

WRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER I.

Left Sackets Harbor—Landed at Windmill Point (near Prescott)—Battle of Prescott—Death of Charles West, Nelson Butterfield, and Charles E. Brown—Unkindness of the cowards—Our surrender—Lives saved by the 83rd Regiment—Route from Prescott to Fort Henry.

On the evening of the 10th of November 1833, we left Sackets Harbor, about four hundred in number, on board the steamboat "United States," and proceeded down the river. A Mr. Pendigrasse, (one of the officious emissaries of Canada,) told us that the Upper Province could be taken without the discharge of a gun, and that thousands of the people of the frontier were ready, and would join us as soon as the standard of liberty had been raised upon her shackled soil. Twenty-four hours was all he wished to raise one thousand fighting men, who were willing to yield up their lives in defence of that glorious principle, that "*all men are born free and equal.*" Our leaders proved themselves utterly unequal to the task of directing or guiding the men under their control, and it is a startling fact, that previous to our leaving the Harbor, they knew not where we were to land, or to what particular point we were bound. This inability on their part produced confusion; and ultimately resulted in the ruin of those whose confidence had been won, and whose sympathy for the Canadians had been elicited by the falsehoods of emissaries from secret lodges, &c., and were thus led to volunteer their efforts to achieve the emancipation of an oppressed people, under the guidance of men who lacked both the energy and *common sense* necessary for success. But I then thought, with the rest of my verdant friends and comrades, that our first dispatch would have been like the great Roman's, "*Veni, vidi, vici,*" and not until the open desertion of our cause by that trinity of cowards, Birge, King and Estis, together with Bill Johnson, and their followers;—and the bloody days of the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th of November, and the hospital of Kingston, and the dark prison of Fort Henry, were we all brought to our senses. The flag under which we were to fight was now displayed for the first time; it bore upon its face the device of an eagle and twin stars upon a ground of blue; all hailed it with cheers. (I have since seen the same standard as a trophy of victory in the Armory of the Tower of London. Being a Yankee, I took the liberty of

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