

an extra ration of grog to the men. "No," was the reply—"My men shall go cool into action, excited by no stimulus, except their native valor."

"On the 11th September, after the British column, which crossed the Saranac, had broken, and the men were making the best of their way back—Hazen Mooers and Mr. Brooks and Stafford, pursued a party of the enemy's light troops, double their number, for nearly two miles, keeping up a constant fire upon them, which they returned occasionally. At length the British party hesitated about the course they were pursuing, and our men told them they were lost and called upon them to surrender, which they consented to, after obtaining a pledge from the militiamen that they should be well treated. Scarcely had the captors made their disposition for bringing in their prize, when two other British soldiers came back and commenced a fire on them, reproaching their comrades for having, five of them completely equipped, surrendered to three militia riflemen. With five prisoners in custody, who might attempt to retake themselves, encumbered with the equipment of their captives, and no aid within reach, our riflemen were eager only to get off with the prisoners; but the soldiers were so obstinate in the pursuit, finding no resistance, that Mr. Stafford concealed himself and waited their near approach, when he gave one of the soldiers a deadly shot, and the other relinquished the pursuit.

The prisoners, a corporal and four men, were brought in to General Mooers."

"On the same day, a few of our militia, conducted by Captain Aiken, of Essex county, overtook a party who had Major Skinner, whom they had made prisoner—the party attempted to ford the river. When about half way across, the men who held the major were shot down by his side—one of them held so fast to his sleeve as to tear off the cuff of his coat, and the current took them down the stream. Maj-