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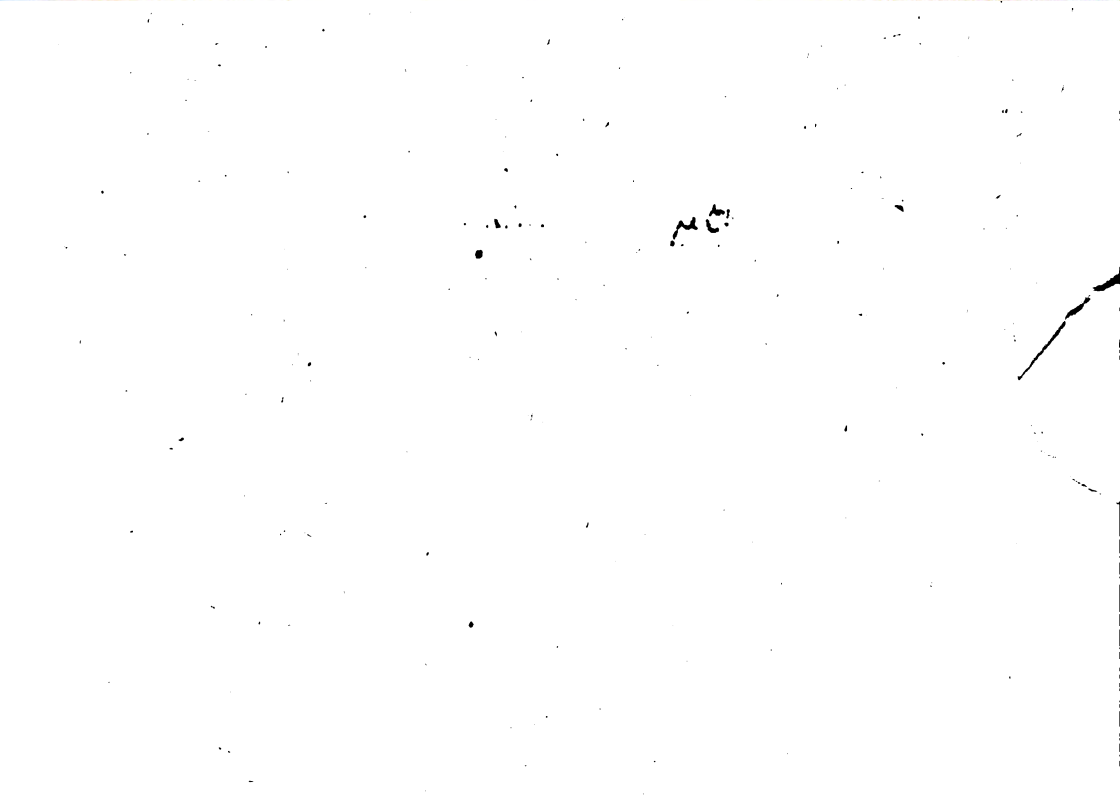
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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL
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LYMAN.

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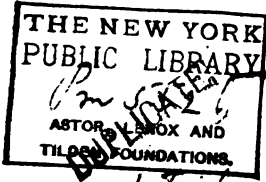
1896

HAVANA EXPEDITION,
1762.



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EXTRACTS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF

THE REVEREND JOHN GRAHAM.

Chaplain of the First Connecticut Regiment,

COLONEL LYMAN,

FROM SEPTEMBER 25TH TO

OCTOBER 19TH, 1762,

AT THE SIEGE OF HAVANA.

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE FOURTH GENERAL COURT OF THE
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NEW YORK

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Prefatory and Biographical Notes.

This Journal gives, with the fervid and formal religious language of a Connecticut Congregational clergyman of the last century, vivid statements of the sufferings of the British army, regulars and provincials, at the siege of Havana in 1762. It also contains valuable statements of the numbers of the British regiments, and the names of the Provincial troops, and the names and strength of the men-of-war engaged in the reduction of that strong [Spanish city; facts that are difficult to obtain, except in large public libraries.

The Rev. John Graham, who was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1722, and who graduated from Yale College in 1740, was of the same name and profession as his father. The elder Rev. John Graham, M.A., received his degree from the University of Glasgow. He emigrated to Boston in 1718, and married, first, Abigail, a daughter of Dr. Chauncey. At the time of the birth of John, junior, he was settled at Exeter, but removed later to Stafford, Conn., and was subsequently ordained minister over the

Church in Woodbury, Conn., where he remained forty-two years—until his death.

The son was, in 1746, minister of the West Parish of Suffield, then in Massachusetts, but since 1752 in Connecticut, and practised medicine, as well as administering the affairs of his congregation.

In 1761 he accompanied the expedition against Havana, in the capacity of chaplain to the Provincial forces, under General Phineas Lyman of Connecticut, an intimate friend of the Graham family. The Connecticut Brigade of twenty-three hundred men joined the Regular Troops and other Provincials at Staten Island, whence the expedition sailed on the 18th of November, 1761. The combined forces, having captured Martinique on February 14th, and Havana on August 13th, 1762, succumbed to an epidemic of fever, by far the deadliest foe they had encountered. The Journal of Graham, although fragmentary, gives a vivid picture of the sufferings of these victors, and of their anxiety to relinquish their conquest.

The author was not always careful to write himself junior, hence there might be difficulty in identifying him as the chaplain,

since his father had already served with Lyman in the operations against Crown Point. Allusions, however, in the Journal to his children, Love and Narcissus, appear to settle this question beyond a doubt. The Rev. John Graham, Jr., like his father, was twice married, the girl and boy he mentions being children by his first wife, Mary Sheldon.

At the outbreak of the Revolution he was an ardent Whig, and so continued to the end. He died in 1796.

Notices of the Grahams may be found in Spagués' "Annals of the Pulpit," and in Dexter's "Yale Biographies"; also in Cothren's "History of Ancient Woodbury."

Many of the manuscripts and letters of the family were in the possession of the late John Lorrimer Graham, of Flushing, Long Island.

The Committee are indebted for this Havana Journal to the courtesy of the Rev. B. F. De Costa, D.D., of this city.

The progress of the expedition is followed in the contemporary issues of Gaine's New York *Mercury*.

New York, Dec. 16, 1895.

Journal of the Rev. John Graham.

SATURDAY, Sept. 25, 1762.—A pleasant morning, nothing extraordinary happened the last Night—but Sable night in gloomy Majesty sat upon the Camp, a Season, when men used to labour and fatigue in ye day retire from Labour to recline their weary Limbs, and refresh themselves with rest. . . . But in Camp how wide the difference, the Season true, invites to Rest but alas the heavy murmurs that humme among the Tents, and bursting groans from throbing hearts Seized with panick, horror and Surprise because febrile flame kindles upon their vitals, or Tyrant pain, Tyger like preys upon their Bones or as a harpy Devours their entrails, forbids repose—nor Sooner did I deposite my weary Limbs in Bed and embrace the delectable pillow, but groan echoes to groan, and Sigh rises upon Sigh not unlike the waves and billows of a Raging Sea. . . . Thus with our Melancholly Camp a fatal disease enters tent after Tent, and with irresistable force strikes hands with soldier after Soldier, and with hostile violence Seizes the brave, the bold, the hearty and the Strong, no force of arms, no Strength of Limbs, no Solemn vows, no piteous moans, no heartrending Groans, no vertue in means, no Skill of Physicians can free from the Tyrant hand, but death cruel death that stands Just behind, draws the Curtain, Shews himself to the unhappy prisoner, and with peircing Sound Cried thou art, and at once throws his fatal dart, and fast binds them in Iron Chains—or Some disease in a Milder way Salutes them, and more gently treats them, but by Sure and certain Steps flatters them along by Slow degrees till they are introduced into the hands of unrelenting death. . . . Others roll from Side to Side, and turn into every posture to find ease from pain that wrack their Tortured limbs—others that are yet untouch'd with diseases Called from their rest

to help the distressed; hearken and likly you'll hear them as they pass along, return oaths for groans and Curses for Sighs *horrible to hear!* Thus death in Camp reigns and has Tryumphed over Scores already, and diseases has hundreds fast bound as prisoners—and how few alas how few are prisoners of Hope.

But are Soldiers the only persons attacked or exposed? *Verilly* no, where are the Capts. the Lt. and Ensign that lately appeared and adorned our Camp, now Succedped by others in the Same Command; are they not becom victims to Death, and Now held prisoners in the Grave on this Barbarous land, their deposited with many of their bold Soldiers till the last trumpit shall wake the Sleeping dead. . . . But heark mithink I hear a different voice, uttering heavy Groans where is it? Surely its in the next Tent, O the officers of the field, Certainly no deference paid to Rank—The 2d in Command in the Regiment is Seized with Cold Chills that pass through every part, throws all nature into violent agitation and Shakes the whole frame; a febrile flame Succeeds, this alternate, till his vigorous and active limbs becomes feeble, and his ruddy Countenance, put on a pale and Languide hue—yet he lives. . . . Thus night after night are we accosted with the cries and Groan of the Sick and dying.

Lamentations, Mourning and Woe in all most every Tent; and what hearts so hard? Who so past all Sensation, thats invested with any Degree of humanity, as not to feel a Sympathetic Smart. . . .

SABBATH DAY, Sept. 26, 1762.—This the day by divine appointment Sanctified and set apart to divine Use and Service; that we in the Dicalogue are Commanded to Remember and keep holy. . . .

No occurances uncommon in Camp this Day—no publick Services.

MONDAY, Sept. 27, 1762.—The affairs in Camp are as usual—a Rumour prevails, that the Troops are to Embark in a few days.

An account of the Troops that Served in the Siege of the Havanah:

Regular Troops.	4. Independt Companies.
1st, 4th, 8th, 9th, 15th, 17,	2. Companies Gorham
22, 27, 28, 34, 35, 40. 5th, 42.	Rangers.
2d, 42, 43, 46, 48, 49, 56,	1st Connecticutt Regiment.
58, 60, 65, 72, 73, 77, 90,	6. Companies New York.
95.	2. Do. New Jersey.
	3. Do. Rho Island.

5300 Negroes from Jamaica, Barbados and the Windward Islands.

Navy—17 Ships of the Line, 23 Frigates.

TUESDAY, Sept. 28, 1762.—The last night as well as the preceding day, Sultry Hott, had but little rest—my Ears constantly acosted with the groans and outcrys of the Sick and distressed: that the Camp is no other than a constant Scene of Woe, and misery opened, where the actors are a Collect Society of the most unhappy and unfortunate, forlornly wretched—Cast upon some Barbarous Land, among a Savage kind that know no pity, but there tender Mercies are Cruelty—where they are Smitten by the Sun by day, and the Sickly moon by night that in ye day the drought consume them, and Hurtfull damp by night—nor releafe can be aforded, there pitying friends that stand around with pained hearts, can only tell them necessary Comforts and means are not to be had—what a word is this to be Sounded in Ears of those ready to die.

But turn my thots, and who are these—behold a Number, Straggling along the road—awfull, how they look? what appearance do they make? not unlike walking ghost, Just come from the Shades—but viewing more narrowly find them to be men. Crawled out of their Tent, wasted with Sickness: their flesh all consumed, there bones looking thro the Skin, a Mangie and pale Countenance, Eyes almost Sunk into there heads, with a dead and downcast look—hands weak, knees feeble, Joints Trembling—leaning upon Staves like men bowed and over loaded with old age, and as they Slowly

move along Stagger and Reel, like drunken men—pity-full objects. Passing by these, there lyes one fallen down thro weakness by the wayside, there another, and another, yea Sundry more, in the Same Condition, unable to help themselves—there two or three fainted away—others crawling, according to their strength, not unlike the Snail in motion, with a little water to reveive them, as the best Cordial that can be produced. There sets a Number that walked a few rods and there strength is exhausted and are seated on the ground to recruit, that they may return to there Tents. Younder goes four of the stouter Sort lugging their Capt. that stept a little from his tent, fainted away, Back to his Tent again. There goes one, Supported by one under each Arm—goes did I say? rather he is in this manner Carried, for scare has he power to Set one foot before the other, nor can his feeble trembling knees one half support his frame, tho but a Shadow. There another and another in like manner convey along from one tent to another. Just behind is brot along another in his Blanket strung upon two poles—Carried by four. Just by, Six Soldiers take up there Captain upon their Shoulders as he lies pale and helpless in his bed, his bedstead serves as a Byer, and his Curtains waving in the wind, as a pawl, in this manner conveyed from his Tent in Camp to a Neighbouring Room, if possible to prevent the extinction of the remaining Sparks of Life. There is one, two, three Graves open'd, here they come with as many Corps, there blankets both there winding sheet and Coffins; scarce have they finished the interment of these, but a messenger comes in hast to tell them they must open a grave or two more, for Such a one is dead, and another is dying.

Some there rage and fury seems to be turn'd against God himself—and will gnaw their tongues for Anguish and pain, and blaspheme the God of heaven, because of their pain and distress, and repent not of their deeds—yea Curse their King and God, looking upward—at a little distance another lies, not a murmur heard from his Mouth, but seems to be thankfull for everything he Receives. and thinks every favor to be more than he

deserves; another a little revived feels Some appetite or food, and he complains he shall be Starved to death—another without Compliment lays hold of anything that comes in his way, and with his Teeth soon puts a period to life, another groans under a Load of Sickness, and is ready to Curse the day that he engaged in the Service, Calling himself fool, madman and worse than distracted, for coming to this place; but still rang along the Tents, here a Number recruited Somewhat—and there Cry is home, home. when shall we go aboard; when shall we go home: O if I was once at home I should Soon be well: O Crys one we haven't received our price money: no Says, another and never shall; another makes answe're that he dont care nothing about the price money if I cou'd but once get away from this Cursed place for we shall all die if we don't go Soon—and if I cou'd but once get from henc they shall never catch me here again: But whats here? its one of the Tenders drunk, anoy'n Swearing at him—thus in different posture under different Circumstances and of different temper and disposition they are—and what a Malancholly, Gloomy and afflictive Scene is this? How horrible to behold?—but retire my thots, and give o'er thy Rove.

About 5 o'clock waited on Gen'l Lyman at his Room in the Sheperd Battery *with Capt. Enos* inform'd that a Subaltern's part of the price money now to be divided, was £126 Sterling. A pleasant moon Shine Evening, about 12 at night a Smart Shower of rain.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 29, 1762.—Had but little rest, Sleep seem'd entirely to depart from my Eyes, and Slumber from my Eye Leds. Filt not so Current as usual when I arose—afterwards more Comfortable, but felt the want of rest.

THURSDAY, Sept. 30, 1762.—The Commanding officers of every Core, dined with his Lordship, who informed that we should Sail in a few days and also that in one Spanish Ship Sunk in the harbour, had in her 260,000

dollors—nothing but the distresses of Sick and dying to be heard in Camp. This Evening about 10 o'Clock Dr. Hubbard died.

The Learned Phiscian, endowed with Skill armed with medicine. came to be an Instrument to rescue others from the Jaws of death—but baffled in his Skill, himself attackt. falls a prey to voratious death Nor means, nor Skill, nor Recopies nor forms Could the fine Surgeon Save—but yields to death, and's hide within the grave.

FRIDAY, Oct. 1, 1762.—This day my daughter Love is nine years of age—times still gloomy and melancholly in Camp dying 7, 8 and 9 in the Compass of 24 hours Lord let not thine anger consume us.

SATURDAY, Oct. 2, 1762.—All the forepart of the day, very hott, and Sultry about 3 o'Clock P.M., the hea ens Covered with Blackness, indicated heavy Thunder and rain, the Clouds seem'd to break and scatter and but a Sprinkle of rain—then Collected again, and by some distant heavy Thunder were broken and scattered again—again Collected, and a Soaking heavy rain enSued. last till about Sundown, when it ceased raining. but the Clouds not cleared of about $\frac{1}{2}$ before 7 o'Clock the rain came on again—a heavy rain till past Eight when it cleared of, and the Queen of Night in Silver brightness Shone: the heavens calm, and Air Serene and Clear.

two heavy Showers in the night—4 Vessels arrived in the harbour from the american Coasts.

The whole Number died out Gen'l. Lyman's Regiment Since we Left New York, which then Cosisted of 914—to this day, is 184.

Viz—	2 Captains.
	1 Lieutenant.
	1 Ensign.
	1 Surgeon's Mate.
	5 Sergeants.
	1 Drummer.
	173 Privates.

Total,	184
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SABBATH DAY, Oct. 3, 1762.—Tho this day is by divine appointment is Set apart as holy, and consecrated to holy uses yet in Camp, among the Troops, is set aside as common. and not so much as the least visible Shew or appearance of anything yet is religious carried on; but God and religion Christ and Salvation are disregarded, contemn'd and dispiced, and we live as tho there was no God, no future Judgement, but as if we had given and preserved, life to ourselves, and consequently were never to be accountable to any others how we lived, or Spent our days.

I asked Col. Putnam in ye Morning what there was to hinder publick Service—he answered, he knew nothing in the world to hinder it—I askt him if it was not duty if there was nothing to hinder—Yes, answered he, by all means, and I wonder in my Soul why we dont have Service; and add'd we could have prayers night and morning Just as well as not—but then says he, there'l be but few to attend, theres so many Sick, and so many to attend the sick that there cou'd be a Great many, I replied—we had this to encourage us, where two or three are met together in my Name, Says God, there am I in the midst of them to bless them; so that it was not numbers that entitled to the blessing—thats true Says he, I will go down to the General and Speak to him about it, bides good by—have heard no more of it Sinse.

Spent the day in retirement, affairs in Camp as usual.

MONDAY, Oct. 4, 1762.—A pleasant morning—a pleasant Breeze all the forepart of the Day—went down to the waterside to See Mr. Bancroft, but he was gone, and returned fatagued—in the afterpart of the day visited part of the hospital Tents.

TUESDAY, Oct. 5, 1762.—Had comfortable rest last night, and much refreshed this morning—Some unpleasant Salutations—visited the officers Sick in Camp, and the Soldiers in Some part of the Hospital Tents; and what sad Specticles are they, many of them; a Bony Frame covered with a little Skin, meer skellitans.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6, 1762.—Nothing more than Common Unless, that the men dont fall Sick anything so fast—nor do the Sick die so fast—and more comfortable prospect of the Recovery of many that have been brought low—visited Gen'l. Lyman, and all the officers sick in Camp—the rest of the day Spent in reading.

THURSDAY, Oct. 7, 1762.—This Morning Col. Putnam and Lt. Park went of into ye Country to buy fresh provisions. Such as poultry, etc.—in the afterpart of ye day visited part of the hospital Tents.

FRIDAY, Oct. 8, 1762.—A pleasant Morning—the day thro a Comfortable Breeze—the fore part of the day visited all the officers sick in Camp two Ships of war came into the Harbour and one Cat Ship.

Nothing extraordinary in Camp happened this day.

SATURDAY, Oct. 9, 1762.—Much labour of mind to waste away the time with most, impatient for the arrival of that day and hour when they shall embark for Home, and Crossing the foaming Seas, shall reach their native Shores, and with wraptured hearts, o'er come with Joy, Salute, embrace, and fall into the Arms. of their long wished for, wishing, lovely, loving friends.

The No. of dead out of Gen'l. Lymans Regiment, 207. Nothing Remarkable in Camp.

SABBATH DAY, Oct. 10, 1762.—This Day has been observed as Usual in Camp a total neglect of all religious Services, as to any visible appearances in General.

Orders from Head Quarters. That the provincials hold themselves in readiness to embark about the 20th of this Instant.

Long looked for, long expected, much desired to know the fixed time.

MONDAY, Oct. 11, 1762.—This morning 3 Ships of the Line fell down out of the Harbour, under the Command of

Commodore Kipple, who Saluted Admiral Pocock with 17 Cannon, the Admiral return'd 15—one of the 3, a 70 Gun Ship, unhappily went foul of one of ye Sunk Ships in the mouth of the Harbour, and Stuck fast till 3 o'Clock P.M. when She cleared the Ship—Tis said that the Ships are design for Jamacai.

A.M., Visited all the sick officers in the Regiment that are in Camp, then visited Gen'l. Lyman. P.M. visited a considerable part of the hospital Tents—at my return found Col. Putnam and Lt. Parks returned from the Country, Lt. Parks Sick—at Evening had the Joyfull news of the prosperous Season in New England and the Smiles of divine providence upon the labours of the field ; that they have plentiful Crops, the News bro't in by a vessel last from New London—that arrived this afternoon in the harbour.

TUESDAY, Oct. 12, 1762.—A heavy rain towards morning—a pleasant morning and fine Air.

A.M. visited officers in Camp. Sick—all seem to be upon the recruit. This morning 3 Ships of the Line more fell down out of the Harbour, to Join Commodore Kepple, who are to Cruize along to the Northward if possible to come across a french fleet that is reported to be out—and then go to Jamaica. Two frigates Joind them that lay at the mouth of the Harbour. Towards night, the heavens were cover'd with blackness, and a heavy rain came on, Severe lightning and heavy Thunder, held till 8 o'Clock the heaviest rain we have ever known upon the Land.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 13, 1762.—This Morning another Ship of the line went out to Join the above mentioned Ships upon their Cruize—a little before 4 o'Clock P.M. the rain came on again—continued till late in the Night.

THURSDAY, Oct. 14, 1762.—About 2 o'Clock this morning Ephraim Parks, one of our Family died, a rainy night this morning fair and pleasant—in the afternoon very strong wind—at night heavy rain.

FRIDAY, Oct. 15, 1762.—A very heavy Rain all the latter part of the night and in the morning, little after sun rise Clear'd of—a pleasant fore noon—this day my youngest Son Narcissus is a year old. A.M. visited the sick officers in Camp. P.M. Orders from head quarters. 6 Transports appointed for the Connecticut Troops to Carry them to N York. who are order'd to imbark Next Tuesday—good news to the Troops.

SATURDAY, Oct. 16, 1762.—A pleasant and comfortable Morning, for this Country that has proved so fatal to so many of our Troops. Visited the officers sick in Camp—this day a distrabution of the troops among the transports, and am order'd aboard the Royal Duke, a large Transport Ship of about 500 tuns.

SABBATH DAY, Oct. 17, 1762.—All in a hurry making preparations for the Embercation and laying Stores for the Voige to New York—tho' the day is the Lord's, by a special appropriation—yet nothing of religious service observed, or anything besides the present important affair of providing each one for himself without an relation to another, and as tho' there was no being to be dependant upon but each upon himself.

Visited the sick officers in Camp—by Yesterday return—died the last Week 19
Dead before..... 207

In Gen'l. Lyman Regd. Total..... 226

MONDAY, Oct. 18, 1762.—The Camp all in a Tumult, in a hurry embarking the Sick and laying stores for voyage one running one way another hastning another in a hurry doing but little—about 4 o'Clock P.M. embarked on board the Royal Duke, a fine large ship and noble Conveniences for Officers and Soldiers—the main body of the Connecticut Troops embarque'd this Day on board the transports appointed for them.

TUESDAY, Oct. 19, 1762.—This day Gen'l. Lyman Recd of the Pay Master Gen'l. the prize money for Connecti-

cutt Troops—and pay'd to the several Capts. of our Regm't a propotion for themselves and Soldiers. Still lye in harbour.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 20, 1762.—Weigh'd anchor and fell down to the mouth of the harbour. A.M. went on board the Resolution and Rec'd the adjutant. 100 Dollars and 150 in Bitts.

THURSDAY, Oct. 21, 1762.—Just at night going out of the harbour narrowly escaped running on the Rocks—the Ship struck once, but a wind Sprung up, and carried us Clear—stood of to Sea all night.

FRIDAY, Oct. 22, 1762.—Return'd Back to find the fleet. Join'd the fleet toward night, when the Capts. of Transports Rec'd there orders from the Commadore. Was very ill all day.

SATURDAY, Oct. 23, 1762.—More comfortable this Morning, continued on Course towards the metazes.

SABBATH DAY, Oct. 24, 1762.—Had a very ill day unable to move, thick broke out all over—a pleasant day.

MONDAY, Oct. 25, 1762.—the last night towards the latter part strong gust of wind—Continued all day—more comfortable to day but not able to sett up much. Taken out of the money Recd of Dollars 3, Bitts 5.

Joh. Graham
10 March 1763

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