

Pension Application for Samuel Patchin or Patchen

S.23361

From the Vermont Gazette of Apl 9th 1844.

OBITUARY. Died on the 18th day of March 1844, Capt. Samuel Patchin, a patriot of the Revolutionary war, in the 86th year of his age in the town of Hagne, Warren County, in the State of New York, on the farm where he had resided for forty years, situated on the west bank of Lake George, known as the Sabbaday Point Farm, in consequence of a great battle fought there on the Sabbath, between the French and English in the old French War.

The deceased was born in the town of Wilton, Conn. Some years previous to the Revolutionary War, he moved with his father, brothers and others, to the town of Milton, Saratoga County, N.Y., and made a settlement, it then being a wilderness.—

After a few years, when they had cleared their lands and were beginning to reap the benefit of their toil and privations, the war broke out. As this was a frontier, it was not long before they were obliged to send off their wives and children, but before they could fairly leave of their own accord they were driven off by the Tories and Indians, their houses, and barns were burned, their hogs killed and hacked to pieces, and their cattle driven off.

Exasperated at this mode of warfare by the enemy, the deceased entered the army in the defence of his country, belonged to a company of Rangers, and generally headed the scouting parties that were sent out to reconnoiter the situation of the enemy. In one of these scouts in the year 1780 or 1781, in the vicinity of Fort Stanwix, he was captured with six others, taken to Canada, and lodged in the prison at Montreal. After remaining in close confinement for a long time they became sickly and suffered every thing but death, for want of fresh air and proper food. By much entreaty they were permitted to go about on the island in the day time, under the watch of the sentries, but were confined in prison at night.

The deceased being out of prison one day, a British officer hearing his name mentioned, asked him if he was the d—d rebel Patchin that had annoyed their troops so much. He replied that his name was Patchin, but no d—d rebel; at which the officer drew his sword to run him through, but was felled to the ground by a blow from the deceased. The guard rushed in to the rescue of the officer, but he mowed his way through and escaped to the house of a friend who secreted him until the fury of the guard was abated.

When they found that the British would not *exchange* them, they began to form a plan of making their escape. They contrived one day, for sport, as they pretended, to roll several logs together, which had been providentially thrown on the bank of the river, intending to make a raft by tying them together with strips of bark that they had peeled for that purpose. The next thing was to get out of prison. To effect this they moved a part of the prison wall so that they could creep out. This took them some time to accomplish. During this time, they saved what provisions they could spare from their scanty meals, to support them in the wilderness if they should be so fortunate as to escape out of prison.

When all things were arranged, they commenced creeping out, one at a time, and some distance apart, so as not to make a noise, to be discovered by the sentries, near whom they had to pass. The deceased was the last to leave the prison, and just as he was about to creep out the overseer came to the prison door and inquired what noise it was that he heard in prison. The answer was, that he had occasion to get up, and fell over the bench. This pacified the overseer and he shortly left the door. The other six had got to the logs and rolled them into the river, but as the deceased had not yet arrived, they thought they were discovered, and shoved off the raft without waiting to tie it, leaving their companion behind.

The deceased however, soon arrived and plunged into the river and swam until he was helped on to the raft, which they held together by lying crossways on the logs. In this situation they were wafted down the river about five miles and landed by break of day, on the south-east side of the St. Lawrence. They soon discovered that in their hurry and anxiety to escape, they had lost most of their provisions. Cold and wet as they were, they dare not build a fire to dry their clothes or warm their food, for fear of being discovered. In this disconsolate situation they commenced their long and dreary march.

By the 5th day their provisions were about gone. They became feeble but still pursued their journey, collecting roots and catching frogs for their substance, until the 7th day when five of the seven gave out, land could go no further. The deceased and his remaining comrade left these 5 in as comfortable a condition as was in their power, and shaking them affectionately by the hand and bidding them as they tho't an eternal farewell, then proceeded on their journey, destitute both of bread and meat. To save themselves from starving they were compelled to eat frogs and even snakes with roots which they gathered.

On the 11th day his fellow sufferer became so weak that he could go no further.—

This was a most trying scene for the deceased. He had become so weak himself that the least misstep would prostrate him to the ground, what to do he did not know. To stay was death to both, and it was finally concluded that the deceased should make one more effort, if perchance he might reach home and return and save the lives of his companions. After making his comrade as comfortable as possible, and bidding him, as he feared, a long and last farewell, he proceeded on, determined, under the Providence of God, to go through if possible. Sustained principally by anxiety and hope, which increased every step he took, he continued on until the 14th day and when he had all but reached his home, he was again retaken by the enemy, and compelled to return to his dungeon. His entreaties to be permitted to see his family were in vain. He then related to them the circumstances of his leaving his companions, and by strong persuasion prevailed on them to return with him the same way that he came, peradventure some or all might yet be alive. By this means the lives of his six companions were saved, who otherwise must have starved to death.

They all arrived after a painful and distressing march to Montreal and their prison till the peace and then were sent in a ship by way of Quebec and Halifax to

Boston where they arrived in December 1783, destitute of money, food and clothing, except their rags and blankets to cover their nakedness. During their voyage they suffered every thing which cruelty could inflict, till at last their debility was such from confinement and bad provisions t the camp fever set in, and but for a stratagem by which they got some loaf sugar and brandy unbeknown to the captain, they must have perished.

To such things we are indebted for the privileges we now enjoy.

Letter in folder dated March 27, 1931, written in response to an inquiry.

You are advised that it appears from the papers in the Revolutionary War pension claim, S.23361, that Samuel Patchin was born in April 1758, in Wilton, Fairfield County, Connecticut.

While a resident of Milton, Saratoga County, New York, he enlisted in May, 1777, and served three months as private in Captain Collins' company in Colonel Gordon's New York regiment. He enlisted in May, 1780 as private in Captain John Chipman's company in Colonel Seth Warner's regiment; after serving two months he was transferred to Captain Joseph Harrison's company in Colonel Harper's New York regiment and served as orderly sergeant, was in a skirmish near Fort Herkimer, and was discharged in December 1780. In the spring of 1781 he was serving as minuteman with the New York troops under Colonel Jacobus VanSchoonhoven, and while scouting, was captured May 17, 1781, confined in Canada until the fall of 1782 and was exchanged by cartel at Boston, Massachusetts, December 8, 1782.

He was allowed pension on his application executed September 17, 1832, at which time he was a resident of Hague, Warren County, New York.

He died March 18, 1844, at Hague, New York. His wife (name not given) did not survive him. The date of his marriage is not shown.

Samuel Patchin was survived by the following children: Jabez, who in 1845 was sixty-one years of age and a resident of Hague, New York; Lyman; Samuel H. Grandus; Nelson; John; Manly; Mrs. Cynthia Dudley; Mrs. Polly Bailey; Mrs. Harriet Hall; Mrs. Caroline Lowell, and Mrs. Sally Dunning.