

mained. Gen. Cass had become acquainted with our people, well knew their courage and patriotism, and determined, with them alone, to defend the country; and they did not disappoint his expectations.

Mr. McMillan,—whose widow and children, after the lapse of forty years, are yet with us,—had joined Capt. Andrew Westbrook's company of Rangers. Capt. Westbrook was a native of Massachusetts, and had been taken, in his childhood, by his father to Nova Scotia. He afterwards found his way to Delaware, on the Thames, in Upper Canada, where he was living when the war of 1812 broke out. He was too much of a Yankee to be quiet, and they drove him off. He came to Michigan, raised a company of Rangers, and proved an exceedingly active partisan soldier, and seriously annoyed the enemy. He made frequent incursions into the Province, as far up as Delaware. He was at the time a man of considerable wealth, had a fine, large house, distillery, &c., at Delaware. On his first visit with his Rangers, he called them around him at his own place, and, swinging a fire brand around his head, he said, "Boys, you have just fifteen minutes to plunder *my* premises; after that I give them to the flames;" and true to his word, he applied the brand and burnt up the whole concern.

Capt. Westbrook afterwards settled on the beautiful banks of the river St. Clair, where we have often experienced the generous hospitality of "Baronial Hall;" we usually called him *Baron Steuben*.

McMillan belonged to this corps. He was a gallant soldier, and did good service to his country. On the 15th of September, 1814, the morning after his return from an expedition to the Rondo, in Upper Canada, he, with his young son, Archibald, then eleven years of age, went out upon the common to find his cow. What follows, I have from an eye-witness, Mr. William McVey, of the Rouge. He says, "David and William Burbank and myself were sitting down at the