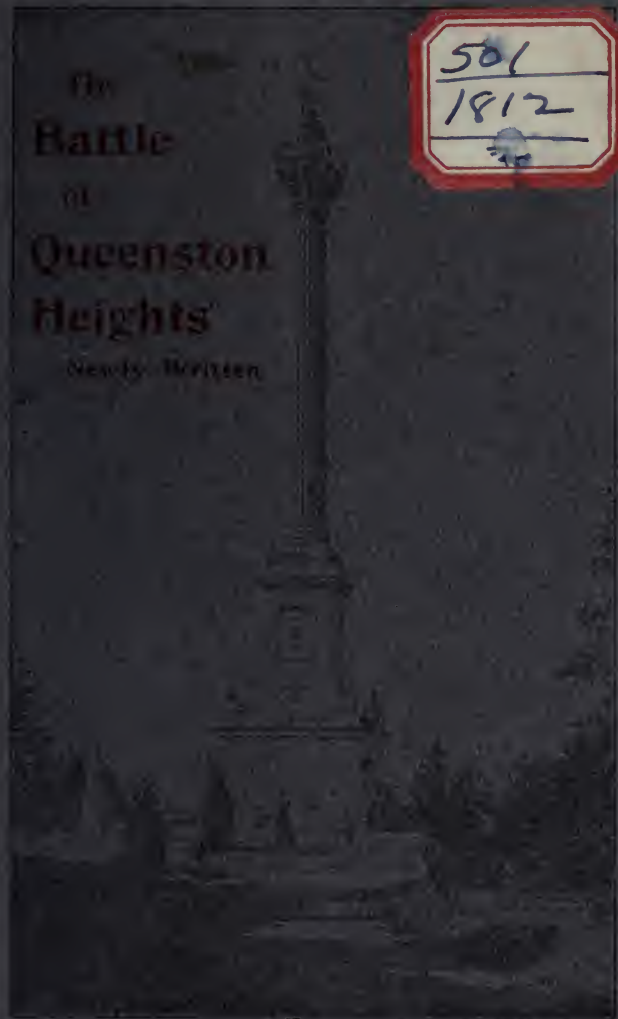


The
Battle
at
Queenston
Heights

Newly Written

501
1812



THE BATTLE

—OF—

Queenston Heights

Oct 13, 1812

BY

J. COOKE.

Chaplain 8th M. G. H. Atterley
of
10th N. Y. S. Infantry

From the Duke of Cornwall and York (now Prince of Wales)

QUEEN'S ROYAL,
NIAGABA-ON-THE-LAKE,

13th October, 1901.

DEAR SIR:

The Duke of Cornwall and York desires me to thank you for your kindness in giving him the packet of booklets relating to events in the very interesting neighborhood which their Royal Highnesses visited this afternoon.

Yours very faithfully,

ARTHUR BRYCE.

JOSHUA COOKE, Esq.

Personal.

WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, Feb. 15, 1902.

MY DEAR SIR:

In behalf of the President permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 8th inst., and to thank you for the courtesy of its enclosures.

Very truly yours,

GEO. B. CORTELYOU,

MR. JOSHUA COOKE,

Lewiston, N. Y.

Secretary to the President.

TO THE READER

AS the writer of these pages was sitting on the rear porch of the Cornell, Lewiston, looking out, after an absence of forty years, on this, his native Niagara—the delight of his childhood and the pride of his manhood—a small company of bright men and women looked with him on the majestic flow of the noble stream and the scene of wondrous beauty lining its banks. Towering high above all was the noble shaft on Queenston Heights. “I wonder whose monument that is,” said a lady. No one answered, and I ventured to say that it was to Gen. Brock, killed in the Battle of Queenston Heights. “Are you familiar with this region, Sir?” “I was born here, and passed here the first forty years of my life.” “Could you kindly tell us something of the battle?” “I ought to be able, for my father was in the battle, under fire the whole day.” “You would do us all the greatest favor.” I then told them briefly the story of the day. “Why, this is all new to me.” And, looking at her company, she said: “I am just going to come back here from Buffalo and spend two weeks to learn more of these striking incidents.” Then, turning to me: “How happens it, Sir,

that means are not furnished us tourists for learning these remarkable facts?" "Oh, Madam, perhaps, at present, there is generally some garrulous old gentleman whose brains lady tourists can pick, and so farther information is not necessary!" "Oh, that is all right, as to the garrulousness, but we can hardly express the obligation we all feel to you for these very striking facts in our nation's history. May I be plain with you, Sir, though a stranger?" "Certainly, Madam." "Well, I must say, then, that I think it your duty to put these things in printed form for the help of tourists. You were born here; your father was in the fight; your account to us shows that you are familiar with the incidents of the fight and with the men who fought it; you say that you are the oldest person living born on this spot; it seems to me, really, your duty to reduce your information to writing and give it to us, who are younger, before your sun goes down. And, Sir, may your sunset be yet far off! Please, what was the war of 1812 about?" "Yes, yes," they all said, "we know nothing about it." I told them briefly. It was all genially, gently, handsomely said. I have taken it to thought, and I dedicate this little booklet to the gentle tourist who laid the injunction on me to write it. To the tourist public I would say that I shall be glad if my trouble shall meet with the interest of those who read these lines.

J. COOKE.

THE Battle of Queenston Heights

OCTOBER 13, 1812

Many, very many, of this generation who look out upon the magnificent scene of Queenston Heights, with its noble shaft—an honor alike to Canada and her patriotism—exclaim: “What was the War of 1812 about? Why did we and Great Britain go to war? and why was Canada made so largely the scene of it?” The question is natural and proper, and one whose answer every young American should fully know. I will briefly give the answer.

Causes of War of 1812. The main causes were two, First, was the right claimed by England to search the vessels of any neutral nation and impress into her naval service not only any deserter from her fleets or armies but any man who had been an English citizen, though now living elsewhere. This “right of search” the United States indignantly rejected. They claimed that the deck of an American

vessel was American soil, and could no more be invaded in peace than our soil itself. England insisted on the right, and exercised it with her ships of war on our very coasts.

The second grievance was the act passed in the English "Orders in Council" requiring all ships of other nations trading with those with whom England was at war to report and take papers at some English port on pain of confiscation of vessel and goods. This Order was over against Napoleon's famous Berlin and Milan decrees shutting out English vessels and English goods from every port of Europe. This Order in Council was naturally regarded as intolerable by our nation, then feeling its nascent growth into a commerce to rival that of England herself, and hers the first in the world. At this day the English claims and orders seem simply monstrous, but perhaps we ought to qualify our judgment by regarding her position at the time.

The ruthless Corsican scoundrel, by his vast intellect and phenomenal military genius, had put all Europe under his foot and had clutched England herself, his one unconquered enemy, by the throat. She was in the throes of a death struggle, and in the energy of her despair resorted to means that would not be thought of in a time of peace; as a man assailed and at death's door would, to save his life, wrest a sword from his neighbor's hands. Her one defence and her one hope was her *wooden walls*. Themistocles made the oracle say to Athens: "You shall be saved by

wooden walls." "That," said the great statesman, "means your ships!" The whole population fled to the fleets, and at Artemisium and Salamis the Persians were destroyed. So, England nailed her Union Jack to the mast head; floated under it her proud defiance to the soulless destroyer of 2,000,000 men and the devastator of 200,000 homes,

"Brittannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep!"

till, spewed out by Europe and loathed by mankind, he looks back from St. Helena and says, as he dies, "Perfidious Albion!"

But to man those "wooden walls" of from frigates and cutters up to the vast 74's and 120's, with from 100 to 1,000 sailors each was a strain on a nation of 15,000,000 of people like tension to the very death. Press gangs traversed the streets of every English city; every man found in liquor, or wandering about under the shadow of night; every criminal in her jails; many an insolvent debtor of the lower class in prison till he could pay—and he could never pay—all were seized and hurried off to man those black leviathans of the deep. Would such men fight? the very offscourings of the lanes and the streets? Fight to the death! For they were like us, of the old Saxon blood; they had the national hatred of France, and to the lowest of them all the Corsican was the embodiment of brutal ambition, the

enemy of mankind. Now, held and disciplined by the stern rules of a ship ; their food regular ; their grog regular and sure ; their clothes warm, and uniforms at that—these creatures of the slums straightened up into a Saxon manhood which is the proudest in the world, and at Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar buried at once in the ocean the ambitions of Napoleon and the fortunes of France. And these men England claimed the right to search for everywhere ; on our ships or any ships ; whoever was of English birth should be compelled into saving England's life. Let us remember this when we recall those dark, desperate, lawless days. So of the other cause. If England's scourge shut her out from all ports of commerce then no nation should have commerce with *him* except under England's passport and England's leave. It was the grim death-grip of her nation's emblem, the bull-dog, and it throttled the wild beast that had trampled over slaughtered heaps of men and frenzied women and children in desolated homes. The old Mother Land, for all we fought her, God bless her, now and always ! And let all the people say Amen !

Well, we felt sore over the aggressions ; we could not make allowance for the causes, and we must fight ! Fight, though it were to flout our very mother in the face, and she in the death struggle to save herself and Europe. I say this as the son of a pioneer ; a son of those who fought her ; would probably have fought her myself, for

the grievances were sore. But time mellows hatred and calms strifes, and we live in a day when we go daily to and fro and meet no heartier grasp than that of Canadian friends whom our fathers fought to the death along this noble stream, the Niagara. With its wide, deep, massive flow, it washes either shore ; let it wash all strife from our hearts, and make us say, with the noble Patriarch, "for we be brethren !"

Yes, 1812 came, and we must fight. And a more pitiful display of military imbecility than our Government made at the outset it would be hard to find in history. At its head was Mr. Madison, the great father and expounder of the Constitution, and at his back for support and counsel was the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence. Yet these splendid men in all civilian sense, in military sense proved themselves senile imbeciles. Personally, they probably could not have loaded a pistol, and would not have dared to fire it if loaded. Mr. Madison had to be forced into the war. Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Lowndes, Cheves, were then in the full flush of their young manhood and political ardor, and said to Madison : "If you don't declare war we will prevent your re-nomination." The veteran statesman was an average politician after all ; he declared war, *and got the nomination*. And what were the preparations ? Preparations for a war with the mightiest power of the world, who could scourge our coasts with the men and ships of Trafalgar and

assail our shores with the veterans who had wrung Talavera, Salamanca and Vittoria from the best marshals of Napoleon? Why, so little provision for the very Capital of the Nation that a paltry force of regulars and marines with a few ships ravaged, unchecked, all the lower coasts of the Chesapeake; drove the untrained militia before them like sheep; took Washington; burnt the buildings and archives; held a mock Congress in the Capitol, with the Union Jack floating from the dome, and retired to their shipping and to the sea as if they had held a sailors' picnic. I have never seen it stated where Madison and Clay and Calhoun were during the British picnic. And what was the policy for the war? Why, Canada; Canada first and above all. It is nearly 100 years since then, and, somehow, our neighbor, Canada, across the river remains a member of the British Empire. Clay rose in his place in the House. I think I see him, as I *have* seen him; the tall, lithe figure, the flaming blue eye, the bugle voice; not as I afterwards saw him, when half a century had passed, taking the steamer at this very spot, a feeble, venerable figure on his way to Washington to die. He rose and said: "Why, Mr. Speaker, first and above all we must have Canada. It is full of disaffection, full of American sympathizers and of Americans themselves; we have but to appear with an armed force and we shall be welcomed as deliverers. Why, Mr. Speaker, I could lift my hand and Kentucky

alone could take Canada with a thumb and finger." All right, Henry! You were a great orator, but you were not a soldier nor a prophet. The thumb and finger plan of military operations didn't work. The Canadians didn't wait. With Proctor and Tecumseh they came at us and shut up our leading commander in the west in a fort and held him in siege. Canada crossed the Detroit and took another general and 1100 men by a mere proclamation, hardly firing a gun. And when Kentucky did come with the thumb and finger scheme Canada and the Indians under Tecumseh laid 400 of her stalwart sons dead on the banks of the Raisin and on our own ground. It put all Kentucky in mourning. But when Kentucky mourns there is blood ahead, and not far off. But it will be with Isaac Shelby and Richard Johnson at the head of her men, not the sentimental statesman and noble man, Henry Clay. Old, worn-out generals of the Revolution were put at the head of our forces, senile in mind, broken in years, and timid with old age. We will not call names. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," nothing but good of the dead! But their deeds we *will* recall, for humbling of our pride and warning for our future. We have mentioned the absolute senility which surrendered Detroit, and surprised the British general as much as if another Jericho had gone down before the blast of his horn. Lamented Brock! It gave an over confidence which led to his death farther on. Mr. Madison's Secretary of War

writes to a Virginia general : “ Why not leave the wearing of olives in the South and come and gather *laurels* in the North ? ” The poetical, botanical director of a war against England and for the conquest of Canada and the man of “ olives ” came ; he blew the blast of a high sounding proclamation, and called on all men and the world besides to come on and enlist, for I—I, Smyth—am here and over there is glory ! And he pointed over the river to Canada. Now, this is strictly and simply fact ! The Government of the United States, which had challenged a mighty nation to arms, puts at the head of her armies a gasconade, a mere wind-bag, “ vox, et praeterea nihil,” wind and nothing more, and sends him to encounter such men as Brock, and Drummond and Riall, fresh with their veterans from the fiercest battles of Europe ; it seems incredible, but it is true. As if patriot Canadians and the veterans of Busaco and Badajoz were to be swept away by forces of militia with a fife and drum band at their head playing

“ Hey diddle, diddle,
The cat’s in the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.”

But for sanguinary battles without result, and all the woes of a devastated frontier, it would be enough to make the world laugh. It took a whole year of shame and loss to find fit leaders and replace men of mouth with the swift, silent men of arms ; to find Macomb, Scott,

Wool, Harrison and Andrew Jackson, as in our Civil War it took three sad years to set aside the men of proclamations and reports like Halleck and give over all into the hands of the grim, silent man of Appomattox. One can—and perhaps cannot—imagine the feelings of a Winfield Scott, when he had fought the desperate fight at Fort George and had the enemy—gallant to the last degree, but of inferior force—in full flight, to be recalled from the pursuit and consummation of the fight by one of these senile generals who had had, himself, from sheer physical exhaustion, to be carried from the field, recalled, from fear of an ambuscade!

Well, we must first just pick up Canada. We didn't pick it up at all, and if we had, we should have had to drop it, lest it burn our fingers. On the other hand, Canada came across the Niagara and took our strongest fort and held it till given up on the treaty of peace. So, the aged Hull came across the Detroit River to take in Canada. He fagled around for awhile, captured this and that hamlet, and on the approach of Gen. Brock and his Canadians and Indians hurried back to Detroit and enclosed his command within the walls and palisades. If they staid outside some one might get hurt. Brock summoned him to surrender, with just as much expectation of a surrender as if he had summoned the moon. He knew that with the force he had he could make no impression on 1100

men behind the walls of a fort. But he summoned the fort, and humanely dwelt on the fact that if the fort had to be carried by assault he could not restrain his Indians from indiscriminate massacre. This was a painful alternative, and he begged the American commander to spare him the effusion of blood! It was the merest buncombe. It was so regarded by the under officers and soldiers. Eleven hundred armed men, armed and behind works, and eager to fight, with all odds in their favor, to lay down their swords and guns and say to the Indians, "Please don't scalp me!"

One thinks of Jno. Corse at Allatoona, with his 1500 men, summoned by the rebel Gen. French and 5,000 men to prevent effusion of blood.

"GEN. FRENCH :—

Your message received. We are waiting, and you can effuse as soon as you please."

After the effusion French crawled off to Hood with his force shattered, and disabled from even one more attempt at effusion. But the Revolutionary relic of thirty five years ago, who had been put in command of such men as Lewis Cass, burning for the fight, reasoned with himself: This is awful! 1100 men to be tomahawked and scalped, and my own head among them! I don't want to be scalped; I don't want others scalped; humanity is against it, and

what would the Government and the Nation say ? Think of Harmer ; think of St. Clair ; men of the Revolution, like me, and failed, and their men were scalped, and their very names are for execration ; no, humanity itself calls on me to surrender." And to the utter indignation of Cass and the men, and as utter astonishment of Brock, the white flag of surrender was hung out from a corner of the fort. Cass broke his sword across his knee and flung the fragments from him that he might have no sword to yield up, and the humiliated men stacked their arms as prisoners of war with anger and tears. There was one difference between Detroit and Washington. When Brock summoned Detroit, Hull gave himself up. When Cockburn summoned Washington, Madison, Armstrong and the Cabinet ran away. Like Administration, like Generals, and, of course, like results.

And now, Brock, as Gov. General of Canada and Commander-in-Chief of the forces, had come to the Niagara, flushed with success, and prepared to resist a crossing by the Americans here. He did not have all the men he wanted, and even they were divided, for he did not know whether the attack would be by Queenston or Fort George. He most apprehended the latter and remained there in personal command, with Gen Sheaffe in direct command of the Fort defence. They were both brave, alert, noble men, and fully showed these qualities

in the fight of the day. Half way down the Queenston Heights was a redan battery, under command of Col. Williams. A redan is merely an acute angle with the rear side open, thus <

This battery bore on the landing and on any force advancing up the Heights. It was ably served, and occasioned the Americans much loss. On a point called Vrooman's Point, just below Queenston, was a battery with a 24-pound gun which played on the boats all day and occasioned severe losses to the invading force, even destroying some of the boats and leading them to float down the river useless for the rest of the day. Major Dennis, with forty-six men, was in command in the village, but on the attack being made marched down to the landing place and resisted the landing and advance with great courage. The Americans had between Ft. Niagara and Ft. Erie, at the head of the river, about 7,000 men, regulars and militia. Out of these perhaps 1000 took immediate part in the battle. A force of 2500 militia were encamped on the bank, just below the old ferry, and, militia like, had for weeks been insubordinate and almost mutinous in their demands for a speedy attack. We shall see how, like militia, they supported the attack they had compelled. As usual, a mere civilian, from influence and high social position, had been appointed by the botanical Secretary at Washington Command-

er-in-Chief. He had never seen a gun fired and knew nothing whatever of military matters or actual warfare. He had the good sense to appoint a relative, Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, to the immediate command. He had had some military experience, and showed himself a brave and competent man in the battle. He took command of about 350 regulars for the immediate attack, and appointed Lieut. Col. Chrystie, with about as many militia, to second him. Meantime regular troops were hastening down the river from Buffalo and up the river from Ft. Niagara to take part in the coming battle.

Persons looking now on the Heights from the riverside porches of the hotels need to remember that all this warlike array and movement were on the very spots they now occupy as they look.

Little was it then thought that above Commander-in-Chief and relatives under him were to shine forth as the heroes of the fight and heroes of our after wars an obscure Lieut. Colonel of the force from Buffalo and an unknown Captain of the force from Ft. Niagara. The one was Winfield Scott, the other John Wool. The evening before the fight a gentleman named Collier came on Scott going into camp at Ft. Schlosser, seven miles above Lewiston. "Col. Scott, have you heard the news?" "What news?" "Why, Van Rensselaer crosses the river to attack Queenston Heights at three o'clock

to-morrow morning." "Attack Queenston Heights! A battle with the enemy and I not there!" And the splendid form, six feet five inches, sprang like steel to its feet, sprang on a horse, and in an hour was with Van Rensselaer, pleading for a place in the fight. "Col. Scott, the arrangements are all made and cannot be changed." "Let me go as a volunteer! I will waive my rank and fight as a common soldier!" "Col. Scott, you can do better than that. You can bring down your regiment to the brow of the mountain and serve an 18-pounder to protect our passage." "I'll do it, and thank you!" And away sprang the steel-spring man, and at four o'clock in the morning he had his regiment on the hill and the 18-pounder thundering on the enemy across the river. We shall hear from him again; yes, and see him, too, on the very grounds where we read this story. And John Wool, the quiet, modest, heroic Wool, a captain under Chrystie, a subordinate to Van Rensselaer, in two hours from daybreak on that stormy morning you are to be in command of the army, and the entire brunt of battle is to fall on you. In mortal things, what an hour brings forth! Our shadow at times goes before us, and we tread but to rise on our own shadow.

Even Caesar said "chance plays great part in battles and in war," and the Great Conqueror said "I missed my destiny by that crazy sailor at Acre!" (Sidney Smith).

The crossing was to be made at three o'clock in the morning. The darkness before daybreak was to be used for secrecy and to modify the enemy's fire. Lemuel Cooke, with his sons, Lothrop and Bates Cooke, had kept the old ferry for seven years and, as intimately acquainted with the very swift current and the eddies, were employed as pilots of the boats, and the rest were to follow their guidance. The writer may be permitted to say that they were his own grandfather, uncle and father. Mr. Asahel Sage was also in charge of a boat.

On the morning of the 10th all had been thwarted by the seeming treachery of one Lieut. Sims. He had the leading boat, shot out into the darkness with all the oars in his own boat and disappeared. "Chance plays great part." One man's falseness, and a thousand brave men stand as helpless as childhood on the shore.

But now the morning of the 13th has come, 13th October, 1812! The oars are all renewed, and this time *each boat* has its own oars. Van Rensselaer springs into the first boat and leads the way. They have towed the boats up the shore to gain a higher point for shooting the swift current, and gaining the favoring upward eddy below Hennepin's Rock. For 200 years, since the bold Frenchman rested at it, it has been a landmark on the river. You can see it from the porch. They gain the edge of the eddy, where Dennis' men pour a heavy fire into

the boats. Men fall over, killed or wounded ; the rest return the fire. As the first boat grates on the sand a tall New Englander, a genuine Yankee, leaps ashore. I will give his account, as made after the fight, to my uncle, from whose boat he sprang. " I fired my gun at the darned Britishers, and plunged up the bank without loading, for the Colonel ordered us to charge. I had just scrambled up, about twenty feet, and come on a considerable flat ; on the water side was a low breastwork from which they had fired on us. I had just got on my feet when a big Irish Grenadier came full tilt at me with his bayonet. I dodged and slipped past him and both of us turned around. We had both fired our guns and it was to be settled with the bayonet. I wished he would run, and I wouldn't hinder him, but an Irishman isn't of a running kind anyway. This big chap looked as if he was after meat, and Yankee meat at that, and I didn't feel like supplying him. But it looked for a minute as if I would have to. He would jab, and I would dodge ; then I would jab and he would parry, for he was up in bayonet practice, and I knew nothing about it. He was big and stout, and I was long and thin. I was glad, for I had the most surface to work on. Now, my friend, I am willing to make affidavit that I never had a busier five minutes in my life than in taking care of my bread-basket then. It began to look as if there was going to be an empty place in old Massachusetts after this war

was over, but just then he made a lunge at me and his foot slipped ; before he could gather up I run him through. My friend, perhaps you never thought of the difference between a bullet and bayonet, to tackle with. Well, a bullet you can't see ; if it hits you it hits you, and if it don't, it don't, and you can't dodge it any way. But a durned bayonet is in your sight all the time ; it is right towards you, and not at your big toe either ; it is aimed right at where it can do damage. I couldn't keep my eyes off that Irishman's face, and he wasn't handsome, either. I suppose I was no great picture to him. I ain't much in the looking-glass line anyway, but I could see just where that durned bayonet was pointing all the time ; it seemed as if I could see the very button it was coming for, and I didn't look down, either. Well, the long and short of it is, I don't take much stock in a bayonet, anyhow, and with a big Irishman behind it is worse. I can stand up and shoot all day, and did that day, but if I can have my choice, when it comes to jabbing with bayonets I ain't in it. No, Sir ? I ain't." My uncle used to tell this with much interest.

War has its ludicrous as well as serious side, and we have paused in our story for the Yankee's account, as the first man in the fight. Three of the thirteen boats, not following the pilots as leaders, were carried down the river ; two of them were fired on from the shore. Col.

Chrystie was wounded by a grapeshot, another officer mortally wounded, and were forced back, landing again where The Cornell now stands. The third boat with its forty men were taken prisoners. But the ten had landed their troops, and at once returned for more. Van Rensselaer and Wool pressed up the bank, drove back the detachment or guard there, and in a fierce, bloody fight, pressed back the supporting force to Queenston. How severe this fight was may be seen from the fact that seven out of ten officers were wounded, and a like proportion of the men. After all, the thumb and finger work and the hey diddle diddle did not answer well on these stubborn Canadians, and they welcomed their liberators with musket balls. Van Rensselaer was now severely wounded and sent back to Lewiston. Chrystie was out of the fight, and all came upon Wool, himself bleeding from three wounds. The cross fire from the British on the Heights was very severe, and the Redan battery did us great harm. Bleeding as he was and forced back to the bank, he summoned his men and led them up the steep slope where the Heights strike the river bank, pulling themselves up by bushes and using their gun stocks for supports. They burst suddenly on the British right, charged them impetuously, and drove them down the hillside and off the Heights. The Redan was taken, and with it very nearly the British Commander-in-Chief. For General Brock, on hearing the firing from Fort George, had rid.

den rapidly up, reached the Redan, and was surveying the field. To his surprise, the Americans came pouring down the hill. He had not time to mount his horse, but with his brave and accomplished Aides, Col. McDonnell and Major Gleig, went rapidly on foot to the foot of the hill. Both leaders now drew up the lines for the fight, and leaders and men were fairly matched, and both of the stuff of which heroes are made. Brock in his prime and flushed with the victory of Detroit; Wool, bleeding from his wounds, and using what blood remained with a manly calmness and a soldier's pride. Brock advanced his entire line in fierce assault; they were as fiercely met. Gradually the Americans were pressed back towards the river bank, when Wool ordered a wild, desperate charge with the bayonet, and even the 49th, Brock's favorite regiment, was driven down the hill. "Who ever saw the backs of the 49th before?" They were driven, not beaten, the men who drove and the men who were driven were of one blood and of one speech, and one national memory of 1,000 years. It takes numbers, not bravery, to overwhelm such men. Brock rallied his force and mounted his horse to lead them. "Gen. Brock, you are in extreme danger where you stand. There are American riflemen in the enemies line who can kill three men out of four at this distance." This was said by a Canadian friend at his side. "All fighting is danger, and where my men go I go with them." He had gone on but a little

distance when a bullet struck him in the breast, and he fell back on his horse to die. His men were shocked and troubled by the fall of their idolized leader, and slowly and sullenly gave way. The brave McDonnell took the lead, rallied his men, led them to the attack, when he, too, fell, mortally wounded, and his discouraged men yielded the Heights and fell back upon Queenston.

Capt. Dennis, who had bravely met our attack on the river shore, was mortally wounded. Capt. Williams, of the Redan, was disabled by a wound, and the main leaders of the British forces were gone. The field was ours for the time, but desperately fought and hardly won. On our side, Wool was now exhausted by loss of blood, and had to retire, and the command fell upon Scott, who could not have a command the evening before by begging for it, but now laid the foundation for the after days of Chippawa and Lundy's Lane, and for the mid-day glory of Cerro Gordo, Chapultepec and Churubusco. Other actors were now to appear on the scene. John Brant, son of old Thayandenagua, of Revolutionary fame, assailed Scott's left with war-whoops, and charged with hatchet and rifle.

At first our men, worn down by the day's fierce fighting, and startled by the unwonted whoops, gave way, when Scott, riding up impetuously, raised his form to its fullest height and called in thunder tones: "Wheel! and

charge bayonet!" Indians have a traditional dread of cold steel, sank back into the woods and left the field.

And now, what of this formidable militia, 2200 of them, on the American side, who had forced on the fight, or they would go home! Gen. Wadsworth had already plead with the militia to come to the relief of their comrades, and now Gen. Wool sent Lothrop Cooke across to beg their coming over to hold the ground that had been won. Their Major—I will not call his name; it was a name he bore as a ruffian and outlaw in later days—replied: "Oh, Lothrop, I have such a fever, I am not fit to go into the fight to-day?" The messenger, who had been under fire in his boat-all day, and had brave men fall upon him with grape and musket shot, and stain him with their blood, shook his fist in the old recreant's face and said: "Yes, you old scoundrel, it is cannon fever you have!" and felt, as I have heard him say, like felling him to the ground.

Scott came over and plead; plead with tears that they would go over to the help of their brethren in arms; in vain, all in vain; they could not be made to go out of the country to fight, and they left the little band under Scott to their fate. The fate was soon settled. Gen. Sheaffe came up from Fort George with fresh forces; gathered up the men who had already bravely done their part; came in by a circuitous

march on Scott's flank and rear, and with regular British Infantry, brave Canadian loyalists, and Brant's Mohawks, pressed the little band slowly back to the brink of the precipice and compelled their surrender. Twice Scott sent a messenger with a white flag and terms of surrender, and twice the messengers were shot down by the Indians, and still the needless slaughter went on. Then Scott himself took the white emblem and at the risk of life pressed through the foe and was admitted to terms. Six hundred heroes, with a hero at their head ; yet, with the prisoners of the boat, and hundreds of miserable skulkers who came out from under the banks and elsewhere where they had fled from the battle, the tale of prisoners was made up to 1000 men. For those who fought, an American can hold up his head before the world ; for those who left their fellows to fight and die, he must hang his head in shame.

It is the old, old story of militia against veterans in the open field. Sir Wm. Johnson built breastworks for his eager militia to run to, and at Dieskau's first advance they ran to them ; there Sir Wm. rallied them and received the trained veterans of France with such slaughterous volleys that they gave way in utter confusion ; then the order was given to charge, and they charged, making the confusion utter rout and victory. Militia can always chase a flying foe. Morgan said to Howard at the Cowpens :

“Howard, I shall put the militia in front, and your Marylanders in reserve. The militia will fly, of course, at the first fire; I will order them to throw in one or two volleys, and retire; but they will fly. Tarleton will chase them in confusion and come on you; give them a volley, then charge, and the day is our own.” And it was. “Coffee,” said Jackson, as he saw advancing to the assault at New Orleans the finest array in scarlet and white that the world could show, “Will your men stand?” “Out in the open field, not a moment; behind the breastworks, the enemy will never reach the works.” In a half hour’s time 2000 men lay before the works, but none near them. The men who ran at Bull Run were the same men who, trained and veteran, stood as walls at Antietam and Gettysburg. And yet this maggot of dread of a standing army and of centralized power, born in the brain of Jefferson and bred in his followers, will keep men saying, “the strength of a Nation is its militia; our hope is in the bared breasts of the people.” Yes! the bared breasts of the people, in the conflict of Queenston Heights, could feel no generous impulse when Van Rensselaer and seven out of ten of his officers were brought bleeding out of the fight; when Wool, bleeding himself, repulsed and drove back the enemy in three several fights; when Scott with his gallant 600 stood up against overpowering numbers and surrender became a duty; and no throb pulsed in the “bared breasts” when

the little band was moved off to far distant Quebec, exiles till paroled or exchanged. Thomas J., the bared breasts are all in your eye, and the standing army matter and centralized power are phantoms of your brain. It was not militia that stormed Yorktown, climbed Mission Ridge or headed the enemy in his despair at Five Forks or Sailor's Creek. The statesmanship of the pen and closet is one thing; the veteran skill and power that frees a Nation from the death grip of hatred and strife is another. A veteran navy is the outpost of a Nation's safety; a veteran army is the reserve of a Nation's defence.

At Newark, Brant and another Mohawk entered an officer's quarters where Scott was a guest. The surlier one advanced to Scott, drew his tomahawk, and said: "I fired many times in the fight to kill you; I kill you now!" Scott seized a sword from a scabbard lying near, and said: "If you come a step nearer I'll split your head." The officer interfered and drove the Indian from the tent.

At Quebec, it was proposed to hold back some of the prisoners from exchange, because they were of English or Irish birth or descent. "For every private so held back, I will have a British officer held back in New York City." They were not held. If we take up the other battles of the Niagara, we shall see Scott a flame of fire in hours of the most deadly conflict; the

consummate soldier who begins and ends the strife.

Tourist friends, as you look at the noble shaft on Queenston Heights, think kindly of Isaac Brock who lies there, for he was a true soldier, a true patriot and a humane man ; and as in thought you weave the laurel for him weave another for the hero soul which withstood him in two several conflicts, bleeding from three wounds, and borne exhausted from the field as his adversary was carried off to die. Let Queens-ton Heights be always coupled with the names of Isaac Brock and John Wool.'

NOTE—General Brock, before leaving Fort George, left orders for a vigorous bombardment of Fort Niagara, across the river, to prevent reinforcements being sent to the army at Lewiston. Capt. Leonard, of Fort Niagara, replied so hotly that a number of the prominent official buildings at Fort George were burned and much damage created otherwise ; while, on his own part, a barbette heavy cannon was dismounted and destroyed and other serious injury received. So that, at last, his fire slackened and ceased. In the midst of the cannonade, a woman named Doyle, whose husband had been kept by the British as a British citizen, proposed to get in a woman's revenge. Throughout the cannonade,

and under the hottest fire, she served the cannoniers with hot shot from the furnace. An Irish woman does nothing by halves ; it is probable, that, on general principles and for her husband's detention she regretted through the day that she could not serve out hot shot on the entire British Empire.

To soothe our humbling under defeat Americans are sometimes tempted to state that Gen. Robert Sheaffe was Boston born, and that we lent our enemy the man who beat us in the end.

OFFICERS ENGAGED

AMERICAN

MAJ. GEN. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

COL. SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER.

COL. CHRYSTIE.

LIEUT.-COL. WINFIELD SCOTT

CAPT. JOHN WOOL.

BRIG.-GEN. WM. WADSWORTH.

CAPTS. OGILIVIE, MALCOLM, ARMSTRONG.

LIEUT. RANDOLPH.

MAJORS MULLANEY AND FENWICK.

COL. STRANAHAN.

CAPTS. TOWSON AND BARKER.

OFFICERS ENGAGED

BRITISH AND CANADIAN

MAJ. GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK.

MAJOR GLEGG.

LIEUT.-COL. MCDONELL.

CAPTAINS DENNIS, WILLIAMS, JARVIS, CROOK, MCEWAN,
NELLIS, W. CROOK, HALL, DURAND, APPLGARTH, CAM-
ERON, HOWARD, CHISHOLM.

MAJ. MERRITT.

COL. CLARK.

CAPT. BULLOCK.

CAPTS. R. HAMILTON, ROW.

GEN. ROBERT SHEAFFE.

CAPT. DERENZY.

LIEUT. CROWTHER.

MONUMENT, HISTORY AND DIMENSIONS

W. Thomas, architect. Commenced in 1853. Finished in 1856. Foundation on solid rock, 40 feet square, 10 feet thick, massive stone, stands in grooved sub-basement, 38 feet square, 27 feet high. Eastern entrance, massive oak door, 2 galleries to interior 114 feet; on north side pedestal; in vault under ground floor remains of Gen. Brock; south side, of Col. McDonnell; both in massive stone sarcophagi.

On the north side is the following inscription :

Upper Canada has dedicated this Monument to the memory of the late Maj. General Sir Isaac Brock, K. B., Provincial Lieut. Governor and Commander of the forces in this Province, whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath.

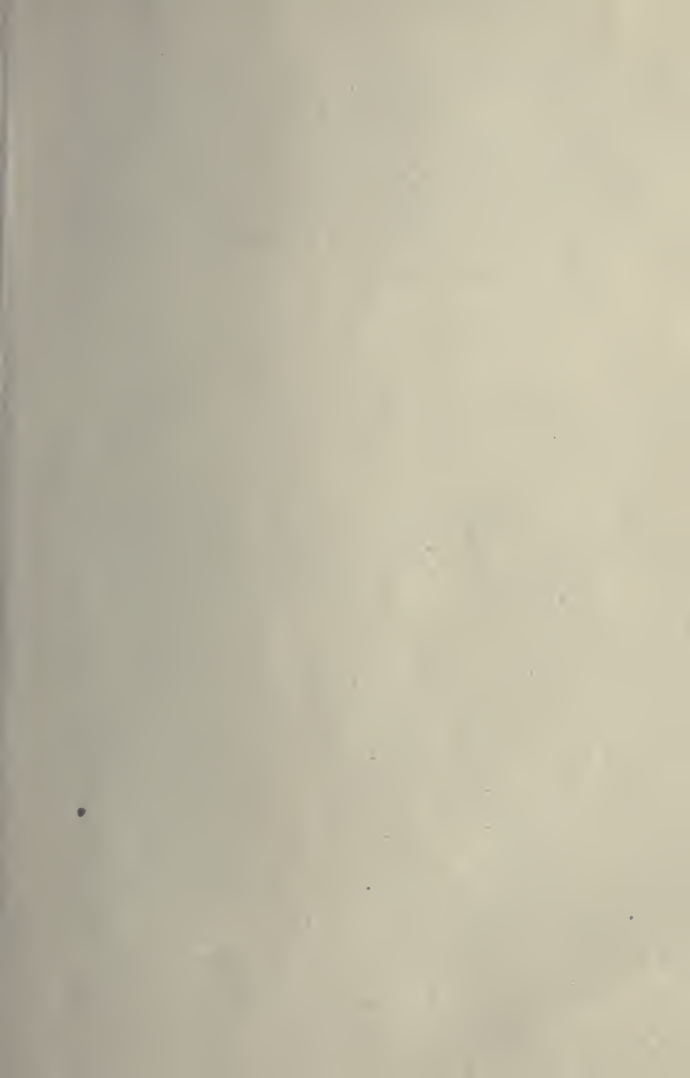
Opposing the invading enemy he fell in action near these heights on the 13th October, 1812, in the 43rd year of his age.

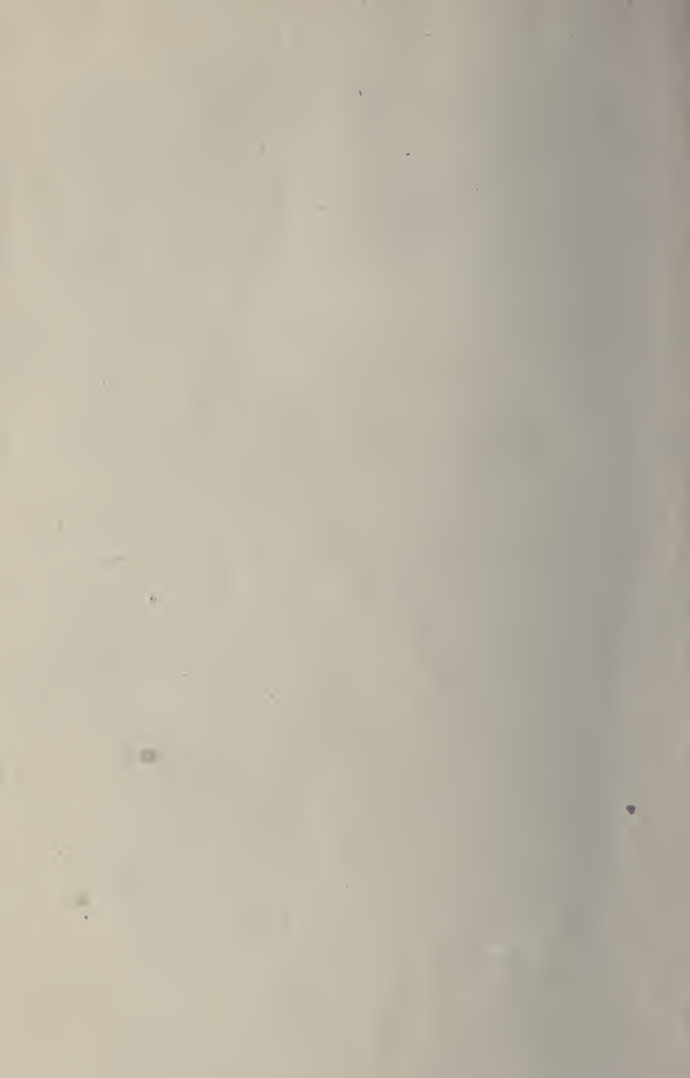
Revered and lamented by the people whom he governed, and deplored by the Sovereign to whose service his life had been devoted.

On brass plates within the column an inscription of like character for Gen. Brock and his Aide-de-Camp, Col. McDonnell, killed in the same action. Column on a platform within a dwarf wall enclosure 75 feet square, military trophies in carved stone, 20 feet high. Pedestal 16.9 feet square, 38 in height. Column, Roman composite order, 95 feet in height; fluted shaft, 10 feet diameter at base. The loftiest column known of this style. Capital of column 16 feet square, 12.6 feet high. Figure of Victory on each face, 10.6 feet

high. Staircase, 235 steps. Statue 17.0 feet high; from ground to top of statue, 190 feet, exceeding the height of any monumental column but one, Wren's column in England, 202 feet, commemorating the great fire.

To the north, Queenston, Niagara and Lake Ontario; to the east, the Niagara and Lewiston; to the south, Niagara Falls; to the west, the great ridge to Hamilton. Probably no single view in America to equal it.





Lines to Brock's Monument

Majestic Shaft! on high
Thou lift'st thy head;
Deep in the mountain rock
Thy base is hid.
We read the honored Name,
Deep engraved on thy face;
Beneath thy massive pile,
The honored Dust has place.
When thou shalt crumble,
And the flate be o'er,
The Name and Dust shall live
Forevermore !

[1822]

L. CORRIE.

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