riflemen, three regiments of artillery and two regiments of dragoons—a total of some 8,000 men. For transportation down river there

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* Sergeant of the Battalion Company, 89th Regiment of Foot, Service Dress, 1813.

* Officer of the Battalion Company, 49th Regiment of Foot, Service Dress, 1813.
ness of the season meant that it could not be long-delayed.

Meanwhile, what of the British? Both Sir George Prevost, the supreme commander, and his subordinate, Major-General De Rottenburg,18 charged with the defence of the Upper Province, had their sources of information. Colonel Pearson, at Prescott, from his contacts with the over-friendly people of Ogdensburg, reported to Prevost on October 15th that “no one believes Kingston to be the point of attack, but all agree that Prescott or Montreal, or both, are the desired objects.”19 On the other hand, De Rottenburg had intelligence from one Samuel Casey, a “respectable inhabitant of Kingston”, who had crossed secretly to the American side and, with the assistance of Quaker friends, had reconnoitered Sackett’s Harbour. Returning on October 17th, this trusted spy reported that “They [the Americans] gave out that they were going to Prescott but merely to draw reinforcements from this place. Kingston has always been their real object and no other.”20 De Rottenburg dutifully relayed this information to Prevost, along with his own curious opinion that the enemy, frustrated in his designs against

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18 On Brock’s death, Major-General Roger Sheaffe was given command in Upper Canada. He was replaced by De Rottenburg in June, 1813.
20 Information from Sackett’s Harbour received at Kingston, October 17, 1813, P.A.C. C 690, pp. 236-40.

Fort Henry, the Royal Navy Dockyard and Kingston in 1813. (From an old print.)
Kingston, and never having seriously intended anything against Lower Canada or even Prescott, would likely attack York. Despite all that his detractors were to one day say of him, Sir George was a level-headed soldier and had determined on a policy of wait and see. As early as October 12th he had cautioned De Rottenburg and Sir James Yeo to keep a close watch on Wilkinson's troop concentration and ordered that the instant there was evidence of Montreal being the objective, part of the Kingston garrison must be dispatched to Montreal. For commander of this corps, he suggested Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Morrison of the 2nd Battalion of the 89th Regiment whom he described as an "active and intelligent officer."

That the British commanders were perplexed as to American intentions was not surprising, for the enemy did not finally settle on a plan of action until October 17th. Then, at last, the decision was reached to by-pass Kingston and concentrate upon the descent of the river and the taking of Montreal. Orders were at once dispatched to Hampton to advance to the St. Lawrence by way of the Chateauguay River and that very evening the command was given for the immediate embarkation of all Wilkinson's troops. It was not an auspicious beginning: the night turned stormy and no less than fifteen boats were lost with valuable stores before they reached the rendezvous at Grenadier Island. For more than a week, gale-like winds and unseasonable blizzards pinned the freezing Americans down on their island and it was not until the first of November that they were able to complete their move down-river to French Creek. In a miscalculation, Chauncey then placed his protective squadron in the south channel, a move which allowed the alert Mulcaster to slip downstream, to bombard the new American position. Intermittently under attack by the British gunboats and held back by unfavourable weather, Wilkinson's army remained at French Creek until the morning of the fifth when they moved to Morristown.

The British high command had not been sure of the significance of the move to French Creek. It might very well be a feint which did not preclude a move across the river towards Kingston. Not until Mulcaster brought his flotilla back post haste on the fifth with the positive word that Wilkinson was moving downstream from French Creek were the enemy's intentions certain.

At Kingston the news was received with both relief and apprehension. Because the fall of Montreal must inevitably lead to the
loss of everything to the westward, including Kingston, it only substituted the indirect for the direct attack. In Wilkinson’s path were only man-made obstacles were the small fort at Prescott, where Colonel Pearson had a few hundred men, and the equally weak defenses at the Coteau du Lac. Beyond lay Montreal with no fortifications and a pathetic garrison of four hundred marines and two hundred sailors supported by the loyal, but generally untried, militia of Lower Canada. De Rottenburg now lost no time implementing Prevost’s explicit instructions of the twelfth of October and Saturday, November the sixth, was a day of feverish preparation.

The detachment from the Kingston garrison consisted of nine companies of the second Battalion of the 89th Regiment, totalling some 450 men, the remains of the eight companies of the 49th Regiment, reduced by casualties to approximately 160 men, and a small complement of Royal Artillery gunners and drivers with two 6 pdr. field-guns—the whole amounting to some 630 rank and file. At ten o’clock that same Saturday night they were hurriedly embarked on board the Lord Beresford and Sir Sydney Smith schooners, seven gunboats, and a number of bateaux. The naval escort was commanded by William Howe Mulcaster, an aggressive 32-year-old Royal Navy Captain, and was manned by sailors of the fleet. In over-all command of the expedition—officially described as a “corps of observation” with instructions to make contact with the enemy, impede and hinder their progress in every way possible—was Lt. Col. Joseph Wanton Morrison of the 89th Foot.

Lt. Col. Harvey of Stoney Creek fame was Morrison’s second-in-command; Lt. Col. Charles Plenderleath, Brock’s old friend, led the 49th. Both these officers were more experienced than Morrison who had never seen action in Canada and had never handled a battalion—let alone a corps—in battle. His choice as commander was due to nothing but Prevost’s personal judgment of his potential and ability. At the time, Morrison, who had joined the Army as an ensign in 1793, was just thirty years old. His only previous active service had been as a lieutenant in the campaign in Holland in 1799, where he had been severely wounded. Sir George Prevost was

*Officer of the Royal Artillery (Foot), full dress, 1813*

*Private of the Light Company, 49th Regiment of Foot, 1813.*
not, however, the first senior officer to note Colonel Morrison’s worth. As early as 1809, Sir John Doyle, in writing an inspection return on the 2/38th Regiment, had said “This battalion is commanded by Major Morrison, a most attentive, zealous, clear officer.”

Morrison was more than a competent soldier; he was a man of high integrity and strong religious principles, united with a constant concern for the welfare of the troops under his command. Of him, a junior officer was to write in after years, “There is not one amongst us who would not go with him to the world’s end.” Such was the man who, late at night, on November 7, 1813, embarked with his troops upon the dark St. Lawrence, to brave the blockade of Chauncey’s powerful fleet and the hazards of night-time navigation amidst the Thousand Islands. It was the beginning of an incredible pursuit for, at this point, the pursued outnumbered the pursuers fifteen to one.

The five days, November sixth to November the tenth, saw the American armada slowly descend the river, while the energetic British pursuers gradually closed the gap. Since the guns of Fort Wellington effectively commanded the 1,800-yard breadth of the St. Lawrence at Prescott, Wilkinson sagely determined that his craft should run the gauntlet of their fire under cover of darkness. Consequently, on the sixth, he moved from Morristown only as far as Hoag’s—three miles above Ogdensburg. Here, was landed his ammunition and all the men not required for the handling of the boats. That night the unloaded flotilla ran past Fort Wellington with negligible damage, to re-embark the detoured army the next morning at the “Red Mill”, four miles below Ogdensburg. While at Hoag’s Wilkinson had received the news from hard-riding Colonel King that General Hampton had been ignominiously checked at Chateauguay on October 25th by a tiny force of Canadians. Apparently unperturbed, because Hampton’s large army was barely scratched, Wilkinson sent back word by the same officer that Hampton was to meet him at a new junction-point, St. Regis near Cornwall.

So far, the ailing Wilkinson had not had a pleasant journey, but things were due to get

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Footnotes:


*Wilkinson’s flotilla amidst the Thousand Islands. (From Lossing’s Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812.)*
much worse. His cumbersome convoy had been plagued by inclement weather, a shortage of competent pilots and the fire of persistent British gunboats. Now, a more serious factor was to make itself evident. While still above Ogdensburg, Wilkinson had addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants of the Canadas stating, in essence, that he had invaded to conquer, not to destroy, “to subdue the forces of His Britannic Majesty not to war against his unoffending subjects.” He promised protection to the persons and property of those who would remain quietly at home, but treatment as avowed enemies to those found in arms. The proclamation closed with these grandiloquent words “To menace is unmanly—to seduce is dishonourable—yet it is just and humane to place these alternatives before you.” Wilkinson’s information was that the Canadian Militia were responding so badly that the call-out of a regiment produced but fifteen men, of whom fourteen had deserted during their first night of service. Now came disillusionment. With war at their doorstep, the roused Canadians, from Leeds to Glengarry, swarmed to the defence of their beloved Valley and the northern shore of the St. Lawrence buzzed like a hive of angry bees. Canadian militia-men turned every narrow stretch of the river into a shooting gallery and from behind trees and boulders maintained a galling fire upon the hapless Americans—a guerilla warfare in which the lack of formal military training was no handicap. Forcibly impressed with “the active universal hostility of the male inhabitants of the country”, Wilkinson retaliated. On Sunday the seventh he detached Colonels Alexander McComb and Winfield Scott with 1,200 elite troops, followed by the reckless Forsythe and his riflemen, to land on the Canadian shore and clear out the pestiferous militia from Iroquois Point, where the river narrowed to a dangerous 500 yards. Here, McComb and Scott forced the withdrawal of some 200 Dundas Militia led by Captain John Munroe and proceeded down the Canadian shore.

The main force of Americans arrived on November 8th at Sparrow Hawk Point, approximately opposite Iroquois Point and eighteen miles below Ogdensburg. Wilkinson called a council of his senior officers—Generals Lewis, Boyd, Brown, Porter, Covington and Swartwout—to determine future strategy in the light of newly-received advice as to the strength and activity of the enemy. The decision to press on towards Montreal was emphatically re-affirmed. At the same time, General Brown was ordered to cross the river with the second brigade, two companies of artillery and detachments of dragoons—some 2,500 men. Combining with McComb’s advance guard, Brown was to march overland to Cornwall, sweeping from his path the Canadian militia occupying the shore at the treacherous Long Sault Rapids, which the lightened American flotilla had still to shoot. That same day, Wilkinson was apprised of the rapid approach of his pursuers from Kingston; Morrison and Mulcaster had lost no time and on the evening of the eighth were already at Prescott. On the ninth, General Brown’s land force was on the march. At the same time, Brigadier-General Boyd was landed “with all the well men of the other brigades excepting a sufficient number to navigate the boats” to form a rear guard against the advancing Morrison. Should the British attack, Boyd’s orders were “to turn about and beat them.” The following day, the main American flotilla dropped downstream and encamped that night on the Canadian shore at Cook’s Point, to await General Brown’s word that he had cleared the way for a safe passage of the Long Sault.

Meanwhile, Colonel Morrison had left Prescott on the morning of the ninth, his corps of observation augmented by a detachment from Fort Wellington commanded by Lt. Col. Pearson and consisting of the two flank companies of the 49th Regiment, three companies of the Canadian Voltigeurs, a detachment of the Canadian Fencible Regiment, some militia artillery with a 6 pdr. gun and a half-dozen Provincial Dragoons. The two schooners, drawing too much water, were perforce left behind at Prescott and the troops they carried transferred to bateaux. With the 240 men he had picked up at Fort Wellington, Morrison’s little army now numbered 800 rank and file—one tenth of Wilkinson’s available force.

Pressing on, Morrison landed a short distance above Point Iroquois on the evening of the ninth. Here, he was close on the heels of...
the Americans and a reconnoitering party was sent out to check the enemy's strength and position. On the tenth, the chase was on again. There was a slight skirmish with some troops from Boyd's rearguard who retired after a few rounds from the British field-guns. Pausing only to despatch a gunboat to Waddington on the American shore to recover previously lost stores, Captain Mulcaster skillfully got within range of the American armed craft, chased six of them behind a point, and was only driven off when the Americans landed a battery of two eighteen pounders. The small British army, now ashore, pushed along the King's Highway to reach Munroe Bay, two miles above Cook's Point on the night of November 10th. Colonel Morrison set up headquarters at the home of John Crysler—a scant mile from General Wilkinson's command post at the tavern of Michael Cook.

It was the eve of the decisive battle of Crysler's Farm. Militia Captain John Crysler, who was to lend his name to that action, was a prosperous Loyalist land-owner, with valuable interests in the lumbering trade and a well-earned reputation for open-handed hospitality. In Crysler's well-appointed home, Colonel Morrison convened that night a conference of all his commissioned officers. Their decision was to stand and fight, providing the enemy could be inveigled into an attack on ground favourable to the British. Morrison, calm and judicious, had carefully assessed the possibilities of the terrain about Crysler's and wisely concluded that it was ideal for his purposes.

From the Crysler farmhouse a road led at right angles from the river to a swampy, impassable wood about a half mile distant. The forty-foot road allowance was lined by heavy five-foot log fences—excellent potential cover for Morrison's troops. Eastward from the farm buildings stretched for nearly a quarter of a mile a flat and level field, luxuriantly green with a crop of fall wheat and unbroken by tree, fence or ditch. Beyond lay even ploughed ground, intersected by two gullies and terminating in the steep banks of a sizable ravine. This ground was, in effect, a plateau parallel to the river's bank, here twenty-five feet high. It was bounded by the King's Highway, which ran along the high shore. In the centre of the swiftly-flowing river was a tree-covered island, the bay at its eastern end being beyond small-arms range from Cook's Point, where the Americans were encamped.

Morrison's tactical evaluation of the open fields of Crysler's Farm was based upon a
clear perception of the strengths and weaknesses of the opposing forces. His British soldiers were specifically trained for warfare upon the cultivated plains of Europe, but so far, during the War of 1812, the densely-wooded Canadas of that time had not afforded such a battlefield. The strength of the redcoat lay in his marionet-like drill and an iron discipline, acquired through years of rigid training. The heavy infantry of the line were literally what the name implied—the men intended to fight in line, standing, marching and manoeuvring shoulder to shoulder in two ranks, each soldier occupying a prescribed space of twenty-two inches. This close-order drill was based on the “touch” system, which precluded any swinging of the arms since every man had to maintain constant contact with those on either side of him. Unlike drill of today, which is taught mainly to instill habits of discipline, drill in 1812 was primarily designed to facilitate the precise manoeuvring of masses of men in the face of the enemy, often under heavy fire.

Movements back and forth from column to the classic thin red line or to the square for the repulse of cavalry, the complicated wheels involved in a change of front or echelon movements necessitated a cadence in marching far slower than that of today. The standard infantry weapon was the flintlock muzzle-loading musket which, in the hands of well-trained troops, had a rate of fire of approximately three rounds a minute and an effective range of 100 yards, providing the target was no smaller than a barn door. Equipped with neither fore-sight nor rear-sight, it was not intended to be aimed, but rather, presented in the general direction of the enemy. When discharged, the loose-fitting musket ball rattled along the smooth-bored barrel to be unpredictably deflected by whatever lip of the muzzle it last happened to touch. Due to the limitations of firepower, the British soldier’s primary weapon, upon which he was taught to depend, was the triangular socket bayonet, jammed firmly on the barrel at the commencement of an action. Prerequisite to the successful application of British drill and battle tactics was open ground.

In the American Army, on the other hand, even the professional soldier had little under-
standing or appreciation of the principles of European warfare. Those battles of the Revolutionary War for which the Americans could claim a victory had been almost invariably a form of bush-fighting in which their frontiersmen were truly formidable. Subsequent experience of United States’ forces in the Indian Wars had involved the same type of combat. In contrast with the British soldier who could seldom trace his acquaintance with fire-arms beyond the day of his enlistment, most Americans were, from childhood, proficient in the use of a rifle. No poaching laws prohibited them from furnishing their tables with the plentiful game of the surrounding forest. While the American soldier was by tradition and temperament less amenable to discipline than his British counterpart, his independent attitude had not been a serious handicap in forest fighting. Commenting on North American bush warfare, a contemporary wrote:

“Excepting only a mêlée of cavalry, a bush skirmish is the only aspect in which modern warfare [1812] appears in anything picturesque... There a man ceases to be merely a part of a machine, or a point in a long line. Both his personal safety and his efficiency depend on his own knowledge and tact. To stand upright and be shot at is no part of his duty; his great object is to annoy the enemy and keep himself safe.”

In fairness it should be pointed out that the Americans’ aptitude for bush fighting was shared by those other North Americans—the Canadians.

Morrison, in his calculated risk to hazard a battle upon favourable ground should the Americans attack, was banking on drill and discipline to offset heavy numerical odds. The hard core of the British force lay in the remains of the 49th Regiment under Colonel Plenderleith and Morrison’s own battalion, the 2/89th. The 49th Foot from Hertfordshire had been in Canada since 1803 when Brock, their former Colonel, had brought them out. Although reduced by casualties to less than one quarter their authorized strength, they were tough, battle-seasoned soldiers, veterans of such actions as Queenston Heights, Salmon
River, Frenchman’s Creek, York, Fort George, Stoney Creek, Beaver Dams, and Black Rock. The enemy, who knew them well, had dubbed them the “Green Tigers” from the facing colour of their “madder-red” coats and the fierceness of their fighting. In contrast, the second battle of the 89th Regiment were Irish troops recently arrived from Britain. Under Morrison’s command, they had earned favourable inspection reports, but had yet to be tested under fire. The Canadian Fencible Regiment, of which a small detachment had joined Morrison’s corps at Prescott, were not—as has often been erroneously stated—a militia unit, but a regiment of the British army. Raised in the Lower Province in 1803 for service in the Canadas, their personnel was mainly French-Canadian. At Prescott, Morrison had also acquired three companies of the Provincial Corps of Light Infantry (Canadian Voltigeurs), an Incorporated Militia battalion from Lower Canada. Officered by sons of French-Canadian’s proudest families, they had been specifically trained as skirmishing troops, and wore grey uniforms with black facings and accoutrements. With their light infantry muskets they were excellent shots. Morrison’s artillery consisted of three 6 pdr. field-guns, in charge of Captain Jackson of the Royal Artillery. Thirty Mohawk warriors, led by Lieutenant Anderson of the Indian Department, and six militia despatch riders from the Provincial Dragoons rounded out his little army.

Against Morrison’s eight hundred, General Boyd’s rear-guard alone could field four thousand troops. They consisted of Boyd’s own brigade, the first, which included the 12th and 13th Regiments; Brigadier-General Covington’s third brigade of the 9th, 16th and 25th Regiments and the fourth brigade under Brigadier-General Swartwout with the 11th, 14th and 21st Regiments. He had twice the number of field-guns available to the British and in his cavalry, a squadron of the 2nd Regiment of Dragoons, he possessed a weapon which Morrison could not match.

Throughout the night of November 10th to 11th, a cold rain, laced with sleet, fell incessantly. The troops, both British and American, with the exception of ranking officers, sought cover where they could, but most slept on the cold wet ground, their firelocks between their legs. Towards morning, the rain tapered off as the day dawned bleak and grey with a cold east wind and the threat of a further storm. About eight o’clock in the morning as Lt. John Sewell of the 49th was toasting a piece of pork on the point of his sword, the senior officer of his company, Captain Naime, called to him, “Jack, drop cooking, the enemy is advancing.”

Upon the alarm, the battalion companies of Sewell’s regiment were hastily formed in close column behind the fences of the road leading northwards from Crysler’s house to the woods, seven hundred yards away. Six companies of the 89th simultaneously formed a second column to the left of the 49th, the two formations equally spaced in the distance between the farm buildings and the woods. Totalling some 400 men they constituted Morrison’s main body and reserve. According to Lt. James Fitzgibbon, the 89th appeared in their scarlet uniforms but the knowledgeable 49th wore their grey great-coats.

Brigadier-General John F. Boyd, American Field Commander, Battle of Crysler’s Farm.
the men of the 49th and 89th waited in column to deploy into line or march against the as-yet-unconfirmed attack, sporadic musketry was heard from the east towards the American encampment at Cook’s Point. Lt. Col. Pearson, commanding the detachment from Fort Wellington, was considerably closer to the firing. Morrison having directed him to take up a strong advanced position upon the Montreal road more than half a mile forward of the main body. He had with him the Grenadier and Light Companies of the 49th Regiment, less than fifty men of the Canadian Fencibles and one of the three British field-guns. His front was somewhat protected by one of the smaller ravines; his right flank rested upon the steep river bank; his left was covered by three companies of the 2/89th under Captain Barnes, arranged in echelon from the right and supported by a second 6 pdr. Considerably in advance of Pearson and a good mile from the main British force were the three companies of the Canadian Voltigeurs. Extended as skirmishers in the vicinity of the large ravine from the river to the woods, they had skillfully utilized the cover of rocks, stumps and fences and in their drab uniforms were almost invisible. In the woods to their left were Lt. Anderson’s thirty Indians.

Major Heriot commanded the skirmishers and with his men were three troopers of the Provincial Dragoons. John Loucks was one of these militia cavalrymen and, as he watched, he had observed the approach of a party of Americans from the trees at Cook’s Point. When they were not quite within range, one of the British Indians had suddenly discharged his musket in the direction of the enemy. This was the first shot fired.

The startled Americans, a reconnoitering party, had replied with a volley which, in spite of the long range, ploughed up the sand about the feet of the troopers’ horses. Alarmed in turn, the Canadian dragoons had spurred their mounts at break-neck speed for Morrison’s headquarters with word that the enemy was attacking in force. This was the alarm that had interrupted Lt. Sewell’s breakfast. That it was premature was not immediately evident or young Loucks might have received more than a gentle chiding from the British officer who told him that while “It was all right to fall back... it was not good form to ride so fast in the face of the enemy.”

While Morrison’s land forces were preparing for the anticipated attack, Captain Mulcaster had made the best of a bad situation in positioning his gunboats both to support the right flank of the army and to resume his shelling of the American fortilla. The

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38 Technically speaking they were in column of close companies.
39 Loucks, John W., Reminiscences of the Battle of Cayuga’s Farm, as personally related to his grandson, Arthur M. Loucks (Private document).
river's high bank made desirable an anchorage in mid-stream for a maximum field of fire but, unfortunately, this was not feasible due to the rapid current and a great depth of water. One of the gunboats was directed to anchor in the bay at the foot of the island; another was positioned directly opposite Cryder's house, while the third was stationed at the head of a rush-bed some distance upriver. The first two were each armed with a brass 6 pdr., but the third and largest, the Nelson, mounted a 32 pdr. carronade and a 24 pdr. long gun, which had been borrowed from the armament of Fort Henry at Kingston. Her long gun had already done considerable damage to the Americans and was in position to do so again.

Meanwhile, in the American camp at Cook's Point, General Wilkinson was still awaiting word that Brown was safe in Cornwall before committing his flotilla to the Long Sault. Not only was Wilkinson sick and confined to bed, but Major-General Lewis, his second-in-command, was equally indisposed and doctoring himself with blackberry brandy. Ill as he was Wilkinson did not relinquish his authority. What followed is best explained in his own words:

"At half-past ten o'clock a.m. an officer of the dragoons arrived with a letter in which the general [Brown] informed me that he had forced the enemy and would reach the foot of the Sault [sic] early in the day. Orders were immediately given for the flotilla to sail, at which instant the enemy's gunboats appeared and began to throw shot among us. Information was brought to me at the same time from Brigadier-General Boyd that the enemy's troops were advancing in column. I immediately sent orders to attack them. This report was soon contradicted. The gunboats, however, continued to skirmish with us and a variety of reports of their movements and counter-movements were brought to me in succession, which convinced me of their determination to hazard an attack when it could be done to greatest advantage, and I therefore determined to anticipate them. Directions were accordingly sent to Brigadier-General Boyd to throw the detachments of his command..."
assigned to him in the order of the preceding day, and composed of men of his own, Covington’s and Swartwout’s brigades, into three columns, to march upon the enemy, outflank them, if possible, and take their artillery.”

For the attack, General John Boyd, upon whose shoulders the Elijah’s mantle of command had descended, possessed eight regiments of infantry, a half dozen 6 pdr. field-pieces and the dragoons of the 2nd Regiment — a minimum of 4,000 men. He made the opening move in the battle. These are his words:

“While the rear division of the Army, consisting of detachments from the 1st, 3rd, and 4th Brigades and placed under my command to protect the flotilla from the enemy that hung on our rear, was under arms in order to move... down the St. Lawrence, a report was brought to me from the rear-guard that a body of about two hundred British and Indians had advanced into the woods that skirted our rear. General Swartwout with the 4th Brigade was immediately ordered to dislodge them. General Covington with the 3rd Brigade being directed to be within supporting distance. General Swartwout dashed into the woods and with the 21st Infantry [a part of his brigade] after a short skirmish drove them back to the position of the main body. Here he was joined by General Covington. The enemy had judiciously chosen his ground among the deep ravines which everywhere intersected the extensive plain and discharged a heavy and galling fire upon our advancing columns. No opposition or obstacle, however, checked their ardor. The enemy retired more than a mile before their resolute and repeated charges. During this time the detachment of the 1st Brigade under Colonel Coles, whose greater distance from the scene of action retarded its arrival, rapidly entered the field.”

After this glorified account of how several thousand Americans forced the retirement, and only after hard fighting, of less than 200 Canadian skirmishers, look at the scene through British eyes — those of Lt. Col. Harvey, Morrison’s second-in-command:

“At two o’clock... the enemy suddenly showed his columns in the woods in our front, consisting of three heavy ones (apparently brigades), of infantry, a considerable amount of cavalry on the road on his left, and riflemen on his right and in his front... I was convinced we had, with 800 men, to meet, in the open field, a force of not less than 4,000, and strong in an arm of which we were wholly destitute — cavalry. Our light troops — Voltigeurs — were thrown forward and showed a good countenance, but were, of course, immediately driven back; and the enemy advanced at the pas de charge à la Française, which was quickly changed by a well-directed fire from our field-pieces, to one more comporting with the dignity of the American nation.”

Lt. John Sewell from his position in the ranks of the 40th saw it this way:

“We moved up a small eminence that commanded a view of the enemy. Our column was deployed into line; the enemy was performing the same evolution within range of our fire and that of the two field-pieces commanded by Capt. Jackson R.A., posted in our rear on a small elevation which enabled them to fire over our bayonets. The combined fire of our regiment and that of the two field-pieces with shrapnel hastened the enemy in the forming of his line and returning our fire.”

Now followed immediately the second phase of Boyd’s attack. An American medical officer, Amasa Trowbridge, after describing the retreat of the British skirmishers saw the main body of the British “advancing in columns on the west extremity of Chrysler’s field.” He observed:

“They opened a fire of musketry, and from a six-pounder, which was heavy and galling upon our troops, composed of the 21st Regiment and a detachment from the 1st brigade, commanded by Colonel Coles. This body was now ordered to flank the enemy’s left. This was promptly done under a heavy fire from the enemy. General Covington, having been ordered up, now took the position just left by Ripley and Coles, nearly in front of the enemy and within rifle-shot distance.”

Came now the tidal waves of the American
attack. While Swartwout's brigade, consisting of the 11th, 14th, and 21st regiments, with the 12th and 13th regiments from the 1st brigade under Colonel Coley marched to turn the British left, simultaneously General Covington led the 8th, 16th and 25th regiments of the 3rd brigade in an advance which not only engaged the much narrower front of Morrison's main body, but threatened to turn its right. Covington, misled by the grey coats of the 49th, was heard to call to his men "Come lads, let me see how you will deal with these militia men." He soon discovered his mistake.

Ripley, who, with his 21st regiment, participated in the effort to turn the British left, had this to say:

"I advanced against the left of the enemy. After a slow and hard march across muddy fields for half a mile, I passed a creek in boggy ground and saw the enemy at long musket shot. I advanced to attack. Suddenly at short musket shot a line of the enemy got up from concealment and delivered two volleys. My men, disregarding my officers, dodged behind stumps and opened individual fire. The confusion was so strong that I could not stop the shooting until their ammunition was exhausted, whereupon they could not be prevented from retiring. I was able to rally at the creek as the other two regiments approached. After ammunition was replenished, I joined the 11th and 14th in a new attack."89

The two volleys from concealed troops referred to by Ripley were from the Voltigeurs and Indians now covering Morrison's left flank at the edge of the woods. How the main body of the British, the thin red line of the 49th and 89th Regiments, dealt with the combination of Ripley, Cole and Covington is described by Sewell:

"We had then been engaged for some time, line to line, when I observed the Voltigeurs bolting out of the woods on the left of our line like greyhounds and simultaneously I saw the enemy debouch from the same wood threatening the left of the 89th Regiment at about 50 yards from my old gallant corps. To meet this movement Colonel Morrison changed front, placing his battalion at right angles to the 49th and facing the enemy who being in close column received the fire of the 89th, and at the same time that from Jackson's two guns. This was too much for the American column and it fell back under cover of the woods. On this the 89th resumed its position on the left of the 49th and the British line advanced in direct echelon from the right."90

In the combat, line to line, British drill and disciplined fire power had, so far, unmatched numerical superiority. Harvey makes a point of it:

"On arriving within musket distance the enemy's columns halted, and commenced a heavy but irregular fire, which our battalions returned with infinitely more effect by regular firing of platoons and wings.91 The superiority of this fire, aided by that of our three field-pieces, which were admirably served, gave, after a severe contest, the first check and repulse to the enemy ... ."92

How the Americans suffered is tersely told by Amasa Trowbridge:

"General Covington soon received a mortal wound by a rifle shot. Colonel Preston, next in command, was soon after wounded in the thigh by a ball, fracturing the bone. Major Comins was next wounded, and was obliged to retire. Many platoon officers were wounded or killed, and within twenty minutes after, the whole brigade was in confusion and left the field. A few minutes previous two six-pounders were brought up by Lieutenant Smith and posted near some houses occupied by the enemy."93

Four additional American field pieces arrived soon afterwards. Boyd in his official report to Wilkinson wrote: "It should be remarked that the artillery, excepting two pieces, under Captain Irvine attached to the rear division ... did not reach the ground until the line, for want of ammunition, had already begun to fall back. When they were arranged, in doing which I was assisted by

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89. Fitzgibbon, op. cit.
90. Salisbury, George Cook, Battle of Orison's Farm, pamphlet, n.d.
91. Sewell's Narrative, op. cit.
92. A battalion consisted of eight regular companies, to which one grenadier company and a light or skirmishing company were added. Apart from the two specialist detachments, a company was an administrative, not a tactical, unit. When the battalion was formed for action, the regular companies were divided into eight equal parts, then sub-divided into sixteen. Hence the terms "division" and "sub-division." The fire of a division was referred to as "platoon fire" and each platoon or division fired in turn so as to avoid a pause in the fire while re-loading. From this came the expressions "rolling platoon fire" or "rolling volleys." When in line, the half of a battalion to right or left of the centre was called a "wing".
the skill of Colonel Swift of the engineers, their fire was sure and destructive."\textsuperscript{44}

With this last statement the British would not have disagreed. Harvey wrote:

"I perceived that it would be impossible in our advanced position, to stand long against the grape from his field-pieces, which it was accordingly determined to charge. The 49th was moved on against the field-guns opposite them, the 89th in echelon supporting; and though this charge was not executed as intended, nor as far as the proposed point, it nevertheless decided the fate of the day, as the enemy immediately fell back, leaving in the possession of the three companies of the 89th regiment, on the right, one of his six-pounders, with its tumbril, etc., which they had spiritedly charged, after having repulsed a treble charge of the enemy's cavalry."\textsuperscript{55}

To Morrison and Harvey it was the turning of the tide; to the men of the 49th who had entered the action as the "remnant" of a battalion it meant punishing casualties amounting to their dissolution as an effective fighting force. Understandable bitterness and pride creeps into the account of Sewell, the young Lieutenant:

"As the line consisting of the 89th and 49th was advancing in echelon, Colonel Harvey ordered Lieut. Colonel Plenderleath to charge the enemy. At the time this order was given we were distant from the enemy about 120 yards of ploughed, wet, heavy ground intersected by two parallel snake fences that we had to pull down. As we advanced over the heavy ground our progress was much retarded by the intervening fences. Not a shot was fired to cover our advance, consequently there being nothing to disconcert the enemy's fire it was directed on us from riflemen and artillery and in the short space of 10 minutes we lost eleven officers out of eighteen and men in proportion.

"Such a movement so unskilfully directed could not but end in disaster. Between officers and men more than half were killed or wounded; the old and bold 'Green Tigers' were helpless under a deadly and unreturned fire. To have closed with the enemy under these circumstances would have been more unjustifiable temerity but the intuitive faculty of the gallant Col. Plenderleath redeemed the error of an imperitive order founded on ignorance and issued by a red tape Staff Adjutant General who was very inexperienced in field movements. The commands 'Pass to the rear files from the right of companies', 'Halt', 'Front', 'Pivot', 'Cover', 'Left wheel into line', 'Fire by platoons from the centre to the flanks' our chief gave with the sangfroid of an ordinary parade and they were executed with the coolness of a review notwithstanding being under grape and canister from the enemy's guns to which we were in close proximity. About this time my Captain was killed. I assumed command of the company and I could see the enemy and more of the field than in the supernumerary rank, and to my no small anxiety I saw a squadron of cavalry galloping up the high road towards our right front. Ellis who commanded the right company wheeled it four paces\textsuperscript{46} and poured in a volley and so did our flank companies that were posted on the other side of the road. I think that Jackson's guns had one round at them. Be that as it may many saddles were emptied ere they went right about. Their leader was a gallant fellow, he leaped over the fence and was riding toward our right but alone; some of our men rushed out to attack him with their bayonets fixed but observing that he was alone he took the fence again in good hunting style and followed his men who were in full retreat."\textsuperscript{57}

It appears that the charge of the 49th was in the manner of its execution, one of those mistakes in the interpretation of orders so common in the history of battles. Harvey apparently took for granted that Plenderleath would reform line from echelon before delivering the charge. The Colonel of the 49th, however, taking his orders literally, began the movement with his companies separated in the successive parallel lines of the direct echelon formation, with his most advanced company on the right. As the American cavalry threatened to ride down and envelop the 49th's disconnected companies, Plenderleath had no alternative but to halt the charge and reform line upon his left and rear.

\textsuperscript{44} Boad to Wilkinson, November 12, 1813, op. cit.
\textsuperscript{45} Harvey, op. cit.
\textsuperscript{46} The company was backwards wheeled on the left.
\textsuperscript{47} Sewell, op. cit.
most company, where the main body of the 89th supported his left flank. The commands reported by Sewell substantiate such a movement which, to the Americans, appeared as a withdrawal of a few rods. With the line hurriedly reformed, the backwaters wheeling of the right flank company under Captain Ellis was sufficient to prevent its right flank being turned by the charging dragoons. To one American it seems that the wheel exposed "a masked battery, which played on us with great effect, mowing down our ranks both horse and foot ..." 56

Disastrous as was the charge to the American cavalry it was not completely in vain. According to Trowbridge:

"The enemy's attention was so much diverted from Ripley and Cole's retreating detachment that, by passing, partly covered by the forest they made good their retreat. The guard left at the boats was ordered up, commanded by Colonel Upham. They occupied a position a few minutes in front of the enemy, who remained stationary ... keeping up a steady fire from two six-pounders upon everything that appeared on the field to annoy them." 57

Now Upham's 600 men covered the retreat of the whole of Boyd's forces. As Harvey put it:

"Some efforts were still kept up, but the fire of our platoons and guns, and above all, the steady countenance of the troops, finally drove the enemy out of the field; and about half-past four o'clock he gave up the contest and retreated rapidly through the woods, covered by his light troops." 58

Morrison also summed up the battle's climax and finale:

"The 49th was then directed to charge the gun posted opposite to ours, but it became necessary when within a short distance of it to check the forward movement in consequence of a charge from the cavalry on the right, lest they [the cavalry] should ..."
wheel about and fall upon their [the 49th's] rear but they [the cavalry] were received in so gallant a manner by the companies of the 89th under Captain Barnes and the well-directed fire of the artillery that they quickly retreated, and by an immediate charge of those companies one gun was gained.

“...The enemy immediately concentrated their force to check our advance, but such was the steady countenance and well-directed fire of the troops and artillery, that about half-past four they gave way at all points from an exceeding strong position, endeavouring by their light infantry to cover their retreat, who were soon driven away by a judicious movement made by Lieut-Colonel Pearson. The detachment for the night occupied the ground from which the enemy had been driven...”

The fighting was now over. Darkness, hastened by the returning storm, soon halted the British pursuit. While upwards of one hundred American prisoners were taken, there is no doubt that had cavalry been available to Morrison many more would have been rounded up. In the unequal contest the Americans, by their own admission, lost 102 killed and 237 wounded, of whom Brig.-Gen. Leonard Covington and Col. James P. Preston subsequently died. Against this we have Col. Harvey’s statement that nearly 180 of their dead were counted on the field. Morrison's losses, on the other hand—according to his official casualty return, dated November 14, 1813—amounted to 22 killed, 148 wounded and 9 missing. Of the battered 49th, Captain Nairne was dead, Colonel Plenderleath among the wounded. True to this regiment's grim tradition that the officer who carried the unit colour in battle was always hit, young Ensign Richmond, who bore it at Crysler's Farm, was among the casualties. Both Col. Pearson and Capt. Davis of the Commissariat had

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[66 Morrison to De Rottenburg, November 12, 1813, P.A.C., C 681, p. 62.
had close calls when their horses were killed under them.

While Morrison's official report to his superior, General De Rottenburg, was a masterpiece of conciseness, Boyd and Wilkinson poured forth a veritable torrent of words in an effort to convince the American Secretary of War that they had not really been soundly trounced by a force which they outnumbered four to one—apparently on the grounds that the real victor is he who "lives to fight another day." One American, however, under no compunction to vindicate his fellow countrymen, lamented in a private letter on November 13th:

"Our troops retreated with great precipitation to the boats, and crossed the river, leaving the British on the field... We lost several boats by fire of the British Gunboats. What appears most extraordinary in this affair is that nearly 1000 of our troops crossed to the American side during the engagement! This misfortune has greatly chagrined the officers, and disheartened our troops. The taking of Montreal is no longer thought to be a work of ease; and many wish themselves honourably out of the expedition."*6

An undeniable fact is that when Wilkinson, fearful that the British would claim a victory, asked Boyd if he could maintain himself on the Canadian shore, Boyd's reply was that "he could not."*64 His army, in confusion and panic, was hastily embarked under cover of darkness and the American flotilla proceeded some four miles down stream to take refuge on the American side. The cavalry and light artillery, secure in the knowledge that infantry could not overtake them, retreated down the Canadian shore towards General Brown and Cornwall. On the following morning, Wilkinson's main force was re-embarked, the armada ran the Long Sault and that same day, McComb, Brown, Wilkinson and com-

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*6 Extract of a letter from Ogdensburg, dated November 13, 1813, Quebec Mercury, December 14, 1813, p. 390.
pany were all together at Barnhart's, three miles above Cornwall. At that place, a perhaps not-unwelcome message reached Wilkinson. Colonel Atkinson, Hampton's Inspector-General, arrived with a letter from his commander in which he declined to join Wilkinson at St. Regis and announced his intention of retreating to Plattsburg.

Wilkinson now had his excuse. Officially he could never admit that a drubbing by an inferior British force had broken his morale and that of his army. Nor would his ill-health, the inclement weather or the late start of his campaign figure in his explanations of withdrawal. All the blame could now be placed on Hampton's defection. Hastily, a council of Wilkinson's ill-starred generals was called at Barnhart's. Solemnly, and with rage at scapegoat Hampton, they agreed to abandon the attack on Montreal. Speeded by the news that Colonel Morrison's corps of observation was again close at hand, the armada was reembarked to proceed, impotent, to winter quarters at French Mills. As one American contemporary put it, "The St. Lawrence campaign is at an end, and this is their 'Grand Plans' that would confound every European. What stupid asses they are."66

The people of Williamsburg Township in Dundas County would remember the day of Crysler's Farm. Anxiety over loved ones serving with the militia or the commissariat, concern about the safety of their homes and possessions mingled with that nervous exhilaration which grips innocent bystanders enmeshed in the pages of history. For them, the War of 1812 could no longer be viewed objectively. It has been brought to their very door steps. They, and their descendants, would never forget.

Elias Cook was only a year old at the time but many years later he was to tell how his mother hid the Cook children in the tavern basement when Captain Mulcaster began bombarding Wilkinson's headquarters. Mrs. Cephrenus Casselman was in an even more precarious position, for her frame home was practically in the middle of the combat zone. Into her cellar she hurried not only her youngsters but the family flock of sheep, caply
hidden from the eyes of hungry troops. The secreted sheep apparently suffered no harm, but the Casselman barn was damaged by a British shell which killed three Americans lurking there. Captain Crysler's cellar also had its complement of women and children, one of whom afterwards described the American firing as being “so irregular, a pop, pop, popping all the time” while the British volleys were “all together and at regular intervals like tremendous rolls of thunder.”

St. Lawrence Valley residents have stated that the American troops behaved in a gentlemanly fashion, paying in Spanish dollars for whatever they commandeered. The original documents of the “War Losses Claims” tell a very different story. A veritable sourcebook on the personal possessions of 1813 farmers, these claims record the pilfering of everything from ladies’ petticoats to hides of leather. The theft of fodder and food is condonable—for campaigning armies often lived off the country; not so is the loss of “I Complete Sett Blue Cups and Saucers” by George Brouce or the “Silver Plated Tea Pot” plundered from Captain George Merkley. Mute testimony to the unseasonably cold weather and the poor outfitting of Wilkinson’s army is seen in claims after claim for the loss of warm clothing. David Robertson alone reported the theft of “one castor hat, a superfine blue broadcloth coat, superfine cashmere Pantaloons, a coat broadcloth, two greatcoats, one greatcoat of superfine cloth, one pair of superfine cloth pantaloons, two pair pantaloons, one waistcoat of fine cloth, one flannel shirt, one blanket and five Bear Skins lined with green baize and trimmed with scarlet cloth.” Robertson’s unwelcome visitors were apparently of a literary bent for his losses also included “two books, Dictionary and Geography.”

As might be expected, Michael Cook’s losses were heavy and his inventory-like claim included such diverse items as 100 bushels of wheat, 25 sheep, 18 white blankets, 3 silk shawls, 10 calico gowns, 1 set of calico bed curtains, one string of gold beads and half a bushel of salted sausage. Frederick Bouck

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claimed three beehives with honey, upon which, local legends say, American soldiers so gorged themselves they became violently ill.\(^4\)

Pilfering was not restricted to American troops and the British were far from guiltless. Indeed, one claim specifically mentions the marauders as being British and Canadian and some unfortunate victims reported losses sustained in successive American and British forays. Peter Davie, for instance, cryptically recorded the loss of “two lean hogs” to the Americans and the theft of “one fat hog” by the pursuing British.\(^5\)

The soldiers’ straightforward solution to their need for warmth is clearly evident in the miles of rail fencing claimed. Peter Davie reported “500 pannels of Fence Burnt by the Enemy”, Captain Merkley lost 47 panels, Christian Bouck 180, while Joseph Anderson billed for an amazing 766 sections of fence.\(^6\)

Even the rail fences which influenced Col. Morrison’s battle tactics and which were mentioned in several contemporary narratives came to the attention of the Commissioners hearing War Losses Claims when Captain Chrysler listed as destroyed 430 panels of cedar posts.\(^7\)

More fortunate than most was Samuel Adams of Edwardsburgh. Riding despatches from Montreal to Kingston, Adams happened upon two mounted American officers near the battlefield. Bluffing them with an unloaded rifle, he took the startled Americans prisoner, delivered them speedily to British headquarters and was there rewarded with their horses, whose “U.S.” brands later became a familiar sight in his neighbourhood.

The excitement of the battle was not over for many of the good people of Williamsburg on November 11th. Every home in the vicinity of the battlefield was pressed into service as a hospital and to them the wounded, British and American, were carried to be tended by Dr. William Dunlop, Assistant Surgeon of the 2/89th. Chrysler’s own home sheltered many casualties and here Ensign Daniel Claus

\(^4\) Ibid., Vol. 32, Claim 1636.
\(^5\) Ibid., Vol. 32, Claim 1749.
\(^6\) Ibid., Vol. 28, Claim 1147.
\(^7\) Ibid., Vol. 39, Claim 1385.
of Niagara died on December 10th, after two amputations. He was the son of Colonel William Claus of the Indian Department, one of the Province's leading Loyalists. Frail and delicate as he was, youthful Daniel had insisted on joining the 49th during the preceding summer. Although on the night before the Battle of Crysler's Farm he was so ill that kindly Col. Plenderleath had ordered him from the open to the Colonel's own quarters, Ensign Claus staunchly took the field with his regiment for the action on November 11th. Taking part in the 49th's suicidal charge upon the American field-guns, gallant Claus received the leg wound which was to spell his death.\(^8\)

Dr. Dunlop in his memoirs praised lavishly the kind hospitality of Williamsburg residents, but he recorded an illuminating sidelight on the temper of German-speaking Loyalists when he wrote, "I found their hatred to the Americans was deep-rooted and hearty, and their kindness to us and our wounded, (for I never trusted them near the American wounded) in proportion strong and unceasing."\(^9\)

For the British and Canadian soldiers who fought at Crysler's Farm, official recognition of their victory did not come before many of them were dead. Not until 1847 were medals granted by Queen Victoria to the rank and file, the decoration authorized being the British General Service Medal with a bar reading "Crysler's Farm." Many of the survivors did not bother to make application for the honour — as they were required to do — with the result that the official list of Canadian recipients published in the "Canada Gazette" records the issue of only twelve Crysler's Farm medals. The ranking officers had been granted a corresponding medal in gold.

For Major General James Wilkinson, Crysler's Farm meant open disgrace and the beginning of the end. Relieved of his com-


\(^9\) Dunlop, op. cit., p. 23.
mand early in 1814, he faced court-martial in January, 1815 on four separate charges: 1. neglect of duty and un-officer like conduct. 2. drunkenness on duty. 3. conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman. 4. countenancing and encouraging disobedience to orders. The trial was protracted. Its verdict for defeated Wilkinson — severe censure and dismissal from the service.

To "clear and concise" Lt. Col. Morrison, Crysel's Farm brought honour and glory in this, his first field command. His promising career was soon to be given a severe check for at Lundy's Lane in July, 1814, the young Colonel was so badly wounded in the arm that he was placed on half-pay until 1821. His abilities had not gone unnoticed, however, and in the latter year he was recalled to active service as Colonel of the 44th Foot. Placed in command of the campaign against the Burmese in 1824, Morrison was promoted to Brigadier-General and conducted his expedition with a skill which brought him unstinted praise. In common with hundreds of his men, General Morrison fell victim to a tropical fever. Invalided home, he failed to reach England and died at sea on February 15, 1826. Thus ended the life and career of Joseph Wanton Morrison, C.B., warmly praised in published General Orders, recipient of a formal vote of gratitude from the Assembly of Lower Canada and described as "pre-eminent and next to the gallant and immortal Brock, for the glory of his achievement at Cryles's Farm."

Laudation, recrimination, herosics and petty excuses are in the comments of the principals at Cryles's Farm and in the observations of their contemporaries. While Wilkinson protested that "To General Hampton's outrage of every principle of subordination and discipline may be ascribed the failure of the expedition;"[1] Morrison gratefully attributed success to the "cordial co-operation and exertions" of his fellow officers "combined with the gallantry of the troops."[2] Though the result of this action was not as brilliant and decisive as I could have wished . . . perhaps this day may be thought to have added some reputation to the American arms,"[3] Boyd wrote hopefully, as Lewis confided that

the impetuosity of Boyd it is said, (but you must not say it), threw our lines into disorder, broke their ranks . . . I have never in my life suffered as much as I have done in this expedition."[4] Prevost reported to Earl Bathurst, the Secretary of State for War and Colonies, "this gallant affair reflects high credit on all the officers and men engaged in it and particularly upon Lt. Col. Morrison for the skill and judgement manifested by him in his choice of position and for the coolness and intrepidity with which he maintained it."[5] The latter pontifically replied that "The result has been such as the uniform good conduct of the troops under your command would have led me to anticipate, and the Enemy have again experienced that Superiority of Numbers is not alone sufficient to ensure the Success of their operations."[6] Informed of the affair, the Duke of York requested Prevost to convey to Morrison and the officers under his command his "perfect approbation of the gallant and judicious conduct which they displayed."[7]

The Canadian press, represented by the Quebec Mercury, editorialized, "When we consider the nature and extent of the Enemy's preparations . . . the number of the troops employed . . . we cannot sufficiently admire the gallant efforts of the handful of brave men who have so successfully defeated it. To the determined valour and steady discipline of the small band of heroes, under Lt. Col. Morrison, we owe it, that this formidable force of the enemy has been checked in its career before it had even approached the frontier of our Province, and that an enterprise for which so much had been expected by them has terminated in their complete [sic] discomfiture and disgrace."[8] One of Morrison's own officers predicted "This was Jonathon's debut on the open plain, and I think, for the future, he will prefer his old mode of acting in the bush."[9]

So much for 1813 when Cryles's Farm was news, not history. Today, with the perspective of a century and a half, it can be analyzed dispassionately. No matter how we explain it, the indisputable fact is that, with Morrison's victory, the "grand invasion"

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came to an end; the single biggest American offensive of the war was finished and the all-important British supply-route was safe. The American defeat was not so much physical as it was psychological, a collapse of military morale due to several cumulative factors of which Chrysler’s Farm was the knock-out punch. It broke their will to continue, the most deadly blow of all. Alternatively, the psychological effect upon Canadians themselves cannot be overemphasized. When the disaster at Moraviantown was still in headlines, the Niagara and Detroit frontiers in American hands, Chrysler’s Farm stiffened the backs of Canadians and was the turning of the tide. Regiments of Wellington’s veterans — the conquerors of Napoleon — were soon to arrive in Canada and the Americans would have no second chance.

Why, when the last century has seen the progress of Canada and the United States from armed hostility to permanent alliance under the Ogdensburg Pact, should we remember Morrison and Chrysler’s Farm? Simply because November 11, 1813 is a classic page of Canadian history. By understanding its significance, Canadians and Americans alike may gain deeper appreciation of those factors which have contributed to our country’s evolution as an independent North American member of the British family of nations. Today, the common memories of “old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago” not only contribute to the separate heritages and traditions of the Canadian and American nations but form a bond between two friendly peoples.