

They were apt, under these conditions, to inflict more damage to themselves and friendly forces than to the enemy. Quote is from Gregory J. Urwin, *The United States Cavalry: An Illustrated History* (Dorset: Blandford Press, 1985), p. 48.

31. Wilkinson's subsequent campaign was defeated on November 11, 1813, at Crysler's Farm, Ontario. See Graves, *Field of Glory*.

10. Lieutenant Reynold M. Kirby, 3rd U.S. Artillery*

In the fall of 1813, Montreal became the locus of an ambitious American offensive. Capturing this strategic area in Lower Canada would immediately sever all British supply lines west of it. Once isolated, garrisons from Kingston on Lake Ontario to the farthest reaches of the Niagara frontier would simply wither. The overall plan, conceived by Major General James Wilkinson seemed simple enough on paper.¹ He would lead a large force from Sackets Harbor, New York, on an amphibious foray down the St. Lawrence River. Simultaneously, another division under Major General Wade Hampton would advance from Plattsburgh up the Lake Champlain Valley.² Once in Canada, both columns would then unite in preparation for a concerted drive against Montreal. Compared to the misdirected efforts of the previous year, the Americans now possessed a strategy which was viable, possessed decisive effect, and was seemingly within their grasp to accomplish. No sooner had operations commenced, however, than things went awry.

Several unforeseen factors militated against implementation of Wilkinson's scheme. Strategically, it was predicated upon close cooperation between the two columns as they closed upon Montreal from the west and south. But Wilkinson and Hampton were bitter enemies whose personal feuding jeopardized unity of command. Throughout the campaign they refused to cooperate, or even correspond, in a reasonable manner. Furthermore, both men underestimated the climate and topography arrayed against them. Hampton had to traverse miles of swampy woodland which was ably defended by Canadian militia. By comparison, Wilkinson's waterborne transit was plagued by inclement weather which sapped the vitality of his men. The biggest obstacle confronting either general was endemic to all War of 1812 operations — supply. Owing to the remoteness and undeveloped nature of the frontier, chronic supply shortages inhibited most offensive operations.³

Bested in the celebrated skirmish at Chateaugay River on October 25, Hampton was nearly out of food and withdrew to winter quarters without ceremony or informing Wilkinson.⁴ That general persevered as far as Cornwall,

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Ontario, where he was soundly thrashed by a smaller British force at Crysler's Farm on November 11.⁵ Unwilling to admit defeat, he cited Hampton's refusal to forward needed supplies as a pretext for retiring, and he encamped for the winter. Thus American designs against Montreal were thwarted by a curious combination of personal rivalry, logistical shortfalls, and British tactical prowess. Considering the humiliating setbacks of the previous year, Wilkinson's bungled offensive drove the American war effort to its lowest point yet.

A young Connecticut officer bore witness to these events. Reynold Marvin Kirby was born at Litchfield on March 10, 1790, the son of a noted family. His father, Ephraim Kirby, was a distinguished Revolutionary War veteran appointed by President Thomas Jefferson to serve as Federal judge of the Louisiana Territory.⁶ Kirby practiced law in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, when the outbreak of war with England induced him to seek a commission. On July 7, 1813, he received appointment as third lieutenant in the 3rd U.S. Artillery which, by contemporary standards, was an elite unit.⁷ He fought at Crysler's Farm and subsequently gathered two consecutive brevet promotions during the 1814 siege of Fort Erie. Kirby remained a soldier after the war and spent several years as Assistant Adjutant General on the northern frontier. Between 1836 and 1838 he participated in the Florida Seminole War and in Cherokee Indian removal. Kirby returned north at the behest of General Winfield Scott and served as a staff officer throughout the so-called "Aroostook war" between Maine and New Brunswick. He later functioned as commander of Fort Sullivan, near Eastport, and he retained that position until fatally stricken by fever on October 7, 1842.⁸

The following reproduces the 1813 diary of Reynold Marvin Kirby in its entirety. Considering the paucity of the War of 1812 manuscripts, it is a significant discovery and useful to historians for several reasons. First, the document affords useful insights into the social attitudes and mindset of a junior commissioned officer at the inception of his military career. Kirby is a meticulous observer of men and events, and his objectivity, although strained in some circumstances, is commendable. This is especially relevant in Kirby's recital of Wilkinson's 1813 campaign, for he left one of the few surviving narratives of the Crysler's Farm debacle. Kirby also related in detail the hardships, the primitive living and transportation conditions found in northern New York. But even casual readers will be struck by the behavior of Federalist sympathizers along this remote frontier. Their antipathy for the military was strong, and young Kirby endured several harrowing episodes at their hands. So in addition to military considerations, his narrative demonstrates that New York's political support for the war, traditionally viewed as favorable, was far from unanimous.⁹ Finally, Kirby's jottings reveal much about the character and temperament of this young Connecticut officer. He emerges as a headstrong individual, intolerant of delay, and longing for battlefield glory. His patriotism was strident, unyielding, and transcended the anti-war sentiments of his native state. But beneath this personal bravado, there is a rising tide of exasperation. His aspirations were met with apathy from superiors; he was nearly

betrayed to the enemy by fellow countrymen; his first military encounter was a stunning defeat; and he suffered the ignominy of arrest and court-martial. This would have tested the mettle of any young officer, but Kirby displayed the fortitude and perseverance of a professional. In sum, scholars can be grateful to Kirby for his 1813 diary.

The diary of Reynold M. Kirby is owned by the Perkins Library, Duke University, and is reproduced with their permission. It is presented exactly as written, although the editor has expanded abbreviated place names for the sake of clarity.

Diary of Reynold Marvin Kirby, Lieutenant, U.S. Artillery, 3d Regiment

1813. Oct. 27. This day I commenced my journey from Pittsfield for the Army. I had bid my friend farewell & it was with sadness I took my last view of the village from the mountain which divides Massachusetts from the state of New York. The day was wet and the weather dreary. Autumn had far advanced & the yellow leave & decayed foliage which covered the fields shed a sickly hue over the face of creation. On surveying the faces of my stage companions I discovered in one corner the countenance of a gentleman who had been rudely treated by me in consequence of the receipt of the news of Genl. Harrison's army detailing his victory over the enemy on the 5th.¹⁰ The Federalists had assembled & while the music was parading in the street & some of the bells were ringing — they tolled the bell belonging exclusively to themselves — beat muffled drums & amused themselves in blowing tin horns. This *patriotic* conduct had been resented & in the endeavor to stop such disgraceful and riotous proceedings, a contest ensued. My traveler made use of approbrious epithets, applying them to the army, which were resented by me & produced blows — My antagonist was defeated & this day exhibited upon his face marks of his discomfiture. As no conversation occurred between us, there was no renewal of the quarrel & I could judge from his submissive conduct he has no disposition to attempt a retrieval of his mishap.

Towards evening the rain became incessant & from the deepness of the roads concluded that it would be dark before we should arrive in Albany. But to render appearances doubly sure some evil genius contrived to break our carriage down when about 7 miles from the river. This situation delayed our arrival until 8 o'clock. Fatigue would have driven me early to bed had I not found an old friend whom for a long time I had not seen.

30th. Having spent 2 days in Albany — at four o'clock this morning I entered the stage for Utica. Capt. Norris of the 9th Regt. had accompanied me from Pittsfield & was proceeding to the army — was again a fellow traveler. We breakfasted in Schenectady, 14 miles: Long rains had materially injured the

roads & we now progressed but slowly through the mud. The mail is carried from Albany to Utica 76 miles in one day—but although I was in the mail stage, we did not accomplish 60 miles notwithstanding we were upon the road constantly for 18 hours. The night was excessively dark & on stopping at the house where we were to stay, I found one of my trunks stove to pieces upon the stage rack & most of the contents gone. The other trunk was loose and much injured. As the accident had happened but a few moments [before] most of my lost articles were recovered, but the mud had covered them & penetrated in both trunks through the papers & cloths. Although much provoked at the carelessness of the driver in not securing my baggage more firmly—I remained silent as my misfortune could not be retrieved. A warm fire & a good supper of which I was much in need soon put all remembrances of it out of my head & at 12 o'clock I was lost to all cares in a sound sleep.

31st. Was called for the stage at daylight & have been all day constantly employed in wading thro' mud & mire in the rain, snow & hail & am at length landed at Gray's Stage House in Utica.

Those who have been accustomed to the well-wrought & hard roads of New England can form no idea of the badness of those in this part of the country, after the rains of autumn & in the spring season. The horses literally waded in much which, by being constantly traveled through, had become almost liquid, floating when agitated in waves & in the path where it was necessary to travel it was of the depth of two & three feet.

Nov. 2d. A wagon with four horses, which by way of distinction is called a stage, goes once a week from Utica to Sacket Harbor. As no other conveyance could be had, Capt. Norris & myself yesterday entered our names as passengers for this day & consequently had the whole day to recover from our fatigue & to survey the town. I had expected & found Utica of much greater extent than it [unclear]: it has been wholly built within 16 or 18 years & has all the appearances of a busy & thriving village: its local situation is upon a low & marshy piece of ground, the streets were miry & without the convenience of sidewalks & may contain 5000 inhabitants.

Having disencumbered my trunk of the mud with which it was encrusted & in some measure cleaned the clothes contained in it, we were ready at 5 in the morning to proceed for the harbor which owing to the road & bad traveling was a journey of three days altho' but 72 miles from us.

The day was cold & the late storm had left the earth covered with snow [unclear] this is a hilly & wooded country & for 14 miles we continually ascended, leaving the bed of the Mohawk & the fine land forming its banks, far below us. We found our breakfast prepared for us at the village of Trenton, which we left about 11. About 8 in the morning we arrived benumbed with cold at a small collection of houses where there was a Post Office called Brownville, we left the wagon at the tavern, hoping to find a good fire. On entering we found to be sure the fire—but no prospect of enjoying it influence as the room was

filled with people. On asking for another room, was told that every one in the house was occupied. The cause of this collection of company I at length learned was the presence of the Secretary of War & his suite on their return from the army.¹¹

An officer passing the room in which I stood, observing my uniform, came to me & after asking the news &c.—& understanding that I was on my way to my Regt. which I thought to be on Grenadier Island at the head of the St. Lawrence—told me that the army had moved down the river with the intention of securing their winter quarters in Montreal. Expecting a movement of the army I hoped to have been in time to have participated in its operations. I was consequently much at a loss what course to pursue that would enable me to join it, ere, it would be too late. The gentleman to whom I was indebted for my information, on expressing my embarrassment, politely offered an introduction to Gen. Armstrong for his advice. I was accordingly conducted to his room & after learning my situation, told me that I should probably be too late to join my regiment—which however I might do if it should be in my power, and advised [me] to proceed to the harbor, where Col. Dennis, commanding, would direct me as to the best course to take.¹² My written order “was to join my Regt at Sackets Harbor”—which it was now impossible for me to do as it had left this post. I therefore considered myself authorized by this verbal direction of the Secy to join it where ever it might be. We rode six miles this evening, over frozen ground, the weather being more severe than I ever knew it is this season.

3d. The weather of the day formed a contrast to that which for a long time preceded it; it was mild & pleasant. About 10 o'clock we passed a detachment of about 700 commanded by the gallant Col. Scott of the 2nd Artillery, who were pushing their march for the harbor—the detachment was composed of the remains of the 2d Arty.—part of the 16th and 23rd Infy.¹³ I was introduced to Col. S. who was here to leave his command & by riding across the country to Ogdensburgh, expected to come up with the army. I should have also taken this route, could my baggage have also been transported, but the road was passable with horses only.

About 2 in the afternoon we arrived at Martinsburgh, a small village situated upon a high hill & the capital of Lewis County & 45 miles from Utica. The roads had now become so excessively bad that our cover'd stage wagon & four horses were abandoned—our baggage stowed in a common cart with two horses & the passengers mounted upon horseback. I thought that a stage fare of \$10 from Utica to the harbor would have purchased a safe and commodious passage, but our team which originally was none of the best had continually at each change depreciated & we were now necessitated to abandon the conveyance by which altogether [*sic*]. To compensate in some measure for the inconvenience of riding, our horses were good. Before evening we passed the village of Lowville, by far the most pleasant upon this road, and as night closed in arrived

at Denmark. At Lowville I was accosted in the street by a gentleman whom I soon recognized as an old acquaintance — Mr. Talcott. I learned that he was just establishing here in his profession. I was much urged to leave my horse & stay for the night, but although I should have derived much pleasure from a compliance with the friendly invitation, yet could not prevail upon myself to lose a moment of time, now become doubly precious by the information of the army having commenced its operations.

The name of our host this night was Johnston. His tavern is called the best between Utica & the harbor. Our supper was good & I early petitioned for a bed. I was shown the best in the house: I attributed this preference over my companions (Capt. Norris & Capt. McElroy of the 16th, who joined us at Utica) to my sword & epaulette which I observed attracted the notice of the rosy faced nymph that prepared our meal & who conducted me to the room I occupied — if my conjecture was right I dare say that this was the first time my sword served me *good quarters*.

Nov. 4. Our journey of 6 days was through a level country, the timber which appeared as far as the eye could reach to cover the whole surface, was heavy & together with the soil, indicated great fertility. Our course from Utica had been Northwest & the Black [river] which emptied itself into Lake Ontario near S. Harbor, now intersected our route at the village of Watertown, the capital of Jefferson County & 12 miles from the place of my destination. This is a flourishing little place & like other settlements in districts newly inhabited & cultivated, to spring up by enchantment in the midst of the forest by which they are encompassed. Four miles from Watertown to Brownsville is upon the bank of the river which the whole distance is one continued rapid, the water continually whitened with foam, the scenery picturesque & beautiful. The bed of the stream is limestone & the banks from 4 to 8 feet perpendicular & regular, having the appearance at a little distance of masonry.

Brownsville is the residence of Maj. Genl. Brown, whose seat is the most handsome in the village.¹⁴ The mud gave the place a dirty appearance & at sundown we left it for the harbor from which we were 7 miles.

Our road was thro' the woods & more miserable, if possible, than any we had yet passed over. In three hours we accomplished our ride thro' mire & darkness stopped at what was called by way of preeminence the "Navy Hotel." Floors encrusted for an inch or more with mud — rooms without furniture & hearth, without fire, gave me no high promise of good entertainment. I bespoke supper & immediately went to the quarters of Col. Dennis, Comdg., reported myself & after being requested to call in the morning, returned to the *Navy Hotel*. Our meal was eat [*sic*] in a large room without fire or furniture & was most disgustingly dirty. After asking for a bed I was informed that there were none in the house & was fain lie upon the floor in two dirty blankets & with a pair of saddlebags as a substitute for pillows. The night was cold & tempestuous & notwithstanding my indifferent lodgings I reflected that as a soldier I

ought not to complain when so many of our poor fellows were then without shelter & patiently enduring all the inclemencies of the season.

Nov. 5th. I rose early & employed the morning in examining the ground upon which the action was fought on the 27th of May last. A gentleman who was in the battle accompanied me & pointed out the various positions occupied by the troops during the conflict. The landing of the enemy might have been prevented, or at any rate effected with great loss, had the militia stationed to oppose it done their duty; the shore of the lake is bold & a kind of natural fortification of lochs & creeks [and] was used by the officer conducting the defense of the place — here the boats in their approach might have been severely annoyed with entire safety to our men — but the line of militia fled after the first fire & suffered the enemy to secure their landing. This was about half a mile from the village, upon a plain bordering the lake & crowded with trees & bushes. The enemy advanced this whole distance altho' the ground was disputed by inches & were not checked until they had gained the left wing of a range of barracks. Here the contest was violent for a few minutes, when the officer leading the attack (Q.M. Genl. Gray) fell & the enemy fled.¹⁵

The trees bore evidence that the shot were plentifully dealt. Mr. Gilman pointed to me the spot where my friend Lt. Col. Backus fell — my feelings were strongly excited at the recollections of his worth & the gallant manner in which he met his death — he lived eight days & was buried at Brownsville.

Sackets Harbor is a most contemptible place — there are no respectable looking houses & many sheds & slight temporary habitations erected by the followers & sutlers of the army. It derives its importance from its safe & commodious harbor. The street, for there is but one, is muddy & contains all the filth which is collected within the buildings that stand upon it & which is daily discharged into it.¹⁶

I called this morning upon Col. Dennis again as requested & after stating to him my orders, together with my conversation with Genl. Armstrong, was told that he thought he should want me at that post during the winter as their were many sick of the 3d Artillery & no officer of the Regt. to oversee them. This was not the kind of duty I coveted & requested that I might be permitted to make the best of my way to the army as directed by the Secy — to this application I received no direct answer & was told that I might *call again*. I was not pleased with this kind of treatment & the day wore away without obtaining my final answer. There were a number of officers about following the army, among whom I became acquainted with: Capt. Booker of the Richmond Volunteers, Capt. Younge, 15th Infy. & Capt. Ritchie, 2nd Arty & Doct. Van Hoy. I learned by accident that Lt. Col. Mitchell of my Regt. was at the harbor & I determined to see him.¹⁷

Nov. 6. I made another attack this morning upon Col. Dennis but without any success, obtaining neither permission to go nor an order for my stay. On leaving him I carried into execution my determination of seeing Col.

Mitchell. I found him at Fort Volunteer where he had been confined by sickness since the departure of the army. After introducing myself & stating the disagreeable situation in which I found myself, he informed me of his intention of proceeding the next day for the army by land & that he hoped to overtake it at Ogdensburgh & that if I went on there would no notice be taken of it, altho' it would be better to obtain the consent of Col. Dennis. I was treated very politely by Col. Mitchell & thought his hint sufficient authority for me to leave the detestable place where I then was without further economy. I could not endure the idea of confinement at Sackets Harbor with charge of invalids — while others were employed in active operations, enjoying an opportunity of establishing their reputations.

I immediately went in search of a boat & luckily found one bound for the army. The owner was loading it with barrels of cider, apples, &c. which he expected to sell. I easily prevailed upon him to omit part of his cargo & take on 5 or six passengers & before sundown was on my voyage — bidding, I hoped, a long farewell to Sackets Harbor, its muddy, filthy streets & its extortional inhabitants & was without regret that I abandoned my lodgings at the Navy Hotel.

The crew of our boat consisted of two men & a boy: & Doct. Van Hoy, Capt. Norris & myself with a sergeant & two young soldiers were the passengers. We were [in a] boat of about 15 feet in length, rigged with a small sail & one pair of oars. The evening was beautiful and calm — the moon rose at the full & I felt happy in being relieved from the embarrassment under which I had lately [languished?].

The wind rising about 8, we abandoned our oars & soon doubled Point Peninsula which is about 9 miles from the harbor & forms one side of the bay on which it is situated. Having gained the broad lake we put off before a fine breeze & heavy sea for Grenadier Island which lay between us & the mouth of the St. Lawrence & although I anticipated some accident from the height of the waves our boat proved an excellent sea boat & about 12 at night ran into Badou Harbor on the island, the wind blowing so violently that it was concluded by our boatmen to be [not possible?] in gaining the river. We sought the only house on the island — found a woman & children in it & a good fire of logs of which we took immediate possession.

Nov. 7th. Having caught half an hour's sleep on the floor we were roused by the report of cannon. The sound was in the direction of Kingston, but as it was not renewed we concluded that it was an alarm at that place occasioned by the vicinity of the army & fleet. At daylight we again put off notwithstanding there was no abatement in the wind. The morning was fine & the sun rose in great splendor but the beauties of the views of the lake & shores was lost in the attention that we were obliged to pay to the boat. Point Tibbets which is upon the right of Long Island & the American side of the St. Lawrence forms on that side the outlet of Lake Ontario, is difficult to be doubled by small boats dur-

ing a blow. The point is rock of some variable height & against which the waves now broke in great violence, exhibiting even at a distance of some miles a perfect sheet of white foam. While it was doubtful whether we should double the point now two miles distant & destruction seemingly inevitable if we did not, as the wind was directly on the shore, the halyards of our small sail gave way & it let down upon the boat which no longer obeyed the steering oar — rudder we had none. The boats was filling fast from every [unclear] & I began to think of myself when I found that I could be of no service in securing the sail. I stripped off my coat that I might take advantage of the waves to get on shore if the boat went down. Notwithstanding the consternation depicted on the visages of all on board — the sail was again rigged & with joy we entered the American channel of the St. Lawrence & soon moored in a small dock where there were two or three houses on a place called Gravelly point.

Our line from Grenadier Island 10 miles was made in about an hour. We found here three boats bound for the army with provisions &c. They put off immediately & I got a cup of tea at the house where a British soldier lay wounded in a late excursion made by a party from Kingston. We learned that the fleet lay at the town end of Long Island covering the descent of the army, of which however, we could learn nothing.¹⁸

The wind was perfectly fine & as the waves were not so troublesome as in the lake our voyage became pleasant. The day was fine, the shores on either side altho' uncultivated were beautiful.

At 10 we saw the fleet anchor across the channel between Long & Charlton Island 2 miles from us. Capt. Mix of the *Lady of the Lake* boarded us in his gig — he told us that the army was probably landed on the Canadian shores below Ogdensburgh & that we should find it difficult to pass the enemy's batteries at Prescott or to escape their gunboats in the river, but that we could join the army altho' I would be attended with difficulty — he advised us to join company with the boats which had just passed.

We elected to follow & came up with the boats & found our whole company to consist of thirty men — mostly armed & thought ourselves able to make a handsome resistance to any marauding party which might assail us.

At 3 P.M. we were involved in the labyrinths of the Thousand Islands. The St. Lawrence here is 15 miles broad & filled with innumerable rocks & small islands — no name for the cluster could be more appropriate — it would have been next to impossible to ascertain their number.

We again had recourse to our oars as the wind had entirely subsided. The rays of the sun reflected from the unruffled surface of the water were warm & pleasant. Our labor was continued until near 9 in the evening. We had nearly cleared the islands & the moon enabled us to distinguish the shores & the rocks at a great distance while the calmness of the weather permitted us to hear every sound. Notwithstanding the fatigue of 24 hours continued exertion, I enjoyed the beautiful scenery & thought that any labor would be highly compensated

for by its enjoyment. I forgot my destination & my own situation & thought of the friends who I had left behind—conjectured what might then be their employments. It was Sunday evening. I was suddenly roused from this reverie by the sound of oars—the alarm was instantly given—each boat speedily gained the cover of our own shore where the thick & lofty pines & hemlocks concealed us from view. The boats were drawn up side by side with their heads upon the shore, which happened to be high & of which we all took possession. Having consilled [*sic*] as to the cause of our fears it was concluded to be a row galley or gun boat of the enemy in pursuit of us as we might have been descried from their side by their spies or Indians. The sounds appeared to pass us & seemed again to approach us from below. I said that they were following up our shore that they might not miss their prey. It was time to arrange a defense. No one thought of it but all was confusion. The men in the other boats were traders & were affrightened at the idea of losing property. All were talkers & none hearers. I endeavored to procure Capt. N. to exercise his authority—but he showed no disposition to do it. As I had determined not to be made a prisoner here I made up my mind—if driven to it—to escape into the woods where I should not be pursued & find my way to the nearest settlement which I found to be 25 or 30 miles below us. But as a defense would not interfere with this plan I expressed the liberty of addressing the party, told them that if we exerted ourselves we could beat off a single boat even which would not consist of more than 30, our own number. This gained order & I posted our while force on the bank over the boats under cover of the trunk of a large tree which formed a complete breastwork. Having explained to the terrified sutlers the advantage of their situation, I directed them on the advance of the enemy to wait until they had gained our boats, which they would suppose we had deserted—then at the word every man to fire upon them—as we were secure, not to fly then, but let the enemy fire—which they must do at random. As we could then load we should have some other shot which would probably be so destructive that they would break off—or if they attempted to ascend the bank we could pass them down big stones or our muskets.

Having thus prepared for a defense which I thought would give us certain victory, I was rather impatient for the enemy's approach than otherwise. But we all soon plainly perceived that there was more than one boat by the irregular & multiplied strokes of the oar. We soon heard the sound of many voices to which I listened with astonishment. After waiting some time in suspense all the sounds passed off in a direction down the river. When it had been silent for a considerable time, we commenced our voyage as retreat was impractical & against my wishes.

Having rowed until 12 we went on shore in the most romantic place I ever saw: it was a deep cove, narrow & winding a long distance under high rocks which on each side imperiled over our heads. It was in this place, equally advantageous in obscurity & defense, that we went on shore & built fire for the night.

This was fear among the rocks & I found many similarities between our appearance & situation & the descriptions I had read of the bands of marauding banditti which formerly infested the forests of France & Germany.

After regaining myself upon some hard sea bread & a slice of raw pork, I examined my pistols which were in my belt & laying my sword next to my body I rolled myself in a blanket & near a fire I had kindled for myself at a distance from the company—endeavored to sleep upon a bed of leaves. Fatigue soon threw me into a slumber from which I was immediately awoken by a slight noise near me, on starting up I found it to be Doct. Van Hoy. This prevented me attempting to get any rest & he took my place while I stood sentry during the remainder of the night.

Nov. 8th. We resumed our course this morning at sunrise & from keeping under our own shore out of the current made slow progress. The river which heretofore had been 10 to 15 miles in width was gradually narrowing & growing fine [unclear] at where was descried a house on the Canadian side & the boatmen claimed it to be 11 miles above Elizabethtown, which I know to be 12 miles from Prescott. The river was 2 miles across here. About 12 we were thrown into confusion by loud halloing. Our people declared it was the Canadians singing their boat song. We had again sought the shore for safety but in a very disadvantageous situation—a low bank in full view of the opposite side for some miles. Three large batteaux appeared above us descending rapidly. We saw that they were rowed by six oars each. On descriing our boats they became silent, hugged their own shore & redoubled their exertions. When they had passed our boatmen were unwilling to proceed—concluded it impossible to overtake the army & apprehensive of the enemy at Elizabeth[town] and Prescott. We dispatched an intelligent & active young man in pursuit of information which he pledged to obtain & return by rowing—he said we were 10 miles from a small village called Morris, 10 miles above Ogdensburgh. The name of this man was Hollister & was well acquainted with the river. We had heard nothing of the army & were perfectly ignorant of the situation of the enemy & of the practicality of getting to Ogdensburgh—it was for having these particulars that we dispatched Hollister. After remaining two or three hours I grew uneasy. The boats that had passed would give intelligence of us at Prescott & if there were any boats or gallies there we would soon be attacked—if there were none, we ought to proceed. At length I persuaded one of our boatmen to go on, leaving the others behind us. It was near sunset that we left our company & keeping the shade of our own shore with muffled oars rowed reliably on. We proceeded in this manner until eight. The lights in the village of Elizabeth[town] were now in sight & we redoubled our vigilance & caution.

We were near the shore when we were hailed [unclear] by a man from behind a tree—we found it was Hollister returning [to our] party in a birch canoe & had on descriing us left it. From him we learned that the army passed Prescott the night but one before with no loss—that the enemy had that day

been in Ogdensburgh & carried off some stoves, left there together with two mortars which the army had neglected to carry with them & that the alarm of the preceding night was from a division of the enemy descending from Kingston in pursuit of the army, that it had that day marched out of Prescott together with the garrison of that post—1500 strong & that some boats were ascending in the river below us as to cut off such boats as might be following the army.¹⁹ He told us that before night he had watched two which were then not half a mile from us in the stream.

At this information our boatmen were frightened & were about retreating while the boat & cargo was theirs. I reflected a moment & taking Hollister aside, asked him if he would take me & my company to Morris, about a mile below & if we could then get transportation. He told us that there was a wagon & horses around there. I had determined to leave the owners of the boat to their own fate, as by staying with them we could be of no kind of service & I was determined to accomplish my object at all hazards. We got safely into a small creek upon which were situated 2 or 3 houses & on inquiring found there was neither wagons or horses to be had. We, however, found a pair of oxen & sled & while they were preparing we bespoke a cup of tea which a very communicative old lady offered to prepare immediately. It was now about 12 o'clock at night & we had no thoughts of rest while so near the enemy.

There were a number of idle & apparently suspicious looking men about the shore where we landed, that I took the precaution to station a sentry in view of the river to give notice of the approach of any visitors who might be troublesome, of which I was apprehensive as signals might be easily be made to the opposite side. The baggage was placed upon the sled & we were just seated at the table when our soldiers told us there were two boats crossing rapidly from Elizabeth[town]. Our whole party instantly took the road to Ogdensburgh leading through a wood & by going at a rapid pace hoped to leave our pursuers so far behind that they would not attempt to follow—before we commenced the march, however, we took into custody two men who said they had that night deserted from Canada—they were armed with rifles & we thought it better to take them with us than leave them behind to aid our enemies.

After traveling 5 miles we exchanged our sled for a wagon & also hired a Mr. Scovil whose brother I knew in Connecticut to conduct us to Ogdensburgh—he told us the river was filled with gunboats which might annoy us as the road lay in sight of the river the whole way.

Nov. 9th. At daylight we entered Ogdensburgh, having counted several of the vessels lying in the river belonging to the enemy.²⁰ We stopped at a tavern & the keeper, who was a young & apparently very polite man, told us in answer to the inquiry that he could procure us a wagon & horses. Our arrival collected 40 or 50 people about the house whose appearances I did not like. As it became more light I could see the enemy's batteries at Prescott plainly—they were 15 miles distant. I had an indifferent opinion of the honesty of the inhabitants of

this place—they were mostly [unclear] Tories & for fear of the consequences thought it prudent to place a soldier near the river to watch the movements on both shores.

Ogdensburgh must before the war been a flourishing village—it is pleasantly situated & has some respectable dwelling houses but since the commencement of hostilities, the honest part of its inhabitants had left it & spies & vagabonds now occupied their places. It is a melancholy reflection that our frontier should [be filled?] with this description of people who enable the enemy to [unclear] every law calculated for the security of the interior; few friends to the interests of the country are to be found in this vicinity while on the British sides we have few or no friends—all cooperating with the enemy in their hostility to us.

Our *polite landlord* did not expedite his horses as I wished & on going in search of them found them still in the stable; on looking to his window also discovered three candles so placed that they might easily be seen at Prescott—suspecting treachery I made him have them taken down instantly & the horses put to at once. We left Ogdensburgh at sunrise. After clearing the village saw a large armed boat filled with soldiers crossing to the place. If they were in pursuit of our party we were beyond their reach.

We arrived at the first rapid in the St. Lawrence 5 miles below Ogdensburgh—at a place called the Red Mill—here was a tavern kept by a Doct. Scott who appeared a sensible man & perfectly friendly. Much exhausted with anxiety & fatigue, we here obtained refreshments of which I was much in need. Doct. Scott told us that the army were then at the White House 12 miles below & that the dragoons had crossed to the other shore & most of our force was with them. He mounting [*sic*] his horse to go down as an action was expected to take place in the course of the day with the column of the enemy which paddled down the day before. My anxiety to join my corps immediately was redoubled by this information. Not a horse was to be had on the road & we were fain proceed again on foot. We soon out-marched our baggage which was in the wagon. The day was beautiful, but the road abominable. We were all the way in view of the river which was now rapid & had become compressed to $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile in breadth.

About noon we came in sight of the enemy's force on the opposite side of the river, they were marching rapidly, accompanied by 8 gunboats & galleys. In expectation of the action I took a horse from a citizen & soon arrived at the White House—instead of finding the army in order for action, the boats were all getting in the stream for descending. A large force was in march upon the enemy's shore. My wagon had not arrived & as all my baggage would be lost by leaving it I was necessitated to suffer the mortification of seeing the army gradually disappear while I was left behind. Before our rear guard of dragoons was out of sight, the enemy column was in view about a mile in the rear. The whole to me was an interesting sight.

Our baggage came up & we pushed on to the village of Hamilton, 8 miles further & luckily found some boats just about to follow the army & going on board was surprised to meet to meet Capt. Young & Booker, who left the harbor the same day with myself & I had just arrived by land.

We came up with the boats of the army at evening & for the first time found myself in the Dominion of His Britannic Majesty. The army was 10 miles from Hamilton, in the township of Williamsburgh. With the continued exertions of three days & three nights, entirely without sleep & having walked the last 18 hours upwards of 40 miles, I had now become so exhausted that I was incapable of moving. I had accomplished the object which had heretofore stimulated me & nature required that I should take that rest of which I had been so long deprived.

The other travelers were in the same situation & we unanimously agreed to descend 2 miles to a house on the American side to spend the night. Our company consisted of Capt. Youngs, Capt. Norris, Doct. Van Hoy, & Doct. Pendergrass whose wife was at the place where we were going, in charge of another gentleman. We arrived at the house & found it filled with people. The building was of logs. The first story forming one room & the second to which ascent was by a ladder contained 3 or 4 beds. I threw myself into one & was instantly in a sound sleep.

I rose this morning entirely cured of my weariness & as I was in view of the river, was in expectation of seeing the boats of the army in motion, in the meantime a large body of troops moved down upon the opposite bank. We soon learned that this detachment was under the command of Genl. Brown & consisted of Infantry, Artillery, Riflemen, & dragoons; perhaps 2000 in number. After waiting until 11 o'clock & no movement of the flotilla taking place, our party, consisting of Doct. Pendergrass & his Lady, Mr. Cleveland of Ogdensburg, Doct. Van Hoy, Capt. Youngs & Capt. Norris went to the boat which was appropriated by Doct. Pendergrass & arrived with 300 boatmen & crossed the river to the Canada side, when we took possession of a tavern & spoke dinner. The country here is pleasant, its surface level & the soil rich & apparently everything had the aspect of an old settlement — that of 50 or 60 years. The houses along upon the roads are numerous but we found them inhabited by women only. All the males had fled the approach of the army or had been embodied in the militia, which we understand was assembled at Cornwall 13 mile farther down the river. At 2 o'clock we heard firing of musketry & a few field pieces in the direction of Cornwall & knew it to be the detachment of Genl. Brown perhaps slightly engaged — immediately after a heavy cannonade took place two miles above us, it was very heavy & we judged that 18 or 20 pieces must have been served.²¹ We repaired to our boat, ascended to the army, but previous to reaching it the firing ceased. We found that the enemy's gunboats had come down for [the] purpose of destroying the boats of the flotilla as they lay upon the shore. This attempt was opposed by our gunboats which with the aid of 18 pdrs placed upon the bank soon compelled a retreat. The enemy were com-

manded by Capt. Mulcaster of the *Royal George*.²² It was near night & the day had been wet & disagreeable & we were told that a movement would take place before tomorrow. The enemy were in sight & our line of battle had been formed the whole afternoon. I also learned that the 3d Artillery was in the van with Genl. Brown & that consequently I could not join the Regt. before the descent of the main body to Cornwall where Brown had dispersed the enemy & cleared the river for the passage of the boats.

Our party, for the sake of accommodations agreed to return to the place where we dined & spent the night, concluding we should be safe from any attack from our vicinity to the army. Our servants & the boatmen were constituted the guard & directed to keep two sentries during the night.

11 Nov. *Crysler's Farm*. This proved an eventful day to all. My curiosity to witness the contest of opposing forces has been gratified, but the termination has been far different from what my sanguine hopes had anticipated. The morning was wet & cold, and we waited in expectation of the appearance of the boats until noon. A detachment of dragoons passed down below. I learned from Lieut. Robinson, the Com'd, that Genl. Brown has succeeded in dispersing the militia at Cornwall without opposition & that he carried his dispatches for the Comdg General. We ate dinner at our tavern when a slight & interrupted fire of musketry was heard from the army above. As it [was?] they long delayed its movement. I became convinced that the enemy was attempting to delay its embarkation by threatening an attack which from the firing I had heard, I thought about to take place. I therefore set out on foot for the scene of action. Most of the party followed. I passed the boats which were still occupied by large detachments & extended for nearly three fourths of a mile across cleared fields & its right protected by a woods. The enemy was formed opposite to it & seemed to occupy the same front. Each consisting of near 1800 men.²³ The country was level but much cut by numerous ravines which entirely obstructed & frustrated the movements of the dragoons.

The action became general through the whole line soon after I came up with it. I was without a command & traversed from the left to the center as a mere spectator — it then occurred to me that I could give no good account of myself should I be wounded, as I had no business there. This reflection induced me to return immediately to the boats when Col. Swift of the Engineers gave me 40 or 50 men whom were collected, having left the field for the purpose of bringing the wounded & directed me to attach myself with them, to the first regiment which I could join.²⁴ I returned to the line & formed upon the left of the 16th Infantry. We now had evidently the advantage as the enemy retired fast & we followed up our success, driving the enemy near a mile & a half from the ground upon which the action commenced. Our fire was slackened, many of the Regts. having exhausted their ammunition & no provision having been made to renew the supply, we were compelled to fall back to the position originally occupied.²⁵ The enemy demonstrated no disposition to pursue.

Toward the end of the action we suffered much from grape shot & shrapnel shells which were dealt out by the enemy in abundance & with much skill. We reformed the line & all expected a renewal of the combat which had already lasted 2 hours & a half — when a most violent rain commenced & the approach of night induced the general to order all to the boats, on gaining which we put off from the shore in the utmost confusion. We had repulsed the enemy in his attack, but still everything was the appearance of a defeat. We had left our killed & many of our wounded on the field of battle together with a piece of artillery which had been disabled & its commander Lieut. Smith, mortally wounded.²⁶ Genl. Covington had fallen & one fourth of the whole force in the action were either killed, wounded, or missing.²⁷

The army fell down the river four miles & after dark landed on the American side in a large meadow surrounded by woods. It had become cold & we made our fires & pulling the hay stacks to pieces lay down for the night, which by the disaster of the day was a gloomy one. I found that my friend Lieut. Pelham had been wounded & was left on the field. Capt. Townsend had lost his leg & was in the hands of the enemy.²⁸

In this affair Brig. Genl. Boyd commanded & its result had no influence upon the termination of the campaign. Yet I am induced to believe that it would have been far different & Genl. B. would have acquired much honor had not some mistakes been committed.²⁹ The lines were too much hurried on coming into action, which caused it to break & produced considerable confusion. No ammunition wagons followed the regiments into the field. There were but four pieces of artillery when we might from the boats have taken 10 or 12. (Note. The enemy had seven). And if 400 or 600 men which might have been unduly spared from the boats had been thrown into the wood upon our right & while the enemy were amused in front by our artillery & musketry, their left might by such a force have been turned — their rear gained — the consequences of which would have been their total defeat & with proper management their whole force captured — because the move would have prevented their escape upon their right & their retreat in the rear cut off by the force by which their right flank was turned.

These are crude ideas & perhaps incorrect, but such as now occur & which as they are intended in this place merrily for myself can injure no one.

November 12th. The army embarked this morning by 7 o'clock. I took passage in the boat with Lieut. Col. Aspinwall.³⁰ I found many friends whom I had not seen for a length of time. We passed the Longue Saut, a rapid in the St. Lawrence of 9 miles. The passage was made in 23 minutes. The water is compressed between shores not five rods in width — this is the channel upon the American side which is divided from that upon the British by a large island. We passed the advance of the army at Cornwall at 11 o'clock. I found my Regt. & was attached by Col. Macomb to Gookin's company, commanded by Lieut. Tracy, who appears much the Gentleman.³¹ Col. Macomb informed me of my promotion to a 2d Lieut.

I this day entered upon my duties in my own Regt. The portion of it now is about 700, altogether better clad & of more martial appearance than any other in the army. We expected to have moved on this afternoon but some matter has been in agitation which has prevailed. A junction with the division under the command of Maj. Genl. Hampton at St. Regis & 20 miles below is talked of.

November 13th. This morning the gallant General Covington expired of his wounds. Our dragoons were crossed last night to the American shore & we were informed in Orders that the expedition against Montreal is abandoned — thro' the insubordinate & unwarrantable conduct of Maj. General Hampton in refusing to cooperate with his division. We accordingly evacuated the Canadian shore, descended the St. Lawrence to the head of Lake Francis & ascended the Salmon River 6 miles to French Mills where we are to canton for the winter.

16th Nov. The funeral of Brig. Genl. Covington has been this day attended. This brave man died as he always lived — a soldier. He was buried with all the honors of war on the eminence upon which stands the blockhouse erected a year since. The place as a tribute to his memory has received the appellation of Mount Covington.³²

The face of the country where we are now located with a prospect of remaining a long time is wild & uninhabited — it will be long ere we shall be under the cover of our huts which we are about to erect. The weather is cold & the ice is forming in the river. Mr. Tracy & myself have made our tent somewhat comfortable by a fireplace & floor. We are situated directly upon the northern line of the U.S. & of course in the 45th in the north latitude.

Nov. 21st. I was yesterday placed on fatigue in command of a party — the details of which specified 72 — but which as delivered to me by the Adjutant amounted to 51 men only. The service in which I was employed was the removal of the ordnance stores from the boats in the creek to the magazine near the blockhouse, half a mile. The service was such that each man had to go separately to it. I found that some of my men had left their duty — I brought back to or three — being all I could find. It was impossible to keep them together if they chose to desert. I did not dismiss my men for dinner & accomplished a great deal of work in the course of the day. Towards night Lt. Col. Eustis of the Light Artillery, who had charge of the ordnance, came up to me as I was with the party & told me that I had suffered my men to leave their work — that it was ruinous & the ammunition would be spoiled, that I was answerable, &c. &c. &c.³³ I calmly replied that I held myself responsible to the proper tribunal on all occasions. He immediately replied that I should be arrested & arrested I am this day upon the frivolous & false charge & specification:

Charge — Neglect of duty.

Specification — Suffering a part of men on fatigue placed under his command at French Mills on the 20th inst. to disperse & leave their duty.

Nov. 28th. I was this day arraigned before a court-martial of which Col. Gaines of the 25th Infy. was president & tried upon the charge exhibited against me by Col. Eustis.³⁴ The prosecutor failed in every particular to establish his charge & my witness proved that I had showed the utmost perseverance & assiduity in executing my duty—it was not even shown that any of my men had left my command. On being asked by the court if I wished for him to make a defense, I replied that to face a charge on such evidence I had no wish to reply.

December 11th. I have been today again called before a court martial to plead anew to the charge of Col. Eustis. It seems the former court at this post by which I was tried was ordered by Brig. Genl. Brown, commanding at this post. Maj. Genl. Wilkinson commanding the district, being at Malone, declared the court illegally constituted & their proceedings void & consequently subjected me to another trial. On being called upon to plead I refused on the ground of having been once tried by a court having complete jurisdiction. The question was then argued at length between the Judge Advocate, Major Lush, & myself & the Court decided that my objections were valid & discharged me. I had in the meantime been told that I was unanimously acquitted by the court which tried me.

The building of our huts has proceeded slowly—want of boards delays their completion. The weather has become very cold here & there is still a prospect that our Regt. will remain in their tents for a fortnight. I have not yet heard from any of my friends since I left them—this neglect, in my present secluded situation is most terribly felt.

Dec. 23rd. The Commander in Chief has issued an order couched in the severest language disapproving of the decision of the late court martial by which I had been discharged from a second trial upon the ground of having been tried by a former court. A new court is formed of which Col. Miller of the 6th Infy. is president & tomorrow I am to be assigned for trial.³⁵

Dec. 23rd. Concluding that the earnest & quickest mode of avoiding the further continuance of my arrest would be to consent to a trial which of course I know would eventuate in my acquittal, I therefore again pleaded not guilty & my trial is over.

Dec. 25th. We have this day got into our quarters. Mr. Tracy & myself are in the same room which is in a rather crude state but hope to live thro' the winter in it. No letters yet.

January 1st. Genl. Brown has had a *ball* last night at his quarters. The Ladies were from the distance of 20 miles & might have amounted, I am told, to twenty. About 3 o'clock this morning I was awakened by an alarm gun & the beat of the long roll. A firing apparently upon picket No. 1 was distinctly heard. The whole army was under arms until morning. The alarm was occasioned by some citizens of the vicinity firing in the *New Year*.

Jan. 3 Genl. Orders has declared me honorably acquitted of the charge of

the honorable Lt. Col. Eustis, by the court martial & my sword is restored to me. Since I have been in quarters my health has been indifferent. The abstraction of the frost on the logs of the hut & the green unseasoned board, which the roof is made, together with the dampness of the clay which intervals between the logs is filled, has rendered the air impure—to which perhaps may be attributed to the unusual sensations which have attended me for the past few days. I rec'd today letters from my friends in Pittsfield. They are the first I have had since I left them.

Litchfield, March 26, 1814. On the 4th of Jany. I was most violently attacked with an intermittent fever which reduced me soon to the lowest ebb. I was confined to my bunk for more than 20 days, unable to move from it. A movement of the army from French Mills was determined on & it became necessary for me to leave the post as soon as possible, although I was extremely weak & in much too feeble a state to undertake a journey. I left them on the 5th of February, previous to which Col. Macomb informed me that he had appointed me paymaster of the Regt. My furlough was to repair to my residence until my health was restored. Col. M. informed me that my papers &c. would be directed to me from Washington to Litchfield, which would enable me to enter immediately on the duties of my office.

Maj. Genl. Wilkinson arrived at the Mills the day I left them & the same day Col. Macomb recv'd notices of his appointment as brigadier. I left French Mills in the afternoon of the 3d inst. in company with Lieut. Sheldon & lodged at the house of Doct. Mann, 9 miles.³⁶ The next day we went 11 miles to Chateauguay Four Corners. The sleighing was good but the weather cold. This exposure to the weather irritated an obstinate cough with which I had been left by fever. On the 7th we took to Plattsburgh, 40 miles. We reached there later, tired & exhausted. I here saw my brother Edmund.³⁷ I stayed with him for the purpose of recruiting strength which had become absolutely necessary. On the 11th I crossed the lake to Burlington. The distance is 24 miles & I was accompanied by Lieut. Sheldon, who took the trouble to procure a sleigh to carry me. I took the stage for Albany, Col. Paulding of Troy was a passenger & I renewed an acquaintance with him which I had formed a year since. On the 12th at evening we arrived in Troy & Col. Paulding would not suffer me to go on to Albany in the stage but insisted on my staying with him. We had traveled in three days 140 miles & I consented to accept of his hospitality. I stayed with Col. P. until the 14th. Went this day to Albany. On the 18th took the stage for Litchfield, where I arrived on the 19th.

My health was now back as to authorize my return to the Regt. which I shall do now [*sic*]. Have yet rec'd no communication from Washington as I expected from my conversation with Gen. Macomb.

March 31st. Yesterday left Litchfield in the stage for the Regiment, stayed in Canaan last night & arrived at 11 tonight in Albany. The weather bad—the roads worse.

April 6th. Arrived in Utica last evening from Albany & found my destination is changed from Sackets Harbor to the Niagara frontier. Genl. Brown with the 9th, 25th, 11th, 21st Regts & 3d Artillery are on their march for Fort Niagara. It is expected that the object is to dispossess the enemy of that post. Capt., Harris & his troop, L. Dragoons march from here tomorrow from Brown's division.³⁸

April 7th. Lennox. The unusual rains of this season of the year have rendered the appearance of the country more unfavorable than at any other period, yet the fertility of the soil on the route from Utica to this place is evident. I passed New Hartford which is 4 miles from Utica this morning. The village appears to have 80 houses & as many shops—from thence to Vernon, the next village is 13 miles, which has perhaps 30 buildings—all new & neat. In this vicinity are the three glass works which are now manufacturing vast quantities of that useful & valuable article—from one of these establishments flint ware of the first quality have been sold the past winter to the amount of 27,000 dollars.

From Vernon the road enters the Indian territory of the Oneida tribe. It is about 12 miles in length & 10 in width & the land well timbered & extremely. It is now partially cultivated by the natives who live in log dwellings & in more comfort than formerly. Their chief is 110 years of age. The characteristics of the tribe are indolence & drunkenness & may be considered the link in the chain of beings which connect humanity with the beasts. From Vernon to here is 12 miles—badness of traveling has prevented our progressing more than 27 miles.

April 10th. On leaving Lennox on the morning of the 8th we passed thro' the village of Sullivan & at 2 in the afternoon reached Onondaga village 21 miles. The western stage here did not arrive until the next morning & we were compelled to stay overnight. On our route we had a view of the Oneida lake, 9 miles on our right & extending a distance east to west of 40 miles. To the west of it lays the Salt Lake, which may be 5 miles in length, on the eastern extremity of which were situated the celebrated Onondaga Salt Works. Four miles before we reached Onondaga village we passed the romantic little settlement of Jamesville. At Onondaga which is the capital of the country of that name, reside the remains of an Indian tribe of that name. They number about 200—50 of whom are warriors. They are temperate & industrious—traits of character remarkable in the Indian as they are so seldom found. They have been within a few years reclaimed from the idle & vicious habits of the Oneidas by a prophet who denounced the wrath of the Great Spirit upon all those who did not immediately abandon the use of distilled liquor & the indulgence of their indolent propensities. It has had the effect of rendering them contented & happy.³⁹

I found here my good friend G. Larned, with whom I had a pleasant evening. We separated in the morning of the 9th. He went to his station at Rome & I finished my journey. Skeneateles is sixteen miles from Onondaga & situ-

ated at the outlet of Lake Skeneateles, it is a beautiful & flourishing village. The lake is 40 miles long [running?] north & south, with a breadth of 6 miles. From this to Auburn is the town of Aurelius in miles 4 from which we stayed at an obscure inn, being prevented from proceeding to Cayuga by the lateness of the night. Cayuga is also in the township of Aurelius & lies at the outlet of its lake, which is parallel with the Seneca & Skeneateles & of the same dimensions. A bridge of a mile in length crosses the lake to the western shore from which, although the weather is disagreeable, we had a fine tour of the village. We now had six horses attached to our carriage & proceeded with greater expedition on our journey. At twelve this day we arrived at Geneva which is well built & apparently in the highest degree thriving. It has 2 churches, many stores & shops & a large number of stately mansion houses. It is built upon the north & western side of the Seneca Lake. It is sixteen miles from Geneva to Canandaigua, which the latter is said to be the rival in hospitality to the former.

The whole route from Utica here—96 miles, is through an extremely fertile country & wants but cultivation to render it the most productive & beautiful in the United States. It produces immense quantities of *plaster*, an article in agriculture becoming of the first importance. The beds now open & most improved are in Sullivan. It is formed near the surface & in inexhaustible quantities. The past winter one individual transported to Albany 800 tons, the whole expense of which was \$16 per ton which brought at that market \$25, leaving him with a profit of more than seven thousand dollars.

Notes

1. James Wilkinson (1757–1825). A modern interpretation of this villain is Linklater, *An Artist in Treason*.
2. Wade Hampton (1754–1835) was previously distinguished in the Revolutionary War as a partisan. See Bridwell, "The South's Wealthiest Planter."
3. For insights into these extreme difficulties, see Risch, *Quartermaster Support for the Army* and Stepler, "A Duty Troublesome Beyond Measure."
4. See Michelle Guitard, *The Militia of the Battle of the Chateauguay: A Social History* (Ottawa: National Historic Parks and Sites Branch, Parks Canada, 1983) and Victor J. Suthren, "The Battle of Chateauguay," *Canadian Historic Sites* 11 (1974): 95–150.
5. See Graves, *Field of Glory*.
6. Ephraim Kirby (1757–1804). See Alan V. Briceland, "Ephraim Kirby: Pioneer of American Law Reporting," *American Journal of Legal History* 16 (1972): 297–319.
7. See Barbuto, "The Third U.S. Artillery."
8. This information is condensed from Metatiah E. Dwight, *The Kirbys of New England* (New York: Trow Print Co., 1898) and Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army*, vol. I, 603.
9. The cause and effect of this discontent is amply covered in Landon, "British Sympathizers in St. Lawrence County during the War of 1812," and Lasky, "David Parish: A European in American Finance, 1806–1816" (Ph.D. dissertation, New York University, 1972).

10. William Henry Harrison (1773–1841). The Federalists were mocking his victory at the Thames, October 5, 1813, in western Ontario, where the British-Indian confederation was totally defeated and the celebrated Shawnee chief Tecumseh slain. See Sandy Antal, *A Wampum Denied: Procter's War of 1812* (Ottawa: Carleton University Press, 1997).

11. John Armstrong (1758–1843). Like Hampton and Wilkinson, Armstrong was another Revolutionary War veteran tarnished by the War of 1812. See Skeen, *John Armstrong, Jr., 1758–1843*.

12. Richard Dennis, 18th U.S. Infantry, seems to have been a less than competent officer. According to one source, "Co. Dennis did more mischief at Sackets Harbor last fall in granting furloughs than five recruiting officers could do in three months." John C. Fredriksen, "The War of 1812 in Northern New York: The Observations of Captain Rufus McIntire," *New York History* 68 (July 1987): 312.

13. Winfield Scott (1786–1866). After Andrew Jackson, Scott is probably the best-known commander from the War of 1812. See Eisenhower, *Agent of Destiny*.

14. Jacob Jennings Brown (1775–1828). Brown, the noted "Fighting Quaker," was a military figure of equal renown to Winfield Scott and Andrew Jackson. See Morris, *The Sword of the Border*.

15. See Wilder, *The Battle of Sackets Harbor, 1813*.

16. Despite Kirby's revulsion for the place, Sackets Harbor was the strategic American naval base in Lake Ontario. See Malcomson, *Lords of the Lake*.

17. George Edward Mitchell (1781–1832), the future hero of Oswego in 1814. For a brief overview of his life see George W. Archer, "George Edward Mitchell."

18. It is fortunate that Kirby avoided the cantonment at Grenadier Island for disease-related deaths were extremely high. One observer noted that "the men, being in want of food, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather, died in great numbers; indeed, one part of the island at this time looked like the burial ground of a populous city." Diary of David Wingfield, 41, National Archives of Canada, Ottawa.

19. Kingston was the British equivalent of Sackets Harbor and a strategic naval base. Stephen D. Mecredy, "Some Aspects of Kingston's Development During the War of 1812," (Unpublished Master's thesis, Queen's University, 1984).

20. Kirby's stay here was precarious as Ogdensburg was notorious for its pro-British stance during the war. No sooner had the British dislodged an American garrison on February 22, 1813, than the inhabitants resumed their cordial relations with Canada. P. S. Garand, *The History of the City of Ogdensburg* (Ogdensburg, NY: Manuel J. Belleville, 1927), 187–197. See also Phifer, *Lifeline: The War of 1812 Along the Upper St. Lawrence River*.

21. For additional details on this skirmish, known subsequently as Hoople's Creek, see Fredriksen, "Rufus McIntire," 308.

22. William Howe Mulcaster, aged thirty-two years, was the skilled second-in-command of British naval forces on Lake Ontario. This skirmish came to be known as the battle of Frenchman's Creek and is amply covered in the manuscript diary of Lieutenant Colonel Robert Carr, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

23. While British strength was around 900, that of the Americans has never been fully ascertained; it was apparently in the neighborhood of 1800. The British reported 22 killed, 148 wounded, and 9 missing. The Americans sustained 102 killed, 237 wounded, and nearly 100 captured.

24. Joseph Gardner Swift (1783–1865) was an influential engineer of the postwar period. His account of Crysler's Farm is in Ellery, ed., *The Memoirs of General Joseph Gardner Swift*.

25. Kirby's claim that ammunition shortages were a factor in the American defeat is substantiated by other accounts. One eyewitness recalled, "The action was fought, on our part, without plan, system, or concert. No points of attack were designated; the line was not correctly formed — there was no reserve, we were long unsupported by artillery & worst of all,

no provision was made for supplying us with ammunition, till too late." John C. Fredriksen, ed., "A Georgia Officer in the War of 1812: The Letters of Colonel William Clay Cumming," *Georgia Historical Quarterly* 71 (1987): 683.

26. William W. Smith was a graduate of West Point, Class of 1812. He died in captivity on December 3, 1812, while at Fort Prescott, Ontario. See "Biographical Notice of Lieutenant W. W. Smith," *Analectic Magazine* 8 (July 1816): 52–54.

27. Leonard Covington (1768–1813). A sketch of this gallant but little-known figure is Wailes, *Memoir of Leonard Covington*.

28. David S. Townsend (1790–1853). Despite his wound, Townsend remained as regimental paymaster until 1821. His papers are in the Manuscript Division, New York Public Library, New York. There are several references to Crysler's Farm.

29. John Parker Boyd (1764–1830). Previously, Boyd had been a soldier of fortune in the Indian army. See Rosner, "John Parker Boyd."

30. Thomas Aspinwall (1784–1876). Aspinwall subsequently served as U.S. consul in London for a record 37 years. Smith, "Memoirs of Colonel Thomas Aspinwall."

31. Alexander Macomb (1782–1841). Macomb is best remembered as one of the victors of Plattsburgh in 1814. Everest, *The Military Career of Alexander Macomb*.

32. A small community arose around this monument. Herbert D. Donovan, *Fort Covington and Their Neighbors* (New York: O'Hare Books, 1963).

33. Abraham Eustis (1756–1843).

34. Edmund Pendleton Gaines (1777–1849). Gaines was breveted major general for his defense of Fort Erie and served many years throughout the southwestern frontier. See Silver, *Edmund Pendleton Gaines, 1777–1849*.

35. James Miller (1776–1854) was the hero of Lundy's Lane (1814) and a future governor of the Arkansas Territory. Cal Ledbetter, "General James Miller: Hawthorne's Hero in Arkansas," *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* 47 (1988): 99–115.

36. James Mann (1759–1832) was a noted medical figure of his day. His War of 1812 experiences are recorded in his *Medical Sketches of the Campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814* (Dedham, MA: H. Mann, 1816).

37. Edmund Kirby (1794–1849). In 1819 Kirby served as an aide-de-camp to General Brown and married his daughter. His papers are in the Young Library, St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York.

38. Samuel Devens Harris (1780–1855) was a talented cavalry commander and became first chief of the Boston Fire Department. See "Service of Samuel D. Harris."

39. Handsome Lake (1735–1815) was a noted Seneca prophet. See Anthony F. Wallace, *The Death and Rebirth of the Seneca* (New York: A.A. Knopf, 1970).