

## EXPEDITION TO CANADA.

“About this time, by direction of General Washington, Colonel Benedict Arnold had succeeded in raising one thousand volunteers for an expedition against Canada. Captain Jonas Hubbard, of Worcester, a stout athletic man, and much esteemed and beloved by all his acquaintance, was one of the volunteers. A number of our company, including myself, were enrolled in his company, when we were marched to Cambridge, and quartered on the inhabitants of the town while preparing for our contemplated expedition. Some time about the middle of September, the necessary preparations having been completed, we took our baggage, and marched by land to Newburyport, thirty-three miles north north-east from Boston. We lay in Newburyport over the Sabbath, and attended public worship in military order. Monday we shipped aboard some dirty coasters and fish boats, and sailed into the mouth of the Kennebec. During this short voyage I became very seasick; and such a sickness, making me feel so lifeless, so indifferent whether I lived or died! It seemed to me that had I been thrown into the sea I should hardly have made an effort to have saved myself. We sailed up the Kennebec about fifty miles to a place called Fort Weston, where we left our shipping, went ashore, and encamped. While we were shifting our baggage to some bateaux, one of the men, in a passion, fired into a room full of soldiers, and killed one of their number. He was taken and tried by a court-martial, and found guilty of murder. He was sent back under guard to headquarters at Cambridge.

“When baggage and boats were ready we moved up the river, some proceeding by land, some in boats. We were frequently obliged to haul our boats against a rapid current, and being heavily loaded, our progress was slow. At Fort Halifax, there was a short fall that was impassable and we were compelled to take our baggage and boat out of the river and carry them around the falls. Here we passed Norridgewock, formerly an old Indian village, finely situated on both sides of the river, about two hundred miles north north-east from Boston. This was the last English settlement on our route. Now commenced our march into the wilderness. Following up the stream we soon came to another fall, where we were obliged to unload and pass around as before. We proceeded slowly by hauling and pushing, using ropes in one case and settling poles in the other. At night we went ashore, struck up a fire, and camped down, as we called it; next morning we proceeded on.

“About twenty miles from the last carrying place, we came to what are called High Falls, where we had to take our boats out of the river again and carry them around. We then proceeded on, as before, about twenty miles further, when we came to what was called the Great Carrying Place, or Long Falls. Our boats and baggage were now to be carried five or six miles over hills and through a swamp to a pond which was one mile across. This was a wearisome work. The boats were turned bottom up, and four men would take one on their shoulders and march along, the edge of the boat, being somewhat sharp, pressing very painfully on the flesh. Each barrel of provision was carried by four men, being swung by ropes on two poles. It was a fatiguing and painful task; but performed with much patience and fortitude, and without murmuring. We were also very harmonious.

“ But the evening we arrived at the pond there was an exception. As Captain Hubbard was walking through his company, as was his practice, to see that his soldiers were making themselves comfortable, he found two of them fighting and beating each other in a most savage

manner. He parted them, and while endeavoring to effect a reconciliation one of them, being in a great rage, clinched him. The Captain laid the fellow down carefully by the side of a log, and held him there until he begged his pardon and promised reformation. Captain Hubbard being a large man, and good natured as he was stout, came in laughing and told what he had done. I was in the officer's mess. No other punishment was inflicted.

“ The next morning we crossed the pond, and then carried our boats and baggage two or three miles to another pond of about the same width. Thus we went on until we came to Dead River, the west branch of the Kennebec. It takes its rise in the high lands which separate Maine from Canada, and joins the east branch about twenty miles from Moosehead Lake. The distance from the Long Falls on the Kennebec to the point where we struck Dead River is upward of twelve miles; and this route, including the two ponds, is called the Great Carrying Place.

“The front division, to which I belonged, proceeded up the river one day's march, when Colonel Arnold ordered a number of soldiers in each company to return back and keep forward of the rear division, which was commanded by Col. Roger Enos. Accordingly we went back some miles and performed this duty. I then joined my company again and we moved on up the river. About this time Arnold permitted some fifteen of each company, invalids and faint-hearted, to return to Cambridge, under Lieutenant Lyman, of Northfield, Mass., who reluctantly submitted to the order.

“ Soon after this, on its being rumored that the rear division was better provided with supplies than we were, Arnold directed an equal distribution to be made. He then took twelve men as his guards, and, having given directions that every man should take good care of himself and make the best of his way through the wilderness, he went on in advance of the main body, and I did not see him again until we arrived at the French settlement in Canada. His order, to have the provisions equally divided, gave so great offense to Colonel Enos and four captains with their companies that, without permission, they returned to Cambridge. So great a defection disheartened us. However, Lieutenant-Colonel Green, Major Bigelow, of Massachusetts, Major (afterward colonel) Meigs, of Connecticut, three companies of riflemen, commanded by Captains Morgan (who was afterward colonel), Smith and Hendricks, of Pennsylvania, five companies of New England troops, commanded by Captains Dearborn, of New Hampshire, Hubbard, of Massachusetts, Hanchett, of Connecticut, and Topham and Thayer, of Rhode Island, with the remainder of the troops, now reduced to about five hundred men, continued to march up the Dead River. Falls and obstructions of various kinds hindered us, but we kept on from day to day until we came to the high lands between Canada and the United States.

“We were now about one hundred miles from the Canadian settlements, and, having encountered many difficulties thus far, we had now to meet one more formidable than any we had vanquished; namely, lack of provisions. It being understood that our supplies were nearly exhausted, the officers divided them among the soldiers as equally as they could, when we found ourselves each in possession of a very scanty allowance, consisting of about five pints of flour and a small piece of pork. The officers said we must now each take care of himself. I understood afterward that many of the men, particularly those from Pennsylvania and Virginia, before we marched the next morning, had eaten their whole allowance.

“The most of the boats were now left. A few were carried along to Chaudiere Pond, and from thence to Chaudiere River. The officers and most of the New England troops and some of the riflemen marched by land with the expectation of reaching Chaudiere River by a shorter way. We took up a line of march which we thought would bring us to the river. After traveling two days on the route, which led us through dismal swamps, where we had to wade through waters of considerable depth, while at the same time it was snowing and freezing, to our surprise and mortification we found that we were wrong. Destitute as we were, and with our clothes wet and frozen, we suffered extremely from fatigue, cold, and hunger. It was now ascertained that a young Indian was in the camp, who had some practical knowledge of the country. Under his directions, after another day's fatiguing march, we reached the banks of the Chaudiere ; thus accomplishing in three days what might have been done in less than two had we not missed our course. The river is a precipitous and unnavigable stream. Our course lay along down the river. At night we built tents of boughs, ate our pitiful morsel, and made ourselves as comfortable as the season of the year and the circumstances would admit of.

“Colonel Arnold, as before stated, went forward to the French settlements, where he circulated manifestoes among the inhabitants, assuring them that they should not be molested in their persons or property, and that they should enjoy their religion. He also purchased some beef-cattle and sent them, by some Canadians, to meet us in the wilderness. They reached the forepart of the front division about eight miles from the settlements. The prospect of something to eat was very cheering. A cow, that happened to be with calf, was selected for immediate slaughter, and the Canadians went on with the rest of the cattle. A guard was set about the cow, and some of the soldiers proceeded to butcher her. In the mean time the soldiers came straggling along until a large number was collected, and, having been nearly without food for a number of days, we were voracious, so much so that when the calf and entrails were thrown out they were instantly seized by the soldiers and devoured without ceremony, salt or bread, before the cow was fairly dressed. I had the good fortune to get hold of a piece of an intestine five or six inches long; this I washed, threw it on the coals for a short time, and then ate it with a relish. Such is the appetite of hunger. Our spirits began to revive.

“ In the mean time some Indian women came up the river in canoes, with some small, coarse cakes, which were, soon sold to the soldiers for a shilling each, and quickly devoured by them. After the cattle were all dressed and divided into rations we had beef to eat, and had great reason to be thankful, though we had no bread with it, nor any thing else that was eatable. The next morning after the slaughter of the cattle we proceeded to the settlements. It was a cold, tedious, stormy day. There we obtained some coarse meal of the inhabitants, and made broth, and cakes baked in the coals, and thus we really feasted for several days. New strength was put into our fatigued and emaciated bodies, worn down as they had been by incessant toil, hardship, and exposure for thirty-two days, in a march of three hundred miles, the most of it through an unexplored and ' terrible wilderness.' The most of our New England troops got through to the settlements.

“Captain Hubbard's company, to which I belonged, all arrived in safety, except one man, who, when about forty miles from the settlements, lamed himself by an accident, so as to be unable to travel. Captain Hubbard directed one of the company to stay with him and take care of him, build a shelter of boughs, kill game, etc., promising when the company got through he would send him

assistance. Accordingly, he sent a stout, able-bodied young man, with a back-load of provisions, giving him a dollar in specie out of his own money. At the distance of some miles the soldier met them slowly following on, and they arrived in safety and joined the company. I was told that some of the soldiers, who ate their whole allowance the morning after our provisions were divided in the wilderness, were obliged, in order to sustain life, to eat their dogs, cartridge-boxes, old shoes, and clothes. A number perished by reason of hunger, fatigue, and cold. The next season, when returning, home, I saw their bleaching bones, hair, etc., as will be related further on.

“We were now about seventy miles from Point Levi, After recruiting a few days, we moved on as circumstances would admit. The weather was cold and stormy, and the snow of considerable depth, which made our march very uncomfortable. On the 9th of November we arrived at Point Levi, which is on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite the city of Quebec. General Wolfe captured the city from the French, 1709. Here we made a halt, and were quartered on the inhabitants about two weeks. They seemed generally to be friendly to both officers and soldiers, and to wish to do what they could to make us comfortable. The British, to impede our crossing, had taken away all the boats, far and near. They had also stationed a sloop of war up the river as a guard, to watch our movements and prevent our crossing. However, these things did not discourage our officers. With great exertions and perseverance we obtained a number of Indian canoes, some made of logs, some of birch bark; but we kept secret the amount of our means for crossing. One day the British sent a boat from the sloop of war to a grist-mill opposite to where the sloop lay. This caused an alarm among our men, and a party sallied forth to give them battle. The attempt to capture the boat and crew failed. They escaped, with the exception of one man, said to have been a midshipman, who was taken prisoner and brought to camp.

#### ATTEMPT TO TAKE QUEBEC.

“Quebec, the stronghold of Canada, stands in a commanding position on the north bank, of the St. Lawrence, near the mouth of a small river, the St. Charles. It consists of an upper and a lower town. The upper part of the city is a strong fortification, built upon a rock three hundred and forty feet above the lower town. Its harbor, three hundred and fifty miles from the sea, is very spacious, and has a depth of twenty-eight fathoms.

“About the 20th of November we left Point Levi for the other side of the St. Lawrence. One very dark night we were ordered to pack up our baggage and march down to the river. We found the canoes ready to receive us; and as many as they could carry stepped in, and were landed at Wolfe's Cove, about a mile and a half above the city. While the canoes had gone back for another load the men found some flood-wood on the beach, and made fires, for it was very cold and freezing. Soon after the canoes had gone for the third load we heard a boat coming up the river and rounding a point toward our fires. Arnold ordered the soldiers to retire back under a bank, so that they could not be discovered. The boat came up, and was nearing the shore, when Arnold started up and hailed it and a number of the soldiers rushed forward in sight. The boat tacked about, and was rowing off when some of the soldiers fired into it. The boat went back and alarmed the city. We did not wait for the rest of the troops to cross the river, but made the best of

our way up the bank to the plains of Abraham, which the brave Wolfe ascended the night of the 12th of September, 1709. We now paraded; but we soon heard the bells of the city ringing an alarm, and drums beating to arms.

“It has always seemed to me that if Arnold and the soldiers had kept still the boat and crew might have been taken without alarming the city. The city was completely exposed. St. John's gate was open. We stopped a man that had just come out of it, and could have entered, with nothing to hinder.

“Our officers now held a council to determine what was best to be done. They finally concluded that, as the city was alarmed, and a large number of our men on the other side of the river, it was best to abandon the attempt for the present. We then marched a little back of St. John's village, set our sentinels, and encamped for the rest of the night.

“ Early the next morning the British sent out a patrolling party to reconnoiter, and, sure enough, they found one of our sentries asleep, and took him prisoner. We were aroused from our sleep, and our little army soon paraded, ready for battle. Arnold then marched us out, bravado-like, and maneuvered round near the city walls for some time, the British all the while firing at us with cannon from the walls. After a while we went back to our place of encampment without any injury, and paraded for prayer. Our chaplain not being present, Arnold took it upon himself to perform his duty. It was the only time I ever heard him attempt to pray. Sentinels were then posted, the men dismissed, and we retired to our quarters.

“General Montgomery, with a large body of American troops, was at this time in possession of Montreal. To him Arnold now sent an express. In the mean time our soldiers who were left on the other side of the river had crossed over and joined the main body.

“ We continued in the village of St. John's a week or more, when, on a severely cold and dark night, we were again ordered to pack up. Instead, however, of advancing on Quebec, we marched up the river about twenty miles, and went into quarters among the inhabitants, continuing there about a fortnight. Here, also, we found the French civil and friendly. They often invited me, when I have entered their houses, to a seat at their table.

“Montgomery arrived with his troops and cannon from Montreal, and the whole American force moved down the river, Arnold to the village of St. Roche, quartering on the inhabitants, Montgomery to the village of St. John's, taking a position within cannon-shot of Quebec.

“On the 5th of December we commenced the siege of the city. The British were now firing shot and shell at us, both day and night. One of our soldiers was killed by a shell that fell into a guard-house. As Captain Hubbard was walking one day through the camp, with his uniform on, several cannon-balls struck near him. He came to his quarters laughing, and said, 'It seemed as if the rascals meant to hurt him; but they had not made out to yet.' We were considerably annoyed by the British fire. One ball passed through the side of the house in which I quartered into the chamber. It was so nearly spent that it merely rolled across the floor. Another passed into the chimney and fell into the fire. One or two passed into the stoop. Bomb-shells fell near by and burst. As yet, however, no injury was done or life lost, except what has been mentioned.

“Our officers now thought it expedient to throw up a breastwork of ice, and endeavor to batter the walls of the city. With great labor we procured a large pile of fascines and stakes; and one cold night we were ordered out and set to work, some staking up the fascines, some heaping up straw, others bringing water and throwing it on. The water soon freezing enabled us, in the course of the night, to form a large breast-work. Some of the soldiers, however, were badly frozen. The cannon which Montgomery brought with him from Montreal were placed behind the breast-work before daylight.

“Early in the morning a spirited cannonade from the city and from our works commenced, and was kept up until nearly the middle of the day. By that time our heap of nonsense was completely battered to pieces, and our cannon silenced, without any thing of consequence being effected on our part.

“It was then agreed by our officers that on the first dark and stormy night we would attempt to take the city by storm. Montgomery was to attack the upper and at the same time Arnold the lower town. Montgomery and Captain Hubbard were opposed to the plan, but yielded, as a majority of the officers and troops were in favor of it. After this arrangement, which was to be kept secret, we waited impatiently for the favorable opportunity. At length it arrived, and with it came the horrors of war.

“On the last of December the period of service for which the most of Arnold's troops had enlisted expired. However, we were all there, and the 1st of January being ushered in with a tedious snowstorm, it was thought to be a favorable time for the assault. Montgomery, with his troops, made a spirited attack upon the defenses of the upper town. He forced the first barrier, but in attempting to force the second was killed, and with him also fell Captain McPherson, his aid, and Captain Cheeseman. The troops then retreated.

“While all this was going on Arnold's troops were paraded to attack the lower town. None were compelled to engage in the attack. Ensign Pierce, of our company, and some others, had got the cannon fever to such a degree that they were excused. I had for some time been lame in one foot, so as not to be able to wear a shoe on it, but had got so much better that the day before I had put on my shoe, and was now able to parade with my company. It was posted near the center of the troops. Arnold and Captain Morgan were in front, two majors in the center, and Lieutenant-Colonel Green in the rear.

“We commenced our march, and proceeded on through a shower of cannon and musket balls, and forced our way into the suburbs of the lower town.

“Arnold, being now slightly wounded in the heel, directed two soldiers to help him back to the encampment, while at the same time he ordered the troops to push on. 'Rush on, brave boys,' said he.

“It continued to snow furiously. Many of the gun-locks had become so wet that the guns could not be fired. As we marched through into the main street of the city the battle became more and more desperate, the enemy firing from the walls of the city, from the windows of the houses, and from every lurking-place they could find. Our troops were mowed down in heaps. I well

remember that Captain Hendricks was shot down dead. I saw my Captain Hubbard leaning on the side of a building. I spoke and said, 'Are you wounded, Captain?' He replied that he was, but said, ' March on; march on.' The orderly Sergeant was shot down by my side. He fell on his back. He said to me: 'I am a dead man. I wish you would turn me over.' I complied with his wish. Having strict orders, before we marched, not to stop for the wounded or the dying, I left him to be trampled on in his blood."

Here the manuscript of Lieutenant Fobes is defective; some leaves, having dropped out, are lost. The deficiency will be supplied, so far as possible, by an extract from Hildreth's " History of the United States," Vol. III, pages 106-7:

"Arnold, on his side, pushed through the northern suburb, and approached a two-gun battery, the advanced post of the enemy in that direction: While cheering on his men the bone of his leg was shattered by a musket-ball. He was borne from the field; but Morgan, at the head of his riflemen, made a rush at the battery, carried it, and took the guard prisoners. Morgan had no guide; the morning was dark. Totally ignorant of the situation of the town, he came to a halt. He was joined by some fragments of other companies, and when the day dawned found himself at the head of some two hundred men, who eagerly demanded to be led against the second barrier, a few paces in front, but concealed from sight by a turn in the street. Morgan gave the order, and his men advanced and planted their ladders; but those who mounted saw on the other side a double hedge of bayonets, ready to receive them, while a fire at the same time was opened by parties of the enemy relieved from duty elsewhere by the failure of the other attack, and sent out of the gates to take them in the rear. Exposed in a narrow street to an incessant fire, Morgan's ranks were soon thinned. His men threw themselves into the store-houses on each side of the way; but, overpowered by numbers, benumbed with cold, their muskets rendered unserviceable by the snow, they were obliged to surrender. Not less than four hundred men were lost by this unlucky assault, of whom three hundred became prisoners. Arnold retired with the remnant of his troops three miles up the river, and, covering his camp with ramparts of frozen snow, kept up the blockade of Quebec through the Winter."

#### AS A PRISONER.

Mr. Fobes was among the number of prisoners taken at Quebec. He gives the following account of his imprisonment: .

"The prison to which the soldiers were taken was a large and spacious building, the lower part of which was occupied by the friars. After we had been in prison about a week, the provost marshal, with other officers of distinction belonging to the city, visited us, and directed the sergeants of the several companies to make out a muster-roll of the soldiers then in prison, noting particularly where each man was born. When finished, the roll was placed in the hands of the provost marshal. He then called out all the prisoners born in England or Ireland, and told them that, according to the letter of the law, they deserved nothing but death; for they had taken up arms against their own country; but, if they would take the oath of allegiance, and enlist in the British service until the first of the following June, they should be reprieved. One John Hall, having deserted from the British army about a year before, reported himself as having been born in New England.

“The British-born soldiers were then allowed to remain a few days in prison. One of them, John McQuin, belonged to Captain Hubbard's company. He was a well-disposed man, a good soldier, and had a wife and children in New England. It was evidently a great trial for him to take the oath of allegiance and be obliged to fight against the United States. After thinking on the matter he concluded that a forced promise is not binding, and that by enlisting he might be able to return the sooner to his family; for, he said, I shall leave the British if I find opportunity. August 9th he, with the others, except John Hall, enlisted, and, after having been clothed and equipped, entered the British service. It was not long, however, before McQuin and five or six others seized a favorable opportunity and deserted to the American troops. Several of the remaining did so, one after another, until the rest were again put into prison by themselves.

“ What became of our commissioned officers, or where they were confined, we did not know. We neither saw nor heard any thing of them while we were in Quebec.

“Our food was dealt out to us daily, and consisted of a small piece of salt meat and a coarse, hard, dry biscuit. The friars, one or more of them, would frequently come into the prison and walk around to see how the prisoners looked. Sometimes they would throw a few small apples on the floor to see the prisoners scramble for them. Now and then they would bring a small bottle of rum and give a little to some of the soldiers.

“About two weeks after our captivity began ten or twelve of the prisoners broke out with the small-pox. They were taken out and conveyed to a hospital, so called. They had the disease very hard, and I think one or more of them died. The survivors, as soon as the fever left them and the scabs began to come off, were brought back, and, without any cleansing, were thrust in among us. Of course, all who had not had it took the disease, and there we were, without doctor, medicine, or any preparation for such a dangerous disease. Our food, also, was the same as it had been, and we might eat it or starve.

“When the pock was coming out on seventy or eighty of our number, our fever very high, with no water to drink, some of the men drank of their own urine, which made the fever rage too violently to be endured. Several, the pock not coming out well, were dangerously sick. This was the case with myself. Some of the friars visiting the prison at that time, one of them came to me, and, seeing me in a dangerous situation, poured some rum into a small glass and told me to drink it. After some persuasion I drank it, and have reason to think that the effect was good. My pock soon after came out well, and I was more comfortable.

“Soon after this about sixty of us were taken to another house, and crowded into a room so small that we could not lie down without lying on one another. We were kept in that situation twenty-four hours, our fever raging violently, made worse by having such a number confined in so small a room, with no water to cool our parched tongues. Time seemed long. We felt sometimes as if human nature could not endure, and as if they meant to kill us. The next day, however, our number was divided, and some were taken to other places, and we were made somewhat comfortable with blankets and straw bunks. A doctor visited us once a day, examined our symptoms, and left us a little medicine. The French ladies also kindly brought in some herb-drink, boiled rice, some sugar, and a little bread. The most of us had the small-pox very hard, our flesh seemed a mass of corruption; at the same time we were almost covered with vermin. These



were a sore affliction. When we were a little recovered we were removed back to our former prison without any cleansing or change of apparel. Our clothes were stiff with corrupted matter, and we found in our old prison the same fare and allowance as before stated. According to the best information I could get, about one-twelfth of the prisoners died that Winter with the smallpox. Some died after a partial recovery.

“After continuing in this prison about two weeks longer, we were taken to an old stone jail not far from St. John's gate, through which the people pass going to St. John's village. The jail had eight rooms and a small back yard. Its walls were exceedingly strong and high, with large spikes fastened thick in the top. The lower floor of the jail was laid with large, heavy stone, and the room was arched overhead. In the cellar underneath there was a good spring of water. At night we were locked in the eight rooms which did not communicate with one another. We had not been there long before keys were obtained, and we could unlock all the inside doors at pleasure. The outside door being locked on the outside, we could not open. We could open the door into the garret, and raise a kind of trap-door, and get out on to the roof of the prison. There, when the moon shone, we could see the movements of the British guards, and learned at what time of the night they relieved their sentries; we could also see our American flag. We were permitted in the day-time to go into the yard when we chose, and have an ax in the cellar for the purpose of splitting wood for our fires. Those of us who had had the small-pox and lived now began to feel considerably better, and were devising some plan by which we could escape from our loathsome prison.

“To carry this into effect, and to provide ourselves with weapons, the old ax was lost. Another was brought in; soon that was lost. A third was provided; and thus we went slowly along until we had a number of axes in our possession. In the cellar and about the prison we found some old scythes, which answered very well for swords. We also doubled some iron hoops that we found, and thus increased the number of our weapons.

“We now formed ourselves into three divisions, chose our officers, and assigned to each division its part in the enterprise. After the cellar-door should be opened, the first division was to fall upon the prison guard and take it; the second division was to fall upon the principal, guard, stationed at St. John's gate, and open the gate to let in our troops; the third division was to get possession of the cannon on the walls of the fortifications and turn them on the city.

“To prosecute this daring and presumptuous plan, it was necessary to inform our troops and get their consent. This a small and active young man of our number undertook in the following way: on a favorable day, after making preparations to let himself down from the top of the wall, he secreted himself in the yard until the provost marshal had locked the prison door and gone out. Some time in the night he made his escape over the walls without receiving any injury or alarming the guards, and got safe to our troops, as we learned the next day by a knot tied in the American flag, which was the sign agreed upon to indicate his safe arrival and the assent of our men to the proposed plan for taking the city. We were now in high spirits, flattering ourselves that we should soon have the city of Quebec in our possession.

“But there was an obstacle in the way. The cellar-door through which we must pass was strong, hung with large iron hinges, and the bottom very much clogged with ice, which must be chopped

away before the door could be opened. This obstruction an active young man undertook to remove. One night he, with his old ax, began clearing away the ice. He worked with care making as little noise as possible, both in chopping away the ice and drawing the nails to get off the hinges; but he was overheard by the sentinel, as appeared next morning. The provost marshal came in early and immediately made search. When he found the ice chopped away and the nails drawn from the hinges, he came out of the cellar very angry and went through the prison from room to room inquiring of the prisoners who did it, and what it was done for? No one could tell him or give any information on the subject. After he had stormed about some time with his threats and foul language, finding that he could not prevail on any of the prisoners to tell who did it or why it was done, he turned to go out of the prison.

“John Hall, the British deserter, had gone and placed himself on one side of the door through which he would pass; and, as he went out, he took Hall with him. We now suspected that the whole plan would be discovered. The provost marshal soon returned with a guard, entered the prison and called for Simon Fobes. I was put under guard and marched off to the guard-house. After being there a while, Col. McClain took me before the city authorities, and I was examined by them about our alleged intention of breaking jail. With many flatteries and fair promises that I should have better fare and not be put in irons, they used their utmost endeavors to prevail on me to make the plan known. But they found me very ignorant; and after they had employed all their subtlety, and got nothing for their pains, I was put into a back room. After a while, Sergeant Boyd, a likely young man, who belonged to one of the rifle companies, was brought into the room where I was.

“He had been examined as I had been, and with the same success. Col. McClain soon after brought into the room a bottle of porter with some bread and cheese for us. He asked us if we were afraid to go back to the prison again. We told him we were not; for we had done nothing wrong in any way to injure them. Accordingly, we were removed back to the prison, where, to our surprise, we found a blacksmith with some Frenchmen putting irons on the prisoners. Irons were formed into bows to receive the wrist, and two prisoners were fastened by one wrist each to a bar of iron nearly two feet long. Some of the irons were put on the ankle, and a number of the prisoners were fastened to a heavy bar of iron. The irons were thought to have been made secure, some by keys, some with nails, others by pad-locks. The blacksmith came to Boyd and myself, and was going to put the irons on us, when we told him that Colonel McClain had given us his promise that we should not be put in irons. They then left us and went away.

“We were now much disappointed and mortified that our plan was discovered, and our high expectations cut off. We were satisfied that Hall had informed the provost marshal of our intention to break jail, and let our troops into the city. It was well for him that we never saw him afterward. The prisoners were now not only confined within the strong walls of a loathsome prison, but loaded with irons. Still they retained the spirit of soldiers, and we were intent on gaining our liberty. But the first thing was to relieve the men of their shackles. Accordingly, Boyd went to work, and, by picking the locks, twisting the keys, and bending the bows with the help of the prisoners, before twenty-six hours had passed, we had succeeded in ridding the prisoners of nearly all their irons. They were laid in a convenient place. Each man was to remember his mate, and a sentinel was placed at each window to give warning when the provost marshal was coming; and before he could get in the prisoners would all have their irons on in

fine order. One day, however, the provost came and seemed to suspect that the prisoners took off their irons. He examined carefully; but hands and feet would be so big and the irons so nice that he could not get them off, and he went away apparently satisfied.

“Boyd and myself were soon after removed to a more comfortable prison. This was done in consequence of the promise that Colonel McClain and the provost marshal had made to us if we would reveal our plan for breaking out, etc. Our fellow-prisoners advised us to accept the proposed offer, as it was probable we should be made more comfortable. Accordingly, Boyd and myself reminded the provost the first opportunity we had of his promise, and, as we expected, we were removed to another prison and made more comfortable; but we had the same kind of food and the same allowance as before.

“The British having been apprised of our intention to break jail the first favorable night and let our troops into the city, laid a plan to derive some advantage from their information. One night when it was very dark and stormy we heard the sentinels of the prison firing one after another in quick succession, and then the guard at St. John's Gate. The firing grew more and more spirited, and was kept up for some time. It seemed to us that the British, by pretending that the prisoners had broken jail and risen upon the guard, thought to decoy our troops into the city; but the stratagem did not succeed. Our troops, as we afterward learned, were paraded, and marched toward the city; but they soon found to their satisfaction that the alarm was feigned. They kept at a suitable distance, and the British got their labor for their pains. About the middle of May several British ships came up the river, and landed a large body of troops. A few days after, looking between the grates, I saw the British army drawn up and marching off toward to the American camp, as we supposed to make an attack on our forces. I thought they would meet with a warm reception; but, to my surprise and disappointment, our troops had retreated up the river.

“A few days after the provost came into the prison, and gave several of us an invitation to go on board a store-ship to work, and promised that we should receive wages. I at first declined, being unacquainted with the business, and preferring to stay where I was and run my chance. But three or four of our number who had some knowledge of the business agreeing to go, I concluded to accompany them. We were taken on board a large armed ship commanded by a lieutenant.

“About this time those Irishmen that had enlisted and were removed back to prison were invited to enlist during the war. All but four enlisted. These four, John Polk, James Potter, Thomas Morrison, and one whose name I have forgotten, were brought on board the same ship with us. Sergeant Boyd declared openly and boldly that he would not take up arms against his country. This so provoked the commanding officer that Boyd was immediately put in irons and sent back to prison. The rest of us concluded to say nothing about taking up arms, but improve the first opportunity to make our escape. Our food consisted principally of pork, peas, and sea biscuit.

“At this time I was in feeble health, and could perform but little labor. My strength was exhausted. Nevertheless, I was compelled to do duty with the rest of the crew, though it was hard dragging along.

“ We now weighed anchor, and sailed up the St. Lawrence about forty miles, near Point Chambrow, where the river is two miles wide. There we took our station a little north of the

center of the river as a guard ship, and also for the purpose of receiving and delivering stores, which were frequently passing up the river. My appetite continued poor. My bowels were in a bad state, and I concluded I must resort to medicine or be sick. I went to one of the sailors, and had the good fortune to obtain from him a small portion of rhubarb. Of the cook I begged the heads and necks of some fowls that were for the officers' table. These I took to the fire, and singed and scraped as well as I could, burning off the bills and combs, and boiled them in a small kettle, and thickened the broth with a little oatmeal. The medicine and broth were of great service to me. My appetite soon became good, food relished, and I gained strength, and was able to perform my duties as well as any of them. Pollock, the Irishman, having served an apprenticeship in a cabinet shop in New York, was furnished with tools, and employed in making tables, chests, etc., in the officers' room. He made one chest for himself, which he sold for two dollars, and laid by the money for a particular use.

“The Old Country men, in clearing out the hold of the ship one day, found a hogshead of junk-bottles filled with porter. These they appropriated to themselves, and drank when the officers were on shore, throwing the bottles as they were emptied into the river. Of course the officers, on returning, were surprised to find them under the influence of liquor and hear of their quarrelsome conduct. It was some time before they found out where the liquor came from, and put it out of the way. About half of the bottles had been emptied.

“We were compelled to stand sentry by turns every night, either on deck or at the cabin-door. One night the quartermaster called me to get up and stand sentry. I did so, but told him it was not my turn. 'You lie, you d-d Yankee rebel,' said he. I made no reply, though my blood boiled. Some time in July the quartermaster took a boat with a guard and several prisoners, and went up the river on duty. On their return, being about to land at a certain place, we cast anchor; and as the cable was running out he accidentally stepped into the coil and was drawn overboard. Search was immediately made for him, and continued all that day and the next, but in vain. We did not mourn much for him.

“About the middle of July three of the Old Country men escaped from the ship. Handbills were sent out, and diligent search made, but to no purpose. One, who had run away some time before, was found, brought back, severely punished, and put in irons. One of the Irishmen, Michael O'Neil, having stolen some trifling thing from the cabin-boy, was complained of, convicted, -and sentenced to take two dozen cat-o'-nine-tails on the naked back. The sentence was soon after executed by the boatswain's mate. Every blow fetched blood. He was then put in irons, and a guard set over him. When it was nearly dark the prisoner got liberty of the sentinel to take off the irons, that he might go for some necessaries. On returning he said to the sentinel, 'I will put on the irons,' which he supposed him to have done; but in the night, having stolen some other things, he crawled out of a port-hole into a boat and escaped. What became of him I never knew.

“The British had now obtained information that the American colonies had, on the 4th of July, declared themselves free and independent States. The soldiers, to make themselves sport, would some times go into the room of the cook, a colored man, and tell him that John Hancock was I Grand King.' This would so provoke the old man that he would fly at them with his poker, and, with oaths uttered in amusingly broken language, drive them from the room.

“About this time one of the crew was taken sick and died. The corpse was put into a coarse coffin, and several of us, under the command of the boatswain, went ashore to bury the dead. When we had set the coffin down by the grave, the steward, a Papist friar, pulled a book out of his pocket, and began to read something, which I could not understand. The boatswain, however, soon got out of patience with the friar, d-d him off, and told him he would hear no more of his 'Paternoster,' and immediately ordered the corpse to be buried, when we returned back to the ship.

“Some time in the fore part of August we learned that our fellow-prisoners in Quebec were about to sail for New England, to be exchanged. We went to the commanding officer, and told him that we considered ourselves prisoners of war, and plead with him for liberty to go to Quebec, that we might sail with the other prisoners and be exchanged. But the officer, in a surly mood, made us no answer. We could not be content with his silence, and took every opportunity, one by one, to prevail on him to let us go. The officer at length became very angry, using profane language, called us rebels, and declared we should go nowhere, except where the ship went. We were much vexed, and were determined to gain our liberty. We had a plan in view, and made up our minds to put it into execution. Not long after, we heard that the American prisoners had sailed from Quebec.

#### ESCAPE FROM THE BRITISH-JOURNEY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

*From the 18th of August to the 30th of September, .1776.*

“Some time the latter part of July Reuben Johnson, John Pollock, and myself, together with three or four others, agreed to leave the ship and try for liberty. We had nothing to take with us but a few articles of cheap clothing. Johnson had one sailor's jacket; besides what he wore. Pollock had two shirts. His outward clothes were those of a midshipman; buttons mostly off. My wardrobe consisted of a pair of flannel drawers, two shirts, a pair of buckskin breeches, pantaloons, and a coarse sailor's jacket. Our shoes were tolerably good.

“On the 18th of August, 1776, a day memorable to us, Johnson, Pollock, and myself made our escape. The others did not succeed. In the morning, before daylight, we put on all the clothes we had. It being in some respects a leisure day, we went one by one to the commanding officer, and stated to him that we were brought up On land, and requested of him the privilege of going on shore for recreation, and to gather a few berries. After a while he consented, and we went ashore on the north side of the river, with a number of sailors as a guard. After wandering around some time, and making ourselves very familiar with our guard, inclining all the while toward the woods, the sailors became weary, and loitered about carelessly. When near the woods we watched our opportunity, and, when they were busy and off their guard, took to our heels; and if ever men ran, we did, and were soon over the hill, into the woods, and out of sight and hearing. At any rate, we never saw or heard any thing more of our guard. After running some distance into the woods we cut each of us a solid staff, and mutually agreed to defend one another to the last extremity. We steered our course along down the St. Lawrence until we came to a large stream emptying into it, and to a crossing by means of a rope ferry. After watching awhile, and

seeing that it was doing little, we concluded there was not much danger, and went down to the ferry. We stepped into the boat, and the ferryman soon hauled us over without asking any questions. Handing him a few coppers, we proceeded boldly along the road, much pleased with our success.

“We soon after left the river, and, as the road turned short round a steep lull, we came suddenly on a Frenchman with a loaded team, attended by a guard of British soldiers. One of my comrades, in a fright, said we must run or we shall surely be taken for deserters. I replied, no; if we run now they will certainly mistrust and pursue us. We took one side of the road and went on boldly, passed them without being molested, and, delighted with our liberty, proceeded on with a quick step to the first public-house. Being very hungry, we went in apparently without fear, and, sailor-like, called for a dram and some victuals. While eating, I noticed a boy ten or twelve years old, eyeing me sharply. After a while he went into another room; and then we heard a great jabbering, but could not understand a word they said. Soon the landlord came into the room where we were, very surly, and said to me, I Vo Bostona.' I told him, I No Bostona.' He said, 'Vo Bostona certain.' By this time a number of French Canadians had gathered around, very inquisitive, to know who we were, where we came from, and where we were going? I told them we came from up the river, and were going down to Quebec on duty. They then asked me if we had a pass, and said, You can not go without one.' There was much warm altercation, and they still insisted on a pass. I told them we did not want a pass, for we had a midshipman with us (pointing to Pollock's dress), and were from a certain ship then lying at Quebec (naming the ship, for I knew what ships were lying there). We eat as fast as we could, not appearing to be in the least daunted; and having settled with the landlord, started on, keeping boldly along the road until we were fairly out of sight of the tavern, when, concluding that it was not prudent to travel in the public highway, we took to the woods with a quick step, not letting the grass grow under our feet.

“We went on the bank of the river, keeping a good lookout both to see what was passing up and down the stream, and to find, if possible, some sort of craft by the help of which we might cross the river. At length we discovered a large, heavy log canoe, with oars, drawn up some distance on the beach. We concealed ourselves until after sunset, and then proposed that one should go and look for something to eat. Finally, as we had mutually agreed to stand by each other, we ventured out to a house near the road. Seeing no man about, one of us went in and bought a small loaf of bread, while the other two were near by, looking out for the enemy. We then went back to the river, and not seeing any boat passing, slipped down the bank, and, after much exertion, got the canoe into the river and steered for the other side, about two miles distant. On nearing the south shore we turned our course down stream, and went rapidly, until we judged, by the appearance of the trees, that it was near daylight. We then landed on a beach, and sent our borrowed canoe adrift. We found that we were on a narrow beach, the river on one side, and a high, steep precipice on the other. It was with serious difficulty, and not without risk of life, that we reached the top. We then crawled into a thicket and lay down. We were very tired and soon were asleep, and slept soundly until the sun had risen to a considerable height.

“ The day was beautiful and pleasant, and after eating a small piece of bread we took our course by the sun, intending to strike the Chaudiere River above the rapids. To keep clear of the Canadians we kept in the woods, traveling over logs and hills and windfalls, and through valleys,

until late in the afternoon, when we came to a footpath which appeared to have been recently traveled by men and horses. This path, leading near our course, we concluded to follow, and went on until it was nearly dark, when we turned off a little distance, not being able to follow it in the night. And now, with hearts of thankfulness to God for our preservation through many dangers and sufferings, and that we were at a good distance from the British ships, we crawled partially under a log and tried to get some sleep. But anxiety as to the final issue of our undertaking, and thoughts of the circumstances we were in-six hundred miles from home, three hundred of which lay through an unbroken wilderness-without food or any means of taking game, bore heavily on our minds, and made sleep some of the time impossible.

“ We were up in the morning as soon as we could see to follow our path, and went on until near noon, when we came to a new settlement, where hunger drove us into the first house, and, seeing no man about, we asked the woman of the house for some bread and milk. She did not hurry much to wait on us, at least so we thought. While we were eating, a large man, with two or three great boys, came in. After some conversation the man seemed very anxious .to know who we were and where we were going. He appeared very friendly, and we told him honestly who we were, where from, and our destination. He told us it would be impossible to get along the way we were going, and advised us .to go back the way we had been traveling fifteen miles, until we came near the mouth of the Chaudiere River. We offered them pay for our food, which they refused. We gave them a cowbell which we found in the woods, and bought of them a small loaf of bread.

“ We followed the advice of our friend, the Frenchman, and went back down the river the whole distance without seeing a person, it being woods nearly all the way. When we came to the ferry we secreted ourselves and watched the movements across the river until some time in the night, when we ventured down to the crossing, but found neither boat nor canoe there. Pollock concluded to swim across and get a canoe. He succeeded, and we were soon safely over. After returning the boat to its place, we took our course up the Chaudiere, and went on until near daylight, when we came to a barn, in which we found some hay for a bed, and lay down and slept soundly until late in the morning. Fortunately for us, as we thought, it was foggy. We crept silently out of the barn and took our course across the fields. We had not gone far before we discovered, directly before us, the smoke of a Frenchman's tobacco pipe. The man was mowing. Altering our course, we passed him undiscovered. We suspected that the British had guards up the river, and we endeavored to keep clear of them. We went into a thicket of underwood near the road, and secreted ourselves in such a position that we could see the passers-by through the day.

“As soon as it was dark we took the road again. In passing some of the gardens of the inhabitants we would make a friendly call and draw by the tops a few small onions to eat with our bread-and they relished well. Thus we traveled only by night, secreting ourselves during the day, until we came- near the center of a piece of woods twelve miles through, where was a vacant house, into which we went and lay down and slept until some time in the morning.

“We now ventured to travel by day. After going about six miles we came to a house, into which we were driven by hunger to get something to eat. We found there an old Frenchman in a surly mood, who asked us many impertinent questions, to which we did not . see fit give any direct

answers. After a while they got us some victuals and let us have a small piece of bread, for which we had to pay very dear.

“We again concluded it was not best to travel much in the daytime. Accordingly, when out of sight of the house we had entered, we struck into the woods some distance from the road, and there lay in a thicket through the day, taking time before dark to get back in sight of the road. When it was dark we proceeded on our way. We began to think we should need an ax in going through the wilderness, and to obtain one we searched every wood-pile and dooryard until we found one. Not thinking it prudent to awake the owner to get consent, we made bold to take it. We continued on until near day, when coming to an old -barn, we went in and got a little sleep.

“ We were now near the rapids of the Chaudiere River, and being a long distance up the river, we concluded early next morning that it would be safe to travel during the day. The road here passed along the bank of the river. We had not gone far before we saw a number of houses across the river, out of one of which I saw a man run up the river to another house. Immediately a man came out in his undress and hailed us, inquiring in French who we were and where we were going. We made no stop nor any answer. He then called in English, apparently very anxious to know where we were going. I replied, To Boston. He then said to us very earnestly, ' If you go on that road you will most surely be taken up before two hours.' This staggered us somewhat, for we could not certainly determine whether they were friends or foes. However, we soon left the road, and hid in the woods during the day.

“We generally traveled Indian file, it commonly falling to me to take the lead. As we were going along the road through a piece of woods, I saw at some distance before me a horse standing directly across the path. I walked on silent as the grave. When near the horse's head, there lay upon the ground before me a man apparently asleep. I thought it not best to disturb him, and stepped right over him, and my companions did the same. We afterward concluded that in a drunken fit the man had fallen from his horse and gone to sleep. Traveling on for some time we came to higher ground, and the moon being about a week old, it was remarkably clear and pleasant. There were houses a little forward of us, and we heard men talking and dogs barking. Not intending to be taken by surprise, we again turned off from the road, went around a steep rise of ground, and agreed to wait awhile. We soon all fell asleep. When we awoke we judged by the appearance of the moon that we had slept an hour or more.

“We again took the road, listening as we went along single file. Being first, I soon discovered three men coming on the road to meet us. Saying nothing to my comrades, I thought I would see if they were armed before we ran. It was soon evident that they were unarmed. We took one side of the road and they-the other. And now, by the light of the moon, whom did we see but, to our mutual surprise and great joy, three Old Country men, who had been in our army, and had been taken prisoners by the British not far from Montreal, and had enlisted on board the same ship which we had left. They had heard me talk of -the route our army took through the wilderness to Quebec, and agreed with one another to make the attempt to reach New England by finding and following its track. They left the British ship just four weeks before our desertion. One of them being able to talk French, they got along with the inhabitants very well, and made many friends along their way. Having obtained supplies for eight or nine days, they entered the wilderness with the purpose of reaching Boston. After traveling several days they lost their way, and



rambled about nineteen days, ten of which their only food was frogs, snails, and such wild herbage as they could find in the woods. Providentially they found their way back to the settlements, though much enfeebled, with torn clothes and shoes worn out. They had given up all hopes of getting through, and were now returning with the purpose of giving themselves up as deserters. I told them that I could find the way, and invited them to turn about and go with us. They seemed overjoyed, and immediately accepted our proposal.

“They had been among the people of the place about four days since their return, and knew those that were friendly. They had just come three miles from a house well disposed toward our cause and people, to which they now led us. The man of the house came to the door, and when informed of the good fortune of those whom he had befriended in meeting old companions, he invited us all in, built a fire, hung over a kettle of potatoes, and then went to bed again. We lay down on the floor before the fire, talking and contriving how we should get provisions to last on our journey through the wilderness. When the potatoes were boiled we made a good, hearty supper of them. We slept but little, thinking and talking of our contemplated journey.

“As soon as it was daylight our host got up, and told us that we would be taken up as deserters if we staid there. He then took from the ashes a brand, and we followed him to a by-place, where he built a fire. We then told him he must let us have some provisions to last us through the wilderness. Pollock had two dollars, which had been paid him for the chest he made and sold aboard the ship. This, which was all the money left in the company, was given to the Frenchman. I also gave him my buckskin breeches. Not far from the middle of the day he brought us a small mutton well dressed; also, the pluck, under-jaw, and tongue, some potatoes, a little meal, salt, and a small iron pot. We put the pluck, jaw and tongue, together with some potatoes into the pot, and boiled them sufficiently for eating, when, having thickened the broth with the meal, six hungry fellows, having had no meat of any kind for a long time, gathered around and soon finished all that had been made ready. It put new strength and vigor into our wearied bodies and gave us fresh courage to endure the hardships before us. The mutton we divided into twelve as nearly equal pieces as we could, thinking that, by using one piece each day, it would last us through to the settlements on the other side of the wilderness. I took off my pantaloons and salted the meat in the seat of them.

“Pollock and myself had each an extra shirt, and as soon as daylight disappeared we went to our friend's house. He let us have some meat, which we put into one of the shirts; also some bread, which was placed in the other. We then went to another house, where they gave us one or two small loaves of bread and a little meal. At another house still we found the people very friendly. The man had some moose-skin moccasins cut out, and he gave a pair- to each of the Old Country men, also what bread they could spare, some salt, and a small brass kettle holding five or six quarts. This man asked us if we recollected a man calling to us across the Chaudiere River, near the rapids, said that he was our friend and followed and tried to find and befriend us. He came to his house and told him if we came that way to help us and he would bear half the expense. In the mean time, we were told that the Indians were holding a powwow right on our road. This gave us some anxiety; however, we left the Frenchman's house that night, and, going around, gave the Indians a wide birth. Coming to the last house but one, we went in and ventured to sleep there the remainder of the night. Next morning, it being the Sabbath, we did not start very early; but,

after a while, went on to the last house Here we got some food to eat, for which we gave them a handkerchief.

“With hearts of thankfulness to God who had protected us through the enemy's country, we then entered the wilderness and traveled on through the day. At night we struck up a fire, built us a boughhouse, hung the kettle over the fire, and half-boiled one piece of meat; then thickened the broth with a little meal, when six hungry men, each with a small piece of bread, made their supper of this bread and broth. We then cooked the half-boiled piece, thickened the broth as before for our breakfast, and divided the meat into six pieces for rations next day; then laid down to sleep. Early in the morning we took our broth breakfast, gave to each his ration of boiled mutton, and then went on until noon, when we ate our pitiful morsel of meat with a small piece of bread; then traveled until near sunset, when the work of the previous evening was gone through with, the bough shelter built, our scanty supper cooked and eaten, and the breakfast and dinner for to-morrow prepared, and then, faint and weary, we laid down to sleep. Thus, day after day, we went on with the same round of weary travel, scant rations, and increasing fatigue.

“After traveling one or two days we met a young Indian, with whom we tried to talk, but could not get a word from him. We then left him alone with the Old Country man that could talk French, who then learned from him that there was a company of Indians some distance up a branch of the Chaudiere River, hunting and trapping, and that he was going to the settlement for some supplies. We had not much fear of meeting them. About this time we came upon human bones and hair scattered about on the ground promiscuously. It was doubtless the spot where some of our fellow-soldiers perished the Fall before on their way to Quebec.

“A heavy rain falling about this time raised the streams so as to make it difficult and sometimes dangerous, crossing. One in particular was so high and rapid that we were obliged to go up the stream several miles. Finding some tall pines standing upon the bank we felled one, hoping to bridge the stream; but it broke in several pieces and was carried down by the current. We cut the second, which also broke in the same manner. The third lay in such a position that we ventured to cross on it. But, just as we were ready to make the attempt, one of the Old Country men, being very feeble, fell into the river. Pollock, happening to be near him, caught hold of him just in time to save him from drowning. However, with much hazard of life, we all got over in safety. It now being near sundown, we struck up a fire and camped for the night. We gave the Old Country man, wet and shivering, a double portion of broth for supper, and in the morning he was so much recovered as to be able to go with us and make a good day's journey.

“ We went on much as I have described until we crossed the height of land, and came to the waters descending into the Kennebeck. Coming to a large pond, we found there, besides a camp kettle, a bateau, left by our army the year before. This having caulked with old pieces of rope, moss, etc., we all got into, and some bailing out the water, some rowing, succeeded in reaching the opposite shore, when, leaving our boat, we went on until we came to another pond. Here also we had the good fortune to find another bateau, which, after stopping its leaks as well as we could, we shoved into the water and crossed into the outlet and rowed down stream to Dead River, which is the main branch of the Kennebeck. Thence we continued on with our bateau. In passing down the river we had several rapids to run, when four-would get out while the remaining two would guide the boat as well as they could down the rapids, which, in some

instances were dangerous, and the boat came near being dashed in pieces. We proceeded on to the great carrying place or long falls, twelve miles in length. Here we left our bateau, and went by land to the Kennebeck.

“The Old Country man being now very feeble and not able to travel as fast as the rest of us desired to, there being not much danger of their getting lost, also now having two camp kettles, by mutual agreement our provisions were equally divided, and Pollock, Johnson, and myself left them forty miles from the settlements with the promise that, when we got through, we would endeavor to send them assistance.

“We proceeded on two days and came to a piece of bottom-land a few miles from the first house. Here we found some men at work making hay. They had built them a cabin, had a fine yard of good potatoes and plenty of good salmon. Although entire strangers to each other, we soon became acquainted and were made welcome to any thing they had which we stood in need of. We felt grateful to our divine Benefactor who had brought us safely through our long, dangerous, and wearisome journey, and permitted us once more to see the faces of our own countrymen. They hung over the fire a large pot of potatoes and salmon, which were soon made ready for eating. Here again we had a severe struggle. Having been on short allowance for a long time, our appetites were craving and hardly to be denied. However, Pollock and myself ate sparingly and then lay down and slept awhile; when we got up and ate again, and so on. Johnson ate without restraint and made himself very sick.

“ In the morning, having agreed with our friends to go to the assistance of those we had left behind, we went on with Johnson to the first house. The Old Country men got to the cabin the next day, where they remained two or three days; then came on to the house where we were. Here they separated and went to different places, and I never saw but one of them afterward. We prolonged our stay here four or five days; and, in the mean time, washed and mended our clothes as well as we could.

“We now proceeded on down the river, until we came to a landing where coasters came up. After inquiry, we found one just, taking in a loading of wood. We made application for a passage to Boston. The Captain said he was short of provision, but if we would help him load we should fare as well as he did. Johnson was so unwell as to be unable to do any kind of labor, and went to a private house, where he stayed until the vessel was ready to sail. Pollock and myself assisted in loading the vessel; and when ready Johnson came aboard, and we set sail. But the channel being narrow and crooked, and the wind contrary, we made but slow headway, and it was nearly two weeks before we got out of the river. Before getting to sea, we fell in company with a schooner bound for Newburyport, on which Johnson took passage. I never saw or heard any thing more of him.

“After getting out of the river we had a favorable time. The first night we ran into Casco Bay, and lay there until near morning, when we sailed on our course, keeping near the shore for fear of the British coasters. The next night we arrived in sight of the Boston Harbor lighthouse; and in the morning entered the harbor and came along side the wharf. After taking breakfast with the Captain we bade them good-bye.

“We now went in search of Gen. Ward, who had command of the troops in Boston, with the view of getting some assistance. He gave us an order on the commissary for seven days' rations each. We would have preferred the money. However, the commissary said he was allowed to pay instead of rations ten cents per ration in money. We took the money, and just before sunset went out of Boston, two miles, to Roxbury. For many days we had mostly begged for a living; but now relieved of that necessity, we went into a public-house and called for entertainment. The next morning, as we were to separate, we stayed and took breakfast together for the last time, when Pollock took the road to Providence, and I started for Worcester.

“ In the course of the day I met the Old Countryman who fell into the river as before narrated. We had been so long wind-bound in the Kennebec that he got through before us. He told me that when they came into the settlements, his comrades made free use of liquor given them by the people, moved by the tales of their hardships, and were quarrelsome, and he had left them; he himself was decently clothed, and apparently had recovered from the fatigues and hardships of his imprisonment and journey. This was the last time that I saw any of the number that came through the wilderness with me.

“A young man with whom I fell in company, after hearing something of what I had endured, gave me a little money, as he said, to drink his health with when I found it convenient. At night I stopped at Watertown, and called at a public-house, where I got some plain food and slept on the floor. In the morning I went about seven miles to Worcester, where Pierce, my ensign lived. When I last saw him he was at St. Roche, in the barracks, sick with fever. I found him at home and pleased to see me; made many inquiries where I had been, how I had fared, and how I had succeeded in getting away.

“After breakfasting with him I went to find Captain Hubbard, who, being a single man, had hired to a common farmer, a short distance out of the village of Worcester. I found him at his employer's. He took me into the house, and introduced me to the family. After some conversation, he took me to his room, and going to his chest took out a pocket-book, and asked me if I knew it. It was one that I had handed to him for safe-keeping, when I volunteered to storm Quebec. There were in it six and two-third dollars, together with some papers of value. He had kept it safely and now delivered it to me with apparent satisfaction. I stayed with him through the day. The family were friendly.

“ In the evening, after giving them some account of what I had gone through with, it came bedtime, and I chose to take mine on the floor, but the lady of the house very kindly insisted that I should have a bed. She said she could not have it so that one who had endured so much for his country should sleep on the floor; and, to gratify her, I yielded. It was the first feather-bed I had slept on for seventeen months. I rested poorly, and got but little sleep. After breakfast, started for home. At night, put up at a tavern about twenty miles from my father's.

“The next day-the last day of September, 1776-I arrived at my father's house, a little past the middle of the day. Without thinking what the effect upon the family might be, it being a pleasant day and the door open, I entered, nodded my head, and took a chair by the door. My mother sat across the room, sewing. Turning her head, she gave me a look, then resumed her work, but said nothing, thinking me some straggler that had called in for food or drink or the like. My youngest

sister, ten or twelve years old, eyeing me for some time, at length spoke: 'La, if there ain't Simon!' My mother, though naturally of a strong constitution, was so taken by surprise, and saw me so changed, haggard, pitted with small-pox, and rough in appearance, that she was well-nigh overcome, and came near swooning. My father and brother were about a mile from home, making cider. The news of my return spread so rapidly that many friends and acquaintances came in that evening, some a distance of five or six miles, to see me and hear the story of my adventures and hardships. The most reliable information that my friends at home had of me after sailing from Newburyport, was that I was either killed or taken prisoner in storming Quebec. Of course it was an occasion of great thankfulness and gratitude to God, both on my part and that of my parents and friends, that my life had been spared through so many dangers and hardships, and we were permitted to meet again in the land of the living.

“ The next Sabbath my father said to me, I think we ought to give “public thanks “ for your preservation and safe return.' My father wrote the note and handed it to me, saying, I suppose you will choose to attend meeting where you formerly attended.' Our minister was now considerably advanced in age, and a good deal of a Tory, so much so that he frequently prayed earnestly for the success of the British troops. This so offended my father that he would not go to hear him, but attended meeting in Belcher, an adjoining town. I handed the note to the minister, which he took, looking at me with wonder and surprise, but said nothing. After the introductory service he read the paper I had handed him, and then it seemed to me I never heard a more earnest and appropriate prayer than the one he offered, thanking Almighty God for his special care of me, a youth; carrying me through the dangers of battle, the hardships of a prisoner's life, and bringing me at length safely to my home and parents.