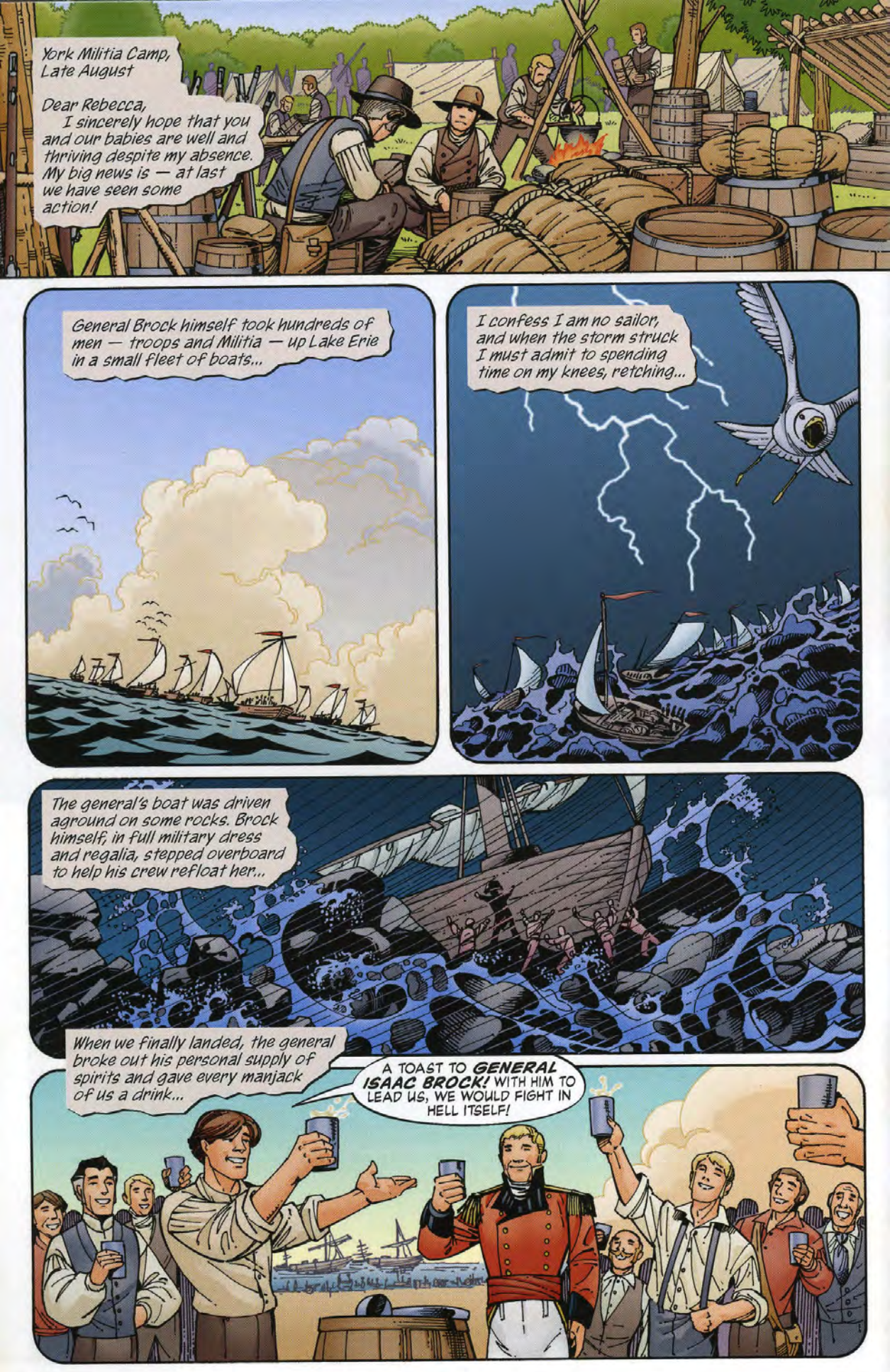

York Militia Camp,
Late August
Dear Rebecca,
I sincerely hope that you and our babies are well and thriving despite my absence. My big news is — at last we have seen some action!
General Brock himself took hundreds of men — troops and Militia — up Lake Erie in a small fleet of boats...
I confess I am no sailor, and when the storm struck I must admit to spending time on my knees, retching...
The general's boat was driven aground on some rocks. Brock himself, in full military dress and regalia, stepped overboard to help his crew refloat her...
When we finally landed, the general broke out his personal supply of spirits and gave every manjack of us a drink...
A TOAST TO GENERAL ISAAC BROCK! WITH HIM TO LEAD US, WE WOULD FIGHT IN HELL ITSELF!