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ONE OF PHILADELPHIA'S SOLDIERS

IN THE

WAR OF 1812.

BY ISABEL M. O'REILLY.

THE letters contained in this collection were written by Patrick McDonogh, lieutenant in the Second Artillery, United States army. He was born in Dublin, in which city his parents, William and Margaret Andrews McDonogh, resided, and of which they were natives. There is some uncertainty as to the date of his birth, but it must have been about the year 1786. Early in the closing decade of the eighteenth century, presumably in 1793, the family, consisting of the father and mother and their four children, came to America. Young as he must have been, Patrick's education had already begun, for the fact has been handed down to us that he attended a school in Dublin conducted by a number of Jesuit Fathers who were exiled from France,—in all likelihood at the time of the suppression of their Order. It is believed that the family landed either in Baltimore or New York; at all events they gave each of these cities a short trial as a place of residence, but finally removed to Philadelphia and made it their home for the remainder of their lives.

Details in regard to the earlier years of the subject of our sketch are exceedingly meagre; indeed, the sole one of any interest that survives is that his education was here continued at the University of Pennsylvania. As his name does not appear in a list given in a pamphlet entitled "Catalogue of the Trustees, Officers, and graduates of

the Departments of Arts and Science and of the Honorary Graduates of the University of Pennsylvania, 1749-1880. Prepared by a Committee of the Society of the Alumni. Phila. Printed by the Society," the inference is that he did not take a degree in that institution of learning.

When war was declared with England, he, together with several other young men of the Quaker City, including the Watmough brothers and Alexander J. Williams, set out for Washington and procured commissions in the regular army, Williams as a captain, McDonogh and John G. Watmough as lieutenants in the Second Regiment, United States Artillery. We may judge of the promptness of their patriotic act when we recall the fact that it was on June 1, 1812, that President Madison sent a special message to Congress on the subject of our grievances against Great Britain, leaving it to this body's discretion to declare war, which it did; that it was on the 18th of the same month that he signed the declaration of war and issued a proclamation to the people; and then see that the earliest letter in this collection, written by Lieutenant McDonogh from the District Rendezvous at Trenton, is dated June 26, 1812. Lieutenants Watmough and McDonogh were both attached to a company commanded by Captain Alexander J. Williams.

Nearly all that is known of McDonogh's life during the following year and a half is what can be gleaned from this little and incomplete budget of his letters, preserved to us by that loved sister Anne to whom some of them are addressed. Whilst they give, above all, an insight into the character and disposition of the writer, these letters also serve to throw not a few sidelights upon concurrent incidents and public personages, thereby extending their interest to a wider circle. The latest knowledge we gather of the lieutenant from these treasured relics of the past, now yellowed by age and fast becoming illegible, is the joyous announce-

ment that he is *en route* for home to spend a happy Christmas with his family. An official order, also kept in the same collection, indicates that on January 19, 1814, McDonogh was relieved from duty as recruiting officer in Philadelphia. There is nothing after that date, either in letters, official papers, or the family annals, to tell us aught of his subsequent movements until the following August. The presumption is that shortly after this order was issued he rejoined his regiment on the frontier, probably travelling northward in command of the men whom he had recruited in Philadelphia for the artillery branch of the service. Why his later letters were not kept by his sister as these earlier ones had been can only be conjectured: it is thought that illness forced her to postpone her loving task of arranging them in book form with the others, and that the shock of his sad though not inglorious death caused her to altogether abandon it. Be that as it may, Lieutenant McDonogh then went forth from his adopted city for the last time, left the home that was ever so dear to him, bade adieu to the father and mother and sisters whom he loved with such tender affection, to be seen of them never again in this world. Thenceforth he belongs entirely to the country to which he had vowed his allegiance, and to that country's historic records we must refer for an account of the closing act by which he sacrificed his life in her cause.*

* I am happy to acknowledge my indebtedness for much interesting and valuable information in regard to the Fort Erie actions, which I shall use freely in this sketch, to Mr. Frank H. Severance, of the Buffalo, N. Y., Historical Society and editor of the *Illustrated Buffalo Express*, and to Lieutenant Ernest Cruikshank, of the British army, Fort Erie, Ontario. Mr. Severance kindly sent me such portions of General Gaines's Report as relate to Lieutenant McDonogh, as also several extracts in reference to him from histories of the war of 1812. Lieutenant-Colonel Cruikshank, to whom Mr. Severance forwarded the letter of inquiry I had written him, because, as he said, "he is the best authority I know on the battles of Fort Erie," presented me with a copy of a volume entitled "Documentary History of the Campaign on the Niagara Frontier in 1814," edited by him and published for the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. Many of the papers contained in this compilation were never before printed, and as they are from both American and English sources, they enable us to see the events therein recorded from two points of view. I shall also draw for my materials upon a political pamphlet published at Philadelphia in 1835. It bears the title, "A Brief Sketch of the Services of John G. Watmough

The campaign of 1814 was an eventful and most sanguinary one. That our lieutenant took part in its opening battles, Chippewa and Bridgewater, is doubtful. The Brigade to which he was attached receives frequent mention for gallantry, but the presumption is that McDonogh was absent from it at that period on special, important, and honorable duty elsewhere. The English garrison at Fort Erie had capitulated on the 3d of July.

"General Wilkinson, having received orders from the Secretary of War, detached General Brown, with two thousand troops, to the Niagara frontier. . . . In June, General Brown marched his army from Sackett's Harbor to Buffalo, expecting to invade Canada. Here were added to his army Towson's Artillery . . . making, in the whole, about thirty-five hundred men. On the 2d and 3d of July they crossed the Niagara * and invested Fort Erie, where the garrison, amounting to one hundred men,† surrendered without resistance."

Major-General Jacob Brown, writing to the Secretary of War from Head-quarters, Chippewa Plains, July 7, 1814, states :

during and subsequent to the Campaign of 1814-1815, when an Officer in the U. S. Army;" and upon some Manuscripts which belonged to the late John J. Maitland, a nephew of McDonogh, and are now the property of Mr. E. V. Maitland, of Germantown, Pa.

* "*General Order.* Adjutant-General's Office, Left Division, July 2, 1814. Major-General Brown has the satisfaction to announce to the troops of his division that he is authorized by the orders of his government to put them in motion against the enemy. The First and Second Brigades, with the corps of artillery, will cross the Straights before them this night, or as early to-morrow as possible. The necessary instructions have been given to the brigadiers, and by them to the commanding officers of regiments and corps.

"Upon entering Canada the laws of war will govern. Men found in arms, or otherwise engaged in the service of the enemy, will be treated as enemies; those behaving peaceably and following their private occupations will be treated as friends. Private property in all cases will be held sacred. Public property, wherever found, will be seized and disposed of by the commanding general. Our utmost protection will be given to all who actually join or evince a desire to join us.

"Plundering is prohibited. The major-general does not apprehend any difficulty on this with the regular army, or with honorable volunteers who press to the standard of their country to avenge her wrongs and to gain a name in arms. Profligate men who follow the army for plunder must not expect that they will escape the vengeance of the gallant spirits who are struggling to exalt the national character. Any plunderer shall be punished with death who shall be found violating this law.

"By order of the major-general.

"C. K. GARDNER,
"Adjutant-General."

(Copy in Documentary History.)

† The Inspector-General's report says that the aggregate was one hundred and thirty-seven.

"On the second inst. I issued my orders for crossing the Niagara River and made arrangements deemed necessary for securing the garrison of Fort Erie. On the 3d inst. that post surrendered, at five P.M.* . . . To secure my rear I have placed a garrison in this fort."

General Brown had left Lieutenant McDonogh and a small garrison in charge of Fort Erie while he (Brown) was operating down the Niagara. McDonogh did much to strengthen the fort, deepening the ditches and raising the bastions. "He also took out the line of pickets on the west flank and began the construction of a redoubt to protect the bastions." † *Niles' Register*, Baltimore, August 13, vol. 6, p. 415, tells us, ". . . Brigadier-General Gaines . . . is supposed to have taken the command at Fort Erie, which by great exertion has been made a strong place. . . ." And again: "Fort Erie is strong, and our men are full of spirits and confidence." ‡

On July 5 was fought the battle of Chippewa; on the 25th occurred the hotly contested battle of Bridgewater, wherein both contestants claimed the victory. After the latter the American army, reduced to about sixteen hundred men, retired to Fort Erie and there entrenched itself. General Ripley was in command, as Generals Brown and Scott were at Buffalo confined by wounds received on the

* From another account we learn that it was on Sunday afternoon this capitulation took place.

In a communication from Sir Gordon Drummond to Sir George Provost, dated Kingston, July 10, 1814, and marked "confidential," it is said, "They" (the Americans) "are now understood to be establishing batteries . . . in front of the position at Chippewa, from which Major-General Riall is apprehensive he will be under the necessity of retiring as his force is so considerably diminished from the casualties of the action and from the fall of Fort Erie. I regret extremely the loss of this place, which I had the strongest hopes would have made an excellent defence, or, at all events, held the enemy in check for several days. I felt the more confident in that expectation from Captain Marlowe's report of it on his return from that frontier."—*Documentary History*.

† Babcock's *The Siege of Fort Erie*, pp. 25, 26.

‡ "Americans under Major-General Jacob Brown, Generals Scott, Ripley, P. B. Porter, and J. Swift effected a landing on the Canadian frontier between Chippewa and Fort Erie. The passage of the troops over the river was under direction of Lieutenant-Commandant Kennedy, United States navy. Fort Erie surrendered. It was garrisoned and left under command of Lieutenant McDonogh, a Philadelphian, of the United States Artillery (killed August 15, 1814)."—Shallus, July 3, 1814, vol. ii. p. 8.

field of Bridgewater. Fort Erie now became the scene of action. The British forces, under Lieutenant-General Drummond, followed our troops and took up a strong position opposite to Black Rock, two miles east of the Fort. They numbered between four and five thousand, having been joined by the De Watteville Regiment after the battle of the 25th inst. The siege of Fort Erie and the assault that ensued are well-known incidents of the war. The object here is not to give an account of these important events, nor of the many acts of individual heroism which transpired during them, but only to speak of Lieutenant McDonogh's share in the dangers and glory of that fateful assault. These details shall be drawn for the most part from histories, from official reports and unofficial papers, and from family traditions.

It may not be amiss, however, to take a preliminary glance at the enemy's plans and anticipations on the occasion. That the British considered the recapture of Fort Erie a matter of vast importance is evident. Lieutenant-General Drummond writes to Sir George Prevost from Head-quarters, Niagara Falls, July 31, 1814:

" . . . I beg briefly to state that in this quarter the great object at present is the defeat and expulsion of the enemy's force which has taken post at Fort Erie, and to this object my sole attention must be given. I am sanguine that with the force I am collecting it will not be found difficult of attainment. . . . If I am fortunate in my operations at Fort Erie this whole frontier may be considered as secure."

In a communication from his camp before Fort Erie, under date of August 4, he writes: "Had this service been effected" (an attempt to capture or destroy some American stores at Buffalo and Black Rock), "as I sanguinely expected, the enemy's force shut up in Fort Erie would have been compelled by want of provisions either to come out and fight or to surrender it." Later on in the same communication, after mentioning the number and caliber of his

guns, etc., he states: "The reconnoissance of yesterday . . . convinced me that . . . I shall be able to compel the force shut up in Fort Erie to surrender, or attempt a sortie which can only terminate in his defeat." A British officer writes to a member of his family, after Bridgewater: "We have been following the enemy and hope to drive them out of the country." And another: "We are making every preparation to move towards Fort Erie, where the enemy is in considerable force waiting for one more trial. If once more defeated here, they will be quiet for the remainder of the summer."

Brigadier-General Gaines writes to the Secretary of War from his head-quarters at Fort Erie, U. C., August 7, 1814: "Sir, I arrived at this post on the 4th inst, and assumed the command. The army is in good spirits and more healthy than I could have expected."

A heavy cannonading was begun from the British batteries on the morning of the 13th of August, and continued with little or no intermission until one o'clock on the morning of the 15th. "During this cannonade Lieutenant Watmough, with his gallant comrades, the lamented Williams and McDonogh, were stationed on the advance battery, *nearest the foe.*" *

"During the 13th and 14th the enemy had kept up a brisk cannonade, which was sharply returned from our batteries without any considerable loss on our part. At six P.M. one of their shells lodged in a small magazine in Fort Erie, which was fortunately almost empty; it blew up with an explosion more awful in its appearance than injurious in its effects, as it did not disable a man or damage a gun. It occasioned but a momentary cessation of the thunders of the artillery on both sides; it was followed by a loud and joyous shout of the British army, which was instantly returned on our part, and Captain Williams, amidst the smoke of the explosion, renewed the contest by an animated roar of his heavy cannon." †

* Political pamphlet, before mentioned.

† General Gaines's Report.

The assault took place at two o'clock on the morning of the 15th of August.

"You are to advance to the attack precisely at two o'clock." (Secret Orders, issued by Lieutenant-General Drummond.) . . . "I am to apprise you that two columns will advance from this side, . . . one to attack the fort, composed of flank companies under Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond and a party of seamen and marines. . . . The advantages which will arise from taking out the flints" (this he had ordered to be done) "are obvious. Combined with darkness and silence it will effectually conceal the situation and number of our troops, and those of the enemy being exposed by his fire and his white trousers, which are very conspicuous marks to our view, it will enable them to use the bayonet with effect which that valuable weapon has been ever found to possess in the hands of British soldiers. A detachment of Royal Artillery will accompany the column for the purpose of either spiking or turning the enemy's guns against himself, according as may be found expedient. . . . As proposals of surrender may probably be made to you, you are to attend to none which are not unconditional, not suffering yourself for a moment to be diverted from the prosecution of your attack. Clemency to prisoners it is unnecessary to recommend to you. . . . By making a considerable number of prisoners you will find, in the event of the contest being protracted until daylight, that the enemy will be so reduced in numbers as not to be able to make any stand against the force under your command (particularly if you have taken possession of Snake Hill) and that which will be detached to co-operate with you from this side. His force is at present understood to be about fifteen hundred fit for duty. . . . The Lieutenant-General *most strongly recommends a free use of the bayonet.* The enemy's force does not exceed fifteen hundred fit for duty, and those are represented as much dispirited. . . .

"The night of the 15th of August was fixed by the British for their final attack. It was dark and rainy and every way calculated to promote the success of the assailants.* . . . The attack was made at various points by three heavy columns of choice troops, led by most distinguished officers and sustained by a heavy reserve and a body of seven or eight hundred Indians. . . . The American officer who commanded the picket guards

* This is confirmed by an extract from a letter written by a surgeon in the British army, in which he speaks of Colonel Scott, killed in this action: "The night of the attack I slept on the ground with him under a piece of canvas suspended from a branch of a tree, but not sufficient to protect us from the inclemency of a dreadful rainy night. I asked him his opinion of the attack; he spoke unfavorably of it, yet though drenched with rain he was in high spirits, and his last words to me before he led off the corps were, 'We shall breakfast together in the fort in the morning.' Alas! when I saw him again he was mortally wounded."

in our front was young and entirely inexperienced,—he had joined the army but a few days before, and knew nothing of war. His orders were to hold on firmly until the attack began and then retreat slowly within our lines. He entirely mistook their object, and upon the report of the first gun from the American left he commenced his own retreat without waiting to be attacked and in spite of the entreaties of his brave veterans. The error sprang from ignorance, not from want of patriotism or courage; it had, however, nearly proved fatal to the American army. The officers of artillery stationed in the advance battery . . . were at their posts, and keenly on the alert, . . . when suddenly, without the previous notice of a single shot, the trampling of feet and the sound of voices were heard under the muzzle of their guns. The brave McDonogh was the first to leap upon the parapet and demand, in a voice of thunder, ‘Who goes there?’ The watch-word was instantly returned, and the officer of the picket attempted to excuse his conduct. McDonogh replied, ‘Return, sir, instantly, and die upon your post,—one moment’s delay and I’ll blow you and your command into ten thousand atoms.’ The young man obeyed, but scarcely had he advanced two hundred yards before he encountered the enemy. . . . Our gallant band received them with a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry, and the British were repulsed at every point. The unremitting and destructive fire of our brave artillerists produced a scene of the most appalling grandeur. Every avenue of sense conveyed some idea of horror. The thick gloom of the night, only broken here and there by the glare of the lightning and the bright flash of the guns; the alternate roar of the cannonade and the death-like stillness of those solemn intervals of silence which interrupt the tumult of war; the lurid smoke which hung like a mournful curtain over the field of carnage; the shrieks of the wounded and dying and the yells of the hostile Indians,—all combined to produce a spectacle of sublime reality. They” (the British) “returned five times to the attack, determined to conquer or perish in the attempt. The sixth assault was attended with better success. Colonel Drummond, who attacked Watmough’s battery” (Williams’s?) “with a column of one thousand men, effected a footing on the bastion and charged the defenders while in the very act of reloading their guns. The colonel himself led the forlorn hope. . . . A personal conflict of great violence ensued and continued for some time with alternate success. In a desperate resolve to repel the foe, the brave, the intrepid Williams and McDonogh fell. . . . The incident related above sufficiently indicates the character of McDonogh.”*

From the Report of Brigadier-General Gaines to the Secretary of War, Fort Erie, August 23, 1814, we take the following:

* Extracts from the Watmough electioneering pamphlet.

"Sir, I have the honor to communicate . . . the particulars of the battle fought at this place on the 15th inst, . . . which terminated in a signal victory in favor of the United American arms. . . . Fort Erie" (was defended) "by Captain Williams, with Major Trimble's command of the Nineteenth Infantry. . . . The night was dark and the early part of it raining, but the faithful sentinel slept not. One-third of the troops were up at their posts. At half-past two o'clock the right column of the enemy approached, and though enveloped in darkness . . . was distinctly heard on our left and promptly marked by our musketry. . . . My attention was now called to the right, where our batteries and lines were soon lighted by a most brilliant fire of cannon and musketry. It announced the approach of the centre and left columns of the enemy, under Colonels Drummond and Scott. . . . That of the centre, led by Colonel Drummond, was not long kept in check. It approached at once every assailable point of the fort, and with scaling ladders ascended the parapet, but was repulsed with dreadful carnage. The assault was twice repeated and as often checked, but the enemy having moved round in the ditch, covered by darkness added to the heavy cloud of smoke which had rolled from our cannon and musquetry enveloping surrounding objects, repeated the charge, re-ascended the ladders, and with their pikes, bayonets, and spears fell upon our gallant artillerists. The gallant spirits of our favorite Captain Williams and Lieutenants McDonogh and Watmough, with their brave men, were overcome; the two former and several of their men received deadly wounds. Our bastion was lost. Lieutenant McDonogh, being severely wounded, demanded quarter; it was refused by Colonel Drummond. The lieutenant then seized a handspike and nobly defended himself until he was shot down with a pistol by the monster who had refused him quarter, who often reiterated the order, 'Give the damned Yankees no quarter.' This officer, whose bravery if it had been seasoned with virtue would have entitled him to the admiration of every soldier,—this hardened murderer,—soon met his fate. He was shot through the breast by — of the — regiment while repeating the order to give no quarter. . . . Major Hindman's efforts, aided by Major Trimble, having failed to drive the enemy from the bastion with the remaining artillery and infantry in the fort, Captain Birdsall, of the Fourth Rifle Regiment, gallantly rushed in through the gate-way to their assistance, and with some infantry charged the enemy, but was repulsed and the captain severely wounded. A detachment from the Eleventh, Nineteenth, and Twenty-second Infantry, under Captain Foster, of the Eleventh, were introduced over the interior bastion for the purpose of charging the enemy; Major Hall, Assistant Inspector-General, very handsomely tendered his services to lead the charge. The charge was gallantly made by Captain Foster and Major Hall, but owing to the narrowness of the passage

up the bastion, admitting only two or three men abreast, it failed. It was often repeated and as often checked. The enemy's force in the bastion was, however, much cut to pieces and diminished by our artillery and small-arms.

"At this moment every operation was arrested by the explosion of some cartridges deposited in the end of the stone building adjoining the contested bastion; the explosion was tremendous; it was decisive; the bastion was restored."

Before proceeding to quote further from General Gaines's Report, we will here state that according to the unquestioned traditions of Lieutenant McDonogh's family, this explosion, so momentous in its consequences, was attributable to an act of his. Wounded, not killed, by the shot from Colonel Drummond's pistol, he saw his brave comrades overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the British, the nobly defended bastion lost, the fort in danger of capture. Forgetful of himself and of the pain of his wounds, he thought only of his country and of the honor of her gallant army: he was heard to order back his men, to exclaim, "May God have mercy on my soul," and then, with a supreme effort he mustered his fast-ebbing strength and threw a lighted fuse or match into the ammunition chest which was under the platform of the demi-bastion. So far the tradition; later, we shall speak of what authority exists apart from the family tradition to support and confirm it.

Our quotation from General Gaines's official report shall now be resumed.

"Major Hindman, and the whole of the artillery under the command of that excellent officer, displayed a degree of gallantry and good conduct not to be surpassed. The particular situation of Captain Towson and the much lamented Captain Williams and Lieutenant McDonogh and that of Lieutenant Watmough as already described, with their respective commands, rendered them most conspicuous." *

* I cannot refrain from inserting this extract from the closing paragraph of the General's letter: "Lieutenant Fontaine of the artillery, who was taken prisoner, writes from the British camp that he fortunately fell into the hands of the Indians, who after taking his money treated him kindly. It would seem then that these savages had not joined in the resolution to give no quarter."

In a supplementary report, after speaking of the gallantry of certain of the regiments engaged in this same action, he tells of the number of prisoners taken, and adds:

"These facts prove that the affair was not merely a *defence* of our position, or a mere *repulse* of the enemy, as I find it called by some. As regards myself, I am satisfied with the result, and am not disposed to make any difficulty about the name by which the affair may be called, but it is due to the brave men I have the honor to command that I should say that the affair was to the enemy a sore *beating* and a *defeat*, and it was to us a *handsome victory*."

In a letter written by him from Nashville, Tenn., in 1830, and printed in the Watmough pamphlet, among other things General Gaines says, speaking of the battle of Fort Erie:

"This force, led by Colonel Drummond, one of the bravest of men, mounted the half-bastion, in the defence of which the heroic Williams, McDonogh, and Watmough, with most of their brave Pennsylvania soldiers, fell. The two former, with several of the latter, were killed or mortally wounded. . . . With the half-bastion the enemy had obtained three pieces of cannon, but which he could not bring to bear upon any vital part of my position. . . . It was near four o'clock, and daylight, which of all things was then most desirable, was just beginning to dawn upon the contending forces. . . . About this time the platform of the half-bastion was blown up, and the enemy's columns that had been drawn up before it were driven back and hastily retreated. . . . At the same moment, the bastion, of which the enemy had gained temporary possession, blew up, and with it went all their hopes of victory."*

"Colonel Drummond had partially succeeded, and was in the act of denying mercy to the conquered, who asked for quarter, when a barrel of powder beneath him became ignited, and he and they were blown together into the air."†

From the English opinions of the explosion, we collect these specimens: Lieutenant-General Drummond writes to Sir George Prevost from Camp before Fort Erie, August 15, 1814:

* Watmough brochure.

† Abridged History of the United States, by Emma Willard, 1850.

“These columns advanced to the attack” (on the fort), . . . “and succeeded after a desperate resistance in making a lodgement in the fort through the embrasures of the demi-bastion, the guns of which they had actually turned against the enemy, who still maintained the stone building, when most unfortunately some ammunition which had been placed under the platform caught fire from the firing of the guns to the rear, and a most tremendous explosion followed, by which almost all the troops which had entered the place were dreadfully mangled. Panic was instantly communicated to the troops (who could not be persuaded that the explosion was accidental), and the enemy at the same time pressing forward and commencing a heavy fire of musquetry, the fort was abandoned and our troops retreated towards the battery. . . . Our loss has been very severe in killed and wounded, and I am sorry to add that almost all those returned ‘missing’ may be considered as wounded or killed by the explosion, and left in the hands of the enemy. The failure of these most important attacks has been occasioned by circumstances which may be considered as almost justifying the momentary panic which they produced, and which introduced a degree of confusion into the columns which in the darkness of the night the utmost exertions of the officers were ineffectual in removing. . . .

“With regard to the centre and left columns, under Colonel Scott and Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, the persevering gallantry of both officers and men until the unfortunate explosion could not be surpassed. Colonel Scott of the One Hundred and Third and Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond of the One Hundred and Fourth Regiments, who commanded the centre and left attacks, were unfortunately killed, and your Excellency will perceive that almost every officer of those columns was either killed or wounded, by the enemy’s fire or by the explosion.”

The official report of the killed, wounded, and missing repeats: “Of the number returned missing the greater part are supposed to have been killed by the explosion of a magazine.” In a private despatch to Sir George Prevost, August 16, Lieutenant-General Drummond again says,—

“An unfortunate explosion, supposed by accident, of some expense ammunition in the demi-bastion of the works, by the destruction of many valuable officers and men, threw the remainder into such confusion and dismay that they likewise made a precipitate retreat, and the enemy remained in possession of his works.”

In a General Order issued from Head-quarters, Montreal, August 25, 1814, it is said,—

"Lieutenant-General Drummond reports that the spirit with which it" (the attack) "was undertaken enabled our troops to surmount every obstacle, Fort Erie and the entrenchments were entered, the guns turned on the barrack blockhouse (the enemy's last refuge), when unfortunately a most violent explosion occurred in the battery, in its effect destroying and disabling many a valuable officer and soldier, and caused so considerable a consternation as to induce the remaining troops to abandon the works and all those advantages which they had gained by their determined conduct, and precipitately to retire on our first approaches."

From camp before Fort Erie, Lieutenant MacMahon, of the British army, writes, on August 22, this strange medley of fact and fiction:

"The result of an assault upon the fort we have great cause to lament, for our loss in valuable officers and the best of our men, which, including all ranks, was nine hundred and twenty, was one which at the present moment we can but badly bear; and this is the more to be regretted, as the loss which the enemy sustained on the occasion did not exceed fifty men. A considerable portion of the loss on our part was occasioned by the explosion of a quantity of ammunition which the enemy had placed under the platform of the bastion at which our troops had entered and made a lodgement, and but for which the place would have been ours. It was not, however, intentionally placed there for the purpose, but, seeing the opportunity and availing himself of it, a corporal of American artillery, having got on a red coat and the cap of a British deserter, and while it was scarce daylight, got in amongst our men, who were principally in and near this bastion, and appeared to make himself very busy in working the gun, which by this time had been turned against the enemy, and in the bustle he got under the platform and effected his purpose by a slow match. He had but just time himself to slink off and get behind a stone building in the fort when this unfortunate explosion took place, which has left the One Hundred and Third Regiment, who were principally at that point, but a mere skeleton. Poor Colonel Drummond . . . and many others, some of whom from their mutilated state could not be identified, have fallen in this affair. Colonel Drummond was mortally wounded before the explosion, as was Colonel Scott, but the other officers which I have mentioned were all blown up."

Another private letter contains these sentences bearing on the subject in hand:

"After we were blown up, some three or four hundred men, by the springing of the mine or magazine in Fort Erie, on recovering my senses from being blown off the parapet some twenty feet into the ditch, which was filled with burnt and maimed men, the Yankees relined their works and fired heavily into the ditch. My colonel, Drummond of Keltie, had commanded the right attack. . . . Finding that the ditch was not to be held under such disarray and such a fire, several of us jumped over the scarp and ran over the plain to our lines. . . . Poor Drummond's body remained in the American lines blown up."

Sir George Prevost writes to Lord Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonies, on August 27, 1814:

"It is with deep concern I have now to acquaint your Lordship that notwithstanding there was the fairest prospect of success at the commencement of the attack, our troops were afterwards obliged to retire without accomplishing their object and with very considerable loss. To Lieutenant-General Drummond's official report on this subject . . . I beg leave to refer your Lordship for the causes of our failure. It is, however, highly satisfactory to know that until the unfortunate explosion took place, and until His Majesty's troops by their near approach to the *abatis* in front of the intrenchments met such difficulties in penetrating as were found to be insurmountable without the aid of light, they behaved with their usual gallantry and discipline, and had gained by their determined efforts advantages which accident alone appears to have compelled them to forego."

These various extracts give indisputable proof that both the American and British points of view converge in regard to the extent and importance of the effects resulting from the explosion which occurred during the storming of Fort Erie. It now only remains to mention, in conclusion, the grounds which exist for attributing this explosion to a prompt and opportune act of heroism on the part of Lieutenant McDonogh. The family tradition has never varied. It has been handed down to us from one generation to another up to the present time, both orally and in writing. This version of the affair, it is said, was given to McDonogh's parents by his soldiers and fellow-officers who had been with him during the assault, when they returned to Philadelphia. His junior officer, Lieutenant Watmough, has always been mentioned as one of the principal among these

authorities. True, it is said in the Watmough political pamphlet that McDonogh was instantly killed, but this is evidently a misstatement; we find the assertion nowhere else, but quite a contrary one: Watmough's friends, authors of the pamphlet, were so intent upon aggrandizing therein the services of their candidate for Congress that they were not over-precise as to their comments on others. The late Peter J. Maitland, a nephew of McDonogh,* writing from Pittsburg in 1837 to the Hon. Richard Biddle, at Washington, D. C., relates the family version of McDonogh's actions at Fort Erie, and adds that these facts can be substantiated by reference to Shallus's History of the Late War, Dennie's Portfolio of 1814-15, "and by the verbal testimony of Col. Watmough of Philadelphia, late representative in Congress." This last-named authority he would scarcely have presumed to cite unless he had been quite certain of the correctness of his information in regard to the incident. Moreover, the writer expected his letter to be made use of in Washington in a semi-official manner; naturally, therefore, he would be obliged to be careful that his assertions were incontestable. Hence it is a fair deduction that the statement that Lieutenant McDonogh was instantly killed never emanated from Colonel Watmough; that, on the contrary, he was a valuable witness to the fact of McDonogh's efficient bravery.

The reference to Dennie's Portfolio has not as yet been followed up, but that to Shallus has been successfully traced.† Under "August 15, 1814," we find:

* The eldest son of his sister Mary, Mrs. John Maitland, and the Peter spoken of in several of the letters. Perhaps these two items, copied from the family Bible, will not be considered too irrelevant to our subject to be given space here: "Married on the 16th February, Eighteen hundred & six, by the Revd. Doctor Carr, John Maitland, aged 29 years and 6 months, to Mary McDonogh, aged 15 years & 29 days. Philadelphia." "Peter Maitland, son of John & Mary Maitland, [born] February the 6th 1808 at 7 A.M. Baptized 6 March by the Revd. Mr. Eagan. Sponsors Mr. John Mathews & Mrs. Catharine Mallon. Philadelphia."

† Chronological Tables for Every Day in the Year, Compiled from the Most Authentic Documents. By Francis Shallus, Philadelphia. Sold at A. P. Shallus's Circulating Library, No. 90, South Third Street. Merritt, Printed, 1817.

"The attack commenced at two in the morning and it appears proved, incontestably, that Drummond ordered that 'no quarters be given the d— Yankees.' General Gaines, in his official despatches, states, positively, that himself and several officers heard the savage expression repeated several times. Of the Americans our favorite (says General G.) Captain Williams was killed. Lieutenant McDonogh, being wounded twice, demanded quarter, which was refused by Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, who shot McDonogh with a pistol, upon which an American soldier levelled his piece and shot Drummond in the breast. McDonogh's bastion was blown up, but whether by accident or otherwise cannot be ascertained. It is generally believed that McDonogh, finding himself mortally wounded, and hearing the orders given by the bloodthirsty Drummond to show no quarter to the Americans, threw a lighted match into the ammunition chest."

A faded newspaper clipping, still in the possession of the family,—pasted in among the old letters,—gives an early account of the incident we have been discussing. It is rather lurid and the American eagle is made to screech shrilly, yet the item is not without value as a witness because of the locality where it was printed and because it is an almost contemporaneous account. "From the *Saratoga Journal* of August 24," it is headed:

"The repulse of the British at Erie is one of the most glorious instances of heroism, self-devotion, and presence of mind of which America can boast, or perhaps ever recorded in the annals of warfare. When these same troops under Wellington took Badajoz, they made but three assaults before they took the citadel and the garrison surrendered. But here *seven times* they rushed on our steel and cannons' mouths, and were by Yankees *seven times* repulsed. They at length, as at Badajoz, got possession of the *main battery*. Does that dishearten—were our colors like those then struck? No, no. *At this awful moment, when all seems lost, it had pleased the Almighty that a McDonogh should be found, and in that moment his heart to his country he gives—his hand seizes a torch—Erie and his brethren are safe—his soul to heaven flies, and the brawny and polluted limbs of hundreds of Sebastian ruffians are scattered in mid-air. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!!!*"

Written in a vein somewhat similar to the preceding, though very different to it in character and scope, is an

epic poem descriptive of the war of 1812.* The fourth volume treats of the "Defence of Fort Erie." From it we take the following extracts. Notwithstanding the "offensive partisan" style of composition, the author's rash way of dealing in pyrotechnical flights of fancy, and his evident delight in linguistic explosives, the lines testify that McDonogh's act had more than local renown. General Brown, placing his officers in position for the defence of Fort Erie, says:

"Hindman, whose name is terror to a host,
Make you the centre of the fort your post.
Williams and Wadsworth [Watmough?], and McDonogh fair,
Will ply the engines and divide your care."

And later on, describing the assault, the author writes:

"Lo, now, MacDonogh, wounded in his side,
With yielding voice to marble Drummond cried:
'My strength is failing—wasting is my life—
I ask protection to retire from strife.'
'Speak not of life! Of life I've none to give!
None of the name of Liberty shall live!
The savage answer flam'd the hero's blood;
Grasping a weapon in despairing mood,
And, like a lion when incens'd with ire,
He smote whole ranks, and caus'd them to retire.
While thus his vengeance on the foe he dealt,
Drummond sprang forward, snatching from his belt
His ready arms,—quick bent the lock-spring,—fir'd.
MacDonogh fell, but not his life expir'd;
Beneath the bastion, in his gore he lies,
Death hovering near to seal his slumbering eyes.
Fast from his bosom ebbs away his life,
Whilst o'er his head tumultuous roars the strife.

"By this had Tucker come: 'Conquest!' he cries,
And urges on the Britons to the prize.
They stand determined on the bastion's brow,
Though numbers fall, like autumn leaves, below.

* "The Fredoniad; or, Independence Preserved. An Epick Poem on the Late War of 1812." By Richard Emmons, M.D. In Four volumes. Boston: Printed for the Author, by Munroe and Francis, No. 128, Washington Street. 1827.

Gaines, Ripley, Porter, Hindman, Biddle, Wood,
Strike at the heart, and empty it of blood.
But where one dies, two enter in his room,
Fix'd on their death, or Freedom to entomb.

“While thus they strove, MacDonogh, where he lay
Beneath the bastion, shelter'd from the fray,
Beheld a chest of quick combustion nigh,
And match, slow smouldering, to consume it, by:
'I'll put it forth! Oh, how it mounts my soul!
The foe unmerciful in flames shall roll!
My fall shall not be vain. I'll break the strife,
And, for my country, render up my life.
O Thou, who weighs the heavens,—who breath'd the mind,—
Receive my spirit on the fiery wind!
His prayer was brief, but full. He flings the fire—
A thousand Britons at the blast expire!

“‘Patriots like him, who for their country die,
Are borne to Heaven on breath of Deity!’”

Several members of the family have in their possession copies of an obituary notice of Lieutenant McDonogh's venerable mother, who died in 1850, having survived her husband and all her children. It was written “For the *Public Ledger*,” and the belief has always been that its author, “D,” was the late Doctor William Darrach, a well-known and highly respected resident of Philadelphia. He was Mrs. McDonogh's physician, and the physician and friend of various members of the family for many, many years. The notice is too lengthy to repeat here in full; suffice it to say that the writer gives an excellent account of the assault and defence at Fort Erie, and of Lieutenant McDonogh's act such as it has been recorded in these pages, perhaps with even more wealth of minute detail. One would judge from the author's knowledge of various incidents of the attack that he must have seen General Gaines's official report or had gathered information from some other reliable source. These sentences will show the belief he entertained fifty years ago. He had probably heard the

version from some of McDonogh's contemporaries, then still alive.

"Among the recent deaths in our city, we notice, with no ordinary feeling, that of Mrs. Margaret McDonogh. . . . A tribute of respect to her memory is peculiarly due. Independently of her personal claims to it, as one who in every way and at all times was a lady,—a beautiful specimen of Christian character, gentle, kind, and beneficent,—she merits it as the mother of Lieutenant Patrick McDonogh, who sacrificed himself so nobly at the storming of Fort Erie, and as the grandmother of Captain John P. O'Brien, who acted so bravely and efficiently at Buena Vista.* . . . To this explosion the enemy attributes his failure. How happened it? Some refer it to accident; *but other officers relate*" (italics ours) "that Lieutenant McDonogh, not having been removed after his several wounds from the foot of the bastion, and being exasperated at the determination which he saw in the conduct of the enemy's troops to show no mercy to the vanquished soldier, *resolved upon devoting himself* to stop the progress of their inhuman career, and to this end threw a lighted match into the chest of ammunition, which, by its immediate explosion, produced those tremendous effects which restored the bastion to the Americans, and terminated the conflict. No monument, as yet, designates the burial spot of this self-sacrificing soldier."

Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest Cruikshank, of the British army, already referred to as a competent authority in all that relates to the battles of Fort Erie, when asked recently his opinion as to the credibility of the McDonogh incident, replied:

"I have never seen the explosion attributed to Lieutenant McDonogh, but I should not say that it is incredible or impossible. You will no doubt have noted the various versions of that incident in the contemporary documents, but there is nothing very conclusive in them. In the darkness and confusion of the struggle the survivors seem scarcely to have comprehended what had occurred, much less the cause."

This when he was still entirely ignorant of what testimony the family could adduce in support of their tradition.

* A biographical sketch of Major O'Brien, here alluded to, is in course of preparation.

“No monument . . . designates the burial spot of this self-sacrificing soldier,” says his mother’s panegyrist. Not only is this remark true to-day as it was then, not only is the lieutenant’s burial-place unmarked, but that burial-place itself is unknown. A member of the family thinks that formerly Captain Williams and Lieutenant McDonogh were buried somewhere near the Fort, and that their graves were surrounded by a picket fence, but this lacks confirmation. Mr. Severance, of the Buffalo Historical Society, who was so kind as to interest himself in the matter, writes, September 10, 1900:

“ . . . As to the place of his burial I can as yet give no information. There is no cemetery in Buffalo dating back to 1814, and I much doubt if any trace of soldiers of the War of 1812 can be found in the records of existing burial grounds. I will make inquiry and report.”

Since then, quite recently in fact, a letter was discovered which throws a faint light on the subject. It was written by one of the family in 1887 or 1889. He says,—

“I tried to find McDonogh’s grave while I was at Buffalo. Those killed at Fort Erie were buried at Black Rock, and the cemetery there was abandoned some years ago, the remains of the Fort Erie victims being removed to the present cemetery and buried in a soldiers’ lot, along with a number of those who were killed in or died during the rebellion. The graves of the latter are marked, but there are seven unmarked belonging to those removed from Black Rock, and among them is probably McDonogh, though there is no record of his name and no means of identification so far as I got. If I go to Buffalo next year I may trace out something more.”

Among the family reminiscences is one which relates that there was much enthusiasm about Lieutenant McDonogh in Philadelphia at the time of his death, and it was proposed to have some fitting memorial to perpetuate the memory of his brave deed, but that this design was abandoned when it was found the lieutenant had been born in Ireland. It is likewise possible, it seems to us, that the gal-

lant fellow's remains may have been unrecognizable as a result of the explosion and that he was buried simply as one of the many who fell during that memorable battle at Erie.

A strange thing is told in the family which may serve to account for the fact that so little is now known of this hero's last resting-place. It appears that his mother conceived one of those peculiar ideas which, though of course quite unreasonable, was yet so strong as to greatly distress and grieve her. She fancied that her beloved son was probably not justified in taking his own life, even though in so noble a cause,—in a word, that his act might have been in a measure suicidal. Whilst this phase of the incident has been used by one of her grandsons as an argument for the authenticity of McDonogh's last act, because his mother would have been only too glad to get any different version of his death at Erie from the survivors could she have done so, it also accounts for her life-long grief and the silence in regard to her son which was rarely broken in after years even to her family and most intimate friends. Monument, public demonstration, plaudits of the multitude,—of what value these to the broken-hearted mother? Early one August morning that devoted mother went forth from her home, in all probability to attend Mass at Old St. Joseph's Church. In the city's streets she found little knots of people gathered, saw and heard on every side the excitement and exultation of her fellow-citizens over the news, just received, of a victory gained by the Americans over the British at Fort Erie. Was it a victory without cost—a bloodless triumph? Alas! no. Those ringing cheers of a nation's rejoicing were for that startled mother but the sad wailing of a death-knell, for then and there she learned that the life-blood of her son, her only son, had helped pay the price of that victory.

Throughout these pages the writer has kept almost ex-

clusively to the recital of the dry bones of facts; to the reader is left the task to build up around them, if he so wish, the man of flesh and blood, to fill in, with the shading furnished by Lieutenant McDonogh's letters, the broad outlines traced in the history of his public career. It is to be regretted that no portrait of him exists. His father, who is well remembered and whom he is believed to have strongly resembled, was tall and of fine physique; his nephew, the late Henry Maitland, it was always said in the family, bore a striking likeness to his military uncle, and he, too, was a handsome, finely proportioned, distinguished-looking man. This knowledge is all we have to help us in making our picture of the lieutenant's outward appearance. His disposition, his character, his soul,—these he has unconsciously portrayed for us with his own hand; gentle yet manly, tender yet strong, a lover of domestic pleasures but with a courageous devotion to duty; full of the zest of life, yet with an heroic contempt of death; pure and simple and high-spirited,—these the qualities that made him a favorite with all who knew him. The beauty of his life wins our regard; the bravery of his death commands the homage of our respect.

The Watmough pamphlet contains this paragraph:

“Williams, McDonogh, and Watmough were all natives of Philadelphia, and certainly our city has reason to be proud of her sons. The mother of McDonogh, a venerable and most respectable lady, still lives among us to deplore his fate. Let her be comforted,—he died like a patriot and a soldier, upon the field of honor.”

Rather, we suspect, did this bereaved mother seek her comfort in other things and in other ways; in the remembrance of her son's beautiful and unwavering devotion to her, of the fact that he was to the end her “dutiful” as well as her “affectionate” son; that in youth and manhood, as in earlier years, he never left the house without seeking her to kiss her loved lips; sought her solace in teaching

her numerous grandchildren in their earliest lisplings to pray for the soul of their uncle; more and greater solace in the knowledge that was hers that during his army life he never lost an opportunity to attend to his religious duties; that he died as he had lived in the profession and the practice of the faith of his forefathers.

I. M. O'R.

COPY OF LETTERS WRITTEN BY PATRICK McDONOGH,
OF PHILADELPHIA, LIEUTENANT IN THE SECOND REGI-
MENT, UNITED STATES ARTILLERY, DURING THE WAR
OF 1812.

FIRST LETTER.

DISTRICT RENDEZVOUS, TRENTON, June 26th, 1812.

DEAR FATHER & MOTHER

I arrived here safe on Wednesday and immediately took charge of the men entrusted to my care which I am very much pleased with. I am likewise pleased with the situation

Dennis * was waiting for me on the wharf when I arrived. I saw him this morning but was engaged in taking the men down to the river so that I could but salute him. I dont think he is as well as when he left Philadelphia, and he says himself that he expects to die about October next.

The sergeant could not find Richards to get my mattress so that I have been sleeping these two nights past in a tent on straw, as the Garrison Rules are that no officer or private shall sleep out. I wish you could have them (my mattresses) put on board of the Trenton Packet for me. She lies at Arch Street Wharf. Direct to Lieut. McDonogh, Trenton Depot. I forgot my clarionet which I would wish to have also.

Capt. Connelly passed through here the day after I ar-

* Supposed to be a brother of John O'Brien, the lieutenant's brother-in-law, husband to his sister Anne. He died of consumption not very long afterwards. He had been in the English army before he came to America.

rived, I am told for Philada. I saw Mr. Andrews on his way to Phila. yesterday. Deveraux is here acting as Quartermaster's Sergeant. He made himself known to me the day after I arrived here.

I have seen Adjutant General's orders issued to the officers of the army requesting them to send in their claims if they have any on account of former services either in the army or volunteers so that they may be enabled to rank the officers on correct principles. I shall write to-morrow to the Adjutant. Give my love to Anne & Mary * and all the family and let me know how the children are.

I shall know by the middle of next week whether I will be allowed to remain here or not. If I do you may expect to see me the week after.

I am with affection & esteem

Your dutiful Son

PATRICK McDONOGH.

SECOND LETTER.

NEW YORK, Septm. 7th, 1812.

DEAR FATHER & MOTHER

I would have written to you from Brunswick but my orders to proceed to this place were so short that I had not time. I arrived here yesterday afternoon in the stage and immediately waited on Mrs. Wale.† The family are all well & appeared to be glad to see me. Mr. Wale invited me to take tea and sleep there but I was so engaged in preparing vessels and provisions for the troops the whole afternoon that I could not. Ulick (Wale) is going on to the South shortly about business. I believe he expects to make something by the trip. I expect we shall sail for Albany

* Mary, the youngest of the family, was married to John Maitland; her children are those referred to from time to time in her brother's letters.

† John Maitland's sister was the wife of Ulick Wale; his father and mother are the Mr. and Mrs. Wale here mentioned.

tomorrow morning where I shall write on my arrival. Give my love to my sisters & all.

Dear Father & Mother I am your
Affectionate Son PATK. McDONOGH.

P.S.—Remember me to Allen tell him I have seen Mr. & Mrs. Robineau—they are all well and have a fine family of children,—and that I will write to him from Albany.
P. MCD.

Mr. Rubineau sends his respects to you. I will give you an account of my journey in my next.

Signed
P. McDONOGH.

THIRD LETTER.

CAMP NEAR GREEN BUSH, Septm. 13th, 1812.

DEAR PARENTS

I arrived here on Friday last, after a very pleasant sail of four days up the Hudson, which made up in some measure for the disagreeableness of the first part of our journey; after leaving Philad. on the 3d inst. we did not arrive in Trenton until late in the afternoon of the 4th, and had then to encamp on the wet ground, it pouring rain, which continued until the morning of the 6th. On the 5th the men made a march of 25½ miles (to Brunswick) notwithstanding the rain and the badness of the roads; from thence they were transported in boats to New York; and then to Greenbush opposite to Albany, & within 1½ miles of our present encampment.

We are now under marching orders; will strike our tents and take up our line of march for Plattsburg or Niagara on the 15th inst. I was not as much gratified on my arrival as I expected to have been with the sight of 3000 men encamped, as they are not encamped in line, but

in Regiments. The ground they occupy is about three miles in circumference and is very uneven. Each Col. has the exclusive command of his own Regt. General Dearborn does not quarter in camp with us. He is a fine old gentleman and makes a very soldierly appearance. We were all introduced to him on our arrival. He was much pleased with our appearance and could not be persuaded our men were recruits. You have no idea of the number of Troops that daily enter and leave our camp. There have been about 3000 marched from this already; on the day we arrived there were one company of light artillery from New England, & two of heavy from Governor's Island that landed with us; this morning a very handsome company of artillery left here for Niagara; tomorrow the 5th Regt of Inftry goes; the day after it will be our turn with another company of the same Regt. & on the 20th and 25th there will be a Regtn. or two more.

Plattsburg is about 107 or 8 miles from here; Colo. Scot does not yet know our place of destination, if I have time after I hear, I will write, & let you know before we march. I am very much pleased with the Col. (he does everything to make us happy and comfortable) and with the officers generally. I write this on my trunk; we have so little time & our stay is so short that we have had no camp furniture made. Give my love to Anne, Mary & all the family, and tell Mr. Armstrong that I will write to him as soon as I can steal that much time. Adieu dear Father & Mother until my next.

I am affectionately yours

P. McDONOGH.

P.S.—Tell the Major * there are large barracks building here. They will be finished by the time the drafted militia

* A little pleasantry at the expense of John Maitland, his brother-in-law, who held a major's commission in the Ninety-Third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and took the field with it for the defence of Philadelphia during the war. He was absent from home

are sent on; but he is not to expect to be quartered in a mansion house or a masonic hall; they are frame buildings, and well sheltered from the Norwesters by a range of hills in their rear. General Smyth, the Inspector General, quarters in a part of them that is finished. He goes with the 5th. Regiment of Infantry to-morrow. I forgot to mention that there is a man to be shot to-morrow afternoon for deserting his post while on guard. He is one of the finest looking soldiers in camp and had but ten months to stay. He belongs to the Light Artillery.

SEPTM. 15th, 1812, 10 o'clock at night.

I could not get over to Albany to put this letter in the post-office, we were so busy preparing for the march; nor could we get off to-day as was contemplated, on account of the difficulty we found in procuring our ordinance and ammunition; but we are now ready and will positively start at daylight for Niagara where I expect we shall have plenty to do.

The man that was to be shot has been pardoned by the General with a promise that it would be the last (pardon). All the troops were paraded and the criminal was blindfolded when the pardon was read.

I wish you would write to Niagara so that I may hear from you before I march again.

P. McDONOGH.

on this service, most probably at Camp Dupont, when a daughter was born to him, September 29, 1814. This daughter is the only one of his numerous children now living.

In Shallus's Chronological Tables, vol. ii. p. 457, under date of December 11, 1814, we find: "Brig. Gen. Thos. Cadwallader appointed by Maj. Gen. Edmund Pendleton Gaines to the command of the 4th U. S. military district. Gen. Gaines took leave of the troops in general orders, to proceed to his command at New Orleans: at the same time he accepted the resignations of Col. John Thompson, Lieut. Col. Thos. Sherridan, Majors John Maitland, Geo. Nagle, Sam. Sparks, and Sam. Swift all of Genl. Thos. Snyder's Brigade."

(To be continued.)