

AN  
INTERESTING  
JOURNAL  
OF OCCURRENCES DURING THE  
EXPEDITION TO QUEBEC  
CONDUCTED BY THE CELEBRATED ARNOLD  
AT THE COMMENCEMENT

OF THE  
AMERICAN REVOLUTION

*Giving a particular account of the unparalleled  
Sufferings sustained by that detachment in  
passing through the Wilderness:  
Together with a Description*

OF THE  
BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

*Kept by GEORGE MORISON a volunteer in  
the Company of Riflemen commanded by  
Capt Hendricks who was slain  
at the attack upon Quebec.*

---

NOW PUBLISHED FROM THE MANUSCRIPT

---

H A G E R S T O W N :  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES MAGEE

*Price twenty five cents.*

COPYRIGHT SECURED  
1803.

---

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK

REPRINTED  
WILLIAM ABBATT  
1916

Being Extra Number 52 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

## ORIGINAL PREFACE

**T**HE following Journal of occurrences during the expedition to Quebec conducted by the celebrated Arnold at the beginning of the last war, was kept by George Morison, a volunteer in the Company of Riflemen commanded by Capt. Hendricks, who was slain at the storming of that place. It was put into my hands a few weeks since by John Morison, Esq., of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. It had lain in his hands for many years; and in all probability would never have seen the light but for the circumstance of the present publisher proposing to publish it at his own risk; its merit in my opinion deserving such an attempt. The above gentleman informed me that it had been the intention of the author to have published it himself; but his death prevented it. Some time after his return to \* Canada, where he had been a prisoner for nine months, he re-entered the army and continued in it for some time till an accident took place which made him finally determine to quit a military life:—He acted at this time in the capacity of a Quarter Master, and was then with the army that lay in winter quarters near Norristown.† Having had a dispute one day with a Colonel belonging to the Maryland line, the Colonel drew his sword upon him. Morison jumped behind a hog-head and took up a spade, with which he broke the Colonel's sword-arm. A Court Martial sentenced him to receive a thousand lashes. But the magnanimity of the Colonel prevented the sentence from being carried into execution; for when he was on the point of receiving it the Colonel‡ interferred, declare that he was a brave man and that he had suffered too much for his country to be treated in this ignominious manner. He was accordingly released; but his feelings were so corroded by this circumstance that he destroyed the

*Ver.*

\*Evidently "from" is meant.—[Ed.]

†Probably Morristown, N. J. is meant.

‡The name of this noble Colonel cannot now be recalled.

subsequent part of his Journal, quitted the army and died some time after.

Publications of this sort are indeed few; and it is a matter of regret that this is the case—Military scenes furnish such an abundant fund of entertaining and interesting information that it is surprising those who are engaged in them do not communicate their observations in such a way that a rising generation might reap the benefit of their experience and be stimulated by their example, when occasion should require. Soldiers in the ranks frequently see and experience scenes that their Commanding Officers do not, endure hardships that they do not; undergo suffering that they do not suffer; yet the knowledge of all this but seldom comes to light—a light that might illumine the minds and strengthen the courage of those whose turn it might be to defend their country at a future day. Historians who record the events of a war cannot enter into the minutiae of particular acts of heroism—his province for minute narration is too limited. Memoirs so interesting must be detailed by those who have seen or experienced these things, who if they can write and indite, are alone competent to the task. This, however, is not the case with all who compose an army; but still there are many individuals no doubt, capable in some degree with the aid of others to furnish such details. If the hundredth of those who went through the vicissitudes of the American war, and who were capable of making accurate observations and reflections, had have given (*sic*) to the Public succinct accounts of what they saw and experienced, it would have been no crime; it would not produce any bad consequences to society. On the contrary the best consequences might flow from cheap publications of this kind. They would tend to diffuse more generally uniform sentiments of attachment to our common country, banish local prejudices, arrest the attention of heedless youth from their frivolity, introduce habits of reading among them, and inspire them with that noble ardour which prevailed among all ranks and conditions of those who combated for our independence. Those too, who cannot dine on anything that does not taste of battles, deluges or earthquakes

might find from the perusal of such minutiae an alleviation to the ailments attending a vacant mind.

Small publications usually meet the fate of larger ones, be the merit of either ever so great. Books are not articles of the first necessity;\* and it is with but a few that they are articles of choice. A publisher, therefore, whose intention is to furnish entertainment to the Public and put something in his pocket as the reward of his labour, too often finds himself miserably disappointed in both; for for want of the munificence or prompt encouragement of those for whom such things are designed, the fruit of his labours and expenses lay by him like lumber, not worth a shilling in the pound—injured in his private concerns and probably disabled to attempt any similar undertaking. Some there are who take pleasure in extending their patronage to the diffusion of knowledge, but these are in a minority.† A greater number pursue pleasures of a different sort, more consonant with their inclinations—these have a law unto themselves—Some people who would look down on a pamphlet which might cost but a few cents—bestow on it some opprobrious epithet without examining its contents, would turn their faces from an octavo volume as too dear, or that they could not spend their time or money in such a manner; perhaps an hour afterwards they would expend double the sum in the way of dissipation—these too have a law unto themselves.—In a word pamphlets are a species of publication which, being cheap, are useful, and for the most part convey much instruction, and the money laid out for them is neither missed nor lost.

The contents of this small work will no doubt be acceptable to many readers. The march to Quebec is among the boldest enterprises ever performed, and has justly been compared to Hannibal's march over the Alps.

\*In 1916, there are still many who hold this opinion! [Ed.].

†Just as true to-day. Our unknown editor of 1808 had evidently had an experience which is common in 1916; and that New York publisher who declares that the whole trouble is that of our ninety million population, only a hundred thousand buy books, but puts the fact in a more modern way.—[Ed.]

## JOURNAL &c.

**W**HEN the war broke out between the then mother country and her colonies, I was not ignorant of the causes which excited this unnatural conflict, nor unconscious of the part I ought to take in the contest. It was evident that our liberties were in danger; and that if the attempts made on them were not resisted in the first stage, there was no knowing where British exactions and oppressions might end.

From my youth I had felt an ardent attachment to liberty; and some acquaintance with ancient and modern history kept alive and strengthened the attachment.

The present war afforded to all real lovers of liberty and their country, a glorious opportunity to signalize themselves. The eyes of all mankind were turned upon us. The spectacle of a young and unknown people rising against one of the most powerful and warlike nations on the globe, was both new and astonishing. The benedictions of the friends of freedom throughout the world testified that our cause had the approbation of the wise and good. If we triumphed we would be hailed as the asserters of the rights of human nature; if we failed, we would be termed rebels and traitors, subjected to the barbaric fury of mercenary armies, and to the insolence, the oppression and the cruelties of our conquerors.

Fired with these sentiments, I panted to partake in the glory of defending my country. I was now in the prime of life, possessed of a strong and vigorous constitution, with health and strength unimpaired by intemperance; and being highly animated with the justice and grandeur of the cause I waited with impatience for an opportunity to signalize myself. An opportunity soon offered.

Early in the year 1775, after it was known that hostilities had been commenced in New England it was proposed in our neighbour-

hood to raise a volunteer company of Riflemen. The proposal was no sooner made than a number of young men immediately enrolled themselves, among whom I was. In a short time our company was organized, the command whereof was given to Capt. Wm. Hendricks, of Cumberland Co., Pa., Our subaltern officers were John M'Lelland\* first lieut.—Frances Nicol† 2nd Lieut., and Matthew Irving‡ 3 Lieut. We assembled at Carlisle, where we were joined by another volunteer company of Riflemen, raised in the upper part of the country, commanded by Capt. Chambers.§

On the 13th of July we began our march from Carlisle, all in good health and spirits. Our destination was for Boston, in the province of Mass., now the theatre of war, and which has lately witnessed the awful scenery displayed at the Battle of Bunker's Hill.

This well fought action, which took place on the 17 of May last, will forever remain an example of American valor,—of what

\*This name is usually spelled McClelland. It was fated that he should not reach Quebec<sup>d</sup> but should be stricken with pneumonia in the "great and terrible wilderness," just above the "Falls of Sault," and die at Sartigan, where he was buried. No record of the disinterment of his body is preserved; and he, of whom Sergeant Henry says "He was endowed with all those qualities which win the affection of men, open, brave, sincere and a lover of truth," had marched nine hundred miles from his southern home on the sunny Juniata to die for his country, obscurely, on the rock-strewn shore of the bleak Chaudiere.—Codman: *Arnold's Expedition to Quebec*.

†Should be Francis Nichols. He became Brigadier General in the militia of Pennsylvania. His papers are now in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and parts of them have been printed in the Magazine—*Codman*.

‡There is a discrepancy here which I cannot account for. *Matthew Irvine* is undoubtedly the person meant. He was one of the second generation of the noted family which has furnished so many soldiers to our country—he is described as a physician in all the biographies—In Dr. Senter's Journal of Arnold's Expedition he says (16 October, 1775) "Morgan's riflemen left (sick) a young gentleman, by name Irvin, a native of Pennsylvania, brought up a physician in (Philadelphia) and serving as an ensign in the company under Captain Morgan."

(Irvine also appears as assistant surgeon of Thompson's riflemen, who were left at Cambridge when the lots were cast for determining who should go with Arnold and the choice fell on the companies of Morgan, Smith and Hendricks). He may have enlisted as a third lieutenant, or supernumerary—and been later appointed surgeon's mate (or assistant Surgeon); but in some way he, is always credited to Morgan's company instead of Hendricks'—(ED.)

§[John] now Maj. Gen. of the militia of Pa.

a handful of brave men, inspired with a love of liberty and their country, are able to perform; who for more than an hour opposed the repeated attacks of a regular and well-disciplined army more than twice their numbers, conducted by experienced commanders and flushed with the idea of their own superiority. This affair will stimulate the Americans to persevere in the contest; and it will no doubt convince the British that our subjugation will not be so easily accomplished as they were wont to believe.

On the 17th we arrived at Reading, a thriving town, situated on the banks of the Schuylkill. Here we remained for a few days until we procured some cloathing and other supplies necessary for our march. Near to this town is a remarkable spring. It is about 100 feet square, and upwards of an hundred in depth, with a stream issuing from it, large enough to turn a mill. The water is very clear, and abundance of fish are caught in it. This town is the capital of Berks County.

On the 24th we reached Bethlehem, where we halted to see the curiosities of the place. It is pleasantly situated in Northampton County on the north side of the river Lehigh. The streets are regularly laid out. The number of dwelling houses may amount to 60, built chiefly of stone. The inhabitants are supplied with excellent water from a spring, which being in the lower part of the town, is rarified by a hydraulic machine upwards of one hundred feet into a reservoir; from whence it is conducted by pipes into the streets and public buildings of the town. But the most pleasing object that attracted our attention was the Nunery, from the windows of which the nuns viewed us with apparent emotion. Many of them were young and beautiful. They expressed their concern that so many sprightly young men as we were should go to face the enemy, perhaps never to return. After refreshing ourselves here for a few hours, we proceeded on our route to Easton, the capital of Northampton county situated on the river Delaware. Here we were joined by another company of riflemen, raised about

that place, commanded by Capt. Miller, who marched with us to Boston.

July 26. In the course of this day's march we apprehended a violent tory, whom we tarred and feathered, for refusing to fight the Resolves of Congress and then left him to ruminate on the quality of our manners.

July 27. Halted at Sussex court house, New Jersey, where a company of Virginian Riflemen were added to our numbers, commanded by Capt. Daniel Morgan.\*

On the 30th we encamped on the banks of the North River, distant from Carlisle 218 miles. In this encampment remained a day to refresh ourselves.

August 1. Proceeded on our march, all in high spirits. Our short rest, after so much hard marching and the encumbrance of baggage enabled us to advance this day 27 miles with ease.

August 3. Marched through Litchfield, a small village in Connecticut, where we tarred and feathered another tory brought into town by a company of Maryland troops. He had been very violent and clamorous, deriding the cause and all those who espoused it. After causing him to drink to the health of Congress, he was drummed out of town. We then proceeded on our route, marched this day 29 miles.

From this period until we arrived at our destination, nothing worthy of notice occurred. Our marches were from 23 to 29 miles each day. On the 9th we arrived in the camp at Cambridge, distant two miles from Boston, having marched 441 miles in 26 days.

A short time previous to our arrival, Gen. Washington, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the forces raised and to be raised in the colonies, arrived in the camp at Cambridge. The troops were in great disorder until our General made

\*The late Gen. Morgan of Virginia.



his dispositions and arrangements, and formed us into the likeness of an army.

Here we lay encamped until the 11th of September. The British occupied the heights near Boston, keeping pretty close within their lines. The affair of Bunker's Hill had taught them to respect us.—They did not seem disposed to disturb our camp as long as we did not attempt to assail their entrenchments. Now and then a few shots were exchanged by some of our Riflemen and the enemy's own guards, by which several of the regulars\* were killed.

On Sunday the 3rd inst. a detachment of our troops, amounting to about one hundred men, proceeded to erect a battery on Plowed Hill, about eighty perches from the enemy on Bunker's Hill. During the time we were employed in constructing our fortifications, the enemy kept up a tremendous cannonade on us from their works. But as soon as some of our cannons were mounted we returned them a heavy and well-directed fire, sunk one of their floating batteries, which lay upon the bay, killed a number of their men, and obliged those on Bunker's Hill to keep within their entrenchments. After this the firing ceased on both sides, excepting a shot at intervals.

On this occasion we had but three men killed, and some wounded. Among the latter was a Mr. Simpson, a volunteer in Capt. Smith's company of Riflemen from Lancaster County. He was badly wounded in the leg, which had to be cut off, of which he afterwards died, much lamented by his comrades. He was a worthy young man and a brave soldier.

To men unused to war, unaccustomed to hear the terrific thunder of an evening's† cannon or to expose themselves to the destructive fire of a battery, such an affair as took place this day might have appaled their courage; very many of us had never heard the

\*The British troops are here meant.

†Probably "enemy's" is meant.

whizzing of a ball; yet the whole detachment that were then engaged, behaved with a firmness that would not have dishonored veteran troops. Indeed we had every excitement to act with bravery, for we were then fighting in view of the spot where the greatest heroism had been displayed by our countrymen, a short time before, together with a high sense of the cause for which we were contending. We were also acting under the eye of our admired Commander in Chief, whose approbation we were all ambitious to obtain.

The period had now arrived when I and my comrades were to experience other scenes than those before exhibited around Boston.—To exchange the luxuriant and healthful plains of Cambridge for the inhospitable and dismal regions of the North.—To leave delightful fields for barren wildernesses; verdant meadows and enlivening streams for miry marshes and stagnant ponds; and the habitations of man, for the haunts of wild beasts.

The march to Quebec, a correct account of which will be given in the sequel, will forever remain a monument of American valor. It is unquestionably amongst the greatest military achievements ever performed. It has been compared, and justly too, to Hannibal's march over the Alps; but allowing all due merit to the patience and perseverance of the Carthaginian general and his followers, it may be a question on which side the glory of those two exploits preponderates. Hannibal lost more men—for he had more to lose. His army patiently underwent the inclemencies of a rigorous season, forced a passage through the everlasting snows that cover the tops of the Alpine hills, fought their way among the fierce tribes that inhabit those dreary abodes, and at length fell down upon Italy, their numbers greatly reduced. If the Carthaginians suffered from hunger, from cold, from privations of every kind, the sufferings of the Americans were not less, but their duration more. We traversed a trackless wilderness of near 320 miles, intercepted by ponds, swamps and morasses, exposed to almost continual hunger,

and at an inclement season of the year, over mountains covered with snows. And the extent of our march, if I mistake not, far exceeds the length of the passage over the Alps. Be this contrast correct or not, the patience and perseverance displayed on this occasion will continue to reflect [honor] on the American name.

The war which had been carried on in the province of upper Canada under the auspices of Gen. Montgomery, wore an aspect favourable to our cause. His brilliant successes announced the gratifying prospect that the British power in that quarter would shortly be reduced. The capture of three important posts, St. Johns, Montreal and Shamblee\* presaged this event. No post of importance remained now but Quebec, the reduction of which that general could not attempt, on account of the divided state of his forces. To remedy this defect Gen. Washington ordered eleven companies of Musketmen and three companies of Riflemen to march thither. The command of this detachment was given to Col. Arnold. There were then in the camp at Cambridge eleven companies of Riflemen, the commanding officers of whom cast lots who should go on this expedition. The result was that these three officers were chosen, viz. Capt. Daniel Morgan of Virginia, Capt. Matthew Smith and William Hendricks of Pennsylvania. To the latter Company I belonged.

On the 11th September, everything being in readiness we began our march for Quebec. Our numbers including the New England troops amounted to upwards of 1200 men.

On the 13th we arrived at Newburyport, a seaport town 45 miles N. N. E. of Boston, situated on the Merrimack river, about 3 miles from the sea. Here we lay encamped for 5 days.

On the 18th we embarked on board eleven sail of schooners and sloops, that had arrived in the harbour for the purpose of transporting us to the Kenebeck river.

\*Chambly.

Sept. 19. Weighed anchor and sailed for the mouth of the Kenebeck, thirty-six leagues from Newburyport.

Sept. 20. Arrived in the river without any accident, having a fair wind and a rough sea; most of our crew seasick.

Sept. 21. Sailed up the river to Fort Western,\* where we arrived on the 23d. Here we were furnished with 220 batteaux to carry us, our provisions &c. up the river.

The Kenebeck passes through the district of Maine. Its head waters rise among the mountains which border upon Canada. From whence to the head of the Chandire† river, (which empties itself into the river St. Lawrence near Quebec) according to the route we took, is 111 miles through frightful wilds, craggy and almost impassable hills and mountains, obstructed with falling trees, thickets and quagmires.

On the 25th we embarked in our bateaux, and arrived at Fort Halifax on the evening of the next day.

Sept. 27. This day we carried our bateaux, containing our provision, baggage, etc. round Ticonick Falls 40 perches, land carriage. Pushed up the river 3 miles.

Sept. 28. Poled up the river all day. The water in many places being so shallow, that we were often obliged to haul the boats after us through rock and shoals, frequently up to our middle and over our heads in the water; and some of us with difficulty escaped being drowned.

This, however, was not the worst of our distresses, for many of the bateaux were so badly constructed, that whether in or out of them we were wet. Could we have then come within reach of the villains who constructed these crazy things, they would fully have experienced the effects of our vengeance. Many of them were little better than common rafts, and in several of them our pro-

\*Now Augusta, Maine. †Chaudière.

vision and camp equipage were much injured. Avarice, or a desire to destroy us, perhaps both, must have been their motives—they could have had none else. Did they not know that their doings were crimes—that they were cheating their country, and exposing its defenders to additional sufferings and to death? Much of our provisions were destroyed, in consequence of the bad condition of several of these boats, which ought to have sustained those who died for want thereof. It is no bold assertion to say that they were accessory to the death of our brethren, who expired in the wilderness. These men could enjoy the sweets of domestic ease, talk about liberty and the rights of mankind, possibly without even a recollection of their parricidal guilt, which in minds subject to any reflection, would excite the most poignant remorse. May Heaven reward them according to their deeds.

Sept. 30. These two days past we have had hard employment in ascending this river; yesterday we came to Cohegan\* falls, round which we carried our bateaux 60 perches. On account of the rugged passage this day we poled up but 5 miles.

October 1. This day we forced our passage through rocks and shoals, pulling the bateaux after us, and often times over the head in water. Arrived at the third carrying place called Norrywok† falls, a hard wrought passage of 7 miles.

Oct. 2. Shouldered our bateaux, carried them 1 mile and 60 perches, and then encamped on a broad flat rock, the most suitable place we could find. Although our lodging was hard, having no other bed nor covering but a bare blanket (the common accommodation of a soldier); yet many of the sons of ease might have envied us our repose. Soldiers, used to manly toil, know not the pains of indolence. Great as their sufferings often are, they are never doomed to endure the miseries of those terrible spectres, spleen and melancholy, the usual companions of idleness. Their school is the school of fortitude. Their heroic labor, their love of glory, their

\*Skowhegan. †Norridgewock.

steady attachment for each other, constitute their health and their happiness, keep up a constant glow of soul, which the indolent and luxurious never feel.

Oct. 8. Pushed up this day eleven miles, with but little interruption, except from the leaky condition of some of the boats. On our way, shot a young moose weighing about 200 lbs. These animals, when at their full growth, are as large as a common horse. The males have horns commonly four feet long and six or seven inches broad, edged like a saw. They are of a dun colour, have a head much like an ass. It is said that these animals are a species of the Rein-deer, found in the same latitude in the north of Russia. We could scarce travel fifty yards without coming upon their tracks, and sometimes rousing them from their concealments; but it is seldom they can be shot, being so swift that they disappear in an instant, among the thickets and swamps. Their flesh is excellent; but their skin spongy and good for nothing.

This day we left all inhabitants, and entered the wilderness. It is very mountaineous, and covered with underwood. Little, if any part, of it is fit for cultivation. The timber for the most part is composed of birch, pine and hemlock. There are some small strips of bottom land on the margin of the river, interspersed with sugar tree; but the hand of nature seems to have denied to those solitary regions every good thing—and to have left it a void forever—the refuge of wild beasts.

Oct. 4. This day we forced a passage of eight miles, through rapids and rocks, the water as usual being in some places shallow, and in others deep. Arrived at Ticonic falls, or Hellgate, around which we carried our fleet fifty perches.

Oct. 7. We arrived this day at the head of the Kenebeck, at the mouth of what is called the Eastern Branch, which forms a junction with the Dead river. These three last days we had much fatigue in hauling our bateaux through the shoals, being mostly wet and weather cold. We ascended but six miles each day.

Oct. 8. Providence however sent us a day of rest; for we were detained in our tents all this day by reason of great rain. It being Sunday, one might presume that a providential hand was visible.

Oct. 9. This morning we hauled out our batteaux from the river and carried\* thro' brush and mire, over hills and swamps (for we had not even the shape of a road but as we forced it) to a pond (lake) which we crossed, and encamped for the night. This transportation occupied us three whole days, during which time we advance but five miles. This was by far the most fatiguing movement that had yet befel us. The rains had rendered the earth a complete bog; insomuch that we were often half leg deep in the mud, stumbling over old fallen logs, one leg sinking deeper in the mire than the other, then down goes a boat and the carriers with it, a hearty laugh prevails. The irritated carriers at length get to their feet with their boat, plastered with mud from neck to heel, their comrades tauntingly asking them how they liked their washing and lodging; perhaps a few paces further down *they* go, the laugh reverts upon them; the others, who had just before met with a like misfortune, call out to them to come *here* and they would lift them. It would have been well for those who are tormented with the hypochondria, if they could have made it convenient to have been with us. Their rugged countenance certainly could not have evaded a smile. Their imaginary sorrows would have flew; and, in case they partook of our toils, their visionary ailments would have been healed.

The lovers of the drama too, could they have witnessed our performances and fancied a wilderness for a theatre, might have had a plentiful entertainment, both of the tragic and comic exhibited, not by proxy, but in real life; for such indeed were our performances these three days past.

Our encampments these two last nights were almost insup-

\*The method of carrying our bateaux was by placing handspikes under them, carried by four men alternately.

portable; for the ground was so soaked with rain that the driest situation we could find was too wet to lay upon any length of time; so that we got but little rest. Leaves to bed us could not be obtained, and we amused ourselves around our fires most all the night.

Oct. 12. We took up our transports and marched on through this trackless desert to a second pond three-quarters of a mile over, and crossed it. Moved on to a third one two miles broad; after rowing over, we encamped for the night. This movement occupied us two days. The incessant toil we experienced in ascending the river, as well as the still more fatiguing method of carrying our boats, laden with the provisions, camp equipage etc., from place to place, might have subdued the resolution of men less patient and less persevering than we were. But our past toils instead of impairing our fortitude, served but to stimulate us to face any new sufferings or dangers that might lay in our way.—We well knew the magnitude of the undertaking—that it was for the service of our country, and our own honor. Our gallant officers, who partook of all our hardships left nothing unsaid or undone that might hearten us to the enterprize. We were mostly all thus far blessed with good health. Our provisions, though fast diminishing, were yet sufficient; and our hopes were, that we should finally overcome every obstacle.

Oct. 14. After remaining a few hours in our encampment to refresh ourselves, we carried three miles into Dead river, poled up it one mile and encamped on the evening of the next day. This river runs so dead and still that it can scarcely be discerned which way it flows. Its water is black, about four rods over, runs S. E. Its junction with the Eastern Branch, forms the head of the Kenebeck.

Oct. 16. The water now becomes deep and dead. We betake ourselves to our oars and row up ten miles and encamp.

Oct. 18. We ascended this river thirty-six miles, these two



last days, carrying over two small carrying places of about ten rods each. In this encampment we were confined the four following days by heavy rains; which greatly heightened our distresses. On the 22d the weather became clear, and our camp which had been deluged with rain, became more comfortable. After our tents were sufficiently dried we launched into the river.

Oct. 23. The water, notwithstanding the heavy rains that had fallen was very shallow; so that we were obliged to lay by our oars and take up our poles. The innumerable sinks and swamps with which this region abounds would swallow up a deluge; of course the streams which flow through it are in no danger of being suddenly swollen. Forced a passage up this day of ten miles.

The time had now arrived when our sufferings began to assume a different shape. Famine stared us in the face. Our provisions began to grow scarce, many of our men took sick, and the whole of us much reduced by our fatigues; and this too in the midst of a horrid wilderness, far distant from any inhabitation.

On the 24th the Colonel called a council of the officers; and it was agreed to send the sick back; also, to send fifty men forward to make the inhabitants send us provisions as soon as possible. Accordingly the sick were sent back with a few healthy men to take care of them; and Capt. Handshot\* with fifty men were dispatched for inhabitants.

At the time we left the Kenebeck, Col. Enos and three companies of Musketmen with a considerable store of provisions and ammunition halted there. Being discouraged no doubt with the difficulties they met with in their march, they returned. This to us was a very distressing circumstance; for we depended much upon this store. We were now reduced to a short allowance of flour only, the only article of provision that now remained, and that was hourly diminishing. Still we expected the party in our rear to come up,

\*Hanchett.

and moved on slowly for that purpose, until we rightly conjectured that they must have descended the river. We had now no prospect of relief but from the advanced party under Capt. Handshot; and this was precarious; for the distance to the inhabitants was allowed to be great; so that we might be famished before he could remit us any sustenance. Thus situated with approaching hunger and piercing cold for our beverage the sensations we felt were gloomy indeed. All our past toils had at no time made any impression on our spirits. Our fatigue, it is true, had considerable reduced our strength; but our cheerfulness and hilarity still accompanied us. Incidents were perpetually occurring which furnished us with mirth and jocularly thus far. But when we saw famine approach us, and speedy relief doubtful, a momentary depression of our spirits was the effect. We had not contemplated warring with such a dreadful enemy. The ascension of the river with all its difficulties, the transportation of our heavy laden boats over hills and swamps, the heavy rains and frosts which are here excessive, were hardships that we cheerfully underwent, nor was our resolution less prepared to encounter those which lay in our way before we reached the point of destination; but the assault of hunger was too omnipotent to be resisted with unshaken fortitude. Yet notwithstanding the dismal prospect before us, no one, as far as I could learn, expressed a wish to return. Had there been anything like a general expression of this kind, the purpose of it would have been easily accomplished; for in three days' forced marches we would have been at the head of the Kenebeck. But it was quite the reverse. No one thought of returning, for the heart of every man belonging to the detachment was bent upon the enterprize. Our momentary dejection was the result rather of anticipation occasioned by the approach of the evil, than of the existence of the evil itself; for when it did arrive, we found it best to endure it patiently.

In order to quiet our fears of *wintering* in the Wilderness, as some expressed it, our gallant Colonel himself, after admonishing

us to persevere as we hitherto had done, set out with a guide for the inhabitants in order to hasten the return of provisions.

But as if it had been ordained that our sufferings were to reach the utmost extent and to try our fortitude by the severest test, an accident took place in the course of this day's passage as unfortunate as could well be imagined: A short time after the departure of the Colonel, several of our boats overset in pushing through the rapids and much of the flour, ammunition and a number of guns were lost, besides a large sum of money destined to pay off the men. This was a cruel misfortune, and was sensibly felt by us all. It was the harbinger of distresses yet to come. But our first impressions were worn off, the despondence created by the evil in prospect was extinguished, and we met this last misfortune with more tranquility than could have reasonably been expected.

Oct. 25. Last night there fell a heavy snow, and this morning it blew up cold; we suffered considerably this day, having to carry our boats over two carrying places. What had happened in passing a rapid yesterday deterred us from assailing such angry waters again. Advanced six miles.

This day's ascent brought us to the point from whence we were to diverge, due north, through the wilderness, across the hills and mountains that intervene between this place and the head waters of the Chaudière river, which as has been already observed, flows into the river St. Lawrence, nearly opposite to Quebec. But before we wander into those dismal wilds, it may not be improper to take a review of our progress thus far, from the time we began to ascend the river Kenebeck until we arrived at the head of Dead River; and bring with us everything that is worthy of record, and that may exhibit this great enterprize in a satisfactory point of view:—

The river Kenebeck is navigable for vessels of considerable burthen from its mouth up to Fort Western, a distance of about

fifty miles. It is also navigable for small vessels as far up as Fort Halifax about fifteen miles [more]. From thence to the head of the river, it may be said to be not even boatable; and none but the daring Arnold and his followers would have attempted to surmount the obstacles that every where present themselves in the ascent of this river. The number of shoals and falls which obstruct this stream rendered a thorough passage altogether impracticable, so that scarce a day passed without having more or less land carriage.

On arriving at one of these falls, we pushed as near to the shore as possible. Those of the detachment whose turn it was to march up the bank came to our assistance. Then we got out into the water, placed our handspikes under the bateaux and carried out. Our progress under these immense burthens was indeed slow, having to lay them down at the end of every few rods to rest. The bank in general being high, and especially that part of it opposite to the falls, we of course seldom failed to have a considerable hill to climb. The bed of the river is rocky, and the water for the most part is very shallow. Rapids and shoals are very frequent, through which we had to haul the boats by getting out into the river; and this unpleasant toil occupied us some hours of almost every day, these rugged places being some times many rods over. This was truly a Herculean task, and worthy the invincible courage of those who performed it. It was a magnificent spectacle to behold a long line of boats trailed up an almost impassable river by their mooring ropes, by men not influenced by cane discipline, but by men all highly animated with an ardent love of their country, and stimulated with a firm resolve to render it service. Such a sight would have given to the patriot the most supreme delight. These prodigies, I say were not performed by a coerced soldiery, who are often impelled by their fears to attempt uncommon actions. No; they were the spontaneous acts of men conscious of the magnitude and glory of the enterprize. Who would have thought that amidst such unparalleled fatigues, the greatest cheerfulness prevailed, and that at times might be heard the merry joke, the hearty laugh.

Yet this was the case. Our adventures furnished us with more mirth and jocularly than perhaps are to be found in palaces or mansions of the great. Cheerfulness is the offspring of a tranquil mind; and when it is the companion of toil, its value is inestimable. Had this forsook us and had coercion for once been resorted to, all had been lost. Our spirits must have sank, our ardour extinguished, the undertaking gave up, and ourselves tarnished with dishonor. The affrighted inhabitants of Quebec would have never seen the glitter of our arms, nor have heard the whizzing of our balls. It is but justice here to remark that no kind of compulsion was used at any time. Men sensible of their duty did not stand in need of any. It would have been a fatal affair indeed for that officer, who through vanity or an intolerant spirit, had have resorted to such means. Some time or other he would have repented of his rashness. But far from this:—our officers were enraptured with our conduct, frequently taking an active part in our hardships, and animating us by their approbation and example. This surely is the most efficacious method in all cases. But to return to the review:

The water of this river, as has been before observed, was for the most part very shallow; insomuch that no use could be made of the oars. Could we have plied them, our employment would have been less toilsome; at least it would have varied our labour. Not once in the whole course of the passage from Fort Halifax to the head of the Kenebeck, was there an occasion for rowing. In pulling the bateaux through the rapids, shoals and shallows, it frequently happened that some of the men plunged over the head into the deep basons formed by the concussion of the water against the large rocks, and with difficulty escaped drowning, especially those who could not swim. The shallows also formed a considerable obstacle, there being scarcely water enough for the bateaux to glide upon. And these impediments were numerous until we arrived at the head of the river.

The country along the banks of the Kenebeck is much broken and hilly and higher up it becomes more so. And in those parts where the land is fertile it is thinly inhabited. But the Wilderness—who will ever delight to dwell there? Nature has appointed it for the beasts of the forest and not for man. These are objects of regard with an omniscient Providence, from whom they emanated, and are entitled to a portion of omnipotent protection. Dominions are allotted to them by a bountiful Giver:—inhospitable wilds are their domains. And shall discontented man encroach upon their boundaries and deprive them of an inheritance which can never yield an increase in any way commensurate with the toil of the husbandman? Surely such an invasion must be deemed flagitious, and an infringement on the ordination of God.

The distance from the place we embarked in our bateaux to the head of the river is about eighty miles. Our route from thence through the Wilderness to that part of Dead river into which we launched is 14 miles. This course was chosen by reason that this stream makes a considerable circuit near its mouth, and was impassable for some miles. Our course was parallel with the Kenebeck, which was due north. This uncommon movement occupied us seven days; and perhaps the most prodigious march ever accomplished by man. The oppressive weight of our bateaux, the miry state of the earth from rain, the thickets, hills and swamps were difficulties which were surmounted with an alacrity that would have astonished the most extensive imagination. On Dead River we found relief from our hardships; the water being deep and dead for many miles, we could now make use of our oars, the easiest employment we yet had. For we rowed up 46 miles in thirty-two hours, carrying over two carrying places of ten rods each. From thence we had to use our poles and were unable to force a passage of more than ten miles per day.

Until this period we had in general enjoyed good health and spirits; but unceasing fatigue began at length to make a deep im-

pression on some of us. Several sunk under the weight of it. Their strength was exhausted; grew sick; and as our provisions were vanishing away, it was deemed proper to send them back. Who could not have been touched with pity and admiration for these brave men, struggling with ruthless toil and sickness and endeavoring to conceal their situation? When any of their comrades would remark to them that the[y] would not be able to advance much farther, they would raise up their half-bent bodies and force an animated look into their ghastly countenances, observing at the same time that they would soon be well enough. But their pitiful case was no longer to be concealed. Daily they grew worse and worse, became burthensome to the army, and in consequence were compelled to return. We parted with them with that fellow feeling, that benevolent affection which never fails to pervade a soldier's breast. They returned with heavy hearts. They lamented that their indisposition prevented them from sharing in this grand advance throughout, since they had contributed to its success thus far. Our parting was a separation of congenial souls, knit together by mutal sufferings and animated by one common cause.

This circumstance afforded a favorable opportunity for those (if any there had been) whose fortitude might have failed, to have returned. We were all much exhausted and might have plausibly pretended sickness. Want was approaching, a long pathless wilderness covered with snow to be marched through, together with a piercing cold atmosphere—all these things considered, it would not have been wonderful if some pretence had been preferred to escape these threatened evils. On the contrary, it is more wonderful that an unanimous determination to return did not prevail.

Before we resume our Journal, it may be proper to give a brief description of the situation of the wilds through which our army had to pass:

The distance from the head of Dead River until we reached the inhabited parts of Canada is 129 miles. The country is broken

up with mountains and ridges, covered with rubbish that has been collecting since the creation. Ponds and swamps are numerous. A few spots of it may be fit for cultivation. Snows lay here in the mountains probably the year round. In the sides of those mountains there are large cavities among the rocks, which in the cold seasons are filled with snow. These were the graves, no doubt, of many of our poor enfeebled men who perished during this terrible march. A dreary aspect, a perpetual silence, an universal void, form the face of nature in this part of the world. Our sufferings in these gloomy regions are now to be told.

On the 26th of October we left Dead River pond, which forms its head, with all our bateaux, and carried to a fourth pond, from whence there were outlets into three other ponds, through which we rowed; then carried one mile over a ridge and encamped, having advanced seven miles. The day was very cold, and the ground covered with a pretty deep snow which had fell in the night of the 25th; in consequence, our progress was much impeded by reason that we could not distinguish ground sufficiently solid to march upon with our burdens; some of us frequently slipped into bogs.

Oct. 27. Crossed a pond this morning half a mile broad, carried fifteen perches to another pond two miles over to what we denominated the *Terrible Carrying Place*; a dismal portage indeed of two miles and fifty perches; intersected with a considerable ridge covered with fallen trees, stones and brush. The ground adjacent to this ridge is swampy, plentifully strewed with old dead logs, and with every thing that could render it impassable. Over this we forced a passage, the most distressing of any we had yet performed. The ascent and descent of the hill was inconceivably difficult. The boats and carriers often fell down into the snow, some of them were much hurt by reason of their feet sticking fast among the stones. Attempts were made to trail them over, but there was too much obstruction in the way. Besides we were very feeble from former fatigues and short allowance of but a pint of



flour each man per day for nearly two weeks past, so that this day's movement was by far the most oppressive of any we had experienced. We however surmounted this obstacle and encamped on a small stream running into Chaudière pond, advancing this day nearly five miles. We now determined to leave our boats in the woods, as the oppression of carrying them was becoming absolutely intolerable. Our provisions were nearly gone, many of the guns had been lost; the boats therefore, could be of no other service than to carry us and the tents down the Chaudière; but we proposed to push for Quebec by land, and adopt for our tentage the canopy of Heaven. To these propositions our officers readily assented and with inexpressible joy we dropt those grievous burthens, except one to carry Mr. M'Lelland, our first lieutenant, down the river, who was sick and totally unable to march by land.

Oct. 28. This morning we took out our guns, with everything that was portable, from the bateaux, and got ready our packs. Here we had dealt out to us the remnant of our flour; meat had been no part of our sustenance for many days before. Each man's dividend was four pints, with an unknown desert before us of several days' march.

This day a messenger came to us, with a letter from Col. Arnold, informing us that Gen. Schuyler commanding a part of the New York forces had a successful skirmish with the regulars and Indians, during which he had taken a considerable number of prisoners. This news was very pleasing to us all—how happy would we have been to have had no other dangers to face but the enemy. The Colonel also informed us that the Canadians would receive us kindly; and in three days we would meet provisions in our way. This unfortunate piece of intelligence, though it revived our spirits at the time, was the cause of our distresses afterwards; for we eat up our allowance more cheerfully than we otherwise would have done. No provisions reached us until within a day's march of the frontiers. Advanced this day twelve miles.

Oct. 29. Last night we encamped between our fires, cleared away the snow, and made our beds of leaves and rubbish, sleeping as comfortably as could be expected, without any covering. This morning we moved on toward the head of the Chaudière, marching over mountains and ridges, through swamps and mire up to our knees in many places, the ground strewn with logs for several perches; enough to tire the stoutest men, much more such feeble wretches as we were. Our route now was over a continual succession of ridges and ruts, interspersed with morasses, as difficult of access as can be imagined. Marched fourteen miles.

The order to march which the army now pursued was irregular; scattered in a line of some miles; two companies seldom being together. Throughout the whole march there had been separate distances between the different divisions of the army. But at this period those who could clamber over the ruts the most speedily took the lead.

Oct. 30. This day we went astray, wandering all day over mountains and through bogs as usual. In the after part of the day we came to a small river, waded it, which took us up to our wastes, and then marched on with our clothes wet, until night, at which time we were within four or five miles of the camp we left in the morning. The day was very cold, so that we were almost perished before fires could be kindled. Never perhaps was there a more forlorn set of human beings collected together in one place:—every one of us shivering from head to foot, as hungry as wolves, and nothing to eat save the little flour we had left, which we made dough of and baked in the fires, of which we had an abundance, and enough for all the armies in the world. This night many of us made our last scanty meal. Marched this day twenty miles.

Oct. 31. Last night came upon the route our advance party had taken; and this circumstance trifling as it was, and which was in no manner calculated to afford immediate relief; yet in the midst of those hideous and lonesome depths of the world, the sight of

human footsteps revived our fallen spirits. We pushed on briskly, and forced a passage this day of twenty-six miles. In the evening we came up with Mr. M'Lelland, who had come down the river in the batteau with four of our men to take care of him. They had been overturned in the water, and very narrowly escaped drowning. They lost all their cloathes, blankets, ammunitiion, guns and provisions. Captain Smith also lost his chest and clothes, with those of the lieutenants belonging to his company, and Mr. John Henry, a volunteer in said company lost £70 in cash. This was a fatal stroke for our brave but unfortunate lieutenant.

Mr. McLelland, being far spent, was left in care of two men. He was greatly esteemed by the whole company, and by the officers and men of the whole detachment. Here we parted with him in great tenderness, expecting never to see him again. Our officers and those of our men who yet had some flour remaining, left him a part, and then we proceeded on our march. This day the whole army as far as I could learn, run out of provisions entirely.

Notwithstanding the disordered state of our march yet each one made out to keep by, and support the feebleness of his comrade. The universal weakness of body that now prevailed over every man increased hourly on account of the total destitution of food; and the craggy mounds over which we had to pass, together with the snow and the cold penetrating through our death-like frames, made our situation completely wretched, and nothing but death was wanting to finish our sufferings. It was a dispiriting, a heartrending sight, to see these men whose weakness was reduced to the lowest degree, struggling among the rocks and in the swamps and falling over the logs. It was no uncommon sight, as we ascended these ruthless mountains, to see those coming down the mountains in our rear, falling down upon one another in the act of mutually assisting each other. Whose heart would not have melted at this spectacle? It would have excited commiseration in the breast of a savage to have beheld those weak creatures, on coming

to the brow of one of those awful hills, making a halt, as if calculating whether their strength was sufficient for the descent; at last he casts his eyes to the adjacent hill, and sees his comrades clambering up among the snow and rocks.—He is encouraged—he descends, he stumbles against some obstruction, and falls headlong down the precipice, his gun flying far from him a considerable distance. His comrade staggers down to his assistance, and in his eagerness falls down himself; at length the wretches raise themselves up and go in search of their guns, which they find buried in the snow—they wade through the mire to the foot of the next steep and gaze up at its summit, contemplating what they must suffer before they reach it.—They attempt it, catching at every twig and shrub they can lay hold of—their feet fly from them—they fall down—to rise no more. Alas, alas, our eyes were too often assailed with these horrid spectacles—my heart sickens at the recollection.

November 1. Our deplorable situation reduced us to the sad necessity of every man to shift for himself. We had all along aided our weaker brethren: But the dreadful moment had now arrived when these friendly offices could no longer be performed. Many of the men began to fall behind and those in any condition to march were scarcely able to support themselves; so that it was impossible for us to bring them along; and if we tarried with them, we must all have perished. It was therefore given out this morning by our officers, for every man to shift for himself, and save his own life if possible. This measure opened upon us a scene of the bitterest sorrow. It is far beyond my power of description to give even a faint outline of that woeful separation. Oh killing recollection—when will the remembrance of that mournful period cease to disturb my mind? When we moved off from before them, how did the unhappy companions of all our toils and sufferings strive with all their might to keep up with us, and to tread in our footsteps, calling out to us as well as their feeble voices would allow—“Will you leave us to perish in this wilderness?” Never will that heart-piercing interrogatory forsake my memory. What heart would

not have been pierced with the most poignant emotion? It was an exclamation that overwhelmed our souls with indescribable horror—some of those who were advanced turned back, and declared that they would prefer death to leaving them; others stopped their ears and moved off with all the expedition in their power. Dreadful indeed was this separation. For when we beheld those unfortunate men, who had, hand in hand with us, subdued every obstacle that had fallen in our way, thus left, thus forsaken through the operation of an imperious necessity, our spirits sank to the lowest ebb, and we moved off with hearts oppressed with a weight of woe which nothing but the perpetual pinching of hunger was able to controul. Their haggard looks, their ghastly countenances, their emaciated bodies, and their struggles to proceed with us, have left impressions on our minds which nothing but death can erase. As we advanced, we saw with bitterest anguish their weak attempts to follow, but a mountain closed the scene between us and many of them forever. Their survivors will never fail, on a recurrence to this cruel day, to shed a flood of tears to their memory.

With heavy-laden hearts we marched on over a succession of hills and mountains enough to outdo the sturdiest traveller. On our way passed by many of the musketmen in the most deplorable conditions; nearly exhausted; and exposed to the rigours of the season. We found some of them eating dog, which they had roasted entire, not having had anything to eat for two-some three-days before. They devoured this strange repast with extream voracity, not excepting the skin, feet or entrails. I saw one of them offer a dollar for a bit of cake weighing not more than two ounces, which was refused. Our situation was not preferable to theirs. This day we forced a march of twenty miles, and encamped; our strength so reduced that but a few of us were able to raise a fire. Our spirits were so depressed by the occurrences of this day that death would have been a welcome messenger to have ended our woes.

Nov. 2. This morning when we arose to resume our march, many of us were so weak as to be unable to stand without the support of our guns. I myself, whom Providence had endowed with an uncommon degree of strength, staggered about like a drunken man. We had eaten no food for several days. However we got on our packs and set out through the woods, hoping to see some inhabitants, but we stumbled on over hills and swamps, mile after mile, without any visible prospect of relief. Our weakness was now so great that a small twig across the way was sufficient to bring the stoutest of us to the ground.

This day I roasted my shot-pouch and eat it. It was now four days since I had eat anything save the skin of a squirrel I had picked up in a tent some time before, and had accidentally put it into my pocket. A number resorted to the same expedient; and in a short time there was not a shot-pouch to be seen among all those within my view. This was the last resort, and approaching destruction appeared the only medium through which we could pass from our present calamities. Hope was now partly extinguished; and its place supplied with a deep insensibility, which is often in desperate cases the precursor of some extraordinary change. Before and behind us and on all sides of us, we could discover nothing but a wide waste, unadorned with the smoke of any inhabitants. There was nothing in all the gloomy scenery that surrounded us, to interest the feelings for a moment, or call a gleam of pleasure upon the dejected soul. All was silence. Every object tended to dismay the heart, already too much oppressed. The light that shone upon it served but to render its dreary aspect more visible. There was nothing magnificent to arouse our benighted imaginations, only at times when we gained the summit of a high mountain, we could discover the Chaudière veering its course through those lofty hills whose frowning brows seemed to threaten its meanderings with a final stoppage, whilst it endeavours, as it were, to escape the impending ruin.

Whilst we were reeling up and down those grievous heights, which appeared to be endless, our eyes were arrested by the appearance of a quantity of cattle on the margin of the river coming towards us, hurried on by men with horses loaded with sacks. At this sight we made a halt and silently gazed upon each other as if doubting our senses; until we were roused from our stupor by the shout of our deliverers.

This sudden change was like a transition from death to life. The decayed animation that glimmered in our wretched frames revived. The pleasing sensations that thrilled through our frozen blood reanimated our expiring lives. Joy and hope sprung up together, vibrated upon every nerve, and quickened our fallen existence. We with one accord lifted up our hands and eyes to heaven and blessed that gracious God for this great deliverance. We called out to our companions in the rear, that provisions were in sight.—“Provisions in sight” resounded from hill to hill. But alas, alas, many too many heard the glad tidings no doubt, who were never able to partake of the bounty.

Those benevolent men who brought us this relief, fell to work; and in a short time had some of the beasts slaughtered. They then mounted their horses, taking with them such sustenance as was portable, and flew after those in our rear, shouting as they reached the top of every hill. Some of them returned late in the evening with the most forlorn objects that ever my eyes beheld. They had found them fallen to the earth, sunk in the snow, and on the point of expiring; the cold had penetrated their every pore. They gave them bread and saved them from death, placed them upon horses, and in this condition they arrived in our camp, insensible to every thing around them. Others of these good men pushed on in pursuit of those who were still farther behind, and administered relief to every suffering object they found in the way. In the morning they returned with a number of our comrades whom they had rescued from the brink of destruction.

Our camp this night exhibited a spectacle truly affecting, and such as would have penetrated the most obdurate heart. It resembled an assembly of spectres rather than of men. But we soon roused up several good fires; laid our meat upon the embers, and for the first time for more than three weeks past were regaled with the incense of a sumptuous banquet. About 200 of us partook of it; the major part of the army was yet in the woods. If the feeble whom we could not avoid contemplating in a perishing state, had have been now with us, our happiness would have been complete. But the idea of their deplorable case filled our minds with inquietude.

Nov. 3. We were informed that it was twenty long miles to the first inhabitants;—that Col. Arnold had got in two days before; that he was making arrangements for our comfort at every convenient place; and that the Canadians were impatient to receive us. After the provisions were moved on to succour the men in our rear, we resumed our march in good spirits. The Country is now less mountainous, yet this day's march was as disagreeable as any preceding one; and would in all probability have been our final overthrow, had not last night's refreshment fortified us against it:—We waded several small rivers, which fell into the Chaudière, as well as several swamps, up to our knees. It was very cold, and snowed almost the whole of the day. In the evening we came in sight of a house, the first we had seen for four weeks and three days, except an Indian cabin on Dead River. Advanced this day twenty miles; yesterday twelve.

Nov. 4. Last night we got plenty of good beef and potatoes, but not much bread. Snowed all night; our encampment very uncomfortable. This morning marched down the river, where the inhabitants are thicker settled, who received us very hospitably. The people looked on us with amazement; and seemed to doubt whether or not we were human beings. To see a number of famished creatures, more like ghosts than men, issuing from a dismal



Wilderness, with arms in their hands, was the most astonishing sight they ever beheld. They however administered to our necessities, and loaded us with favours. Advanced this day ten miles.

Nov. 5. We continued our march down the river; the people very hospitable; provisions plenty, but very dear—milk one shilling per quart—bread, one shilling per loaf not more than 3 lb. Marched this day 12 miles.

Nov. 6. This day came up with Col. Arnold and our advanced party, that had been despatched out of the Wilderness. We heartily congratulated each other on our meeting; a circumstance that we once scarcely expected. We took up our march at 2 o'clock and continued it on till 12 o'clock at night—the roads exceeding bad; most of the way half leg deep with mud and water.

Nov. 7. This morning a lieutenant and twenty men were sent forward to see if the route was clear from any obstruction. Marched until 2 o'clock in the morning. When we halted we were within sight of Quebec, the river St. Lawrence between us and the town. We were filled with joy at this event, when we saw ourselves at the end of our destination; and at length freed from the misery we endured in the woods.

Nov. 8. Took up our quarters upon the river bank. In this encampment we remained until the 13th. During our stay here those of our detachment who had survived their sufferings, arrived in a miserable state, having lost themselves for almost two days. They informed us that a number of the musketmen, and some of the Riflemen had perished in the woods. Though this intelligence was what we expected, yet the recollection of their participation in all our toils and suffering, together with the attachments that had been formed amongst us, did not fail to produce upon us all the most lively sensation of sorrow. But a circumstance arose that assuaged the poignancy of our feelings:—it was the arrival in camp of a great number whom we never expected to see: the history of

whose sufferings is almost incredible:—many of them were so far spent that they dropped lifeless into the snow. Their comrades resorted to the very extraordinary method to revive them; they rubbed their bodies with snow, until their congealed blood assumed a free circulation. Then they raised them to their feet, and supported them until motion and the effects of this singular operation enable (*sic*) them to stagger on a few miles further. Many of them eat not only their shot-pouches, but also their breeches. The majority of them could not obtain even this sapless nourishment. Strange as it may appear, yet it is a fact that this same nourishment afforded an uncommon relish. No one can imagine who hath not experienced it, the sweetness of a roasted shot-pouch to the famished appetite.

On the 10th an attempt was made by the enemy to carry away a quantity of flour and other provisions that was lodged in a mill on our side of the river. But we captured the party, commanded by a midshipman belonging to a frigate lying in the harbor. We were informed by the prisoner that Quebec had received a reinforcement of 170 men. For these several days past we have been employed in constructing scaling ladders for the purpose of storming the town.

Nov. 13. About 9 o'clock this evening we began to cross the St. Lawrence, in boats and bark canoes. Some of the canoes upset and a few guns and some clothing were lost, but none of the men. We all got over by four o'clock in the morning, at a place called Wolfe's Cove, so denominated from its being the spot where the celebrated General Wolfe landed. The river here is about two miles broad. The night was very cold; so that those who fell in the water, especially, were almost frozen before they reached the opposite shore. We were compelled to leave the ladders behind; and this circumstance disabled us to attack the town, which if we could have done, would have been crowned with success—the place being at this time in a very defenceless state, the whole garri-

son consisting only of about 200 men. It had been submitted to a council of war, whether or not it was advisable to attack the town; but it was decided in the negative by a majority, it is said of only one.

Nov. 14. This morning we were fired on by the frigate, but received no damage. We took up our quarters in some very good houses near the city, which had been deserted by the owners on our approach. Our ammunition was now too scarce to attempt any military movement of consequence. The enemy had on the 12th received a considerable accession to their force. The idea of an attack was given up for the present, until we should receive some supplies from Gen. Montgomery, whose arrival we shortly expected. The only hostile parade that we made at this time, was as we passed in review before the enemy, to salute them with several cheers, which they answered with a few shot, that did not injure any of us. In this delightful encampment we remained until the 20th, living in a sumptuous manner. The houses were close and warm; wood plenty; provisions of every kind in abundance. The Canadians were highly rejoiced at our arrival among them; they were constantly in our camp, and never failed to bring us a present of some eatables, such as potatoes, turnips, and such things as we stood in need of. Our camp furnished a pretty good market. We enjoyed ourselves well.—without breaking out into extravagance. Our accommodations, rare and excellent as they were did not form a Capua for us. We were secure from the apprehension of any danger, either of famine or the enemy, who did not once attempt to dislodge us. Our tranquility was disturbed only when those unpleasant recollections of our disasters in the Wilderness obtruded on our minds; but the high sense we entertained of the grandeur of the performance, and the honour we conceived ourselves justly entitled to, for our patience and fortitude throughout, were considerations that made amends for all our dis-

tresses.\* It would be recollected that the detachment consisted originally of 1,100 men including officers. Col. Enos returned with 300. My 3d lieutenant, Mathew Irwin, who took sick at the first Pond, was left there in the care of 4 men, all of whom returned. The sick sent back from Dead River, including those ordered to take care of them, amounted to 200. The force that escaped the perils of the Wilderness and reached the banks of the St. Lawrence, amounted to 510. We, therefore, lost in the wilds between 70 and 80. But I am inclined to believe that some of these got to the inhabitants, in a state no doubt that required weeks to revive; of this I have no proof—I wish sincerely it may be so.

Nov. 20. Ordered to march up the river to Point aux Trembles, seven miles, where we remained in exceeding good quarters until the 2d of December.

Here we were joined by Gen. Montgomery with the New York forces, who brought with him an abundant supply of artillery, muskets, ammunition and clothing; the latter article we stood much in need of, our uniforms being sadly defaced in marching through the woods; inasmuch that many of us were partly naked by the time we reached the frontier.

Gen. Montgomery was born to command. His easy and affable condescension to both officers and men, while it forbids an improper familiarity, creates love and esteem; and exhibits him the gentleman and the soldier. He is tall and very well made; and possesses a captivating address. He is a native of Ireland. His recent successes give us the highest confidence in him. He complimented us highly for our patience and fortitude under all our late trials.

\*Dr. Gordon, after giving an account of the sufferings of this detachment in the Wilderness observes that—"The soldiers exercised the greatest fortitude and patience under the difficulties that occurred; and when again in the midst of plenty and an easy situation, soon lost all painful remembrance of what had happened and gloried in having accomplished, by their indefatigable zeal and industry, an undertaking above the common race of men in this debauched age."

Dec. 2. This day marched down to Quebec, and on the 3d laid siege to the town. Our whole force amounted only to 800; and 70 of those unfit for duty. During our stay at Point aux Trembles Gen. Carleton marched into Quebec with all the forces he could procure. His force now consisted of 1,500, protected by walls and batteries. Our General caused batteries to be constructed of snow and water, which soon became solid ice. He then sent out a flag to Gen. Carleton, to surrender the place and spare the effusion of blood; but it was shot at from the walls. This affair exasperated us all in a very high degree. A flag sent by Col. Arnold on our arrival had been treated in the same manner. Our artillery, amounting to five pieces and a howitzer, now opened a heavy fire upon the town, which was kept up for several hours without any effect. The enemy kept up a steady cannonade, but without doing us any harm.

On the 26th a council was held, to which all the officers of the army were invited; when the question for an assault was put and carried almost unanimously.

#### PREPARATIONS FOR STORMING QUEBEC.

The scaling ladders that had been left at the other side of the river, were brought over. Our arms were examined and put in the best order. On the evening of the 25th we paraded at Capt. Morgan's quarters, where we were addressed in a handsome manner by Gen. Montgomery on the subject of the intended attack. He pointed out the necessity of it, and the certainty of its success. He observed that nothing was wanting to insure victory, but the exercise of that valor we so triumphantly displayed under the most unparalleled sufferings. He concluded, that if we succeeded, we would rescue a province from the British yoke, win it for our country, and obtain for ourselves immortal honor. The address was sensible and conscie; and the engaging oratory of the General highly enraptured us. We answered him with a cheer, declaring that whatever his Excellency was pleased to command we were

ready to obey. On the 27th, in the evening the whole army capable of bearing arms assembled according to orders, and were on the point of marching to battle; but the order was countermanded. This night two\* men deserted to the enemy, which put them on their guard. To this infernal act of treachery the failure of the enterprize may in a great degree be attributed. On the 30th, orders were issued to parade at 2 o'clock the next morning. Accordingly on the 31st we were under arms at the time appointed. The plan of attack is as follows:—The General to attack by Cape Diamond at the South end of the town, at the head of 200 men. Col. Arnold to attack through the suburbs of St. Roc, at the head of 360 men, including the riflemen commanded by Captains Morgan, Hendricks and Smith; together with a piece of artillery. Col. Livingston and Major Brown at the head of the 160 Canadians and Massachusetts troops to make a false attack near St. John's gate. This was the central division; and were to let off the rockets, as signals for the general attack.

All things being in readiness, each division moves on towards the town, impatient to commence the assault. The morning is very stormy, which hinders the enemy from seeing our movements. The snow is very deep, which increases momentarily by the snow that is falling. The piece of artillery on a sled cannot be got along, and is left behind. All eyes are now directed to the place from whence the rockets are to ascend; they are let off precisely at 5 o'clock—instantly the enemy beat to arms; for when they saw the signals they conjectured that ill was intended them. Our advance party consisting of 30 men impetuously rush on and attack a battery on a wharf. Capt. Morgan being in front, advances to their aid, followed by Capt. Hendricks. We fire into the portholes with our rifles with such effect, that the enemy cannot discharge a single cannon—save one on our approach that did no damage. Perhaps there is no similar instance in modern warfare of a battery

\*Morison is the only writer who says *two*: others agree on one, Samuel Singleton, a Rhode Island sergeant.—[Ed.]

being silenced by a few riflemen. Several discharges of musketry are now made upon us from the houses and other unexpected places: Col. Arnold receives a bad wound in his leg, and is carried to the hospital. We now scale the battery with our ladders, led on by the intrepid Morgan and our brave captain. This bold act so confounds the guard, that thirty of them instantly surrender, and are immediately secured. This affair occupies us but about 20 minutes,—one killed and 6 or 7 wounded. During this combat, the main body now commanded by Maj. Meigs, approaches, being much interrupted by the deepness of the snow and an incessant fire of the enemy from walls and houses, which killed and wounded several, without our people being able to annoy them in the least. They enter the town at our right, just as we had finished our task,—we gave them a cheer and they returned it. We are reinforced with a small party, then push on through alleys to the next battery, rush close up to it unobserved, fire in at the portholes, wounds some of the guards, and deters them from using their cannon. By keeping close to the battery, we not only stop the mouths of the artillery, but prevent the musketry from injuring us, a considerable body of whom we now perceive behind the battery ready to salute us as we mount the wall. Our officers deem it proper to suspend scaling the wall until the main body come up, at whose delay we are astonished: in the meantime we challenge the enemy to come out into the open space and fight us, which however they do not choose to accept. Some cowards fire upon us from the windows of houses which only serves to make us laugh.—They point out the muzzles of their guns, skreening themselves behind the window frames, and fire at random; the bullets seldom coming within perches of us—some of us amuse ourselves by emptying our rifles in at these windows. We have heard for some time, heavy discharges of musketry and artillery in different parts of the town:—we are elated with this music and shout—“Quebec is ours.” We again invite the enemy to come out from behind their covert, and try our rifles, which we offer to them for sale at a low rate. They, however,

decline the offer, observing that they shortly expect them for nothing. Our main body now appears, having taken a wrong route through narrow and crooked streets, exposed to a cowardly fire from houses.—We heartily cheer each other, and now prepare to storm the battery—the ladders are laid to the wall—our gallant officers are mounting followed by several men when a furious discharge of musketry is let loose upon us from behind houses; in an instant we are assailed from different quarters with a deadly fire. We now find it impossible to force the battery or guard the portholes any longer.—We rush on to every part, rouse the enemy from their coverts, and force a body of them to an open fight, some of our riflemen take to houses and do considerable execution. We are now attacked by thrice our number; the battle becomes hot, and is much scattered; but we distinguish each other by hemlock sprigs previously placed in our hats. All our officers act most gallantly. Betwixt every peal the awful voice of Morgan is heard, whose gigantic stature and terrible appearance carries dismay among the foe wherever he comes. My brave Captain is sublimated with the most exalted courage; he seems to be all soul; and moves as if he did not touch the earth. But whilst he is most heroically animating us with his voice and example, a ball flies into his breast and lays him dead upon the spot. We have no time to weep—We are now attacked in our rear.—the enemy increase momentarily—they call out to us to surrender, but we surrender them our bullets, and retreat to the first battery; here we maintain ourselves until 10 o'clock, when surrounded on every side, many of our officers and men slain, and no hope of escape, we are reluctantly compelled to surrender ourselves prisoners of war, after having fought manfully for more than three hours.

The division under the General was also unsuccessful. He together with several officers and 11 men were killed in the beginning of the attack, and the rest retreated. He was interred with military honors by the order of General Carleton. It was in consequence of the failure of this division, that the enemy turned their



whole force upon us. There was about 100 killed and wounded; and nearly 400 taken prisoners.

After we were made prisoners, we were taken to an old French College, our officers were taken from out amongst us. Some rum and a biscuit apiece were given to us. We were kindly treated both by Gen. Carleton and the people of the town, until one Deway was placed over us, who sold the provisions allowed us, for his own profit. But the Lord of Hosts soon delivered us out of his hands; for he was taken with the small pox, which swept him from off the face of the earth. On the 31st of March, a plot was laid amongst us to free ourselves. The plan was as follows: We made officers of our serjeants, and formed ourselves into three divisions. The first division was to take the guard that stood over us. The 2d was to secure the guard at St. John's gate. The third, among whom was the artillery-men, was to seize the cannon and turn them upon the town. Then we procured a person to go over to the army under Col. Arnold now blockading [the] place, and notify the Col. of the plot, and the signals to be used; but a scoundrel\* that knew of it, informed the barrick master. The consequence was, that the serjeants were all put in irons, seven in a bolt; and the privates handcuffed two and two together. Here we lay wretched, ragged, and covered with vermin, until the 8th of May, when Col. Arnold retreated up the river. Then Gen. Carleton ordered our irons to be knocked off; and on the 6th of June his excellency came into the jail, and observed to us, that if he could depend upon our word of honor to behave peaceably and not to take up arms in future against his majesty, he would engage to send us home. He then presented a paper purporting his request, which we all signed. This humane gentleman was much moved at our miserable situation; for in addition to our rags, we were all badly effected with the scurvy, and some us past a cure. There was a number also disabled by their wounds. His excellency directly caused relief

\*John Hall, a deserter from the British army at Boston.—*Codman.*

to be given, and sent each of us a shirt. He informed us that we should embark in 10 days or less. Accordingly on the 7th of August, 1776, we were put on board four transports, and after a boisterous passage, were landed at the point of Elizabethtown, on the 24th of September, having been prisoners nearly nine months: We marched immediately for Philadelphia, where we received money and clothing from the public agents.

I now felt all the eagerness imaginable to reach home. After taking an affectionate leave of my comrades, I hurried off with a full heart to Shearman's valley, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, where I was received with great joy by all my relatives, friends and acquaintances.

THE END.

