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A NARRATIVE

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A SHORT AND THRILLING NARRATIVE OF A FEW OF THE  
SCENES AND INCIDENTS

THAT OCCURRED IN THE SANGUINARY AND CRUEL

WAR OF 1812---'14,

BETWEEN

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES;

WRITTEN BY ONE WHO, IN DEFENCE OF HIS COUNTRY'S  
RIGHTS, HAS FACED THE CANNON'S MOUTH, AND  
WHO PASSED THROUGH OR WAS AN EYE-  
WITNESS TO NEARLY EVERY SCENE  
AND INCIDENT HERE  
RELATED.

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PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

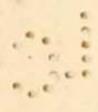
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## PREFACE.

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Although the following sketches were written entirely from memory, more than thirty-seven years after the scenes and incidents here related had passed away, yet the writer feels confident there is no error or mistake of any importance, as all are now, January, 1852, nearly as fresh in his mind as they were the day they took place, and never can they be eradicated from his memory, so long as he retains his natural vigor and strength of mind.

Being solicited by friends to write them out and have them printed, the writer has thought it might not be improper to comply with their request, believing that a true narrative, like the following, is none the less interesting, although many years may have passed away since the scenes transpired. The narrative commences from the time of the enlistment of the writer, and all that is deemed worthy and is not too tiresome for the reader to peruse, is noted and written out.

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The author enlists as a private soldier, and with his company marches to Portland, Me.; from thence to Burlington, Vt., and from Burlington to the town of Champlain, N. Y. While there, he, with others of his company, volunteered, and went on board of the two U. S. sloops of war, Growler and Eagle, carrying 22 guns, 11 each, then on Lake Champlain, to serve as marines. The next day fought a battle with the enemy, were overpowered by more than five times our own number, made prisoners and sent to Quebec, and there confined on board a prison ship nearly six months, then set sail for Dartmore prison, England,—numbering 372 prisoners, besides the guard and ship's crew, about 40 more. Seventeen days after leaving Quebec, and while in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, we met with a sad disaster and came near being all lost in consequence of losing the ship's rudder. We were therefore obliged to put the ship back, and entered the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Our intense suffering while on board that horrible ship.

We were ordered to leave the prison ship and were thrust into a dirty, loathsome prison on Melville Island, then occupied by more than 1500 American prisoners, and confined there nearly six months. Our sufferings while there and the subsequent exchange of all of us who were so fortunate as to endure and survive the cruel privations of an imprisonment in a foreign land of a year's duration.

## NARRATIVE.

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Immediately after the United States declared war with England, there was a call made for volunteers to serve one year in the U. S. army, and the writer of these sketches enlisted as a private in a company, commanded by Capt. Oliver Herrick, for that term of time. The company was organized in October, 1812, and in January following was ordered to Portland, Me., and there we took up our quarters in old Fort Sumner, on Munjoy's neck, now Mount Joy, and cold quarters they were. Here were five companies, commanded by Captains Herrick, White, Elkins, Snell, and Bryant. The three former were quartered at the Fort, and Snell's and Bryant's companies were quartered in private houses, near the Fort, hired for that purpose.

The companies were paraded and drilled every day, Sundays and stormy days excepted. Our quarters and parade grounds were surrounded by sentries, at all times on guard to prevent desertions, to keep off intruders, &c., and from 9 P. M. to 4 A. M., at the striking of the town clock, they were ordered to sing out at the top of the voice, "All is well," which, in a still, calm night, might be heard for miles.

Our only fare was one pound of salt beef, one pound of bread, and one gill of potato whiskey per day. This we soon became tired of, and prevailed on our officers for liberty to go into the town, which was granted us about twice a week. We soon, with happy hearts and jovial glee, found our way to our old friend Quincy, the one-leg man, who then kept a victualing cellar on what was then called Fish street, now Exchange

street. Here we were furnished with mugs of flip and many good bites, which we enjoyed with keen appetites.

Our old friend was then somewhat advanced in years, and was a good, kind hearted man. In his younger days he had been a practical farmer, in that part of the State of Maine called the Sandy River country. While there, being engaged in felling a tree, it slipped from the stump upon his foot and so severely injured him that it was found necessary to amputate the leg near the hip.

Many of our men, by the time they had been in Portland a few weeks, found themselves so short of cash that they had not the means to purchase a meal of victuals. That fact being made known to Mr. Quincy, he generously offered to supply them on tick, by their promising to pay him when they received their pay from the Paymaster. I think he lost nothing on that score, for I believe all paid him well. But alas, our old friend is gone; he has long been numbered with the dead.

An amusing incident took place while we were in the Fort. The company of Capt. Snell had not received their advance pay and bounty money, as had been promised them when they enlisted. After being in Portland several weeks and not receiving it, they supposed they were not bound to serve their country without pay, therefore, one morning about daylight, about 30 of them pushed past the sentries, and took up their line of march for their homes in Poland and Hebron, in double quick time. An alarm was immediately given, the companies were called on to the parade ground, and thirty men selected including myself, to pursue the deserters. All of us were fully equipped for the occasion. We took horses and sleighs and commenced the pursuit, under the command of Capt. Chapel of Portland, who, by the way, was a furious old fellow. We came up with them at what is called Black-strap, in Falmouth. Capt. Chapel ordered them to halt, or we would shoot them down! We only had guns and bayonets,

but not a particle of ammunition with us. He instantly jumped from his sleigh with his sword drawn, frothing and foaming with rage, and in his fury carelessly thrust the point of his sword several inches into the breech of his horse! The poor fugitives surrendered at discretion, and were driven back and put into the black hole, or cellar, under the Fort, and kept there twenty-four hours as a punishment.

Sometime in the month of March, a British Cartel arrived in Portland harbor from Halifax, with American prisoners. The prisoners were a remnant of the traitor Hull's army, of about 2000 men which he igominiously surrendered to the enemy without firing a gun, in the month of August previous. Their privations and intense sufferings had been such that they were reduced to the lowest extreme of wretchedness, and when they landed upon the wharf they were scarcely able to stand up on their feet. They were objects of universal pity, and were immediately sent to hospitals fitted up for their reception in the upper part of the city, and not far from Fort Sumner, where we were quartered. One man, by the name of Russell, came to our barracks and gave us a short history of their treatment and suffering while prisoners, the particulars of which I do not now remember. Little did we then think that before four short months should expire, ourself, or any of our jovial company were doomed to be captured by our common enemy and realize, by sad experience, the same cruel treatment and suffering that poor Russell and his companions had experienced; but such was the case, as my story will soon show.

Our five companies commenced their march from Portland to Burlington, about the first day of April, 1813. At that time I was at home, at my father's house, in Pejepscot, now Danville, I then being quite lame in consequence of a severe but accidental blow upon my knee. Being a minor and having enlisted without my father's consent, some effort was made by him to get me clear and detain me at home. Capt. Her-

rick being at his home at the same time, which was but a few miles from my father's, called on and told him if he would consent to let me go, I should ride with him in his sleigh to Portland, and from thence to Burlington should have all the assistance that my lameness required. At that the old gentleman gave his consent, and after bidding all a hearty good-by, I jumped into the sleigh with him and we were off in a trice. We arrived in Portland that evening. The companies were all gone. Capt. Elkins', Snell's, and Bryant's, had been gone about three days, and Herrick's and White's started the morning before we arrived in Portland. That evening Herrick enlisted two sailors by the name of Simmons and Chute. The next morning Herrick directed us to push on and overtake our company, (himself being detained in Portland a day or two.) We came up with them the second day at Fryeburg, having traveled fifty miles in two days, through mud, snow, and water. The next day after we left Portland, we were overtaken by two U. S. military officers on horseback. They, seeing we were all dressed sailor fashion, and having guns and equipments, stopped and made some inquiries, and after being informed that we were U. S. soldiers, on our way to Canada to fight the enemy of our country, one of them presented each of us with a dollar, and told us to push on. He told us that his name was McCobb, that he was the first Col. of our Regiment and was on his way to Burlington to join it, and that we looked like just such boys as he wished to have in his regiment and on the lines, to face the enemy.

I cannot now, after the lapse of near forty years, remember all our stopping places, but I think the next night after we left Fryeburg, we put up at the tavern where the Willy family perished some years after by a mountain slide. Our next stop was at a public house kept by a man named Rosebrook, about one or two miles beyond the Notch of the White Mountains in New Hampshire. We arrived here about noon, the traveling being bad, the baggage horses tired, and the men much fa-

tigued, it was resolved by our officers to give us a good resting spell. Our cooks soon went to work and got on several large kettles, and after boiling about one barrel of beef, we helped ourselves to a hearty supper of beef and bread, and then retired to the barns, stables, &c., for our night's lodging. Our two companies numbered about 160 men, besides commissioned officers and teamsters. We found but very few public houses on the road from Portland to Burlington, that could furnish lodgings for more than our officers and teamsters, consequently, we soldiers had to take ourselves to the barns, wrap up in our blankets and stow ourselves away in the hay-mows, and notwithstanding the nights were cold and freezing, we generally rested well until the latter part of the night, when we would begin to feel rather cool. We stopped at Rosebrook's two nights, and then pushed on for Burlington.

The next day we crossed the Connecticut river on the ice, and our teamsters continued to haul our baggage on sleighs till we got within about five or six miles of Montpelier, Vt. Here the snow had got so much worn in the road that they were obliged to leave them and procure wagons, and then we pushed on again for Montpelier, where we halted for the night.

The next morning the Reveille was beat at early dawn. This was always done to summon the men to Roll call, and the barns, stables and out-houses were quickly emptied of their occupants. After answering to our names and all had taken their morning dram, (a glass of potato whiskey,) we partook of our homely meal of cold beef and bread, and left the pleasant village of Montpelier, the most of us, probably, never to set eyes on it again. Our road this day continued for many miles along the banks of Union river, a beautiful stream; then free from ice and somewhat swollen. Beautiful intervalles stretched along on each side, and for many miles along the east bank, there is a range of high rugged mountains, which approach from one to within half a mile of the river.

We arrived at Burlington about the 15th of April, having been fifteen days traveling about two hundred miles. My traveling from Portland to Fryeburg, on foot, so increased my lameness, that from thence to Burlington I rode most of the way. Little did I then think that that lameness would trouble me for more than thirty-eight years then to come, but such has been the case.

On our arrival at Burlington, we went into barracks with about 2000 U. S. troops that had wintered there. At first we were struck with horror at the sight of the bodies of dead men lying upon the side-walks, wrapped up in dirty blankets, but they soon became so common and familiar, that they were but little noticed, for we were becoming inured to those cruelties, bloodsheds and deaths, that always follow in the trail of war.

Burlington Village lies upon the East shore of Lake Champlain, with a gentle slope to the water's edge. It was then, 1813, a large, neat, handsome village, and had the appearance of being a place of considerable trade in time of peace, with their Canadian neighbors, having uninterrupted sloop navigation to the Isle Aux Naux, about 60 miles, and in row boats to St. Johns, about 20 miles farther, and within about 30 miles of Montreal.

On the north, and contiguous to Burlington village, there was an extensive pine plain, and here were the U. S. soldiers' barracks and parade grounds, being about ten acres, enclosed by sentries at all time on guard.

We were at this place about three weeks, and it was difficult for us to get a permit from our officers to go to the village, which was less than one fourth of a mile from our barracks. I got but one while there, and that not to be absent more than one hour. Those that were not on guard had to submit to a long, tiresome drill every day, and after the drill we were put on fatigue—that is, we were set to work with shovels, hoes, pickaxes, &c., digging up stones, stumps, and

roots, and leveling the ground, which I suppose was done more to keep us out of idleness than anything else.

While we were here, a young man deserted, with the intent, as was supposed, of joining the enemy. He was pursued by some dragoons, overtaken, and brought back, tried by a Court Martial, and condemned to be shot! He belonged in Vermont, and had a wife. She being informed of his situation, came to visit him in his dismal abode, a sort of cell for the safe keeping of prisoners. I was on guard at the prisoner's door, when she was permitted to go into his room, and never shall I forget the scene that followed. The prisoner was seated on his couch when his wife entered, and without speaking a word she fell at his feet, and for some time they both seemed to have lost the power of speech. She choked, sobbed and cried; and her grief and sorrows seemed more than a young and delicate female ought to bear. Soon after she went to the commanding General, and plead with all the strength of a woman's love, for the life of her husband; but her pleadings were in vain, for he was soon executed.

Some four days after this, one poor fellow was made to run the gantelope, for desertion. All the troops, excepting those on guard, &c., were drawn up in double rank, that is, in two lines about six feet apart, facing each other, every man being furnished with a small bundle of birch twigs; the prisoner was then brought on to the ground, the drums beating and fifes playing the Rogue's March, and placed in the open space between the files, and marched through one regiment, an officer holding the point of a drawn sword at his breast and a file of men with charged bayonets at his back, at a slow pace, every man giving him a switch on his bare back, and blood was drawn at almost every blow. They flogged him to their hearts content; before he came to me, and glad was I.

While we were here it was very sickly. Some days two or three died in a day. Sergeant Sinclair, of Capt. White's company, died here. He belonged in Monmouth, Me.

We were here about three weeks, and then Capt. Herrick and Capt. White, with their companies, were ordered to the town of Champlain in the State of New York, about 50 miles from Burlington. We went by water, on board a sloop, about 40 miles, until we came to the mouth of a small river, where we went on shore and stopped over night and took up our lodgings in barns, out-houses, &c., the best we could find. The next day we ascended the river in row boats eight or ten miles. Nearly all the way both banks were covered with a thick forest of heavy timber, but as we advanced we came to a small but neat and pretty village, situated on the West side and only one mile from Canada line. Here were two block houses, or garrisons, built upon a little rising ground, one on the West and the other on the East side of the river, and about half a mile each from the village. These block houses were built two stories high, of hewn square timber about twelve inches thick, and were bullet proof. The basement story was about 25 feet square, and the upper story jutted over the lower story about three feet larger, with port-holes to fire down upon the enemy, in case he should attempt to set fire to, or blow up the garrison. We had also port-holes all around the garrison, both in the upper and lower stories, so that we could fire upon the enemy in case he should make his appearance in any direction within a fair musket-shot. These garrisons had not been occupied, and were just finished for our reception. Herrick's company occupied the one on the East side. It was built in the forks of two roads, one leading to Canada, distant one mile, the other to the lake, distant four miles.

Our companies were ordered here as an advance guard and to prevent smuggling, which was said to be carried on to some considerable amount. The inhabitants on both sides near the lines, were on the most friendly terms. The Yankees supplying the Canadians with provisions, and the Canadians paying in English goods, &c. To prevent that unlawful intercourse, every night sentries were placed, not only by the sides

of all the roads and by-paths that led into Canada, but in open fields, bushes, &c. They were stationed about dark, and as secretly and silently as possible.

As far as the eye could see from any point that was accessible to us in our rambles about the neighborhood, all along on the Canada side of the line the country was covered with one dense forest; no cleared land or building could be seen. This forest was said to be full of hostile Indians, lurking about and watching for an opportunity to fall upon and cut us down. On that account the sentries were doubled, that is, two men were put on guard together, with loaded muskets, and at nine o'clock the watch-word, or countersign, was given out to the sentries by the sergeant of the guard. They were ordered not to move a step, but to be wide awake, to see and hear all they could, and if any human being came within hailing distance, they were to demand, "Who goes there?" If those so hailed, should say "Relief," the sentry was to reply, "Relief, stand; corporal, advance and give the countersign," which he would do, in a low tone of voice, with the point of the sentinel's bayonet at his breast. The sentinel was then relieved from duty, which was done every two hours. If instead of answering "relief," the person so hailed should say, "Friend," the sentinel was to reply, "Friend, advance and give the countersign." If he refused to do so, the sentinel was to call the sergeant of the guard and a file of men, to take the "friend" to the guard house to be examined. Should he attempt to run from the sentinel, his orders were to shoot him down, if he could. There was but one man brought in while we were there. He was going down the river with a boat-load of English goods, one dark night; the sentinel hailed him, and receiving no answer, fired upon him; this brought him too, the ball having passed through the boat. He was taken to the guard house, and the next morning he and his goods were sent to Burlington, and that was the last I ever heard of him.

In the month of December before we came here, there was about 2000 U. S. troops stationed at this place about ten days. They had been on an excursion into Canada; but the enemy not being in sufficient force to meet them, fell back to their strongholds, and the U. S. troops came out into this town, (Champlain,) and there not being any barracks for their accommodation, they went into a thick forest of hard wood, on the outskirts of which there were many small bushy pines; these they cut down to build their camps with, and although many acres of wood were cut down, to keep their fires, in this short space of time, it was said their camps were built in such a slight and rude manner, that they suffered severely with the cold.

One day while some of our men were rambling through the woods that these troops had occupied, they found the body of a dead man in a cradle-hollow, covered over with leaves, rotten wood, brush, &c. It was told us that while those troops were there, one man was killed by a sentinel who was guarding some hay. An officer wanting some for his horse, sent a man to get it for him, without a written order, as the regulations required. The sentry forbid his taking any, but he disregarded it, and attempted to carry some away in his arms. The sentry becoming exasperated, thrust his bayonet through his body and killed him on the spot!

This, reader, is no fiction; it is a true story. Such is the nature and cruel disposition of man, when he supposes he has the laws of his country to sustain him. That was the case with that murderer, for such I must call him. He seemed to think that, because he was placed there by a military officer to guard the hay, he had a right to take that man's life for attempting to carry some away without his consent. But such was not the case. He was handed over to the officers of justice, tried by the laws of New York State, for manslaughter, found guilty, and sentenced to the State Prison for life.

We were at this place about four weeks. Many of our men were taken down sick with fevers, and Joseph Freeman, from the town of Greene, Me., one of Herrick's men, died here.

There was but little military duty to be done; no guard duty, except as before stated, and but one short drill daily. There were no fatigue parties called out to dig up stumps and stones, to level and smooth off parade grounds. Neither were we kept under very strict discipline; for we were all good and true men, and our officers had much confidence both in our courage and fidelity.

The neighboring farmers wishing to be on good terms with the soldiers, occasionally offered to hire them to work on their farms; there was, however, but a small number who accepted the offer, for a vast majority felt themselves a little above toiling on a farm. There were a few of us, however, who took up with the offer, and worked by the day like good fellows. The first day of June, I worked for a wealthy man by the name of Ashfield, digging stone with an iron bar. The night following it was my turn to go on guard, and, as I have before remarked, the sentinels were stationed two together, so that if an Indian should steal upon them unawares, and tomahawk one, there would be another man left to give the alarm. Broiderick Dillingham, who I believe is now living in Minot, Me., was the man associated with me that night. We were placed by the side of a great rock, in an open field, about one half mile from the garrison, and ordered not to stir a step, but to keep a good lookout for Indians. We did not see any, however, that night.

The next day I worked for the same man, planting corn on a piece of broken up ground. It was flat, moist land, the furrows lay two together, that is, one furrow turned back against the other and then harrowed lengthwise. We planted the corn on top of the furrows, without manure. When I had finished my day's work, Mr. Ashfield said he wished me to help him finish planting his corn the next day, and he would

then pay me all up. This I consented to do; but, alas! my pay I never got, and Mr. Ashfield nor his farm did I ever set eyes on again after that night.

The United States had three sloops of war on Lake Champlain, carrying eleven 12 pound carronades each, viz: President, Growler, and Eagle. They were intended for the protection of the inhabitants from the incursions and depredations of the enemy. For some weeks they had been employed at the head of the Lake, transporting troops, munitions of war, &c., from the Vermont to the New York side. In their absence, the British had been up with their gun-boats from the Isle Aux Naux, (where they had a garrison of about 1000 men,) crossed the line and plundered the inhabitants on the Lake shore, of their property, such as cattle, sheep, hogs, &c. Lieutenant Smith, the commander of our forces on the Lake, being informed of these depredations, came down with the Growler and Eagle to protect the inhabitant and chastise the enemy for their insolence. He came to anchor on the afternoon of the 2d of June, within about one mile of Canada line, but his vessels not being more than half manned, he sent an officer to our camp for volunteers to man them, as he expected an immediate attack by the enemy.

Just as I returned from my day's work to the garrison, the naval officer rode up to the quarters of our officers. After a short interview, Capt. Herrick called his company on to the parade, which was nothing more than the common road, or highway, and told them the outrages the British had committed, the situation of the two sloops, then lying about 4 miles distant, that volunteers were called for to act as marines, that he could not compel any man to go against his will, but for one, *he* would go, if his men would follow him. And now, says Capt. H., any of you that are not on duty, and are willing to follow me, please step three paces in front of the ranks. Instantly thirty-three of his men, including myself, stepped from the ranks, and our names were taken down. The officer

then proceeded to the garrison of Capt. White. In less than an hour he returned with Lieut. Denison, of Capt. White's company, and twenty of his men. Immediately we, fifty-five of us in all, were on our march for the sloops and a little more active service, heedless and thoughtless to what that rash and inconsiderate step would lead us. The road from our camp to the Lake was then muddy and full of sloughs, and as the night was cloudy and dark, we went through it, thick and thin, turning out for nothing.

As the sloops lay at some distance from the shore, and as we had to be taken off to them in small boats, it was near midnight before we were all on board, and then all the chance we had to get any rest was to lay down on the sloop's deck without any covering.

We expected to be attacked by the enemy the next morning, and thought we felt quite willing to exchange a few shots with him by way of compliment. At daylight, no enemy appearing in sight, we weighed anchors and made sail down the river into the enemy's territory, expecting to meet him. At eight o'clock A. M. we were within about two miles of the enemy's Fort on Isle Aux Naux, and ten or twelve miles from the lines. Five gun boats, full of men, soon made their appearance round an intervening point of land, which lay between our sloops and the Fort. We were close upon them, and immediately gave them several broadsides of canister and grape, which so crippled one of their number, that they put back, and we saw that one no more. The other boats also retired out of the reach of our grape and canister shot, but they being under the guns of their own Fort, we could not follow them, where they kept a continual firing upon us with 12 pound shot. They had greatly the advantage of us at long shots, their boats being low on the water, and having but one gun and that in the bow, and their boats lying comparatively still on the water, and our sloops being near twenty times as large, gave them a pretty fair mark to fire at. On the other

hand, the sloops being under sail and the gun boats being small, it was no easy matter to hit them at long shot with a ball. In addition to the gunboats, we had to contend with five or six hundred of the enemy on the shore, who hid themselves behind large trees. The river there was about a mile in width, and we had to keep near the West shore on account of the shoalness of the water. The woods being thick to the water's edge, and the trees large, the enemy was seldom seen, but they kept up a continual fire upon us, their bullets whistling through the sloop's rigging and against her sides like hail stones.

Our whole force numbered only 105 men, while that of the enemy was not less than 700 or 800. Our foes being hidden from our sight and about seven times our number, we were obliged for the most part of the time, to keep our heads below the gunwale, or their bullets would lessen the number of our mess. The enemy having so greatly the advantage of us, both in numbers and position, we concluded to retreat, but having to beat back against the wind and current, we made slow progress. As we retired we kept a continual thundering at the gun boats as well as the foe in the woods, with broadside after broadside of canister and grape. As those in the woods followed us they came to a piece of cleared land, where there was an old log house. A large number of them entered and began to fire upon us, when we brought our guns to bear and gave them a broadside of canister and round shot that gave the old house a terrible shaking. We were so near that we could see the splinters fly, and the red-coats running for the woods for dear life.

Several of the enemy's grape shot struck our vessels. One shot entered a port hole, knocked off a splinter from one of the gun carriages, which struck a man who stood within four feet of me, in the face, smashing his upper lip, knocking out his teeth and greatly bruising and disfiguring him. He fell, as we thought, dead, and lay sometime without motion; but

after awhile he picked himself up and crawled down into the vessel's hold, and that was the last that I ever saw of him. His name was Perham, and he belonged in Greene, Me. The same splinter wounded John Reed, a sergeant in Capt. Her- rick's company, who in consequence received a pension from our government until his death, which took place in Novem- ber, 1849.

Our vessel, the Growler, was struck several times with 12 pound shot, one of which passed through her hull, but fortu- nately hurt no one. One struck the Eagle, and passed thro' her, near the water line, and the water poured in so rapidly that she began to sink, and to save themselves they hauled down their colors and surrendered prisoners of war. She was run on shore, near the enemy, where she heeled over with her hold full of water and gave up the ghost. She was fired upon by the gun boats, and one 12 pound shot passed through her mast, after she had surrendered and been run aground!

The Growler, which I was on board of, continued to fire and beat back near an hour longer, but having spent nearly all of her ammunition, and seeing no chance to save ourselves, it was determined to strike our colors also, and thus we became prisoners of war to king George IV. As soon as our colors came down, the enemy was along side with their boats. Capt. Downa (who was killed in the battle with Comodore McDo- nough Sept. 11, 1814, fifteen months after this) came on board with his officers, and scolded our sailing master for not bringing our vessel to anchor after we had doused our colors. He told him he ought to be hanged, &c. He ordered our officers to deliver up their swords, telling them they would be returned again, but the promise I believe was never fulfilled.

In this battle the enemy acknowledged that they had thirty men killed, about fifteen of whom were killed in the old log house by a broadside from the Growler. The number of their wounded we did not learn.

We had but one man killed. His name was Gilbert Cham-

berlain. He was one of Herrick's men, and was shot through the head and instantly killed while resting his gun on the gunwale of the vessel to fire upon the enemy. His native place was the town of Greene, Me.

About fifteen of our men were severely wounded, all of whom, except one, were the next day sent back over the lines to our own people. This man's name was Gooding, and he belonged in Brunswick, Me. He was severely wounded in the shoulder by a shot, and was unable to be moved.

During the battle, which lasted about three hours, after a few of the first shots, the enemy's gunboats were not nearer than half a mile to our vessels, and the most part of the time not nearer than a mile, consequently we fought at long shots. Their shots would generally strike the water about half way between us, and then skip along, striking several times before they sank. One shot struck the water within about a cable's length of the Growler, and then bounded into the air and went directly over her. The shots that went through our vessel, struck the water first several times, and then had sufficient force to pass through her sides.

This small victory gave the enemy great encouragement, and emboldened them to rashness, and finally proved the means of their entire overthrow in this quarter of their operations, as the sequel will show.

Immediately after this engagement the British raised the sunken Sloop, [the Eagle,] and after repairing her and the Growler, manned them as well as their gunboats, and being then masters of the Lake in point of strength, they sailed up to Platsburg and Burlington, and after making a great display of their strength, and having none to oppose them, returned to their strong fortress on Isle Aux Naux.

At the time this expedition was sent up to the Lake, the enemy collected about three thousand troops and sent them to Odeltown, and from thence they crossed the lines with the avowed intention of laying seige to the garrisons in the town

of Champlain, that were then occupied by the remnants of Capt. Herrick's and White's companies. They however, having notice of the enemy's approach, and not being in sufficient force to repel them, fell back several miles into the country; and when the enemy made their appearance, they found nothing to oppose them. They set fire to the garrisons and made good their retreat back to Canada.

The remainder of this season, and the fore part of the next, both the Yankees and the British were busily engaged in building and strengthening their fleets upon this Lake. The U. S. had but one vessel left, the President, after the capture of the Growler and Eagle; but by the first of Sept. 1814, they had quite a respectable force ready for immediate service. On the 11th of September, learning that the enemy was advancing with all his force to attack him, Commodore McDonough, who was then commander of the U. S. forces on the Lake, brought his fleet to anchor in a kind of half circle, with springs upon his cables, all in view and not far distant from Plattsburg. Very soon Capt. Downa, the commander of the British fleet, made his appearance and began the attack. The particulars of this hard fought battle I will not here relate, for it is well known to all who are acquainted with the history of the war of 1812, that in that battle, Capt. Downa's fleet was nearly annihilated, and that himself and his lady, who accompanied him, were both killed; also about sixty of his men, besides a large number who were wounded and taken prisoners.

In connection with this Naval armament, the British raised an army of about fourteen thousand men, with which they invaded the State of New York a second time. They reached the heights of Plattsburg just in time to witness the destruction of nearly the whole of their fleet, without having it in their power to render the least assistance, and accordingly they immediately began their retreat back to Canada.

Gen. Macomb, who was then commander-in-chief at Platts-

burg, was not in sufficient force to risk a general battle, but he succeeded in greatly harrassing the enemy's army, by annoying their flanks, cutting off their rear guards, &c., killing and capturing about one thousand men. The British also lost about one thousand men by desertion.

But, to return to my narrative. After our surrender, we were conveyed to their fortress on Isle Aux Naux, and a strong guard placed over us, and there we were kept until the next morning. What was most humiliating to our feelings, was, as we approached the Island and as we landed, we were met by several hundred soldiers, and some scores of old women and children, who set up such a hideous squalling and hurrahing, as I never heard or saw the like before. We much regretted that it was not in our power to stop their mouths. One British soldier came rushing in among us and requested to know if there was one of our men killed who had on a red shirt. He said he fired at one, and saw him fall. We told him that he did not kill him, but that he was badly wounded. He was an oldish man, a sailor, by the name of Duncan, and had been ordered over the sloop's side to swab out and charge one of the guns. This was always done when the guns to be charged were on the opposite side of the vessel from the enemy. Duncan had charged his gun, and was in the act of springing over the gunwale to the deck, when a musket ball grazed his forehead, took a piece out of his hat three or four inches long and the skin and flesh to his skull bone. He fell to the deck stunned, but not killed, and whether he ever recovered from the wound is more than I know.

Immediately after we surrendered, we began to throw overboard our small arms,—guns, pistols, swords, tomahawks, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, tomahawks, &c.,—so there were but few left when the enemy boarded us.

The next day after our capture, we were taken down the St. John's river in row-boats, about twenty miles, to the town of St. Johns. On arriving, it being King George's birth-day,

the fourth of June, our guards gave each of us a glass of Old Jamaica, and requested us to drink to the health of the King. We drank with thankful hearts, but the King we choose to say nothing about.

The 5th day of June, we were taken by land to Chamble, a village situated on the St. Johns, which here takes the name of Sorrell. On account of rocks and rapids in the river from St. Johns to this place, it is not boatable, consequently we had to foot it, except the sick, lame and halt, who were provided with horses and horse-carts.

On our arrival, we were put into some old stone barracks and confined there until about noon the next day, when we were again started for Montreal, distant from Chamble about fifteen miles, and from St. Johns thirty. On account of my old lameness, I had the offer of a ride the whole distance, which I gladly accepted. There were about ten of us who rode in the two horse carts, one of whom was a young lady who was captured on board the Growler with us. She had the offer of being carried back with the wounded over the lines, but she refused; choosing she said, to go with the men, and return home when they did. She was naturally a pretty decent looking woman, but she was a deluded character.

We arrived at a hotel on the banks of the St. Lawrence, nearly opposite Montreal, about five o'clock in the afternoon. Here we were put into open boats and rowed over the river by hired Canadians, and then passed down the river on the West side. Two boats also accompanied us, containing about twenty-five soldiers with loaded muskets, ready to fire upon us if we should attempt to make ourselves masters of the boats and run away with the boatmen.

We passed rapidly down this mighty river until near dark, when the boatmen put ashore and moored the boats a few fathoms from the water's edge. The soldiers built a fire on shore and stood guard over us all night. Not one of the prisoners was permitted to leave the boat, nor was there the least

possible chance for us to get any rest, except what we could obtain by standing or sitting in the boats.

Early the next morning, the 7th of June, the boatmen came on board, took in their mud-hooks, and were again passing rapidly down the river. On, on we went, where many of our number were doomed never to return; never more to behold the friends and happy homes they had left far behind; and little did they think of the suffering that awaited them,—that before that short summer should pass away, near one third of our high-spirited, noble crew, would be mouldering in the dust of a foreign land! Alas! such was their fate.

Our boatmen rowed all day, until near dark, when they again moored the boats in a small cove and near the shore. A guard was placed over us, as the night before, and we passed a second night without any of us obtaining rest or sleep.

Early the next morning we were again on our way, but where we knew not. About dark we were landed at a village called Three Rivers, and conducted into some old barracks, which was gladly accepted as a resting place for the night. Although we had nothing better to stretch our weary limbs upon, than the soft side of a board, yet we had a pretty good night's rest, and we were very much in need of it, for, being in open boats the two nights before, with nothing but the canopy of the heavens to cover or screen us from the chilly air and heavy night dews, to sleep was impossible; nor was there room in the boats for a man to lay down. We had nothing to eat but raw pork and bread, and as for drink, we had the river water we floated in, from the time we went on board the boats at Montreal, until the first day of the next November. The tide was always running at the rate of four or five miles an hour, and although the water was sweet to the taste, yet it being always a little turbid, the effect on our bowels and health may easily be imagined.

On the morning of the 9th of June, we took another start, and about two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived within about

one mile of the city of Quebec, and were ordered on board a transport ship of 620 tons burthen, called the Malabar. She had recently arrived from England with troops, munitions of war, &c., and was then lying at anchor about one mile above the city and about that distance from the West shore, the river there being about three miles wide. As we ascended the rope ladder and went over the side of the ship, we found to our sorrow, upon her deck and before our eyes, about three hundred American prisoners. Although they had been there but a few weeks, yet their sorrowful and haggard looks told a tale of suffering and woe.

Our crew numbered about 90 men, the guard and ship's crew about 40 more, making in all about 430 men on board that ship.

By day we had only about one-half the deck, it being barred across at the middle mast, and sentries placed to prevent us from going any further aft, consequently we were badly crowded and about as thick as we could stand. At sunset, we were counted down between decks, and remained there until sunrise the next morning, and then counted again as we came on deck. None were allowed to go between decks during the day, except one mess, of six men, who were called by turns every day, to go below and clean up, which was no small job, you may depend. They used three-cornered scrapers, shovels, scrub-brooms, buckets of water, mops, &c.

The ship had two tier of berths, one above the other, built of rough boards around the lower deck. They were intended each to hold four men, but we were obliged to crowd five into each berth, and then had to lay spoon fashion, and when one turned or shifted sides, all had to change too. For the want of berths, thirty or forty men had to lie upon the bare deck during the whole time we were on board the Malabar. We were in Egyptian dark also, and many having occasion to go upon the upper deck during the night, would tread on and tumble over those who were stretched out on the deck, which

was the occasion of many horrible oaths and bitter curses. Some had blankets and some had none, and the suffering we endured on board that horrible ship, nearly six months, was enough to excite pity in the most savage breast. Our provisions were of the most loathsome kind. We had half a pound of what they called pork, but it was much the poorest of any thing of the kind I ever saw before, also one pound and a half of bread and one gill of peas per day, each. What we lacked in meat alone, we had in meat and bread together, for nearly all our bread was full of live worms! about half an inch long, but a great part of it was so mouldy that worms could not live in it. It had the appearance of being made of barley meal, without bolting or sifting. It was put into coarse bags and kept in the ship's hold, and had the appearance of having been baked some years.

As we had to sleep upon hard boards, with nothing under us but a blanket, the continual rolling and motion of the ship soon wore the skin from our hips. We were kept in dirt and filth, had no clothing except what we stood in when we were captured, had no chance to wash a shirt or any thing else, and no such privilege allowed us while on board that floating prison. And I will further say, although it may cause a shudder, or a qualmish feeling to come over the delicate and sensitive reader, (and well it may,) yet as it is true, and that the reader may form some faint idea of our situation and suffering, I will not pass it over in silence, and here it is, kind reader,—we were all lousy! Yes, these horrible virmin were in our blankets, shirts, and every part of our clothing, and swarming in every article. Their presence was caused by our being confined so close together and kept in dirt and filth, without a change of clothing. They had no respect of persons, all had a full share of their company. Day times they would hide themselves under the patches, pleats and seams on our clothing, and at night would come forth from their hiding places and prey upon our emaciated bodies, and although we

slew vast numbers daily, yet those that eluded our search, greatly outnumbered us.

Two of our number were set to do the cooking, that is, to boil our meat and peas. It was done in large square copper boilers, set in a cast iron fire-place. The boiler was several inches higher than the iron jambs that surrounded it on three sides, and it also set far enough from the jambs to allow the fire to blaze up around it, and here all those that had a tin cup, or tin quart, would fill it with water and then set it on the fire-frame, resting it against the boiler, and then take some of their miserable, loathsome bread, such as they could not eat, burn it to a crust and make coffee of it. That we relished highly.

We were classed in messes of six, and some messes received their daily portions together; their meat was boiled in little bags of net work made of rope yarn, and then eat together. They would frequently loose, however, that way, for portions of their meat would boil to pieces and fall through the netting, and on that account far the greatest number of us would have our portions divided, and each man take his part separate, and to make sure of the whole, would devour it raw. Many of us, frequently fifty or sixty, would, if possible, procure a little stick or splinter, and stick on an ounce or two of lean pork, and when the cooks took off the boiler, there would be a rush made for the fire by some scores of men, to broil their meat on the few remaining coals that were left; but the weak, the timid, and the feeble, stood but a poor chance. All were selfish; none, or but a very few, seemed to show, or have any feeling for their fellow prisoners. They would be crowded and wedged in five or six deep, with bits of meat on their skewers, and in their scrambling and pushing, it would frequently get knocked off the skewer, which would often cause bloody noses,—it would be but a word and a blow, and the blow very frequently come first.

In the month of August we were visited by Gen. Chandler

Gen. Winder, and Col. Baerstler, who were prisoners of war, on a limited parole, at the town of Bowport, four or five miles below Quebec. They were accompanied by several British officers and the U. S. Agent. They made us a present of four dollars each in hard money, an article very much needed by us. The next day a French Canadian came off to the ship in a bum-boat, to trade with us. He had cakes, pies, smoked herring, fruits, vegetables, &c., for all of which he asked twice or three times as much as they were worth; but his price had to be paid, or no trade. He was not allowed to come on deck, nor were we allowed to go over the side of the ship to trade with him, so we let down our money in a pail or basket, made fast to a line, and he would return just as much of the article we wanted, as he pleased, and no more.

One time while John, for that was his name, was busily engaged, with his back turned towards the ship, some one let down a line with a hook attached to it, and drew up a small basket containing a quantity of smoked herring, &c. John soon missed them, but knowing they were forever gone from him, comforted himself by singing out at the top of his voice, "Sacra non ge! Sacra non ge! begare." The English of which needs no interpretation, but may easily be imagined. John continued his visits daily while our money lasted, and after he had got it all, he took our lady prisoner on shore with him, and that was the last I saw of either of them.

In the months of July and August, eight of the prisoners attempted to gain their liberty by swimming on shore in the night. The two first that left the ship, we supposed were successful, for we never heard from them again. Their names were Smith and Hutchinson. They went on deck in a dark night and let themselves down into the water by a rope, unobserved by the sentries. The nearest land they could possibly reach by swimming, was a point that made round Wolf's Cove, and was about three miles above where our ship lay at anchor.

But a few nights after Smith and Hutcheson left the ship, two others made the attempt; but their strength failing them long before they reached the shore, they called loudly for help, and a boat put off from a ship lying at anchor not far from them, with an intent to save them, but before the boat reached them, they sank and were both drowned. Their bodies were picked up some days after, and buried. One of them was a drummer, his name was Haywood, and he belonged in the State of New York. The name of the other was Webber, and he belonged in the District, now State of Maine.

What, but the most intense suffering and anxiety of mind, could induce men to risk their lives by plunging into the deep, foaming river, on a dark night, knowing they must swim three miles before they could reach land, or be drowned.

After that but two prisoners were permitted to go on deck at once in the night, and the sentry was obliged to see them below before others were allowed to go up, and being thus closely watched, there was no more chance to leave the ship in that way. But there was a scuttle in the side of the ship, about eighteen inches square, strongly fastened with cross-bars of hard wood, and small holes left to let in air to prevent the prisoners from suffocating with heat. To get out that scuttle was the next thing to be tried. We operated in the night with our knives, and cut every bar nearly off upon the inside, and then watched a favorable opportunity to go out, which must be in a still, calm night, with the tide coming in. Soon a favorable opportunity occurred, and four stout hearted young men got ready for their perilous voyage, and surely none other than men of courage would have attempted it. Three of them went out together, but the fourth man, whose name was Hanway, put his head out through the scuttle, and seeing the surrounding darkness and gloom of night, and hearing the agitated waters as they foamed and dashed against the side of the vessel, and realising the danger he was exposing himself to, drew back with fear; but after waiting a few

minutes, he said he had made up his mind to leave the infernal ship that night, and sink or swim, die or live, he would make the attempt. About fifteen minutes after the others had left, he went out with the flood tide, but long before he could see the shore he became weary, his strength began to fail him, and he called for help. A boat with three men was sent from a ship, lying at anchor near by, to his relief, before they came up with him he had reached the shore, but in so exhausted a state that he could not get out of their way. After telling them who he was, and seeing his naked condition, they furnished him with a part of their own clothing, together with a hat, shoes, &c., and told him to get clear if he could; but after being gone about three days, he was captured and brought back to the ship again.

The other three men were gone about fourteen days, and then captured and brought back by some armed Canadians who were in pursuit of them for the sake of the reward of five dollars a head, that was offered for their apprehension and return to the ship. They said that when they were taken, they were within a few miles of the lines.

We had resolved that dishonesty of one prisoner towards another, should be punished. That we knew could not well be dispensed with. There was a set of desperate men among us, who seemed to take delight in cruelty and tyarannizing over their fellow prisoners, and about a half dozen of these rabbid fellows, made that resolve a plea for carrying out their own rabbid principles. They fell upon one man and flogged him so severely that he had to be sent to the hospital, where he soon after died. He was a dragoon; his name was Shed, and he belonged in Salem, Massachusetts.

Some days after this, they accused a young man of Capt. Herrick's company, by the name of Emery, of stealing from his mess, and began to prepare to "cob" him. Myself and many others, knowing that Emery was an honest fellow, and that the charge was false, determined that he should not be

hurt if we could prevent it. But they took poor Emery and dragged him to one of the ship's guns, set him astride of it, and then four or five of them held him down, while one Webber, a large, powerful man, stood by with a bat-board in his hand to battel him with. Four or five of us, Emery's friends, crowded around, told them that Emery was innocent and that their charge was false, and that he must not be hurt; but they heeded it not. Webber raised his cudgel and struck Emery a cruel blow upon his breech, without our being able to prevent it by reason of the crowd; he raised his weapon to strike again,—Emery begging for help,—in an instant I rushed into the crowd and sprang upon Webber, wrenched the cudgel out of his hand and threw it overboard, before he could inflict another blow. Webber, Smith, Peterson, Blanchard, Bill Evaton, or Saucy Bill as we used to call him, and Peter McDaniels an Irishman, came at me like tigers, but I was prepared for them, and gave them several well directed shots of bone and sinew, which brought two or three of them down sprawling upon the deck. The others closed in with me, but my friends being on hand, we had it rough and tumble for a short time. The officers of the ship hearing and seeing the rumpus, were soon at the scene of action, and inquiring into the cause of the tumult. We told them of the cruel conduct of the rowdies, at which they ordered the guard to drive them into the ship's hold, where they were kept until the next morning, which put a final stop to such reprehensible conduct, and Webber was soon after drowned in attempting to swim ashore, as I have before stated.

While we were on board that ship it was very sickly among the prisoners, and for several weeks in the latter part of June and the first of July, some days two, three, and sometimes, four men would die. One man died the next day after we were put on board the ship. Volunteers being called for to go on shore and bury him, myself with several other prisoners, offered our services. We went under a guard of British

soldiers, landed at a wharf and passed through the upper part of the city. The ascent was quite steep from the wharf, and I noticed one street so steep that it was not passable except for foot people, and then only on stone steps. The houses were mostly built but one story high, and were of undressed stone, which gave them a rough, ragged appearance. The buildings were very compact, and the streets narrow, and as we passed out of the city to the burying ground, which is on the border of the Plains of Abraham, we passed through two ponderous iron gates, in the two massive stone walls that encircle that part of the city. We dug a grave in the common burying ground and there deposited the mortal remains of our fellow-prisoner, and returned to the ship.

On our visit to the city, we were accompanied by Capt. Askow, the commander of the prison ship. He had no control over us prisoners, but he seemed to be a kind hearted man, and appeared to pity our situation. He told us while on our way to the city, that he hoped before many weeks his ship would be made a cartel of, to take us to the States, but the kind wishes of the good man were never realised by us.

About twenty of our men died on board of that horrible ship within a few days after we arrived on board. They had no more nursing and but little more attention paid them, than would so many brute beasts. Their dead bodies were put into coffins made of rough boards, sawed by the prisoners on board the ship with whip-saws.

Some time in the month of July, the sick, about thirty in number, were transferred on board of a brig that had been fitted up for a Hospital, and was then lying at anchor not far from the Malabar. I soon after reported myself sick, and sick I was. I was sick of my horrible situation, and I did not think I could find such a dirty, loathsome, horrible place on board the brig, as I was then in, and so it proved. The sick there were poorly provided for, had bad accommodations, and bad nurses. We were on board the brig about three

weeks, and in that short time many of our men breathed their last. Corporal Herrick, a cousin to our Captain, died there, also, a man who belonged in Greene, a member of our company, a man by the name of Churchill, who belonged in Paris, and a man by the name of Pratt, are all that I now recollect.

The Doctor ordered all that were able to walk, to go on deck every pleasant day, and those that were not too feeble, to be helped on deck. The head nurse, whose name was Cornel, got a rope and put it around a sick man's body, who was as helpless as an infant, drew him up and lay him upon deck, and the poor fellow died in less than one-half hour after. A cruel nurse surely.

Some time in August, the British had got a Hospital fitted up, a short distance above the city upon the border of the Plains of Abraham, and nearly opposite where our ship lay, to which place the sick were immediately sent, and where great numbers of them died. Five of those that died here, belonged to the small remnant of Capt. Herrick's company.

When I left the brig, with some others, I was ordered back to the prison ship, where we were doomed to remain about three months longer. Soon after my return, one of my berth mates, who slept with me, was suddenly seized in the night with powerful delirium. His talk was frantic, wild and incoherent, but I contrived to keep him in the berth until morning. After we were counted up, out of the dirty hold, on to the deck, I took him by the arm and led him to the sentry, who was always on guard to keep the prisoners from going on to the quarter deck, and asked him to be so kind as to speak to Capt. Askow and ask him if he would not come there. He complied with my request, and soon the Capt. came. I pointed to the young man that was bereft of reason, and asked if there could be anything done for him. The Capt. put his hand on his shoulder and bid him follow; he took him as far as the cabin door, and then brought him a tumbler of wine; the poor fellow grasped it with both hands, drank it off at a

draught, and returned to me, apparently better. I assisted him all I could, and that was but little. Soon after noon the Doctor came on board and ordered this man, with some others, to be sent on shore to the hospital. Before they reached the shore, however, it began to rain, and poured down in torrents. Surely, thought I, this is too bad weather for a sick man to be out in, and it was. The man died in a few days after he got to the hospital. He was a kind hearted, noble spirited young man, and was one of Herrick's company. His name was Frost and was a townsman of mine. The names of the other four who belonged to Herrick's company, that died in the hospital, were Edward Parker, Jacob Sinclair, of Greene, Me., and two young men who were brothers, by the name of Pratt, who belonged in Livermore, Me.

One poor fellow by the name of Eames, attempted to run away from the hospital, but did not get far. A Canadian seeing him crossing some fields, went at him with his hoe-handle, and Eames being too weak to resist, had to surrender, and was sent back to the ship.

There were more than one thousand American prisoners sent to Quebec during the summer, and as they died off on board the ship and in the hospital, our number was kept good on board the ship, by new comers, of which there were more or less every week.

About five hundred prisoners were put on board a large ship called the Cathcart, that lay at anchor about one mile below the Malabar, and on the opposite or East side of the river, but we had no communication with them whatever.

Among those that stood guard over us on board the Malabar, was an old soldier, who told me that he was in the British army and fought in several battles in the American Revolution. He showed me the scar of a wound on the forehead, a little above the eye, that he said he received from the point of an American soldier's bayonet,—in a charge. The dent in

his forehead was about as large as a bean, and the old soldier seemed to be quite proud of it.

While this man was standing sentry one day, with a bayonet in his hand, to prevent the prisoners from going between decks, a Frenchman, who was an American prisoner, attempted to pass him and go below. The old soldier instantly put the point of his bayonet to the Frenchman's breast, and told him if he attempted to pass he would do it at his peril. The Frenchman drew a long sheath knife, and faced him, and after some sharp words between them, and keenly eyeing each other's weapons, they lowered the tones of their voices, and the Frenchman sheathed his knife and retired.

I will now relate an incident that I was an eye-witness to, and then continue my narrative. The ship's Boatswain, an Englishman, by the name of Ross, being engaged one day fixing some rigging under the round-top, near the head of the main mast, seated on a handspike lashed to the rigging, when the handspike broke, precipitating him the distance of about forty feet to the deck. He first fell across the mizzen stay, which was about twenty feet from the deck, and then pitched over and went down head first, striking upon the head of one of the ship's pumps, breaking in his skull the bigness of a tea cup, and leaving a piece that cut in and broke off in the solid wood, about one inch in length. He was taken up senseless, and sent on shore to the hospital, and in about five weeks was able to come on board again; the Doctor having taken out the broken peices of his cranium and put in a peice of plated silver.

By the time cold weather set in, many of our men began to suffer with the cold, their clothes having rotted with dirt and filth, and dropped off from them. Having no bedding, except one blanket to every five men, which we spread under us, we slept with our clothes on, which greatly hastened their decay.

The Roman Catholics of the city being made acquainted with our condition, generously contributed something to our then present need, and sent us a lot of ready made clothing, which was distributed to those who were most needy. I obtained one shirt, and that was all the clothing I received during the time I was a prisoner, which was one year.

About the 20th of October, 1813, the prisonship Cathcart, which had been lying at anchor about one mile below the Malabar, for about four months, set sail for Dartmoor Prison, England, with about five hundred prisoners on board. On the first day of November following, the Malabar set sail for the same port and prison, with 372 prisoners on board, together with 27 German soldiers as a guard, and four passengers, besides the ship's crew and officers, in all numbering more than four hundred souls. Three of the passengers were Ladies, an old lady and her two daughters, and a British officer who was wounded on board the gun-boats in the battle with the Growler and the Eagle, on the 3d day of June before, the yard that held up the boat's sail, being shot away, it fell upon him and broke his shoulder.

We sailed from Quebec in company with eight merchant ships, loaded with lumber, &c., and all under convoy of two Ships, a Frigate, and a Sloop of War.

The Malabar was the fastest sailer, and was soon far ahead of all the other vessels. As the navigation of the river was considered somewhat dangerous, on account of shoals, rocks, &c., our passage down was quite slow; but, as I have before said, the Malabar was the foremost ship, and on her arrival at a place called Brandy Port, near two hundred miles below Quebec, she came to anchor, in order to wait until the rest of the fleet came up, that from thence all might take a new start together. Soon after she came to anchor, there came on a heavy East wind accompanied with much rain. The gale was tremendous, and caused our ship to drag her anchors, and after buffeting the winds and waves for many hours, one of

the anchors gave way, the shank breaking near the stock, and the remaining anchor continuing to drag with greater rapidity. The officers were in much fear that the ship, by the violence of the wind and waves, would be driven upon the opposite shore, where not only the ship, but the lives of all on board, must inevitably have been lost. But a good Providence ordered it otherwise, and our ship after dragging her remaining anchor nearly across the river, which was there nearly twenty miles wide, was brought up, the anchor having caught and held, and she rode out the gale, and we were safe.

Where the ship lay, there was no harbor, no high land to break the fury of the winds, from any point whatever, and of course ships there would feel the force of the winds about the same as on the open sea in that gale. The Malabar pitched and rolled tremendously, her decks often being deluged with water. After waiting here about two days, all the fleet came up, and we proceeded on our voyage for England together. About the time we arrived at the mouth of the river, there came on a thick fog, and for about three days we were not in sight or hearing of any other ship, and on that account, we, the prisoners, thought we saw a favorable opportunity to regain our liberty by taking the ship. In consequence of the small allowance of unwholesome provisions, and our long confinement, we were greatly reduced in bodily strength and activity, but nevertheless, our spirits were buoyant with hope, and we felt satisfied, in our own minds, that if we made one vigorous effort with what little remaining strength we were in possession of, we could make ourselves masters of the noble ship and that liberty, that boon we so much hankered after, was within our reach. Accordingly, we that felt ourselves most capable of performing the hazardous and perilous task, one hundred of us in all, drew up and signed our names to a paper, which was placed in the hands of our leader whose name was Beaty, pledging ourselves to rush on deck the next morning at early dawn,—each man having the part assigned

him he was to take. These plans and arrangements were made by us while between decks. The guard numbered twenty-seven men, and the ship's crew and officers about fifteen more. The prisoners numbered three hundred and seventy-two; but then, we were unarmed, we had no weapons and depended upon what we should be able to pick up on and about the deck. While the guns of our guard were always loaded and ready to be fired upon us, there was also a small swivel placed upon a pivot on the ship's poop, that was intended to be fired upon the prisoners and to sweep the ship's deck with grape and canister shot, (which is the most cruel and destructive of any thing that can be fired upon a body of men,) in case they should attempt to rise and overpower them.

Notwithstanding all the formidable weapons that were thus arranged against us, we turned into our berths that night, indulging the fond hope that by our own physical strength and courage, we should be masters of that valuable ship before the rising of the sun the next morning. But, alas! we were doomed to be disappointed, and our expectations to be overthrown. Before the next morning we all came near being lost in the mighty ocean. We had been in a thick fog for about three days, our navigators were not able to keep the ship upon her right course, and about eight o'clock she struck heavily upon some rocks, which instantly unshipped and carried away her rudder, and we saw it no more! The prisoners were in their berths between decks and in total darkness.

As the ship struck, we distinctly heard the loud voice of Mr. Sennett, the first mate, giving orders for a double guard to be set at the ship's hatchways, to prevent us prisoners from getting on deck; also, to let go the anchors, and to clear away and make ready the boats for launching. These orders were given in quick succession, and fell like thunder-bolts upon our startled ears, and when we found ourselves confined between decks, we began to think we were doomed to a watery grave.

As the anchors brought her up in shoal water, the bottom of the ship continued to strike heavily, which greatly alarmed all on board, and caused the prisoners to make a rush to the hatchway, with an intent to gain the upper deck, by force. Some hundreds of frightened human beings were soon gathered in and around the foot of the steps, which were narrow, and would not admit of two to go abreast. Many ascended the stairs in single file, but were pushed back by the two sentries with the breech of their guns, and as I have before said, we were in total darkness, but there was a glimmer of light that shone around the foot of the stairs, which proceeded from lanterns hung in the rigging above the deck.

I saw that the chance to get on deck was small, especially for me, as I was nearly at the outside of that thick mass of men gathered around the stairs, but nevertheless I was determined to make the attempt. I pushed myself through the thick crowd, and after awhile gained the steps, and soon got about half way up, where I made a stand for some minutes. Soon something took place on deck which caused the sentries, who were much alarmed for their own safety, to turn their faces from us, I instantly made a leap and sprang past them, and succeeded in reaching the main deck. Five or six others followed me, without the sentries being able to prevent them, and we were all that gained the upper deck that night.

When we got on deck, the long boat, which was lashed on deck and had been filled with much trumpery, was all cleaned out, the lashings taken off, except just enough to keep her in place, and tackles were made fast to hoist her out at a moment's notice. The carpenter was standing by with a shop ax in his hand, ready to cut the last piece of lashing that held her, so that she might be hoisted into the water, if need be, at the shortest notice.

Very soon after we got on deck we collected around and near the old carpenter, as he stood by the boat, (he had been a rough and overbearing, but was apparently a man of courage

and resolution,) who said to us, "My poor fellows, death now stares us in the face; there is but a small chance for our lives."

There being a heavy rolling sea, as the ship settled in the trough her bottom would strike, and it occurring several times during the night, occasioned much alarm to all on board.

The night was dark and foggy, and we could see nothing from the ship but the foaming billows that sparkled like fire-brands, as they dashed against the rocks a short distance from the bows of the ship.

While we lay there, and all of us being in much fear that the ship would be dashed to pieces against the rocks, one of the English seamen went down to his berth and brought up a large bag, stuffed full of clothes, &c., and threw it down upon deck. Mr. Sennet seeing it, said to him,—

"What have you got there, Peter?"

"My clothes, sir," said Peter.

"Well, what are you going to do with your clothes?"

"I am going to carry them on shore, sir."

"Damn your old duds," said the officer, "throw them back again; you may think yourself well off if you get on shore alive, without your clothes."

Peter threw his clothes back again without further ceremony.

At daylight the next morning, the wind getting in the Northwest, and the fog having cleared away, the anchors were hoisted and we were soon blown out to sea. About ten o'clock A. M., we saw a sail on our larboard bows, and immediately hoisted a signal of distress. The ship bore down and about noon came within hailing distance. She proved to be one of the men of-war which was to convoy us to England. When her commander was informed by Capt. Askow, of the loss of the Malabar's rudder, he sent ten or twelve of his men on board to help our carpenter build another, and by sunset it was completed and shipped. Capt. Askow was then order—

ed to put into Halifax, Nova Scotia, that being the nearest port, and the man-of-war bore away and we saw her no more.

Night soon came upon us and with it a heavy gale of wind, which soon carried away our new and slightly built rudder and left our ship unmanageable. All that night and a part of the next day, we lay at the mercy of the winds and waves. There being a heavy sea the ship rolled and pitched tremendously, often dipping the ends of her yards in the sea, and the waves breaking over and washing her decks repeatedly. The scene was alarming and awful to behold, and we were in much fear that the ship would go down with all on board; but soon after noon the wind died away, and the sea became somewhat calmer. The Englishmen then run out about ten fathoms of cable over the stern of the ship, and made the end of it fast to one end of a long heavy spar, and to the other end of the spar they made fast the shank of a broken anchor, which sank that end and left the other several feet out of water; they then took a long rope, or hawser, and made that fast also to the end of the spar that was out of water, and then brought each end of the hawser around each side of the ship and made them fast to the wheel on the ship's poop. By that simple mode of contrivance they were enabled to make some progress in steering, but in consequence of the sunken timber at the stern, she made but little headway, and on that account they went to work and picked up all the loose and scattering timber about the ship, and after nine days labor upon it they had something they called a rudder, and on the morning of the tenth day from our losing our first rudder, they cast loose the log at the stern, took in the cable, and shipped their second rudder. About noon the same day we saw a sail on our stern larboard quarter, which appeared to be in chase of us. The officers immediately pointed their spy glasses towards the stranger, and very soon she was pronounced an American Privateer. Oh, how our hearts leaped for joy at that unexpected news. We began to think that succor was at hand,

and that we were soon to be relieved from our horrible situation and that liberty was within our reach. But, alas! we were doomed again to be disappointed, for as soon as the officers discovered that the ship in chase was an American Privateer, they ordered the sentries to drive all the prisoners between decks, which was done at the point of the bayonet.

Although the prison-ship was not intended for a fighting character, yet she carried twelve 12 lb. cannonades, that she might defend herself against Privateers, &c. Her guns were immediately loosed, the ship cleared for action, and all made ready for a bloody fight. But that, it seemed, the British intended to avoid if possible, for they made all sail they possibly could and put before the wind, which was then fair for our destined port. The Privateer gained rapidly upon us, but did not get within gun-shot before night came upon us, and darkness put an end to the chase, and we saw them no more.

The next morning, soon after daylight, we came to anchor in Halifax harbor. Had daylight continued one hour longer, in all probability the Malabar would have been captured by the Privateer, as she had only six seamen besides her officers, and our guard of twenty-seven Germans,—five or six seamen having been taken from her while she lay at anchor at Quebec, and sent to the Lakes to help man the British fleet there; but their places were made good by American sailors, prisoners, that were captured with the Growler and Eagle. They were hired to help work the ship to England, and in case the ship had been attacked by the Privateer, of course would not have fought against their own friends and countrymen.

We were twenty-seven days on the passage, which is usually made in less than half the time, having been blown far out to sea, and for nine days in a not much better condition than a wreck.

Two of the prisoners died on the passage. The first man that died, whose name was Ford, was sewed up in his blanket

with a stone at his feet, and then placed upon a plank, and after prayers were read by a venerable old man, a prisoner, the body was committed to the ocean. It was a sorrowful sight. The other man, whose name was Emery, one of Her-ric's men, died the day before we got into Halifax, and was buried on shore. He was the same man I have before spoken of while at Quebec.

Soon after we came to anchor, Dr. Roland, an Englishman, came on board and ordered all the sick to come, or be brought on deck, which order was soon complied with, and about seventy miserable, dirty, ragged, forlorn looking beings, were soon paraded along the deck, to be examined by the Doctor. Observing that the Doctor seemed to be a kind hearted man, and that he rejected none that came forward, I too stepped in and joined them, not that I was so much sick of any particular disease, as I was of being confined on board of that horrible ship, where we were kept in dirt and filth, and had to live on the most loathsome food.

The weather was cold and our clothes in rags and dropping off from us. To keep ourselves from being devoured alive, there was not a day while we were on our passage, when the weather would admit it, but what myself and many others, would go between decks and bring our dirty blankets to light on the upper deck, and to prevent falling by the continual rolling of the ship, we would put one arm round some of the standing rigging and hold on, and commence searching for those troublesome vermin that were daily preying upon our emaciated bodies. All we found we caught, and those we caught we killed, and those we couldn't catch, we kept alive. After we had given our blankets a thorough search, our shirts would come next. But enough of this, for my heart sickens while I write, and now, after the lapse of near forty years, when I look back and view the scenes of suffering and woe which I passed through while on board of that horrible and loathsome prison-ship, my mind is filled with horror, and it

seems more like a dream than anything real, or that ever took place.

Dr. Roland ordered all the sick to be helped into the boats that were lying along side, and as we put off from the ship and neared the wharf, we passed within a short distance of the U. S. Frigate Chesepeak, which was captured by the British Frigate Shannon, in the month of June prior, a few miles out of Boston harbor. I noticed many shot holes in her bows and sides, and also that her bulwarks were badly shivered, which altogether told a tale of death to many of her brave men.

After we landed on the wharf, the good Dr. ordered us to parade ourselves in a straight line, which was soon done, he then took down our names with a pencil and paper, and then told us to follow him, which we did with a light and quick step, not having put our feet on land before for about six months, or from the 9th of June until the 27th of November. The Doctor conducted us into one of the lower rooms of the British Navy Hospital, a large three-story building. The rooms were large, and it being a very cold day, they had a tremendous great fire. Five or six large tubs were placed along in the room, each one being about two-thirds full of warm water. The Doctor told us to strip off every rag of our clothing, tie them up in separate bundles and put them out at the door and they would be sent to the wash-house, and then to go into the tubs, wash, and give ourselves a good scrubbing and by the time that was done, each man would have a clean suit of warm clothes sent him. In the building there was about one hundred sick and wounded British seamen, and the room we were in was where the nurses done their work. Their number was ten or twelve, five or six of them being quite pretty young women. They were continually passing and re-passing through the room, which of course, we being all young men, caused us to hesitate and be a little bashful about obeying the Doctor's orders. Seeing which, they said.

we had better obey him and not mind or care for them. Accordingly we took up with their advice, and by the time we had taken a good scrubbing, which we much needed, we had each of us a whole suit brought in, all neat, clean, and warm. The clothes were of a curious cut and make, and all in exact uniform, with the King's stamp upon them. In addition to our new suit, each man had a white woolen cap, and all of us being thus clad in uniform, made a grotesque appearance.

We were then conducted by the good Doctor to a new hospital that had not been occupied, and was but a few steps from the Marine Hospital. Here there was about two acres of land enclosed with a board fence about ten feet high, picketed with iron pikes, and within that enclosure were the two hospitals, store houses, &c. The building which we occupied was about two hundred feet long and sixteen wide, and one story high. Our beds were all placed along on one side of the room, about one foot apart, and each man had a good clean, warm, soft bed to himself, all the bedding nice, neat and clean and placed upon a low sacken bedstead. The other side of the room was occupied with tables, benches, &c. Here for about four weeks we lived like pigs in clover. Our neat, clean, warm clothing, and clean, soft beds, and warm, comfortable building to live in, were luxuries we had been deprived of so long, which we had so little expectation of enjoying in an enemy's country. Our provisions were good beef and bread, and potatoes, one pint of tea well sweetened with sugar every morning, and we had not been there more than a week before we were as lively as crickets,—excepting eight or ten who were so reduced, weak and feeble, when they got there that six or seven of them died in a few days after arriving at the hospital. One of them was a young man by the name of Theodocius Merrill, a drummer in Capt. Herrick's company, and a son of the late Levi Merrill, Esq., of Turner, Me. He was a noble good hearted young man. At the time of his death he was about twenty-one years of age, and when made pris-

oner about six months before, was stout, robust, and rugged, in all the strength and vigor of manhood; but his privations and suffering had brought on disease, and disease death.

Another of our crew that died in that hospital, while we were there, belonged in New Gloucester, Cumberland County, Me. His name was Howard, a man of noble stature, but death marked him as a victim, and he was doomed to a premature grave in a foreign land.

While we were here we had no guard set over us, but went anywhere about the yard we pleased. The yard extended from high water mark up about twenty-five rods, and was on the outskirts but within the limits of the city. There were two gates to pass through to get out of the yard. One of them opened out upon the wharf and was kept locked, the other was to pass through in going to the city. At the latter there was always a porter standing unarmed, but he permitted no one to pass through without a written permission from Dr. Roland, or some Naval or Military officer, excepting those he knew to be hospital nurses, waiters, &c.

While we were here we were visited by two American privateersmen, who were prisoners. One of them told me the following story. He said his name was Gunnerson, that he belonged in Portland, Me., and that he sailed out of Salem, Mass., in a Privateer with one hundred men on board. While sailing down on the coast of Halifax, in a storm, they took shelter in a small harbor, or creek, and while there were becalmed. There being a light breeze farther out, a British 74 gun-ship hove in sight, and soon manned their barges and sent them in to take command of and bring out the Privateer. As they drew near, one of the Lieutenants urged the Captain to have the long Tom, as they called one of their guns, fired upon the barges; but the Captain told him it would be of no use, as they were already in their power. The Lieutenant then went below, and they supposed put a match to the Magazine, and the Privateer blew up. They two were the only

men on board who escaped with their lives. They were ~~made~~ prisoners and sent to Halifax, and on account of the miraculous preservation of their lives, they were allowed the freedom of the city on their parole of honor.

They said that when the Privateer blew up they were standing upon the deck, and the first notice they had of the catastrophe, they found themselves flying at a great height in the air. Happily they fell into the water without being much injured, and being good swimmers they succeeded in reaching the land without much trouble, as the distance from the Privateer was not great. They wandered about in the woods for several days, not daring to make themselves known to the inhabitants, but hunger at last drove them to do it. They called at a farm-house and made known their misfortune and situation, and implored their friendship and assistance; but to no purpose, for they were immediately made prisoners and sent to Halifax.

About the 25th of December, 1813, all of our old duds were brought back, and we were ordered to strip off all our clean warm clothing, dress ourselves in our old dirty rags again and prepare to leave the hospital for a prison! The order, although cutting to our feelings, we had to obey. But to part with all our neat, warm clothing, and again have to wear our old, dirty rags, and take up our abode in a dirty, loathsome prison, was what we did not feel prepared to endure. True, our clothes had been slightly washed, but what remained of the skeletons were disgusting to our feelings. Wear them we must, or perish with the cold; and by the time we had got them on our backs, all of the three hundred prisoners that had remained on board of the ship in the harbor, except one man who had died, were brought up under a strong guard and halted before the door of the hospital. It was a very cold, windy day, and the poor fellows were shivering and trembling in the bleak wind. We to the number of about

sixty, soon joined them, six or seven of our men having died, and three or four being unable to leave.

We were all soon on our way, under a strong guard, to the prison on Melville Island, about three miles back of the city. Our way lay over a high ridge of land, the ground was covered with snow and ice, the day very cold, the men thinly clad, many of them with their feet nearly bare, and consequently they suffered severely.

Melville Island is small, containing not more than two or three acres, and is situated at the head of a cove or an arm of the sea which makes up from the entrance of Halifax harbor. The channel is narrow, but of sufficient depth for sloop navigation to the Island. There is a bridge from the Island to the main land. The Island is in the form of an egg, and the prison is situated upon the small end and surrounded with a picketed fence, enclosing about three-fourths of an acre, including what the prison, cook-house, &c., stood upon. The space of ground not occupied by the buildings, was about one-fourth of an acre, and that was all the prisoners were permitted to occupy during the day. Every night at sunset, we were counted into the prison, and the next morning at sun-rise, we were all counted out again.

The prison was about one hundred and fifty feet long, by about fifty feet wide, and fourteen feet posted. The upper room or chamber, was separated into two rooms, one of which was occupied by officers taken on board Privateers, and the other as a hospital for the sick. The entrance was by stairway at each end and outside of the building; the inside I never saw. The lower part of the prison was formed something like a horse-stable. The door was at the end of the building, and stalls were built on each side and a broad alley between them, the whole length of the prison. The stalls were seven or eight feet wide, and sixteen feet deep. We slept in hammocks, slung across the stalls, four tier high, one above the other, with thirty-two men in every stall. The

upper tier of hammocks were elevated about twelve feet from the floor.

When we were turned into that prison there were about fifteen hundred prisoners in it, all seamen, and our crew increased that number about three hundred and sixty more. The hammocks being all occupied, but very few of us got any rest the first night. There were neither benches nor seats of any kind in the prison, and far the greatest number of those poor fellows had to either stand up all night, or stretch themselves out on the dirty, filthy floor. One generous hearted seaman offered to let me sleep in his hammock with him. I gladly accepted the offer, but it was close hugging. He was one of the unfortunate crew of noble fellows who were captured in the *Chesepeak*. He with the rest of that noble crew, numbering some over three hundred men, were the next day put on board the *Malabar*, and sent to Dartmoor Prison, England, and that was the last I ever saw of them. Not but a few minutes before they left the prison yard, one of them, a noble looking fellow, gave me a short but thrilling narrative of the battle in which the *Chesepeak* was captured by the *Shannon*, the particulars of which are now so imperfectly remembered that I will not attempt to relate them. After the *Chesepeak* men had left, we were all provided with hammocks, the same they had occupied. I was so fortunate as to get an upper one, which I much preferred, although I had to climb up twelve feet to get into it.

We had better provisions here than on board the *Malabar*, and in addition to what the British allowed us, Mr. Mitchell, the U. S. Agent, provided for us daily, potatoes, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c., at the expense of the United States, but still we suffered much. We were a mixed multitude, some from nearly every part of the civilized world, (and surely one would have thought, after seeing the conduct of some of those men, that they were not brought up in regions within the bounds of civilization,) numbering in all about 1560 men, and about

400 of whom were negroes, which certainly added nothing of an agreeable order,—all crowded together and confined by bolts and bars within the walls of a dirty, loathsome prison,—with a train of artillery planted near us, manned with a strong guard, whose orders were to cut us down if we made the least attempt to make our escape from our dirty den, and all this severity we had to submit to for no other crime than being found defending our country's rights.

The bad air and heat and stench, caused by so many human beings being shut up together for so long a time, was almost suffocating, and too bad to be endured by human beings. There was no necessary, drain, vault, or sewer, within the walls of the prison; instead of which tubs were used, and the effect they had on our nasal organs, may well be imagined.

When we were all in, we had to repair to our hammocks. They were each supplied with a dirty blanket, which was well stocked with vermin, as was also every article of our clothing, it not being in our power to prevent it.

Of the 1560 men about 1200 were seamen. Many of them were harsh, cruel, overbearing men, and showed but little sympathy or feeling for each other, and none for the soldiers. They did not regard the rights of the soldiers as equal with their own, and joined together in clubs or ship's crews, and their motto was right shall yield to might. Although the soldiers had been longer in confinement than the sailors, and had been kept on food not fit for dogs, and consequently were more reduced in bodily strength and activity; numbering less than one-third of the seamen, and consequently unable to cope with them; and although they were huddled together day and night, yet they declared their Independence, and passed their famous Non-Intercourse Act, prohibiting all intercourse with the sailors. Soon after this, a Mr. H., a soldier, who I believe belonged in Portland, Me., was seen to sell to a sailor a very small quantity of sugar to make into candy, to be again sold to the soldiers. This was a traffic they had been much in the

habit of, and hence the non-intercourse act. For violating that act Mr. H. was tied up to a post and received one dozen lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails, on his bare back, which drew blood at every stroke.

Such scenes of cruelty were of common occurrence, but happily all did not possess such a cruel spirit. One man in particular, by the name of Palmer, took much pains to soothe and encourage such of the prisoners as had become disheartened under their misfortunes, and whose tide of life was fast ebbing, of whom there were many, and to while away the tedious and sleepless hours of our long evenings, after we had retired to our hammocks, he would tell us long and amusing stories and anecdotes, with which his mind was well stored. He was intelligent and gentlemanly in his deportment, and had traveled and seen much of the world.

The sentries prevented quarrelling in the prison yard, but inside, the prisoners could have a regular box whenever they saw fit, and to show the rabbid disposition of many of the seamen, I will here relate one little affair which shall suffice for all of the kind hereafter, and which I was unceremoniously and unexpectedly drawn into. It was this:—A Frenchman, captured on board an American Privateer, assaulted a soldier and gave him a blow with his fist, and as he attempted a second blow the soldier caught and held him fast, which he could easily do, he being much the strongest man. In an instant he was surrounded by forty or fifty sailors, and several of them fell upon and gave him a severe beating. There were many soldiers that saw it, but they did not dare to meddle or interfere, knowing if they did they would come only off 2d best. A crowd had gathered around, and a young man, a sailor, said to me, "It was a shame for these fellows to beat that soldier so." "Yes," said I, "and they were rascals for doing it." The words had scarcely passed my lips when some one standing behind, struck me a severe blow on the head. At the time I had my shirt off, hunting it, but instantly turning

round, I was face to face with the fellow, a sailor, who was in an attitude to strike again. I asked him what he meant. He stepped back a few paces and, with an oath, dared me to come there and he would let me know what he meant. At that, my old Ebenezer was up to its highest pitch. Some friends took my shirt, jacket, &c., and I tied my suspenders around my waist, having no clothing on except my pants, (old trousers.) A ring was instantly formed, and I entered it. Smith (for that was his name) came at me and struck the first blow, which I partly parried off, and at the same instant gave him a blow that sent him staggering back against the crowd, which prevented him from falling to the floor. He recovered and came at me again. I warded off his blow, and gave him a shot that fell him to the floor. He staggered back several paces before he fell, and in attempting to follow him up, although I did not intend to strike him while he was down, some one caught me by the shoulder and gave me a sudden pull back, which, by the floor being wet and slippery, caused my feet to slip and brought me to the floor, but I was quick up again. The battle was resumed on both sides with much vigor, and for some time blows flew thick and heavy. It was soon seen, however, that Smith's ammunition began to fail, and that his shots had but little or no effect. His friends seeing that he was about used up, took him out of the ring, and instantly the Frenchman who began the battle, came at me and without speaking a word, struck me a heavy blow over my eye, and was as quickly out of my sight. No sooner were Smith and the Frenchman fairly out of the way than a Bullheaded seaman came at me, and, without speaking, struck an unlooked for and cruel blow on my stomach, which nearly knocked the breath out of my body, and for some time I was as helpless as a child, and blood flowed profusely from my stomach. It was a hard fought battle, and probably will never be forgotten by any of those that saw it.

My friends very quickly gathered around me, and vented their curses upon the head of the last named villainous sailor, who so badly hurt me without the least provocation. One man by the name of Boyd, whom I shall always remember, said to me, "O I wish I may live to see you and those fellows in the States, and there let them come at you one at a time, and give you an equal chance, I would bet dollars you would whip them all!"

Smith was a man I had never spoken to before he struck me, nor did I then know his name. He was about my own age and weight, and was used to boxing, a recreation that I was unused to.

Soon after the battle was over, the Frenchman came to me and said,—“Me be sorry I strike you. When I be mad I don't know what I do.”

Many of the sailors had plenty of money, but as there was no one allowed to visit us with any thing to sell, money was of but little use, except for gambling, and there was much of that carried on. There was a dispute one day between a soldier and a sailor, as they stood around the gambling board, the sailor threw a handful of small change into the soldier's face, which badly cut and hurt him, but he did not dare resent it.

Several of the sailors were put into the hospital for nurses, and waiters on the sick. One man was permitted to go to the city several times with an overseer. The last time he went, he made his escape, the overseer reporting that the prisoner knocked him down, and made his escape while he lay stunned; but it was thought the prisoner bribed him to let him go. They spent several days searching for him, but without success.

Another prisoner, a soldier, by the name of Rice, a bright little fellow, that a British officer took a liking to, was taken for his waiter,—to black his boots, do chores, &c. After being out a few days, Rice, in company with a British soldier,

was detected in making counterfeit dollars, for which, it was said, the soldier was severely flogged, and Rice was sent back to prison with a cannon ball and chain made fast to his leg, which he had to wear for several weeks.

Many of the prisoners were disposed to be industrious when they could find any thing to do. Some would build ships in miniature, that would be done in the neatest style and finish, their only tools being a jack-knife and gimblet. They would hang them up in the prison to be viewed by those who visited us. Mr. Mitchell the U. S. Agent, in company with several British officers, visited us every week for the purpose of inspecting the prison and the condition of the prisoners. They would frequently give small presents in money to those who seemed to be most industrious in making birch hats, wooden canes, knitting, ship-building, &c.

There were three messes, six men in each mess, called out every day, to go over on to the main land under a guard of soldiers, to gether birch (twigs) bushes to be tied up into brooms, with which to scrub and sweep the floor. This was no small job. In addition to the brooms we used three-cornered steel scrapers, shovels, hoes, tubs of water, mops, &c. The floors were laid with thick plank, and would bare hard scrubbing, and while that work was going on, the prisoners were turned into the yard where they remained until it was done, let the weather be what it would, hot or cold.

After the birch brooms had been used for one day they were claimed as the property of the mess that went after them, and when they had got enough, with what beef bones they could save, to do their own cooking, they were always glad to do it, rather than trust it with the cooks, where it would often boil to pieces and drop out of the netting and portions of it would get lost, or fall to the cooks.

Each mess had a tin pail or some other cooking utensil, and there being plenty of stones and pieces of old brick, &c., in the yard, we would build a small fire-place with them, set

on our pails, and build our fire with the old brooms and beef bones. We had a cook-house in the yard and men to do our cooking, but when we chose to do our own, we were obliged to find our own fuel and do it the best way we could.

As I have before said, Mr. Mitchell, U. S. Agent, with a number of British officers, visited the prison every week. As soon as they entered the yard they would be surrounded by some hundreds of men, some eagerly inquiring what the prospect was of our getting away from that horrible dirty place, and all anxious to hear every word that might escape from their lips on that subject. One day, while those gentlemen were in the yard, some one threw a stone which hit one of the British officers, but did not hurt him much. It was an un-called for insult, as the officers had always treated us civilly. Some inquiry was made to know who threw the stone, but no one pretended to know anything about it, but the next day word came that no more provision would be served out to us until the offender was exposed. To prevent further trouble, he was informed against. His name was Fountainroy, said to be an Englishman by birth. He was put into a cell or dungeon, under the prison, and kept there about fourteen days, and fed on nothing but bread and water.

There were about twenty French prisoners here, who were said to be some of Napoleon's men. They spent much of their time in fencing, exercising with a straight, neatly made, wooden sword. They would have their head, face and hand protected by a net-work made of stiff wire, and I have frequently seen two of them stand face to face, and striking at each other with all the fury and skill they were masters of, for an hour or more, without one being able to hit the other, when that was done the game was up.

We, the soldiers, were confined in that dirty, unwholesome prison near five months, but we did not suffer here for the want of provisions, although our situation was deplorable. We were kept in dirt and filth, and as it was on board the

ship so it was here, we had no privilege allowed us to wash any of our clothing, and the consequence was, as I have said before, we were swarming with vermin, it not being in our power to prevent it.

A great many of our men died in the hospital that was in the prison over our heads. One man by the name of Stanhope, died there. He was a southern man, and belonged in the State of Kentucky. With some others he was captured and brought down the river St. Lawrence and put on board the prisonship Malabar, while she was lying at anchor near Quebec, not but a few days after my confinement there. He was full six feet six inches in height, and when he came on board was well and rugged, and the strongest and one of the most powerful men that I ever saw, and not only that, I knew him long enough to know that "he was an honest man—the noblest work of God." His confinement and suffering gradually wore upon his constitution, and he sunk under it. He was with me in the hospital at Halifax, and not being so sick but that he could walk about. He and about sixty others of us were ordered to leave the hospital for Melville Island, where he soon after died. A young man by the name of Lewin Fobes, of Paris, Me., died there. Prisoners were frequently brought in which kept our number good in the prison.

One young man was brought here who was captured in the Growler, with myself and others, the June before. He was shot through his thigh with a musket ball, and was sent back over the line with the rest of the wounded men. He soon got well, went home and entered on board of a Privateer, went to sea, was again captured, sent to Halifax and there kept until the war was ended. His name was Getchell, and he belonged in Brunswick, Me. There were two brothers of them captured on board the Growler. The other was sent to Quebec with us, and to get clear of his confinement, he shipped on board the Brig Summers, commanded by Capt. Sonley, to go to England. The Brig was made a Hospital of,

and I was on board of her about three weeks in the month of August. Soon after the sick prisoners left her she sailed for England, but was cast away in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and was a total loss. The crew were all saved. We had the news of this while I was on board the Malabar, but what became of Getchell I never knew.

To relate here all that took place while in that horrible prison, after the lapse of near forty years, is what I have no disposition to undertake, neither would it be of much interest to the reader. Time passed away slowly. Every day seemed a week, and every week a month. The turnkeys and overseers often told us that an arrangement was being made for an exchange of prisoners, and that soon a Cartel would be fitted out to carry us to the States,—this was often sounded in our ears. On the 2d day of June, A. D. 1814, one of the prison officers, an old lame man by the name of Grant, came to the gate of the prison-yard and said, “All the soldiers get ready and come out, a Cartel is ready, and waiting to take you on board and carry you to Salem, Mass.” That news greatly rejoiced us; nothing could have equaled it. One seaman offered a soldier fifteen hundred dollars in gold, if he would let him take his place and answer to his name, but the offer was refused. As we passed out through the gate we found no British guard in waiting to receive us, and therefore had no fear that they intended to deceive us. After we were all out and while passing over the bridge to the main land, the sailors whom we had left behind, gave us three cheers, to which we responded.

We passed through the city and were soon on board the Cartel, a large English transport ship with a white flag waving at her mast-head. To describe the joy we then felt, of being speedily set at liberty, is far beyond what I am able to do, but this much I can safely say, that day was the happiest day of my life.

The ship's sails were soon spread to the winds and she was under good headway, and then those generous Brittons treated every man of us to a glass of old Jamacia, but many did not care to drink and gave their portions to a few old soakers, mostly Irishmen; the consequence was, it created quite a confusion among them, a box they must have, and at it they went, rough-and-tumble. This occurred on the upper deck. Our officers went among and endeavored to make peace with them, but did not succeed. The rowdies were determined to box it out at all events, and for that purpose they went between decks and soon were in the greatest tumult. A Mr. Kemp, the English Agent, an old gentleman who had charge of us prisoners and was very friendly, in company with Capt. Bradford and Capt. Steel, U. S. officers, followed them, and again tried to make peace with them. The British Agent told them that unless they stopped their quarrelling he would put them on board of the first British man-of-war ship that we fell in with. At that, one of them aimed a blow at the old gentleman's head, which knocked off his hat, and he was glad to get out of his way.

One man by the name of Hooper, was so crazed from what he had drank that he took hold of a piece of loose rigging, let himself down by the side of the ship and dropped into the sea. There not being much of a swell at the time, the sails were backed, the ship hove-to, a boat was lowered and the drowning man picked up before life was extinct. He was seized by the hair of his head as he was going down the last time.

When we went on board the Cartel, we, for the first time since our capture, saw our officers who came home with us. They told us that for some months during the fall and winter, they had been confined in the hold of an old hulk of a prison ship where they were scarcely allowed the light of the sun, and were otherwise treated very cruelly. That was what the British called an act of retaliation, which I have neglected to notice in its proper place, and therefore mention it here.

Some time during the summer, while the Malabar and Cathcart were lying at anchor before the city of Quebec, they were boarded by some British Naval Officers, who took therefrom some twelve or fifteen prisoners, whom they claimed as deserters from the British service, and sent them to England to be tried for their lives. It was said that they could prove that they were inhabitants of the United States before the declaration of war, and therefore claimed her protection as American citizens. That was soon made known to the American Government, and accordingly our people retaliated, and double the number of British Prisoners were taken on the lines and put into closer confinement, (into cells.) This being made known to the British, they again retaliated, and took double the first number. This last number was made up of non-commissioned officers, drawn out by lot, and John Reed, a sergeant in Capt. Herrick's company, a resident of Lewiston, Me., and John Moody of Monmouth, Me., a corporal in Capt. White's company, were two of that number. They, with others, were taken on shore at Quebec, and confined in cells in a close jail. Our people retaliated again, and the British followed suit, and each every time doubling their last number. The last time the British retaliated, they took their number in part of commissioned officers, and Capt. Herrick was detained as one of them, as before stated, but how the matter was settled I never knew.

After a pleasant passage of five days came to anchor in Salem harbor, Mass. Soon after we came to anchor, two of the English sailors undertook to have a little bit of a box by themselves; one of the ship's officers seeing it, went at them with his cane and gave them a severe drubbing. This occurred on the upper deck, and to have a box was such a luxury, they were determined to have it out, and for that purpose they went between decks and went at it again. The officer followed, unperceived by them, and fell upon and gave them another beating with his cane. Shortly after a Yankee sloop came

along side and made fast to the ship's fore-chains for the purpose of taking us on board. The sloop being ten or fifteen feet lower on the water than the ship, we had to go down on a rope ladder, and notwithstanding the same officer that had just caned the two sailors, stood by to see that none of his men left the ship with the Yankees, one of the men that he had just flogged slipped down the ladder, unobserved by him, and in an instant was in the hold of the sloop. He was not missed until the sloop had got two or three cable's length from the ship and under a good headway, and then John Bull began to bellow lustily for our skipper to stop, to heave-to, while they could get out a boat and come and get their man; but our skipper's only answer was, he was in a hurry and could not stop. The Englishman went clear, and when he found that he was free, free from British tyranny, he was frantic with joy.

In a few hours after we went on board of the sloop, we were landed on Governor's Island, near Boston harbor. Here we lived in tents for about three weeks, and then we were paid every man one years wages. Ready-made clothing being brought on to the Island for sale, every man furnished himself with a decent suit, and then we made a deposit of all our old wearing apparel, and likewise parted with our numerous little friends, who might well be called "bosom friends," for they would not leave nor forsake us, but had followed us through all our troubles and in every trying scene through which we had passed.

Out of three hundred and seventy-two prisoners who sailed from Quebec seven months before, only about three hundred lived to get back to Boston, and out of thirty-three of Capt. Herrick's men, who volunteered and went on board that fatal sloop on Lake Champlain, only twenty-two lived to reach their homes. One man was killed in the battle at the time of our capture, and ten died from diseases, trouble and anxiety of mind, brought on by harsh and cruel usage. Ma-

ny became insane, and several died in that condition; one man recovered, and one was brought back to Boston crazy. His name was Abner Mack, and was about 20 years of age; belonged in Western New York, and was captured at the battle at Sackett's harbor, where the British were driven from the field of battle with considerable loss in killed and wounded, including Gen. Rial, who was shot from his horse while at the head of his command, and severely wounded. While on their retreat they fell in with and captured a few scattering militia-men, including poor Abner Mack and one Heywood who, as before stated, was drowned in trying to swim ashore from the Malabar, while she lay at anchor before Quebec. Poor Abner was a mere boy. He became deranged in his mind in a few days after his confinement on board the Malabar, and continued insane throughout his captivity. He would sing and dance, preach and pray, and in his wild paroxysms would call loudly for his father, mother, brothers and friends to come and take him from his horrible den! His situation, his cries and moans made him an object of pity, and notwithstanding our own situation, many of us pitied and had a kind feeling for poor Abner Mack.

The prevailing diseases with us was fever and dysentery, and there was not one in ten that were taken down with it while we were at Quebec, who ever recovered. They were sent to the Hospital where they were poorly taken care of, and death soon released them from their sufferings. Before taken sick they were generally the most robust, rugged looking men there was among us.

Soon after we were paid off on Governor's Island, we were in the "City of Notions," where we made purchases to our liking, and where also we found some of our friends, who had come for those of us whose term of service had expired, to take us to our homes, not on Stage Coaches or Railroad Cars, but in single horse wagons, and where, on our arrival, we found our friends glad to see and receive us to our homes.

And now kind reader, here ends my story, written wholly from memory, nearly forty years after the scenes and incidents here related had passed away. It has been the author's misfortune to be deaf about thirty-seven years of that time, and for nearly twenty years, last past, it has been very difficult for him to hear the sound of the human voice; but notwithstanding he has been deprived, those many long years, of one of heaven's richest blessings, he has not been inactive, nor idle, but has been busily engaged and diligently and honestly employed in providing those necessaries which tend to make life pleasant and desirable,—believing that much of every man's good or bad luck, happiness or misery, in this life, is brought about by the course he chooses to pursue, and that without the aid of any special or Divine Providence, as many will have it.

*July 26th, 1852.*

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NOTE.—Since the above Narrative has been written I have learned by the public papers, that Capt. Oliver Herrick, whose name has been so frequently mentioned in the foregoing pages, died at Lewiston Falls, Me., on the 4th day of July, this present month.

*July 26th, 1852.*





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