

**A History or Narrative  
of Soldiery in Vermont and Canada**

by Zephaniah Shepardson, 1826

MS B Sh47

Transcribed and edited by Charles H. Butterfield, 2000  
from a photocopy loaned by P. Wayne Canady, 1976

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1. Page

By request.

It is with great pleasure and satisfaction that I have this opportunity to inform or give a short narrative of my soldier life or campaign in Canada, 1776. Now I shall write in my own dialect, not being learnt as to grammatical rules.

N.B. First: I was in my twenty-first year of age<sup>1</sup> when I enlisted into the military service for pride, indolence, ambition or for the defence of my country; perhaps it was for the latter, as I think it was. So I write. About the last of February I was enlisted by Ens. [Ensign] Aaron Smith<sup>2</sup> of Chesterfield in New Hampshire in Capt. Carlisle's<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Z.S. born Attleboro, Massachusetts, March 21, 1755.

<sup>2</sup> Smith ( ), was a native of Chesterfield(?). He was ill with smallpox at Cedars and later received a pension for disabilities he attributed to that illness. (See pension file at NH State Archives, Concord.) The rank of ensign was the lowest ranked commissioned officer.

<sup>3</sup> Daniel Carlisle (1738-1794) was a resident of Westmoreland, NH. He served as one of eight captains in Colonel Timothy Bedel's NH regiment. There were 45 men in his company, mostly from Westmoreland and Chesterfield, N. H. In August, 1776, Carlisle had an altercation with Lt. Col. Wait, then in command of the regiment, who had struck Carlisle with his sword. Carlisle drew a pistol and attempted to shoot the colonel, but he was prevented by other officers present. For this action Carlisle was tried by court-martial and cashiered (dismissed) from the army. (See Force, Ser. 5, Vol. 1, p. 1124.) The others captains in the regiment were Jason Wait of Alstead (later of Westmoreland), Joseph Estabrook of Hollis, Daniel Wilkins of Amherst, Ebenezer Green of Lyme, James Osgood of Conway, Edward Everett of Rumney and Samuel Young of Lisbon. (See NHSP Vol. 30, pp. 291-292.) The rolls of these companies appear in NHSP, Vol. 14, pp. 262-286.

company in Col. Beadle's [Bedel's] ranging regiment<sup>4</sup> of regulars as continental soldiers of the New Hampshire line. About the tenth or twelfth of March, Edmond Fisher and I was called on to commence our soldier[s'] journey to Canada and marched from thence to Number four, so then called, now Charleston, where we tarried six or eight days and passed muster and continued our march from thence\* (it being the twenty first day of March on my birth age 21 years). This is to be remembered by me [there follows a short passage scribbled out in the original but where we can still decipher "free born sons of American liberty July 4th 1776."]<sup>5</sup> Thence we marched through the Otter Creek country [one or two illegible and crossed-out words] without any besetment in that long, dreary woods by the Indians. We soldiers came to Ticonderoga safe and sound in body and mind where we continued eight or ten days for the lake [ice] to break up.

Brought from page first. Edmond Fisher, Jr. and I was called on to march to Ens. Smith's. There my young Guilford mate was sick all night with the mumps, as he thought it was, but marched on the next day with us to Number Four and passed muster. From thence to Otter Creek. There I left my friend and mate who was not able to travel any further. Sick. From thence as is stated. So I never see my Guilford mate again. He died there at Otter Creek.<sup>6</sup>

\*Major John Shepardson with his men to [at] work on the military road at Otter Creek woods.<sup>7</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> Z.S.'s phonetic spelling of Bedel's name is consistent with many other references to this officer, leading to the speculation that the name was not pronounced as it is properly spelled. Timothy Bedel (1736-1787) of Haverhill, NH, was named commander of a NH regiment formed at the request of George Washington to provide reinforcement in the Canadian campaign. The regiment was created January 20, 1776, by the NH legislature. (see NHSP, Vol. 8, p. 45.) Bedel had seen action in the French and Indian War, and he had led a New Hampshire regiment that joined General Richard Montgomery in the initial invasion of Canada in November, 1775.

<sup>5</sup> Z.S. is apparently recalling and paying tribute to American independence in this illegible passage. He is writing fifty years after the fact.

<sup>6</sup> Just where Fisher died is in doubt, but the Old Crown Point Road Z.S. was traveling ran near Otter Creek in present-day towns of Clarendon, Rutland and Brandon. This paragraph appears on page 42 of the manuscript and bears the notation, "Brought from page first." Uncharacteristically, Z.S. did not indicate where the paragraph should be inserted, but he obviously intended it to be part of page one. (See editor's explanation in the Introduction regarding inserted material.)

<sup>7</sup> Z.S. indicated by his insertion sign that this reference to Maj. John Shepardson should be placed just before he mentions his birth year, but as it interrupts the flow of the narrative, the editor has placed it at

2.P up. And continued our march on the ice down to Crown Point fifteen miles where we tarried perhaps 10 or 12 days for the ice of Lake Champlain to break up so that we could pass by boating to Canada 100 miles or more by water. See, about the twentieth [of] April,<sup>8</sup> in the night, came a heavy southerly wind that break all said ice up, so it all disappeared to us in the morning. Then we took our boats or battows [bateaux]<sup>9</sup> and sat sail from thence down the lake until night overtook us, where we encamped on a certain island or point of land where we struck up a fire or fires to melt the snow away to cook our victuals and find where our beds was. But I found a snow bank for my bed with my blanket. From thence we sailed or rowed until towards night when there came down a violent storm of wind and rain so that we were in danger of being cast away, having poor old boats or battows and no shelter from the storm. So fierce was the wind that we were obliged to take down our small sails and [we] shipped our oars and had to bail water out [of our] boats lest [lest] we should sink with 6 or 8 soldiers in said boat. There appeared to be 10 or 12 boats and as many men in each boat.<sup>10</sup>

Notwithstanding, we was drove by the fierce wind to a certain point of land with rocks and with a small creek in it or between the shore and it. Rocks or boats not much of a shelter from the violences of the waves. But we all landed safe, altho it was [a] dark, gloomy and a rainy night. Yet we struck up fires in that woods and made us green

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the bottom of page one where it appears in the original. The Old Crown Point Road was constructed, 1759-1760, following hostilities in the French and Indian War, from Crown Point to Wentworth's Landing, just north of Charlestown, N.H., a total distance of 77 miles. It served as an important route to Fort Ticonderoga during the Revolution, and as such it was repaired and in some places re-routed by the army. (See Brown, p. 191. Also see HISTORICAL MARKERS ON THE CROWN POINT ROAD, VERMONT'S FIRST ROAD, CROWN POINT ROAD ASSOCIATION, 1992) Major Shepardson may have been in charge of a road work detachment. Elsewhere, manuscript p. 20, Z.S. makes reference to an uncle (unnamed) who was at that time (summer, 1776) then in the vicinity of Addison, Vermont (the Old Crown Point Road went through Addison). This uncle was probably Major John Shepardson, a prominent citizen of Guilford (see GTH, pp. 37, 43).

<sup>8</sup> Col. Moses Hazen, in temporary command of the American-held Montreal, in a letter dated April 20, stated that part of Bedel's regiment had just arrived at St. Jean. (See Cruikshank, p. 146.) If Z.S.'s date is correct, his company was more than 100 miles behind the rest of the regiment.

<sup>9</sup> A long, light, flat-bottomed boat with a sharply pointed bow and stern, used especially in Canada and the northeast U.S. Z.S.'s spelling corresponds well with the French pronunciation of the word.

buildings for that night. The materials for our dwelling houses was called savan, a green bush.<sup>11</sup> From thence we sailed to St. John's foart [fort]<sup>12</sup> where we saw the ruins of that great stone and lime fort<sup>13</sup> which was taken the year before by our American troops. From thence we marched to Capperory or Cepreot twelve miles, so called.<sup>14</sup>

3 P called. April 27, 17.76. where we tarried six or eight days over against Montreal which was 9 miles across the river St. Lorraine [Lawrence], at the head of navigation 170 miles above Quebec.<sup>15</sup> But we marched up said river on the south side above the falls where we crossed it, near to an Indian village Connasadoga.<sup>16</sup> From thence up on the north side of the river and past 2 or 3 French villages and continued our march to foart Ann which contained one wood and stone foart house walled in on the north sides opposite of the river.<sup>17</sup> There we tarried a few days and from thence [marched] south nine miles across said river or great bay or bend in said river

Brought from p. 3<sup>d</sup>. We crossed the river from Fort Ann south nine miles. Yet we was on the same side of the river as when at Fort Ann. This seems to be a kind of paradox. I have not learnt that mystery as yet by any map or other ways, but I think

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<sup>10</sup> Z.S. saw only his own company on the water. Capt. Carlisle had 69 men in his company when he left Charlestown. (See NHSP, Vol. 14, pp. 263-264.) Bedel's regiment numbered about 800 men total.

<sup>11</sup> Savin (*Juniperus sabina*) is a Eurasian evergreen shrub. French settlers may have given a local juniper the name based on its resemblance to the European plant they had known.

<sup>12</sup> The fortress at St. Johns (St. Jean) on the Richelieu River, about 20 miles into Canada, had been raided and abandoned by Maj. Benedict Arnold in May, 1775. It was afterwards resupplied by the British and presented serious resistance to Gen. Richard Montgomery's invasion of Canada in the fall of 1775. However, Montgomery was able to subdue the British and retake the fortress for the Americans.

<sup>13</sup> Z.S.'s frequent spelling of fort as "foart" suggests he pronounced the word as if it had two syllables. One stills hears "fo-aht" in the New England dialect.

<sup>14</sup>?? Perhaps a village on the road running from St. Johns to La Prarie. (See map.)

<sup>15</sup> Above Montreal steep rapids made navigation by large vessles impossible. These rapids were surrmounted by locks in the St. Lawrence Seaway project of the 1950s.

<sup>16</sup> Z.S. may be confused. Connasadogha is far to the northwest of his location and he could not come near to the village without first crossing the St. Lawrence. Possibly Z.S. marched to the Iroquois village of Cachenouaga (Caughnawaga/Kahnawake). The Indians there were friendly to the colonials, having sent some of their young men to Dartmouth, the "Indian School." A river crossing there would comply with the narration. See note 26 below. (See map.)

<sup>17</sup> Perhaps the wood/stone structure was built into the defensive wall on the side away from the river. It is not clear why Z.S. makes "north sides" plural.

there is a great bend or basin in the river, like that of a small lake with islands in it, or that there was some other river from the west that came into that pond or lake.<sup>18</sup>

in batoos [bateaux] and passed a number of islands until we got to shore to a place inhabited by French and Indians called Fifteen Dogs near to Connasadoga [Conosadaga].<sup>19</sup> From thence three miles to the Seders [Cedars] against the rapids, falls, rocks thence across the river St. Lorrence [Lawrence].<sup>20</sup> Here is a point of land on which we made our stay. Our army consisted of 365<sup>21</sup> men only, not very well disciplined, being young in the military art. Major Butterfield of Westmoreland<sup>22</sup>, being the present commander when Col. Bedle [Bedel] was absent. He [Bedel] was at Cognwogna [Cachenouaga/Caughnawaga, now Kahnawake] at that time (as is said) in order to make peace with that tribe or to impede or hinder them from raising the tomehack [tomahawk] or scalping knife against us.<sup>23</sup>

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<sup>18</sup> Isle Perrot, or any number of islands in the river at the level of St. Anne may have confused Z.S. (see map). This passage is from manuscript p. 42 and inserted here in accordance with Z.S.'s editing.

<sup>19</sup> Fifteen Dogs (Quinz Chiens) is now Vaudreuil. It is across the Lake of Two Mountains from Conosadoga. CHECK THIS ON MODERN MAP OF CANADA

<sup>20</sup> Rock outcroppings that extended across the river created dangerous rapids at the level of Cedars between Lake St. Louis and Lake St. Francis. (Labeled "Rapide du Coteau des Cedres" on 1776 map.) The colonists' gun placements at this site were intended to control traffic on the river as it would be necessary for the enemy on its way to Montreal from the west to portage around the rapids through the village at Cedars. (See Introduction.) "Thence," in Z.S.'s construction, is not intended to mean that he crossed the river here (he was already on the Cedars side), rather that the "rapids, falls, rocks" extended across. Locks of the St. Lawrence Seaway now lift oceangoing vessels 41 feet between Lake St. Louis and Lake St. Francis.

<sup>21</sup> Major Butterfield had 210 men from Col. Timothy Bedel's New Hampshire regiment and 157 men from Col. Charles Burrall's Connecticut regiment in his command at the time of the surrender at The Cedars. (See Force, Ser. 5, Vol 1, columns 167-169.)

<sup>22</sup> Isaac Butterfield (1742-1801) was a taverner and active citizen of Westmoreland, N.H., settling there from Westford, Mass., about 1764. He married Hannah Chamberlain of Westmoreland about 1765. They raised eight children. Butterfield was a major in the 13th Regiment of N.H. militia in addition to holding his commission in Bedel's N. H. Regiment. Though he was described by one of the men in his company as a "pleasant, good, kind man who made a fine officer," he was court-martialed and dismissed from the army for surrendering to the enemy. Twenty-five years later he died at home as a result of being kicked by a horse. (See Butterfield.)

<sup>23</sup> The Caughnawaga were descended from the Iroquois, but were separated from the Six Nation Indians. They were maintaining a neutral stance in the "white brothers' war." These were the Indians that were formerly allied with the French and had raided New England repeatedly in the French and Indian Wars. Some of their white captives had adopted the Caughnawaga lifestyle and remained voluntarily in Canada, thus creating for the Caughnawaga a bond with New England which they had no desire to break. Still, they were threatened by the Iroquois now allied with the British and one of Col. Bedel's assignments was to induce the Caughnawagas to join the patriots' cause. Z.S. did not fully understand the relationship

And so we continued to fortify. But moderately, like a company of sports men at play -- ball, etc. But we had men of good breeding, especially Capt. Daniel Wilkins and his company with two or three of his brothers.<sup>24</sup> Capt. W. was a gross<sup>25</sup> man, a minister's son of good education and learning, but ignorant as to the art and policy of war. So with other officers, too. Here was no vicious acts or evil. [There was] rarely to be heard anyone swearing or quarreling or drinking to excess. We continued fortifying and scouting for about one month.

-----[Z.S.'s line drawn across p. 3]

Here I would take liberty to digress from the subject part of my history. N.B. On a certain Sunday I attended a funeral of [a] French woman at the mask [mass] or meeting house.

4 p house. Within our entrenchment -- one grist mill, four or five houses and [the] mass house. The corpse was carried into the said house and placed on a kind of form in the broad alley with 10 large candles burning around the coffin with 16 more in a large sconce about 12 or 15 feet high. While the church bell was tolling then came the priest from the altar with water and sprinkled the corpse. Then [he] returned to the altar and took a fire ball of incense, came to the corpse with the ball of fire with it suspended by a fine small chain and waved it with acoricy [accuracy] between the candle sticks all round the coffin. When this was done, then he shet [shut] the fire ball and the smoke disappeared, and he returned to the altar and took a number of small bells to rattle round the coffin, and returned to the altar and took now and [then] a glass of holy water. But it might be some pleasant wine or ardent spirits against his suffocating in his smokey service. Now addition of prayers was doubled while the priest kneeled, two

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of the New Englanders and the Caughnawaga, apparently, as these Native Americans were not the threat to the colonials that he implies. (See Calloway, p. 35.)

<sup>24</sup> Daniel Wilkins (? - 1776) was the son of Rev. Daniel Wilkins, first minister to serve Amherst, N. H. When Captain Wilkins died July 8 of smallpox at Chimney Point, Vt. (then N.Y.), he was survived by his wife Tabitha (nee Weston) and three children. (See Bayley, p. 40. Also see Secomb, p. 832.)  
SECOMB, DANIEL F.. HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF AMHERST, HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY, NEW HAMPSHIRE, CONCORD, N.H., PRINTED BY EVANS, SLEEPER & WOODBURY, 1883.

monk waiters to hold the tail of the priest's long black cloak up while he kneeled down. (I cannot enumerate these ceremonies which I see the churchmen have some of them here.) After this the old crafty priest, the demi-God,<sup>26</sup> went into the altar and took off his purgatory cloak and put on a curious white robe. Likewise his two bishops or waiter monks came out of the altar with the countenance of joy intionating [intensioning?] that they had lighted and prayed this old matron out of purgatory. That moment the candles was put out and the bells ceased tolling, and the mourning [mouners?] shouted, rejoicing with singing etc. The implication is this: This woman is said to be lited [lighted or lifted?] out of purgatory by the cunning, crafty priest. This deception is not known where these people are educated so, being taught so<sup>27</sup> [as] loyal subjects of Britain. N.B. All the professors<sup>28</sup> of the Papal church are very superstitious in their creed and ceremonies, which are many, similar to the church of England. In essence, power and authority the same, except [for] a few nonessentials. Professors of this Catholic church, French and Indians, would shake hands with us, Indians saluting us by saying, ["Sago, Sago,"] while the other hand was apilfering our pockets. There was a font set at the door in the house on a pillar or post so that professors, black, white or red, would dip a finger in the holy water (as they call it) and make the sign of the cross on their foreheads as the Episcopal priests do when they sprinkle an infant and made the sign of the cross on the forehead.

5 p so. Secondly, the spectators sang and rejoiced, then went in to [the] church yard and carried the corpse to its place of deposit or grave where the priest made a prayer, all kneeling down. All arose and each took an handful of dirt and sprinkled [it] in the grave, and then the priest dismissed them all. These ceremonies was similar to the chuchmen's service, in substance the same [ceremonial procedures], too many to number at this time. About one day I spent in seeing the deceptive crafty priest with his cunning art, presuming this woman was in purgatory and that he was able to pray and

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<sup>25</sup> Stout.

<sup>26</sup> "The demi-God" is inserted here from the bottom of manuscript page 4, following Z.S.'s indication.

<sup>27</sup> Here Z.S. entered "continued to p. 33," and on p. 33, "brought from p. 4." The remainder of the paragraph contains the material inserted from p. 33 in the manuscript.

<sup>28</sup> Professors = those who profess their faith in Catholicism.

take her out, but not without a compensation as [of] money. There we see the head and horns of the Romish beast, in part, whose power and authority is the same as that of the Episcopal church etc.<sup>29</sup>

-----[Z.S.'s line]

Now I return to my old veteran[’s] story. About this time we began to be in want of provision[s] and our enemy knew it as well as we did for the Tories informed the British of our circumstances, and our officers suffered strangers to come into camp. Two Indians, appeared to be friends, came in and viewed everything in our store and magazines. And they were speechless, did not understand Yanky. But afterwards we found them to be British spies, soldiers that had blacked and painted themselves Indian fashion [fashion]. Further, British policy in letting our troops [take] their magazine of powder at Lachine. The British knew it was condemned and good for little or nothing, no strength in it, but our officers thought they took a prize.<sup>30</sup> Here’s another advantage we gave the British: Some of our company stacked their arms as raddy [ready] to march for we had but a small allowance of provision as we were nearly in a state of starvation.<sup>31</sup>

N.B. I return.<sup>32</sup> Before this happened a party [of] 20 men was detached to scout out about twenty miles round and tarried at one French house 5 or 6 nights. While I was there, six soldiers with myself went up the river further to see what we could and

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<sup>29</sup> Following the final line containing “Episcopal church, etc.,” Z.S. drew a line across the page. Immediately below the line the single word “Month” appears. Though the word is legible, it does not appear to have any relevance to the foregoing subject or the topic that follows it. The editor has omitted it.

<sup>30</sup> Fort Lachine lay directly across the St. Lawrence from the Indian Village of the Caughnawagas. (See map.) If the colonials stole powder from this fort, then the troops must have crossed the river at this point, adding strength to the suspicion that Z.S. was confused about the point of crossing. See note 15 above.

<sup>31</sup> From “Here’s” to the end of the paragraph is inserted from the bottom of manuscript page 6, following Z.S.’s indicated editing.

<sup>32</sup> At the very beginning of his page 6, Z.S. indicates that the narrative should continue at page 7 (see note 34 below), but nowhere does he indicate where the remainder of page 6 should appear in his story. It is clear that the activities he describes on his page 6 took place prior to the Indian attack described on his page 7, so the editor has chosen to enter the contents of manuscript page 6 here. It may be, judging from his “I return” and his making reference to the “above stated killed and wounded,” that Z.S. left his page 6 blank and filled it in after he described the initial Indian attack which appears principally on his p. 7.



patrolled the woods to the Lake St. Francis. Four of my mates sat down to play while I with one more went up the river further still to Lake St. [illegible, possible Lawrence] where we behold a boat or canoe of Indians coming towards us. We ran back to our mates [and] from thence to our 20 men at the French house. We informed them of what we see but it appeared to them as idle tales until afterwards as [the] above stated killed and wounded. At another time, at midnight or after, 20 men was called out at 5 minute's warning to march to a certain French store in order to take and secure a number of bushels of wheat. While we was marching we had to cross a long bridge where the Capt., Esterbrook<sup>33</sup>, ordered us to march in an Indian file across said bridge with all the noise we could make running across said bridge. So we did, and by this policy we scared the Indians off that lay in ambush at the end of the bridge. So of course we secured the wheat and returned to our camp unhurt. N.B. At another time we sent a party of men to secure a little provision and ammunition coming up the river and saved it all well without being molested by the enemy. At another time a small party of our men was attacked by a number of Indians who fired on our men -- 1 wounded, 2 taken. [This concludes page six of the manuscript.]

May ye 18. Saturday morning this surprising news of the Indians who came to a French house without [outside] our entrenchment where 4 or 5 of our soldiers lodged

6 p. lodged. and fired on them. Killed one, wounded two and scalped one man soldier, took two scalps off his head. And the Indians fled into the woods.

7 p So<sup>34</sup> of course we continued fortifying moderately untill about May the twentieth<sup>35</sup> when we behold Indians coming skipping and running out of the woods about half a mile from our camp, war like with all their weapons for war. Every time they

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<sup>33</sup> Joseph Estabrook was from Hollis, NH. (NHSP, Vol. 30, p. 291-291.) A Joseph Estabrook appears on the "West Side" tax list in Hollis, January, 1775 (he was assessed 2 shillings, 3 pence), but despite lengthy discussion of Hollis men serving in the Revolution, the town history makes no other mention of Estabrook. (See HISTORY OF HOLLIS -- GET CITATION) Perhaps he had moved from that town prior to 1776 and recruited his company elsewhere.

<sup>34</sup> Z.S., by means of his insertion sign and a dotted line, clearly indicates that the narrative should continue at the top of page 7. I have followed Z.S.'s direction as well as the flow of the narrative.

ran across the level field they came nearer, running back and forth oblique. The enemy appeared about 12 o'clock. Then appeared the British troops, also Capt. Foster [Forster] at the head of these and of their Indian allies too, with all the horrors of war. Yet the British was secreted behind old log houses and barns, while the savages was in the open field, nothing but a sort of wild grass to secrete or hide them from us in the field of battle. Capt. Wilkins rushed out over the breastwork without orders with a small party of men and burnt away some log buildings to discover [uncover] the British that wore [were] behind those buildings. About one o'clock the enemy drew near and began to fire upon us, and directly we opened a fire on them and the fire became general on all sides. Yet but little done as yet for there was not an Indian to be seen fairly for when they fired they'd dart from their smoke to the right or left in the grass or weeds. Still they were secreted while the Red coats wore [were] behind an old log building. Our artillery was opened and played upon them to no purpose. One of our brass 6 pounder[s] was reduced to a 4 pounder when we took it by storm at St. Johns fort of [the] British at the lower end of Lake Camplain [the] year before.

8 p before. So the artillery men could not hit an old barn 40 or 50 rods off. It would throw the ball about 3 rods to the right every time. So I concluded the young men was no gunners at that time, or frited [frightened]. So the enemy continued in and behind said barn until we burnt it, being covered with straw. The other 4 pounder was placed at another quarter on the same point of land where our entrenchment was, or ought to be with 5000 men or none.<sup>36</sup> For want of soldiers we could not man out this

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<sup>35</sup> Major Butterfield surrendered the fort to the British on May 19, so Z.S. is off by at least a day.

<sup>36</sup> Z.S. consistently refers to the construction at The Cedars as an entrenchment. It is likely that the men dug deep trenches, perhaps eight or ten feet deep along the perimeter of the fort, piling all the dirt on the inside to make walls as high as the ditches were deep. The long piles of earth may have been squared off on the inner surface, the dirt held in place by bundles of sticks (fascines) stacked to keep the dirt from falling into the fort's interior. A step of hewn logs or dirt running along the inside of the wall allowed the men to stand high enough to see out and to fire their weapons. The dirt walls were called the breastwork, though often a breastwork stood no higher than a man's chest, thus its name. (See Peterson, p.170.) Parts of the fort's enclosure were constructed of logs standing upright in the ground (pickets). The only official description of the fort at The Cedars states that the troops "had there formed some works of defense, the greater part of them picketed lines, the rest a breastwork of earth, with two field pieces mounted." (See Force, 5th Ser., Vol 1, p.1571.)

Z.S. is here alluding to the fact that the entrenchment was not complete when the attacking Indians and British appeared, and that the fort was far too large for the 365 men stationed there to effectively man out.

intended trench across the point. For the want of men, money and stores -- and good powder which we had not -- yet with all these embarassments we still continued the fire until night. Then the enemy redoubled their fire on hearing our soldiers to [at] work [illegible wod] digging a trench in the ground all night while some were afiring. And the enemy, too [ was firing], in order to impede and hender [hinder] us from our works. Yet we worked like brave boys without victuals, drink or lodgings for myself, tho some few went back to our barracks towards the falls fifteen or twenty rods to take some refreshment in the morning. We continued our fire till 10 o'clock, then the British sent in a flag of truce to see if we would resign up our garrison, but our officers denied them. So they returned back to their camp. We took our arms again and kept up the fire on all sides and continued firing till half past 10 o'clock . The said flag comes into our camp again.

9 p. Then we could see Indians in aplenty with their bloody weapons of cruelty, holding them up to appear like fierce, hungry bulldogs and to make a great and mighty appearance on parade. But there was no agreement between our officers, and [the] British returned. Then the Indians disappeared, secreted themselves in the grass or small brakes like black snakes on their belly. So we continued our fire at the Indian ground, grass or brakes. Yet one Indian Chief on his belly crept out unperceived till he came to the left wing of our entrenchment by the side of the river in order, perhaps, to sweep the trench of some of our men. But my En[sign] Smith happened to see him while the Indian had his eye on another Smith. Shot him dead on the spot who was buried under arms by the British.<sup>37</sup>

So we continued firing on both sides. Some of our men had rather risk the noise of the enemy than to risk the noise of their great guts at war with their little intestines.<sup>38</sup>

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Col. Bedel, on visiting the site, told his civilian guide that the fort would require two regiments to fully occupy and noted that there was only half of one regiment assigned. (See Bayley, p. 33)

<sup>37</sup> Ensign Smith shot the Indian who was then buried with military honors by the British.

<sup>38</sup> Z.S. disparages the men who left their posts in order to obtain food.

One of whom was Mr. Bacon<sup>39</sup> who run towards the barracks to take some refreshments. On his return, running towards his laram [alarm] post, a musket ball met against his head that knocked him down. He sprang up and run crying out, ["I'm a dead man, dead man.[" This was fun alive for a dead man to run. I must confess I never see a dead man run before now. The ball struck a large button on his cocked up had and drove the button eye through two thicknesses into his skin towards his skull. So the button saved his bacon.

10 p. So<sup>40</sup> the bank of the breastwork sav[ed] my bacon [when] I caught the ball after it struck the back instead of striking my head and it roalled [rolled] into the trench at my feet.<sup>41</sup> I immediately sent it back from whence it came. So we continued firing until 7 at night. Then the British drew off from our breastwork that night, but the Indians kept up a scatter[ed] fire all night. Stop. Stop.<sup>42</sup> That night we lay on our arms. Before night the British sent in another flag of truce to see if our officers would agree to resign up our garrison, men and arms. [The] British flag officer said, [" Unless you resign up all, we shall take you all, for we have on hand and command 3 batteries -- one up the river and one down the river and one west in front of your works. As you see, all three [are] ready to open and play upon you and your works.[" (Thus [the] flag officer saith.) We did not agree on their terms, yet we beheld the appearance of three batteries where the enemy would collect and work and draw logs and placed them as a substitute for cannon. The deception we could not find out [or] discover for

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<sup>39</sup> Nathaniel Bacon (c. 1727 - 1823), a weaver in Chesterfield, N.H., served as fifer in the Cedars detachment. He was in Carlisle's company with Shepardson. Z.S.uses "Mr.," perhaps, because in 1776 Bacon would have been nearly 50 years old, more than twice Z.S.'s age. (See NHSP Vol. 14, p. 264. Also see Randall, Hist. of Chesterfield, p. 220.)

<sup>40</sup> Inexplicably, Z.S. states at the top of his page 10, "continued to p. 38." On page 38 of the manuscript he gives his opinion regarding American political strength which has nothing to do with the engagement he is describing. The editor has opted , in the interest of narrative flow, not to bring the political statement forward but to let it stand where it appears in the manuscript. (See p.35.)

<sup>41</sup> Instead of standing behind the earthen wall firing his weapon, Z.S. was in the trench on the outside of the enclosure.

<sup>42</sup> Z.S. is here apparently dramatizing his reaction to the night fighting.

the want of a spyglass to view their pretended batteries. Those deceptive figures terrified the our<sup>43</sup> chief commander, Majr. Butterfield

11 P Butterfield. very much.

The British has cut off all communications from or to us. Neither would [they] suffer the French or any other[s] to visit or see us, only at a great distance. Yet the British suffered the French men, women and children to go up a certain high piece of ground to see how the battle went on. There appeared a very great host of Frenchmen in the front in order to assist the enemy if they stand in need of them. This is another scarecrow of the British policy. For we know the Canadian French too well as to believe the British in that deception. For I know those French people to be friends to the Americans. They were kind, benevolent and friendly to me and my mates, for we was with them a number of weeks traveling through that part of Canada. They often say boon [bon?] to the Bostonies, no boon to the servish [?] and king's men. So they would let us sleep in their houses and have anything for our cookery, or even help and cook for us.<sup>44</sup>

May 21.<sup>45</sup> Then began the fire again in the morning and continued till 12 of the clock. Then [the British] sent out a flag of truce again to us. Nine officers<sup>46</sup> agreed to resign our garrison and men up to the British as prisoners of war, not to be plundered but to deliver our arms only to the British. Then appeared to be a schism or division among the officers as to the terms of capitulation.

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<sup>43</sup> Z.S.'s use of the less personal "the" and the more intimate "our" in naming Major Butterfield may indicate ambivalent feelings toward the commander. Z.S. did not cross out either word. He later approved replacing Butterfield with Daniel Wilkins.

<sup>44</sup> For more of Z.S. fond recollections of the French he knew in Canada, see page \_\_\_\_.

<sup>45</sup> Z.S.'s date is incorrect. The date of surrender is May 19, 1776.

<sup>46</sup> There were seventeen captains in addition to Major Butterfield at The Cedars when the fort was surrendered. (See Force, Ser. 5, Vol. 1, columns 167-169.)

12 p. Capt. Wilkins<sup>47</sup> thought it best to continue as we were and keep our garrison a little longer until our reinforcement came to our relief with provision and ammunition as we expected they are now marching up the river to our relief. So of course without orders we chose Capt Wilkins to be our chief commander at this critical time to force our way through these embarrassments and stem [stem] the flood of opposition difficulties and Indians and all that should come against us. But alas, we are too late to accomplish our design. This moment the flag is coming into our garrison to take possession of our garrison and us and our all. Here, see, the British marched in and we laid down our arms and marched out. See, the British march[ed] in with all their allied and rallied Indian host playing Yanky Doodle, and they paid the Indian chiefs for their service in [by] giving them the best of our guns. As there was part of seven tribes, perhaps 5 or 600, some of them came a great distance while other tribes were near their homes who [which] are promiscuos[ly] scattered all around on every side, far or near. And there are [were?] some old inveterate Tories, old settlers and very rich and live in the fashion of that level, cold country. They have their houses and generally [their] barns made of cedar logs covered with straw. They have hundreds of tenants, or more, who live on their lands. That is some of them. N.B. One of those Tories had a chest of money about as much as two men could lift.<sup>48</sup>

13. Then the British guarded us into the old church and locked us into that house where we attended the papist funeral a few weeks before. [There were] 385<sup>49</sup> of our men shet up in one room because our enemy had heard that our relief was coming up the river with provisions and ammunition. So there we tarried that night. The next day , about 2 of the clock, we thought or mistrusted that our relief was coming up the river.

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<sup>47</sup> Daniel Wilkins was from Amherst, New Hampshire. (See note 22 above.)

<sup>48</sup> It seems clear from this passage that there were a number of loyalist volunteers in Capt. Forster's command. Apparently, these men entered the fort along with the Indians and British regulars. Z.S. may have exaggerated the number of Indians. The British account of the attack and surrender at The Cedars states that there were ninety-two British and French participants who were either regulars or volunteers in Forster's command. "Our number consisted of troops, Canadians and savages, about 500 men." Thus the number of Indians may have been nearer to 400. (see Parke, p. 24, 30.) Butterfield's men were, at any rate, outnumbered. Thomas Jefferson, in a report to Congress, claimed that about 600 men attacked the post at The Cedars held by a garrison of 350. (See Jefferson, p. 400.)

<sup>49</sup> Z.S. stated earlier that there were 365 men at The Cedars and uses that number again on this page in giving the number of prisoners taken by the British.

True it was, for the Indians began their horrid noise of the war [w]hoop and we, the prisoners, was shet up in the old church while the Indians ran down the river about three miles and met our men coming form Fort Anne 9 miles from there to where they were about to land. A few Ind. [Indians] lay in ambush while more Indians was coming running. Those in ambush arose and began to fire on our boats [and] men in the critical time of landing. The fire continued but for a short time considering the disadvantage and the superior number of Indians behind the stumps and trees. The Commander, Maj. Sherborn, thought it best to resign up themselves to the mercy of cruel Indians [who] killed 5 and wounded 10 and took 135 prisoners, shet up with the first prisoners, 365. The whole amount was 500.<sup>50,51</sup>

N.B. The Indians would plunder and take all they could find. At first [they] began to take our money, silver, buckles, buttons, silf hankerchiefs and all such light articles as they could carry at a distance. When we were shut up and locked in, yet [even then] the Indians would climb up onto the windows 10-12 feet from the ground with their tomahawks and scalping knives. With such kind[s] of weapons and [they would] take such things as is described above. Thus they did day by day, load[ing] of their canoes.

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<sup>50</sup> Z.S. could not have seen Major Henry Sherburne's men or witnessed their capture by the Indians as he was locked in the church at the timesome four or five miles from the scene. However, as his account agrees well with the account given by Major Sherburne in testimony before a congressional committee, it is reasonable to suppose that he obtained his information through talking with Sherburne's men who were imprisoned with him.

On or about May 15, Col. Timothy Bedel left The Cedars and traveled some twenty miles to the Caughnawaga village, there to consult with the Indians about their becoming allied with the colonial forces. Whether or not he knew Captain Forster and the enemy Indians were approaching The Cedars outpost is not clear. He testified that it was while he was with the Caughnawagas that word of the attack at the Cedars reached him. Instead of returning to his post he traveled another twenty miles to military headquarters at Montreal and there requested reinforcements for his men at the fort. Bedel was later dismissed from the service by action of a court-martial that found him guilty of abandoning his post. (See NHSP, Vol. 17, pp. 57-59. In response to Col. Bedel's request, Major Henry Sherburne, of Colonel Patterson's Rhode Island regiment, led 140 men from Montreal to within five miles of The Cedars when, as Z.S. states, his party was captured by Indians. Sherburne's testimony concerning the vigorous resistance he mounted against the ambush is contradicted not only by the man leading the ambush butby one of the menguiding Sherburne's party from Fort Ste. Anne to The Cedars. Be that as it may, Sherburne's men were captured and became prisoners of the Indians in CaptainForster's attack force. (See Jefferson, Vol. 1, pp. 396-400 and 400-404. Also see Bayley, p. 35.)

<sup>51</sup> Z.S.'s estimate agrees well with the British account of prisoners which gives 487. (See Parke, p. 28.)

14 canoe. The next day we returned to our old barracks and the savejes [savages] continued plundering and stripping of us prisoners until 4 o'clock p.m., and then the British ordered us to march about 6 miles and ordered [us] into old, rotten, stinking log barns, there to rest and sleep in the dirt and dung or nowhere. That night and in the morning we had our visitors come to plunder us.

May 22<sup>52</sup> We continued our march about 5 or 6 miles to a certain place called the Fifteen Dogs [Quinze Chiens] towards Canasadaga [Conosadaga] and there we was ordered to encamp on a certain point of plowed land where we had nothing to cover us from the rage of savage cruelty or from the storm of hail and rain, being stripped of our blankets and clothing. Yet, we being fatigued and had not much sleep for many nights, we lay down on the ground for our beds , nothing but mud and mire for our downy feathered beds; clouds to cover us with wind, hail and rain. We had no fires nor wood to fire, nor meat for to cook, nor bread to eat. Yet I slept [slept] tolerable well. Sometimes we had an allowance of 3 ounce[s] of burnt crusts of bread, but no bread, and ounces of poor hog meat, but no pork fat. No spirits but the spirit of war. No drink but the beverage of nature which is the best drink. This is the only natural consolation that we have. No promise of life one minute longer, but the threatening promise of death every minute by the Indian tomahawk swinging over and round our heads with a furious look of vengeance and savage cruelty.

15. May 23. This was in consequence of our killing their Indian chief in battle , or an officer, a great warrior.<sup>53</sup>

[May] 24. We had neither bread nor meat.

[May] 25. Our lodging was in the same old barn as before.

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<sup>52</sup> The British account states that the prisoners were moved to Quinze Chiens ( now Vaudreuil) on May 21. That same day some of the Americans were sent by boat to an island near to the fort at Ste. Anne. (See Parke, p. 29)

<sup>53</sup> In the skirmish between Major Sherburne's rescue party and the Indians who ambushed them, a Seneca chief was killed along with some other Indians warriors. (See Parke, p. 28.)



[May] 26. We had some encouragement of being exchanged as prisoners for prisoner and return[ed] to our main body.<sup>54</sup> Any while and where we was we could see [a]cross the river to Fort Ann[e] (9 miles). There we could see the tents round that little fort where we wished to be. From thence came our men and came in 17 boats and set sail towards us, 15 or 20 men to each boat. We discovered them about half way across the river when each boat and men first appeared about as large as chesnut [chestnut] burrs floating on the water.<sup>55</sup> When this was discovered by the British, they ordered us immediately to prison, shet us up in a stone church or chapel. While our men rowed with oars towards us, the Indians made a most horrid noise firing and yelling, and the British discharged 6 or 7 rounds with their 4 pounders (2 cannon) at our boats, but they received no harm. Yet the balls skipped on the water beyond them. But our boatsmen see the situation of the place, the British and a [the] numberless tribes of cruel, barbarous savages on the shore ready to eat them up as soon as they landed, and it began to grow dark, too. Therefore, our men thought it not best to land and so thought I, and I think so yet. Had they even attempted to land, the Indians would, perhaps, have butchered us all in the prison. For even then they {Indians} would come up to the door where we was and begin to cut and slash the door with their hatchets saying, ["] God dam you Bostonies. We will do something with your blood.["] Then they talked Indean lingo with fury inflamed.

16. With fury [they] smite the door with the tomahawk to cut away the door. O how do ye think we poor prisoners felt? 500 in one room ws helpless, disarmed and without victuals or clothes and no possible means by which we could escape their savage cruelty. While the [illegible] other numerous Indeans were without yelling,

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<sup>54</sup> The prisoner exchange agreement was worked out on Saturday, May 25. (See Park,p.31) and signed by General Arnold on Monday, May 27. (See Force, Ser. 4, Vol. 6, Column597.)

<sup>55</sup> General Benedict Arnold was at Sorel when he heard of the Indian attack at The Cedars. He immediately returned to Montreal and organized a large rescue force of some 450 men. He and the men proceeded to Fort Lachine and were there warned by Major Sherburne and British Lieutenant Parke that if the general persisted in the attempt to rescue the Americans, the Indians would kill all their prisoners. Arnold issued a counter threat and proceeded to the fort at Ste. Anne. His boats, however, were held up by the rapids at La chine and he could not pursue the enemy. Z.S., if he could indeed see boats so many miles from his position, observed Arnold's men catching up to their general. It was dark before the boatloads of rescuers attempted to reach Quinze Chiens. They did not make a landing because of the enemy fire and the dark. ( See Force, Ser 4, Vol. 6, Column 596. Also see Martin, pp. 211-215.)

screaming and firing continually with out doors, screeches at every breath. ( Like the damned ghosts in torments of hell. I can't compare it to anything else.) If ever cries and prayers was made to God for the preservation of life, I believe it was then, in our dangerous situation. N.B. The Indians was so revengeful and furious towards us [as] to break in, in spite of the British guard at the door, so that we called for assistance to impede and stop their savage, bloody design of butchering the prisoners.

I think I never suffered more in all of my life than what I did in so short [a] time. This prison was the cap of all, for we was all crowded into one small room for so many. A small party of our men who was drove off to a certain isle by the Indians who drowned 3 or 4 of our men prisoners<sup>56</sup> and drove the remainder into said prison with us where we could [not] lie down nor sit down nor stand up for the want of strength, but [ we were so] faint as to lop on to one another, on him who was the stoutest, and hold up awhile and then another and so lop on each other until morning.

[May 27] Then we was let out and ordred to march back to the same old barn as before where said Indians would continue to take and strip us of our clothes. What ws left [of] the same ws given to British soldiers to keep till our return. Blankets was their first prize of clothing. I tried to keep mine, but an old warrior came and snatched it off and threatened me by swinging his tomahawk over and round my head with a very quick motion

17 motion. Yet I retained my countenance as well as I could and never dodged to the right nor left, for when they see a man scared or frighted [frightened] they will punish him more violent. This I learned of my friends, Frenchmen, when I boarded with them.

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<sup>56</sup>While at Quinze Chiens the prisoners were separated into two groups. Some stayed there while others were sent to an island near Ste. Anne. When the prisoners on the island were being brought back to the main body the Indians killed some of the soldiers who were sick and weak and abandoned others. (See Force, Ser . 4, Vol. 6, Column 596.)

[May] 28. The Indians still plundered, took all they could get until 12 [o'clock].  
N.B. See, the British policy [was that] while we prisoners were shet up at one time in an old log house with an hot stove in it, the British put in 2 men with the smallpox with us, infected with that awful contagion, in order to spread it through our army. So they did as you'll see.<sup>57</sup>

Then our long anticipated happiness began to appear.<sup>58</sup> We was ordered to march down to the river and take boat and go to our army.<sup>59</sup> But at first there must be security given as a pledge for the return of as many British soldiers to them, 500. So, of course, we left 4 officers as hostages until the exchange was made<sup>60</sup>, and we proceeded down to our boats, but not without the attendance of a host of Indians with all their weapons of cruelty and the most horrid noise of war. With violence they attempted to rush upon us, but was hindered by their superiors. Yet they threatened us with their tomahawks, spears, knives and firearms, showing the scalps they took off from five of my mates whom they [illegible word crossed out] killed after we was made prisoners, with others, too, whom they murdered. The[ir] frightful appearance truly was alarming. I tried to git into the first boat that our men come in with for us. But to no purpose. Then I tried [a] second, third and so on, for every man tried to be first to get away from the frightful Indians. But I could not [get aboard] till the last boat came. Then I got into the boat, but the Indeans still showed spite by attempting

18. to shoot a dog that was swimming towards us 8 or 10 rods from the shore. The Indians discharged 30 or 40 guns at the dog, being a little to the left of us, while we rowed off with all the strength and might we was master of till the Indians had killed the

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<sup>57</sup> This parenthetical passage about the two sick British soldiers could be inserted almost anywhere in the narrative. I have opted to place it where Z.S. wrote it, even though it disrupts the flow.

<sup>58</sup> Capt. Forster and Gen. Arnold negotiated a four-day cease fire while the freed Americans marched to Sorel. The last of the prisoners left Quinze Chiens by boat May 30. (See Parke, p.37.)

<sup>59</sup> The main body of the Canadian invasion army was gathered at Sorel, preparing for a total retreat from Canada up the Richelieu River (then called the Sorel). The attempt to rescue the Cedars prisoners was a brief interruption of that retreat which was completed when Gen. Arnold left Montreal June 15, 1776, just ahead of Guy Carleton's much augmented army.

dog. Then they turned their eyes upon us and fired at us.<sup>61</sup> Yet while they was firing at the dog we had got almost out of reach of their balls, altho some of them would skip on the water on the right and left hand of our boats. And so we got out of the reach of them. I do confess I think I felt as glad and as happy as that woman who was lighted out of purgatory by the priest who rejoiced with her friends afterwards. So we landed at Fort Ann[e] together with our friends and fellow soldiers.

N.B. A young man whose name was David Lynds was put onto a certain isle with others by the British. The Indians' frightful appearance so terrified him that he had rather risk his life in the water than with the Indians on land. So he plunged in the water and swims a mile to an island where he was discovered by our boatsmen and took into our camp and [they] dressed him.<sup>62</sup>

From thence [Ste. Anne] we marched down the river not in order. The redeemed prisoners got along as they could towards home. I crossed the river from Lachine to Cogniwagen [Caughnawaga] at the head of the falls by the friendly aid of a[n] Indian of that village in a bark canoe. From thence down the river by one side of the falls to Leepreora or Laperarey [La Prairie] so called. From thence to St. John's fort at the foot or north end of the Lake Champlain. From thence up- the lake, but how long we was on this lake I know not for I had the symptoms of smallpox with heat and cold and a kind of drowsiness and dullness. While my mates rowed to a certain island where they stuck up a fire to warm and cook by.

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<sup>60</sup> No British prisoners were exchanged for the freed Americans, but the four hostages, Captains Theodore Bliss, Ebenezer Sullivan, John Stephens and Ebenezer Greene, remained in Canada until 1778. (See Force, Ser. 4, Vol. 67, Column 600. Also see Sullivan Papers, Vol. 1, p. 374.)

<sup>61</sup> The British account of the prisoners' embarkation reads, "...It is true, that on the 30th, in the evening, while they were embarking, the savages amusing themselves by the water side, did fire several musquets, but without the least intention to injure them, nor were any of them injured." (See Park, p. 37.)

<sup>62</sup> David Lynds was in Captain John Steven's company of Colonel Charles Burrell's Connecticut regiment. It is not clear that Lynd was returned to where Z.S. was at the time. (Z.S. uses "our" to refer to any American detachment, not necessarily one he is part of.) Lynds may have been rescued by the men accompanying Gen. Arnold. Arnold reported that one of the Cedars' prisoners escaped and was brought to him: "Lachine, May 25, 1776. One of our men this moment came in who was taken at the Cedars; he made his escape this morning, and says we have lost only ten privates killed, the rest are prisoners at St. Ann's and the Cedars; the enemy lost double that number." (see Force, Ser.4, Vol. 6, Column 595.) It is

19. And I lay on the ground without a blanket that night with my feet warm to the fire, not knowing the effects of so doing until afterwards. So we continued up the lake day after day till we came to Chimney Point, so called then, but now Addison in the County of Addison, State of Vermont. There we landed, but before we struck the shore I was broken out with the smallpox.

And I went to a certain man whose name was Niel Ward. He took me in in order to nurse me and others who came in after me. This man's family was inoculated before we got there, but in consequence of a doctor's giving mercury, some of his daughters would take cold every time they wet their feet and sometimes their hands, too. By this time there is 14 men with me to be nursed in one small log house. My habit was to go to a spring 20 or 30 rods<sup>63</sup> from said house to wash my hands and face every morning (as I have done ever since that day), until my feet became so sore that I could not walk one rod. The skin of my feet became loose as a wet Indian mogg-- shoe [moccasin]. (This was in consequence of putting my feet to the hot fire when on the isle and heretofore mentioned as above.) Yet I went out every day with the help of Mr. Ward to take air as he said [to]. We was lowenced [allowed] not to eat too much, nor drink strong drink, only a little milk punch when the pox did not fill out well. And we must have no fire nor wooling [woolen] clothes, but sleep cool and easy. We may eat fresh meat [and] fresh fish, and all we eat with little or no salt. And when I was able, I'd take the canoe and go afishing, and so would others, and we had a supply of fish. Mr. Ward's house was by the side of the lake, handy to us. There we tarried till we got well of the smallpox. And all the 500 captives had the smallpox and got well for aught I know.

N.B. See, the British could not kill us by starving us or giving the smallpox to us.

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not known that the prisoner Arnold refers to was Lynds, nor is it clear in Z.S.'s manuscript just when Lynds made his escape.

<sup>63</sup> The distance must have been about 140 yards. One rod = 5.5 yards, 16.5 feet, 5.03 meters.

20 us. So, of course, I got so well as to sleep in an open, old log barn, no doors to it, no straw nor hay in it. Yet I slept well, tho the wolves ware howling round in the woods near to us. Yet their terror or fear was not to be compared to one Indian, no more than a harmless lamb to a raging bear. I chose to sleep alone in the barn rather than to crowd the sick in the house in one small room. So I got well, paid Mr. Ward seven dollars, and cleared out. And then I took care of two or 3 men who had the smallpox in the first framed house in Addison, as I think, a schoolhouse. See, I eat broiled meat for breakfast, and for a change, meat broiled for supper without anything else but bread. Yet I was hearty and well, so an uncle of mine<sup>64</sup> advised me to join my regiment again.

So I crossed the lake to old Crown Point where our army was stationed at that time.<sup>65</sup> So I took my place in the ranks again in our ranging regiment who [that] never had any tents to sleep in or under. There was a great number died of the smallpox when it was joined with the camp distemper. Many died in the field open to the sun without shelter or even a shade. There was not enough men there to take care of the sick, yet it was said there was 30,000<sup>66</sup> on that ground at Crown Point. There we stayed 3 or 4 weeks. From thence to Ticonderoga, there I tarried a number of weeks.<sup>67</sup> I slept in the open field with 4 or 5 more with me, and we made us a bush hut, but it would not shed the rain

21. off of us. So we built another of turf. [We] made a frame like bent poles for beans or cucumbers to run upon, then we would cover it with clods so as to defend us against the stormy hail, wind or rain. But we did not enjoy it long before we was ordered

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<sup>64</sup> This may have been Major John Shepardson whom he mentions early in the narrative, his p. 1. (See note 7 above.)

<sup>65</sup> The retreating Americans reached Crown Point about July 1.

<sup>66</sup> Z.S. is mistaken about the number of men at Crown Point. There were about 8,000 men there, a third unfit for duty because of smallpox and other diseases. [Martin, p. 234.]

<sup>67</sup> Troops were moved from Crown Point to Ticonderoga over the course of several weeks in July. New England officers resisted the move, thinking Crown Point was a more strategic postion for defending New England against British coming out of Canada on Lake Champlain. (See Martin, p. 235.)

to march to Mount Independence about one mile east s.e. [southeast] of the old foart [Ticonderoga].

to p. 43.<sup>68</sup> Genrl. Gates [was] then chief commander at Ticonderoga.<sup>69</sup> I went to him in order to get a furlough to return home, being sich [and] unable to do duty. But I never was so blackguarded by one man while I was a soldier. And I returned back to the mount [Mount Independence]. After that I tried to get a furlough of Col. Wate [Wait].<sup>70</sup> But he was as important as the general, but he was not so much of a tipler as Gates. No wonder that Burguine [ British General John Burgoyne] drove Gn. Gates from his fort and burnt up his works. And for his [Gate's] drinking, his soldiers deserted til they heard Burgynes army was coming up the lake and expected to pitch battle immediately. And the British took our small craft on the lake before they came to our foart and new battery [Mount Independence] opposite said fort.<sup>71</sup> This Genl. Gates informed Dr. Rush of<sup>72</sup> . But when Burgyne come nigh with his army, Gates evacuated said foart and left it like as a tipler leaving his night cap in the swamp and putting on his wig wrong side foremost.<sup>73</sup> [Two and one-half lines crossed out and illegible.]

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<sup>68</sup> As directed by Z.S.

<sup>69</sup> Major General Horatio Gates had been given command of the Canadian campaign by Congress on June 17. He took charge of the army at Ticonderoga July 8 and decided to rebuild and restock a military post at the base of Mount Independence across the lake. (See Martin, pp 227, 235.)

<sup>70</sup> Lt. Col. Joseph Wait ( - 1776) was second in command of Bedel's New Hampshire Regiment. He was from Claremont, NH. A veteran of the French and Indian War, he was the oldest, most experienced officer in the regiment. (see Bagg, p. 163 ff. Also see History of Claremont, pp. 173-174, 486-489.)

<sup>71</sup> Z.S. may be referring to the British defeat of the American navy on Lake Champlain in September or to the British reconaissance of Fort Ticonderoga by boat in late October. As it is not clear from Z.S.'s writing just when he left the Lake Champlain area, it is not known whether he witnessed any of the naval operations on the lake or is recording what he learned about them later on.

<sup>72</sup> LETTER FORM GATES TO RUSH??

<sup>73</sup> Z.S. is distorting the events here for his own purposes. Gen. Carleton, Military Governor of Canada, not Gen. Burgoyne, brought ships of war into Lake Champlain in September. He routed the American fleet, commanded by Gen. Arnold, but he did not go further up the lake than Crown Point, except to send reconaissance boats to inspect Fort Ticonderoga. As winter approached he sent his ships back down the lake and made no further pursuit of the Americans. When all threat of a British/Canadian attack at Ticonderoga was passed, General Gates released the militia and furloughed most of his Continental soldiers. Leaving a skeleton force of some 1400 at the fort, the rest of the army left the area in an orderly manner in late November, 1776, to reinforce General Washington's army in the vicinity of New York City. (See Martin, pp. 286, 290.) Z.S. apparently confused the autumn evacuation with the the hasty retreat

Then<sup>74</sup> we began to clear wood land and build log huts for 6 or 8 to dwell in. The main army was on that woody hill , and stationed there [was] every regiment and company, too, in order and by order. But our battery, or fortification, was at the bottom of the mount by the lake over against the old foart half a mile across the lake where we had a floating bridge and a great chain across said lake, these links about 2 feet long and as big as a common iron bar.

Then [Gates?] called all hands on forifying, repairing the old foart and building a new one opposite [across a deep, narrow neck of Lake Champlain] of the old. To which I was called out to work on day after day, altho I had this contagion or relax [relapse?] and have had it directly after I was stationed on the mount. Others in our company, all to 6 or 7, was unable to work, having the same disorder called the camp ail of which a number died on the mount.

Cont'd to p. 29. <sup>75</sup> N.B. When I was on Mount Independence<sup>76</sup> , where and when I was there, I lost my appetite. I could neither eat bread nor meat, but little or none, for I had no taste nor relish for it. At the time of killing of cattle at the old foart, as weak and relaxed as my nerves was, I went down there and came home with two feet and legs of a fat ox. Then went to the spring for water, but could not have my turn to get water till into night. Then I had to go home and prepare those feet for cooking. So, of course, I got it ready towards the next night, but I had no salt for many days so that was as good as other fresh meat without salt. So I tried to eat but could not. So then I tried to eat the broth, but that [I] would not relish after a few times eating of it. So I had to cast it away with my other meat and bread, too. No one wanted bread or meat. All was sick in my company, except 6 or 7 men. So then I applied to the doctor for assistance, and I got a very little, 2 or 3 days, allowance in his mess -- some coffee and some sweetening.

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of American troops from the fort when General Burgoyne led a successful attack on Fort Ticonderoga in the summer of 1777.

<sup>74</sup> Picking up the narrative on Z.S.'s page 21.

<sup>75</sup> As per Z.S. direction.

<sup>76</sup> Z.S. makes no reference to the fact that late in July a copy of the Declaration of Independence arrived at Fort Ticonderoga and was read aloud to the men. In honor of the occasion the men named the steep promotory across Lake Champlain where Z.S. was living and working Mount Independence.



See, the doctor had the care of so many sick I could not stay. So I returned to my old manner of living or dying, but while I was absent from my old mess mates they took in one more man which made a mess [of] 6 men, so I could not draw my allowance [ of rations] for I had no mess mates to draw with. Yet it was but little or nothing with [to] me, for I could not enjoy the blessing of food. And as to raiment I wanted none, though they [his mess mates] got my house and food ,too. I never said, [“] Why do ye so?["]

30. Our house I built . [For] my part [I] cut and laid up the logs and split basswood logs for the door and floor, civered [covered] the roof with bass bark and made a fireplace of stone. Here I blistered my hands in this building.<sup>77</sup> N.B. This was done when we first came upon this mount [Mount Independence].<sup>78</sup> Then<sup>79</sup> there was herbs and roots in plenty for to make our tea, but in the time of sickness there was none.<sup>80</sup> So, of course, I lay between two huts, put onebark [piece] to lie on and one over me. It was high enough to set [sit up] in and not a feet and a half wide. If or when my kneews was cramped I could nto draw them up.<sup>81</sup> See, my mates exchanged and put away a sick man<sup>82</sup> for a well one whom they called rugged and tuf [tough], but he died. And the sick [one]<sup>83</sup> went home and after a long time got well and is living yet. I know -- aged 71 years last month.<sup>84</sup> Now see[ing] how I lived and what I lived on and how long I lived, I cannot tell [why] my simple, sickly baby thoughts were this: I thought I had no friends nor foes until my hon[ored] father came unexpected to my relief as is stated [on] page 22.<sup>85</sup>

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<sup>77</sup> It is clear that Z.S. resents the treatment he received by his mess mates who took in a replacement for him.

<sup>78</sup> Probably about the second week in July.

<sup>79</sup> Meaning, at that season.

<sup>80</sup> "The time of sickness" refers to his time on Isle aux Noix and Crown Point in June.

<sup>81</sup> Z.S. is describing the temporary shelter he used after he was excluded by his mess mates who continued to live in the house Z.S. had helped build.

<sup>82</sup> Referring to himself.

<sup>83</sup> Referring to himself. Z.S. is pointing out the irony in his situation.

<sup>84</sup> Elsewhere he indicates that he wrote his narrative December, 1826 (see his page 32 ), but he was writing this passage in April, 1826. Z.S. was born March 21, 1755.

<sup>85</sup> Z.S. appears to be chagrined that he felt so dejected when he was excluded by his mess mates, especially considering all the challenges he met in the intervening fifty years. Reference to his father's arrival completes the material he intended to insert into his p. 21 from his pp. 29-30.

I<sup>86</sup> was ordered on fortague [fatigue] when I could hardly keep up with the workmen. But after a while I got down to the new works.<sup>87</sup> While I was digging I took up out of the dirt 5 or 6 diamonds. Another man took as many more.

22. more. My good old firend Lt. Whitcomb<sup>88</sup> see me at work at the foart and said to me, ["] Why did you come to work here today?["]

I said, ["]I was ordered here, Sir.["]

["]Well, I order you back home, for you are not able to work. You look like a sick man. I say go home.["]

So I attempted to go up the hill, but I was so weak I thought I should not get up the hill that day. But I worried along and sat down often, till I got home to my hut. But I still grew weaker every day ,for I could not relish any food but potators [potatoes]. I bought 2 quarts for which I gave 2 shillings. This was my support it lasted me weeks. As for water there was but two springs on or under the hill which was 3/4 of a mile [from the hut] -- small springs that would run into the nose of a bottle or canteen -- where 20.00 or 30<sup>89</sup> thirsty, dry soldiers was waiting for their turns of [for] water all night. And the other spring was farther off still where we had to go donw the rocks by [with] thehelp of ropes to this spring and up again. Down by the side of the lake there was water enough, but that was filthy. There we washed our clothes in it or nowhere. So I continued there sick until about September.<sup>90</sup>

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<sup>86</sup> Here the narrative picks up and continues on Z.S.' s p. 21.

<sup>87</sup> ?? In addition to repairing existing structures on Mount Independence, the men constructed some new defenses there.

<sup>88</sup> Whitcomb??

<sup>89</sup> It is not known whether Z.S. intended 20 or 30 men, or 2000 or 3000 men. In any case, the springs were an inadequate water source.

<sup>90</sup>Whether Z.S. meant the first of September or if he intended to enter a specific date but did not cannot be determined from the manuscript.

Then my Honored Father appeared to my relief with a horse in order to carry me home, but we could get no liberty for me to return home until my father went to Otter Creek

23. and hired a man to take my place. And he came into the camp and was accepted by Col. Wait, commanding officer of that regiment.

to p. 42. Col. Wait, our commander<sup>91</sup>, would not let a man go out to recruit and recover, sick or well, without a substitute. He gave no furlough to any sick soldier to go out of camp to recruit when he could not work, being sick with the camp distemper. No, he would let them die on the ground. So they died day after day, while at last he [Wait] at last caught the camp ail[ment] and was glad to take that liberty to go out of camp himself to recruit. But too late. The die was cast. He died. Joseph Godding buried him in [at] Otter Creek.<sup>92</sup>

So<sup>93</sup> he became a substitute for me, and I paid him eight dollars per month, and began [we] began our journey towards home. But I was so weak I could not sit on the horse without holding [on] with one or both hands to steady [steady] me while the gentle beast walked slow. Thus I continued my journey until I began to gain strength so that I could ride as fast as my father could walk. See the change of air and of diet and new objects gave me strength and vivacity. Yet this contagion was more like the diarrhoea, so this continued this winter through till spring.<sup>94</sup>

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<sup>91</sup> Col. Bedel, along with Major Butterfield, was held prisoner by the American army until they could be brought before a court-martial accused of deserting post and surrendering to the enemy, respectively. Col. Wait took command of the regiment, probably about May 30, when Bedel and Butterfield were arrested. (See Bayley, p. 38.)

<sup>92</sup> Z.S.'s account of the death of Lt. Col. Joseph Wait disagrees with other versions of his death. Lt. Col. Wait was wounded in the head by a splinter from a gun carriage in an engagement near Lake Champlain, and died in Clarendon, Vt., when on his way to his home in Claremont, Sept. 28, 1776. (See History of Claremont, p. 174. Also see NHSP, Vol. 16, pp. 333, 488.)

<sup>93</sup> Continuing with z.S.'s p. 23.

<sup>94</sup> Winter of 1776, spring of 1777.

I had a voracious appetite for ripe fruit, but got none until we had traveled a number of days. My main diet was buttermilk and thickened milk and sometimes milk thickened with wheat flour. And so we came home at last. That day Othneal [Othniel] Wilkins<sup>95</sup> was buried, died on this spot where our house was before. But how long we was on the road I know not, nor did I then. After I came home I had a number of slight fits of the fever and ague, but it did not continue long. But all our domestic matters and our neighbors appeared strange to me. I could not be reconciled to them, nor they to me, for my countenance was altered in consequence of my having the smallpox as speckled as a fawn.

#### 24. A Supplement and Extracts.

I do not expect I have wrote according to the grammatic rules of the learned, neither do I think I have wrote every word correct in spelling in names and places and in times and season. There is some lack in consequence of the Indians taking my ink horn from me, so I was obliged to others for help in this matter of a journal.

I have not given in miles the distance from one stage to another, or from one town or fort to another, nor the number of soldiers stationed at different places or forts, etc. But I have wrote the most important part and substance of my journal as a history of my soldiery -- from my enlisting in that service for one year to my returning home.

Query.<sup>96</sup> N.B. The, or one of [the], natural cause[s] of the army's having this camp ail appears to be in our manner of living. At some times [there] was fresh met without salt. This had the worst effect on me. And sleeping on the ground and snow, wed and dry, cold and hot -- these complicated changes and seasons had this effect, too. Although it is generally thought by astronomy philosophers that it [the camp ailment] was pregnated in the atmosphere. It's true, there is this argument in their favor: See, this contagion spread through the states at a great distance from the encampment

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<sup>95</sup> DATES, ETC.

<sup>96</sup> Here begins a lengthy insertion from his p. 28-29 as directed by Z.S.

of soldiers. But [I] say [to] ye, it may be caught from one to another. True it is. Be it as it may, it appeared to be detrimental to my health for 20 years or more before I could eradicate myself from the effects of this baneful disorder, as of the diarrhea.<sup>97</sup> But when I was at Ticonderoga, agoing to Canada, we kept and set a guard round the fort. As I was on guard it was reported that the barracks was unclean, so I took my lodging on a level rock within the fort. There I slept a number of nights well, easy and calm. But now I cannot selpp as well on a good feather bed as I could then on a rock. See the rock had no bad effects on me but good. N.B. As to our daily allowance it was 3/4 of a pound of bread and 3/4 of meat, salt or fresh,

29. and no sauce. I had no such kind, nor fruit of any kind, except I bought 2 quarts of potators [potatoes] and one cucumber while I was in the service of the United States.

N.B. While I was on the Mount [Independence] there was a settler or merchant that sold liquor to another regiment against orders, not knowing it but by the cunning craft of a soldier who informed against the merchant that bought the rum of him being in the regiment.<sup>98</sup> So upon this information the settler was called to a court-martial to answer for such a crime. He pled ignoant, but they sentened [him] to be whipped and they tied his hands together and hung him up to a spike in a maple tree naked. His toes could just touch the ground. So the drummer whipped him 40 lashes save one. I do confess I never see one man in more torment who begged for mercy, cried and screamed [at] every stroke of the cat with 9 tails, and pled to be shot, and screamed till he fell away from the want of strength. But [the drummer kept] going just as fast. This hurt my feelings more than to see 6 wen whipped the day or two before, for this man was innocent. But the envious soldier must be guilty.

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<sup>97</sup> Perhaps Z.S. means especially the diarrhea.

<sup>98</sup> Editor's interpretation: A settler or merchant sold liquor to another regiment not knowing it was against orders. But the cunning, crafty soldier, of yet another regiment, who sold the rum to the merchant informed against him.

N.B. As<sup>99</sup> to the policy of government, or the officers' policy, in sending and stationing soldiers to such a place, I know not. For there were Indian settlements and Tories and British soldiers, too, all round us at that place like greedy wolves ready to eat us up.

25. And we could not man out our breastwork or entrenchment that was across the point of land against the rapid falls. This trench was long enough for 2 or 3000 men to play in or fight in, but we had only 365 men, and we had poor, condemned powder that had not much strength, and very scanty bread and meat, and all our stores was small. We had not so much provisions as the British captives had [who were] with us. Further, we could not keep secrecy as to policy because the Tories were secret and busy as the D----l in a gale of wind or storm as spies among us, an inveterate enemy. Some such characters have said they wished not to die until they could see all our states in smoky flames and burnt up with the D----d rebels. Another old Tory who was in this last war, it was Col. Stone in the old war [ who was] killed by Cap. Foresith, said that he had washed his hands in the blood and brains of many of [the] American rebels. Those characters are they which inform the British how and where and what we are about and what is our strength or force and our situation, etc. And such characters has destroyed, or in effect, more than ten thousand open field enemies.<sup>100</sup> N.B. Look at [the] host of unfriendly characters in our last war with Britain.<sup>101</sup>

26. [Illegible word] Incurable Conduct<sup>102</sup>

See, the Governor of Massachusetts came not up to the help of the Lord against the might at a critical time when their 13000 was then surely wanted in addition of [to] defend at the line or alarm post between us and our enemy on [the] Canada line. See,

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<sup>99</sup> At this point the narrative returns to manuscript p. 24 from manuscript p. 29.

<sup>100</sup> Ed. interpretation: Such characters (Tory spies) have been more destructive, in effect, than ten thousand enemy men in the field.

<sup>101</sup> Since Z.S. is writing in 1826, he is probably referring to the war of 1812.

<sup>102</sup> This appears as a title for his page 26. The essay that follows is some of Z.S.'s most garbled writing. The thoughts are incomplete and rambling, he repeats himself, and he fails to make his point. It is so uncharacteristically poor as to make one think he was ill and unable to concentrate at the time he was writing.

for the want of a few more soldiers we lost the line [illegible word] and property, too. See, again at other stations, too, and many others [acted] as secret foes to our democratical government and constitution while the free sons of liberty fought the common foe to retain and regain our rights and liberty and our prisoner seamen [who were] pressed into the British service.

N.B. Now see by the overruling power of Providence (1.) we have regained our rights by sea and land and our seamen in the British service, or those that are living, (2.) and regained the high seas free for us and all to sail over, to pass back and forth, (3.) and see we have gained [and] regained a freedom with all nations, (4.) and a correspondence and access to the great court or congress of the European powers. (5.) Further, we have gained a freedom with the Algiers [Algerians?] by conquest, so we are not tributary [contributory?] by or to them.<sup>103</sup>

27. And a great number of things and privileges, too many for me to enumerate at this time, -- we retained, gained and regained all. Yet some of our countrymen who enjoy our well-earned, blood-bought privileges have the audacity to say we have gained nothing but lost lives and propriety [property?]. Those characters must and do know that if we had lamely subornited [subordinated] or given up, as some of them did, and not fought to regain our rights and maintain our flag and rights, we must this moment have been servants of servants and slaves to the British powers by sea and land. Semen would be pressed into their floating prisons, sweltering in black despair, perhaps forever imprisoned and dragged from their friends and family into a floating hell compared to light, life and liberty. Yet we are like a speckled bird in the wilderness. All other birds of prey are apricking it.

So, of course, we must support and maintain this, our happy free and Independent Sons of Columbia, lest the enemy should take advantage of us in the time of peace, unprepared for them unexpected. We must be like the mariner who, when a

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103 WHAT IS THIS ABOUT?

violent storm cometh, [must] defend himself.<sup>104</sup> It would avail us nothing to gain independent fortune if we did not keep it, but carelessly gave [it away] or lost it [to] thieves and robbers, as the effects of drinking ardent spirits [cause some to] spend all. [This concludes his p. 27. His pp. 28- 29 have been brought forward as directed by Z.S. and indicated in footnotes.]

30. Burgoyne took our small fleet above Ticonderoga, then his soldiers or ours burnt our works on the Mount and soon he ran his rage, blowed his blast till the die was cast and he and his soldiers shut up a fatting [blank]. History gives an account. I add no more to that.

Now here I leave my narrative  
That you may see and muse upon  
Your father wrote when he's alive  
His time is passed. Now he is done.

Forgive, my friend, my humble scrawl  
If I can't write as other do  
Consider this, my learning small  
For which your patience is my due.

[This concludes his p. 30.]

31. I can't stop yet. I must give Lutn. Whitcom[b], paymaster genrl of new troops, give him honor as a gentleman of honor by his fathfulness in this charge and office. N.B. I was returned by him sick absent , so he paid all the money until this regiment was dismissed, and he allowed for sauce that I had not in the service, yet [though] it was due. See, he paid all the money for it.

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<sup>104</sup> Z.S. may be making reference to the story told in Jonah of the mariners who, when threatend by high seas, threw all they had in their ship overboard, including Jonah, to save themselves. (See Jonah



[This concludes p. 31. The remainder of the material on this page has been brought forward as Z.S. directed.]

32. Guilford December [illegible]-25 D. 1826.

Now see I have given a short detail of my soldier life as to the substance and matter and effects from the first to the last in my simple plain language or dialect, although I might have left out some minute circumstance of what I saw and hear. N.B. As of this, the young ladies would try to learn us their French language, ways and manners, and of teaching schools and dancing. The young people would collect together at our boarding house with their music to learn us their mode of dancing which was very different from ours. The ladies<sup>105</sup> was very fond of cohabiting with our Yanky boys, for then if those girls marry into our states then they should be happy for they should not have to feed cattle and horses and get out the flax as the Canadian ladies do.

[Material on his p. 33 has been carried forward to his p. 4 in accordance with his directions.]

Congress[es]<sup>106</sup> Neglect to pay frugal soldiers as pensioners ( A supplement)

I have done all I could to gain support and maintain our independence as an individual, yet I lost my health and property and all that I had at that time. Yet I have regained both after a long time by hard labor and industry and temperance ( and kept from the tipling grog shop).<sup>107</sup> By the soldiers' strength our liberty and freedom was gained, [won by those] who fought our battles and waded through scenes of blood, fire and vapors and smoke [and] carnage, etc. while the rich gentleman lawyers, doctors,

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1:4-16.)

<sup>105</sup> This sentence appears at the bottom of p.33 with an indication that it should be inserted here.

<sup>106</sup> Unnumbered page preceding and facing p. 34.

<sup>107</sup> This parenthetical phrase could be interpreted to mean that someone else kept him from the grog shop.

priests and all the heads of government lay on their oras at ease and at home while the soldiers fought and gained their rights and their liberties. Yet Congress will not allow these old veterans one cent who are temperate, frugal and saving of property, and yet those soldiers have maintained and support[ed] [the] government. While those old soldiers have lose their money and time in the service of the states, they had nothing but poor paper as a substitute for money, men and lives. Yet congress gave the money to tipling miscreants, [to] them only who spent more than they have earned, except some by misfortune as sickness, etc. Now considering all these things, if Congress had given [pensions to] soldiers, each one that had done the service without respect to persons, according to the time he was in the service, whether 6 months, 12, or 24, or 36 or during the [entire] war, this would have given equality to each soldier and given him satisfaction and honor to Congress. This mode of proceding would have given a gneral satisfaction to all. [End of unnumbered page.]

34. A Riddle -- in Masquerade.

But here is a more baneful and hurful foe. A great enemy to our states. He is a secret foe, though he appears in public places as a spy. He generally goes to or into company where he gains strength, yet perhaps unperceptabl[y] he oves them most that hates him most. He is a duellist. He is an inveterate enemy to solid peace and piety. He is a violator to [of] good laws and good manners. He wages war with all that wish to do him good, he disturbs the peace and breaks the unity of rulers and ruled. He sets the parents against the children and [the] children gainst the parents, and neighbor against neighbor. In short, he is the disturber of all peace, of law and gospel, tpp/ Uet he is the worst enemy to all who love him most. He is an internal foe and spy. N.B. This enemy is the worst that ever we had in our United States before now or heretofore, and painful to our domestic happiness, yet worse, more baneful than all the powers of Europe. Yet he is growing stronger and more powerful. He begins to take the rule of government, and he will except [accept?]<sup>108</sup>

End of riddle.

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<sup>108</sup> Whether "And he will except" is a complete sentence is not clear in the manuscript. Z.S. may have intended the end of the riddle to flow into his next essay, "A Prospect of a Ruined Constitution."

### 35. A Prospect of a Ruined Constitution

Except [Accept?] a reformation and a new resolution and a new manner of living as to drinkiing spritis which will be the desctruction of these states. Except [accept?] repentence. Here is this baneful foe among us. Here he's bred and born, nurtured and fostered up among and with us. Teaching their offspring the use and habit of drinking ardent spirits while this baneful poison does corrode its [their] tender lungs. Unperceptibl[y] as yet, but by a general use or habit it becomes enchanging or bewitching and deepr rooted in the lungs or vitals. Like the vulture who plays or preys upon the heart strings or liver. Unless the people of this country , these state[s], break off the habit of drinking ardent spirits which is a popular thing and a prevailing evil, as fashionable as it is it will destory us. It is an enemy among us, and is worse than ten thousand foes at a distance from us. Yeal all Europe is not compaired to his deadly foe that is among us. In one small state in one year 1,000,000 of gallons of ardent spirits, wine of one sort or [an]other is dranked in this one state. Noticed in northern papers Novm. 8, 1826, from the New Hampshire Journal. This 1,000,000 of gallons was drank in one small state in one year. See how much more is dranked in our larger states. It is innumerable.

36. Individually and publicly through these states<sup>109</sup> . I say, except we or they earn more than we spend, we shall eternally be poor individuals and come to naught, as some are by the use of spirits.

It is impossible that a course of vice as intemporance should not spoil the best constitution. And did the evil terminate here it would be a just punishment for the folly of the sufferer. But it does not stop here. When once a disease is contracted and riveted in the habit, it is entailed on posterity. What a dreadful inheritance is the gout, the scurvy, or the King's evil to transmit to our offspring. How happy had it been for the heir

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<sup>109</sup> Appears to complete a thought, but antecedent clause is not on any extant page. Is a page missing from Z.S.'s manuscript?

of a great estate had he been born a beggar rather than to inherit his father's fortunes at the expense of inheriting his diseases. Dr. Buchan.<sup>110</sup>

I almost despair of being able to call the votaries of Bacchus from their bottles, and shall therefore leave them to be roused by the more eloquent twinges of the gout. Had I a double portion of all that eloquence which has been employed in describing the political evils that lately threatened our country, it would be too little to set forth the numerous and complicated physical and moral evils which these liquors have introduced among us. To encounter this Hydra requires an arm accustomed [accustomed?] like that of Hercules to vanquish[ing] monsters. Dr. Rush.<sup>111</sup>

[Unnumbered page following page 36] N. B. If a man wish to be promoted to honor in the fashion of this present day let him drink and be generous to others with his baneful drink and urge him [them] to drink again, for it is in vogue here. And he must be a tippler himself, in general, in order to receive a military commission. One soldier said, ["Why do you vote for a drunkard?"], and he answered him, ["Because he is a tippler."] And, of course, they chose him and made him their captain.

This is the habit of the Guilfordites, in general, to choose the deadly nightshade, the tipling demagogues, for their officers whose moral habits become vicious and lead others into the habit of poisoning their lungs with ardent spirits, too. Those vicious and baneful habits began here [in Guilford] about the first of [our] making cider brandy. Since that day many have died in poverty, left their offspring to beg for work. And many more are leading [others] into that poison habit and [they] will soon become a willing sacrifice to its baneful effects. [End of unnumbered page.]

### 37. Essay. See the Great Whore of Babylon

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<sup>110</sup> Z.S. appears to be crediting Dr. Buchan (Buchanon?) for this passage.

<sup>111</sup> Z.S. is apparently attributing some or all of this passage to Dr. Rush.

N.B. See, the policy of crowned heads of Europe who are in fear of losing their heads and crowns, too. Despotic powers begin to tremble and hide their tyrannical heads, for democracy is gaining ground. See, in South American and see in Europe, too. The Greeks' prosperity in gaining the ground of liberty and freedom, and [they] have cast off the slavish yoke of tyranny and become free and independent. Now see the curse or effects of [a] king's craft[iness]. They will take your sons and daughters, men servants and maid servants, for their own use to gratify their avaricious [avaricious] lust and pride.

See to it<sup>112</sup> Saul, King of Israel, the first king [to] see the manner of a king. 1 Samuel, viii;10.<sup>113</sup> Behold the people's hour of choosing a king who proved to be a curse to the people as other kings do [are]. (Read the history of kings at your leisure.) See, all republic nations are like a speckled bird among all the birds of prey who are picking it on every side to destroy its beauty and freedom. The God of nature has made every nation free, male and female, black and white. Yet some have chosen [chosen] to be slaves rather than to be free because of their ignorance, while others are crushed down with [by] powerful tyrants, popes, bishops and monks.

### 38. Supplement

Now behold the British in their crafty, cunning design in laying a subtle plan to overcome or overrun our free country and destroy our free independence. Yet they have tried every other plan to [make] war [on] us time and again to no purpose. They can't conquer the free Sons of Liberty by war if we are united. Yet there is another public yet private plan, public in part and private, too, that is, sending their popes, bishops, friars [and] monks -- the head and horns of old Rome. The head appears before the horns. The horns never will appear fully unless our heads of government establish it as it is in England from whence it came. Britain never can conquer our free

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<sup>112</sup> Perhaps Z.S.'s reminder to himself to learn more about the nature of kings.

<sup>113</sup> 1 Sam. 8; 10: "And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked of him a king." Though Samuel warned the Israelites that the king set over them would be a despot because they had defied God, the people demanded that they be given a king. Saul was their first king.

country as long as we keep law and gospel separate. But as soon as we blend and twist law and gospel together, civil and Levitical law, we shall become easy prey to our enemies. British established law [and] religion, what they call the bulwark of their religion and [intelligible word], too, for when their church members are baptized, sprinkled and commune they are sanctified, when [they have] taken the oath of allegiance, to go out with a coronation from the King, the head of that church, to butcher, burn and destroy men, women, and children and property.<sup>114</sup>

39. Here I'll give a specimen of my life in part

N.B. Now here I'll give a short narrative of my manner of living from my early days of life unto this day. When I was young I acted as a child and thought as a child<sup>115</sup>, but since I became a man I put away childish notions and learned I knew nothing compared to a man in full strength of body and mind. In short, as to my manner of eating and drinking, it was temperate. As to drinking, there was but little or non. No ardent spirits used in my father's family, for it was not the fashion at that day to use spirits except in or as a medicine as a substitute for mercury. So [it was] until I was 20 or 30 when some few merchants came and introduced spirits among us. Yet it was not a fashion to make a habit of drinking distilled liquors or to be intoxicated until foreigners, sailors and soldiers, began to lead [us] on this baneful way, till I was 30 or 40 years old.

Poverty, perhaps, was a good friend to me, to impede and hinder me from spending my time and money. So I spent it for to support myself and somestics. About this time there began to come into taown a host of lawyers, pettifoggers, doctors, priests, speculators, tinkers and fiddlers, etc. Some of the[se] scabrous characters was great advocates for the use of ardent spirits. It became a mighty fashion among the big-bug, half-waisted gentlemen. So this baneful disease was caught one of another until the baneful effects

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<sup>114</sup> This paragraph is another example of Z.S.'s inability to commit complex ideas to paper. His thinking seems to be strongly influenced by the New England Protestant reaction to the Quebec Act of 1774 in which Parliament assured French Canadians that they could continue to practice Catholicism.

<sup>115</sup> Compare to I Corinthians, 13:11.

40 effects. See the Brandy Trees<sup>116</sup>

has destroyed man, a noble, ingenious man, and some women of this town, and has wounded many, many more in the lungs by this ardent poison.

At fifty years or more,<sup>117</sup> when we made cider, and brandy, too, a great plenty of cider and nowhere to store it but to get it distilled.<sup>118</sup> I said<sup>119</sup> this brandy tree was [the cause of] more than one thousand dollars damage to this town, that is the effects of it. Another man said that was not one quarter of the damage. Another officer in town said cider brandy, the effects, was ten thousand dollars damage to this town. January, 1827. O.S.<sup>120</sup>

Now<sup>121</sup> see here comes the Guilford bone. This is the viper that poisoned so many young men and others, too. Here is that secret foe that laid so long secreted in ambush. Now he's caught the simple, silly fool in his poison. For some he's made a baneful sacrifice of themselves [intelligible word]; others will soon become his prey in this town who are now wounded with ardent spirits in the vitals with its venomous fluid or hydra. And the effects of this poison is still spreading and [becoming] more fashionable and enchanting or bewitching to almost every class. See the effects of it: lying, fighting, swearing, swindling, gamboling [gambling] and gaming and many more acts of vice and immoral conduct besides the loss of time and property. It would have been better to cut down our apple trees, yet cider is a good liquor in families [that] only use it with discretion. But [used in] other ways they are curse[d]. Thousands of dollars damage it [has] been to this town. That is the effects of spirits.

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<sup>116</sup> Z.S. gives this title to the page even though he continues the previous essay on the page.

<sup>117</sup> Perhaps Z.S. means when he was fifty .

<sup>118</sup> By distilling the cider into brandy the total volume of liquid would be reduced.

<sup>119</sup> Brought from p. 43 to page 40 as per Z.S. direction.

<sup>120</sup> O.S. may be the initials of the town officer who gave the estimate of damage.

<sup>121</sup> The remainder of the Brandy Tree essay is on his page 40.

[Upside down and crossed out at bottom of his p. 40] James IV: 1. Hebr. XII:L. Det. I: 14. From whence came wars and fighting among you; came they not hence even of your lusts that war in your members as ardent in the blood and members must.<sup>122</sup>

[Unnumbered page attached to p. 41]

#### Wrote on the Effects of Drinking Ardent Spirits

I see the baneful effects of this deadly foe in families, towns and states. I have seen the baneful effects in one family caught from one to another as a deadly foe disorder or as a contagious disease. The effects is this: fighting, quarreling, swearing, lying, smiting with the fist [or] with clubs, tongs, shovels and all the weapons of a family war to destroy each other's health and wealth and characters. See, the man and wife and a host of children all engaged in this baneful unnatural war with weapons of defence and offence, smiting and striking with rage and fury, fighting and smiting each other until some limbs and bones were broken, as fingers, arms and legs, bruises, sores, ulcers, clogged blood veins and nerves relaxed [relapsed?]. They are inwardly wounded, exposed to death and hell, as one of their company said. There is not a worse place of drunkards this side of hell than what is in this house. True it is I should never want to hear of a worse hell than is in that house among those domestics [acting] as fallen angels. It is truly awful frightful and lamentable to see men, women and children engaged in such an [u]natural war, a house divided against itself. Not wonder it is fallen; it never will rise again. This the the love and the effects of ardent spirits on the body and mind.<sup>123</sup> [End of unnumbered page.]

#### 41 spirits. Wrote on the Effects of Drinking Distilled Spirits

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<sup>122</sup> The text is from James 4:1 which ends with "lusts that war in your members." There is no Hebrews 12: 50. Det. 1: 14: "And ye answered me, and said, The thing which thou has spoken is good for us to do."

<sup>123</sup> Perhaps Z.S. means, "This is the effect of the love of ardent spirits on the body and mind."



At 50 or 60, cider brandy was yet in vogue among all classes.<sup>124</sup> So I thought to take part as I made it. But at last I found it had no good effects. It gave me neither strength nor food, but took them both away from me. Although this habit was small, yet I could see by a little what a great deal would do if I would drink it. I found it would not do for a substitute for strength or food. It would ware or corrode away the constitution, and I carefully watched its motion and operation and the effects of it on me and my domestics and neighbors, too. And I found it to clog the lungs, take away the appetite and deminish strength. Yet here is the deception. At first it appeared to give strength, but it did not. It gave spirit only to a man that had spirits enough without drinking down poison[ous], fiery spirits. To add to thy human spirit the spirits that comes from the serpent, cursed spiral or coiled worm. And see, I have learnt the effects of ardent spirits before I was caught by the love of them. I breaked [broke] the fowler's cursed snare. Yet I never was caught in that intemperate snare of the enemy. Yet I never had a friend that informed me of the danger of drinking spirits and [the] effects of them on the human body, only if they [one] got drunk. But I have seen men tht never got drunk, yet killed themselves by the use of ardent spirits in a short time. It's no less criminal than to commit suicide, as I say and some other say, too.

[All of his p. 42 has been brought forward to pages 1, 3 or 23.]

43. [ All on this page but the following brief passage has been brought forward]

N.B. The British drew cannon up Mount Defiance, on the high hill southwest of the old fort [Ticonderoga], about half mile off, for to play on our said fort. This terrified Gnl. Gates, so he fled with his army soon after I came home. This was done that fall.<sup>125</sup>

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<sup>124</sup> Z.S. may be referring to how old he was when cider brandy was popular. Compare to his p. 40.

<sup>125</sup> Z.S. returned home to Guilford in the fall of 1776. General Gates left in late November, posting a small detachment at Ticonderoga for the winter. The following year the fort was remanned by about 4000 troops under General Arthur St. Clair. Early in the summer of 1777 General Burgoyne's British and Hessian army came up Lake Champlain from Canada, mounted guns atop Sugar Loaf Mountain (Mount Defiance to the British) just south of Ticonderoga and, on July 6, drove the Americans out of the old fort. General Gates was in Philadelphia at the time. (See Bobrick, pp.250-252. Also see Martin, p. 339.)

[The remainder of the manuscript consists of unnumbered pages]

S to t m of w R. B. w. d. t. life  
d. 24 in t year of o L 1827 in the 70th y. of h age

Return my friends neer shed a tear  
In sweet repose I slumber here  
To trouble me the wicked cease  
Here all is silence rest and peace

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Sacred to the memory of widow Ruth  
Barney who departed this life  
December 24 in the year of our Lord D. 1827  
in the seventieth year of her age<sup>126</sup>

The lonesome state of one who's lost his ---

In Memory of  
Mrs. Rachel wife of Zephania  
Shepardson Daughter of Capt  
Daniel & Rachael Wilkins  
Died September th 28 AD 1787 agd  
32 years & 8 months<sup>127</sup>

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<sup>126</sup> WHO IS THIS

Mrs. Lettice Wife of Sephania  
Shepardson Dagh of Catp John  
and Rebekah Barney died May  
11th AD 1831 agd 68 years 4 months<sup>128</sup>

Thou tyrant Death has conquered me  
See here my body lies  
But Jesus Christ has conguerd thee  
And I shall surely rise<sup>129</sup>

[Unnumbered page at end if manuscript]

- 1 Hard is my lot why is it so  
Live in a land of grief and woe  
But worst of all it is to see  
Pilgrims fall our and disagree
  
- 2 Hard is my lot it must be so  
To leave my house of grief and woe  
Since I have lost my dearest friend  
I'd wander to my life's last end
  
- 3 I'll leave my land my house and all  
A lonesome house and room to me  
No partners talk with me or call  
Nothing but silenced death I see

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<sup>127</sup> Rachel Wilkins was Z.S.'s first wife. (See Introduction.) This entry does not follow exactly the engraving that appears on Rachel's headstone. It may be the way Z.S. wrote it out for the stone carver.

<sup>128</sup> This entry does not follow exactly the engraving on Lettice's headstone.

- 5 Yet pleasant farm [?] and fruitful[?] ground [manuscript damaged]  
With pleasant vines and grapes abound  
And garden fruits more to behold  
All richer fruits worth more than gold
- 4 Yet yard is my lot, do look and see  
Here I'm alone no company  
In dreary shades of lonesome night  
To set alone by old [cold?] firelight
- 6 Here must I live and die alone  
And have no one with me to mourn  
Or live within me joy and sing  
Praises to God and Christ our King
- 7 See I'm alone in deep distress  
No one with me in righteousness  
None join with me in songs of praise  
To God who's lengthened out my days
- 8 Children that's here I bid adieu  
With other friends I'll take a view  
To distant lands I wish to go  
A blessed reformation know
- 9 Farewell, farewell I'll look above  
To Christ my all my only love  
Who's raised me from the power of hell  
In hopes with Christ for ever to dwell

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<sup>129</sup> This epitaph appears on the headstones of both Rachel and Lettice.

[The following verses crossed out in manuscript]

- 3 I'll trust him yea in everything  
Tho smites my flesh and bones and skin  
My substance and my children all  
Before fierce enemies to fall
  
- 4 I'll trust him tho fires devoured  
My servants and my sheep also  
My oxen and my servents too  
All slain or with the sabeans go [possible Sabines?]
  
- 5 The Caldeans take my camels all  
Servent before the sword did fall  
My sons and daughters at a feast  
A mighty wind came from the east
  
- 6 It smote the house with it did fall  
My sons and daughter great and small  
Now all my earthly joys are gone  
I'm smote with sores and left to mourn
  
- 7 Yet for all this Job sinned not  
Nor charged his God with any wrong  
I'd rather die upon the spot  
In ashes by in patient faith prolong [ impatient?]
  
- 8 Now see that faith none can describe  
From Job at first God did it hide

Now faith so strong and now so great  
God raised him to his former state

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God gave Job friends and children