

kind preceptor and friends. About this time the War of 1812 commenced, and he applied for an appointment in the U. S. Army successfully. He was appointed assistant surgeon to the Sixth Infantry, and joined his regiment at Plattsburgh, N.Y., on the 13th of September, 1812. On the 19th of March, 1813, he marched from Plattsburgh with the First Brigade, for Sackett's Harbor, where they arrived on the 27th inst. Here he remained in camp till the 22nd of April, when he embarked with the troops on Lake Ontario. His journal will best tell this portion of his history:

"April 22nd, 1813.—Embarked with Captain Humphreys, Walworth, and Muhlenburg, and companies on board the Schooner *Julia*. The rest of the brigade, and the Second, with Foresith's Rifle Regiment and the Eighth Artillery, on board a ship, brig and schooner—remain in the harbor till next morning.

23rd (11 o'clock a.m.).—Weighs anchor and put out under the impression we were going to Kingston. Got out fifteen or twenty miles—encountered a storm—wind ahead, and the fleet returned to harbor.

"24th (6 o'clock a.m.).—Put out with a fair wind—mild and pleasant—the fleet sailing in fine order.

"26th.—Wind pretty strong—increasing—waves run high, tossing our vessels roughly. At half past four pass the mouth of Niagara river. This circumstance baffles imagination as to where we are going—first impressed with the idea of Kingston—then to Niagara—but now our destination must be 'Little York.' At sunset came in view of York Town and the Fort, where we lay off some three or four leagues for the night.

"27th.—Sailed into harbor and came to anchor a little below the British garrison. Filled the boats and effected a landing, though not without difficulty and the loss of some men. The British marched their troops down the beach to cut us off at landing, and, though they had every advantage, they could not effect their design. A hot engagement ensued, in which the enemy lost nearly a third of their men and were soon compelled to quit the field, leaving their dead and wounded strewn in every direction. They retired to the garrison, but from the loss sustained in the engagement, the undaunted courage of our men, and the brisk firing from our fleet, with the 12 and 32 pounders, they were soon obliged to evacuate it and retreat with all possible speed. Driven to this alternative, they devised the inhuman project of blowing up their magazine, containing 300 pounds of powder, the explosion of which had well-nigh destroyed our army. Over 300 were wounded and about 60 killed on the spot by stones of all dimensions falling, like a shower of hail, in the