

died in 1865 on the shore of the Georgian Bay and his grave may be seen in the village cemetery of Thornbury.

Some day the story of the antislavery movement in America will be set down on a large scale. It will probably be done cooperatively by a group of writers, so extensive is the field to be covered and so many aspects are there to be dealt with. When that story is written the place of Canada in the movement must not be overlooked, for there was the final city of refuge for many a fugitive.

NOTES

1. W. H. Siebert, *The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom* (New York, 1898), pp. 114-115.
2. Joseph Pickering, *Emigrant's Guide to Canada* (London, 1832), p. 142.
3. John J. Bigsby, *The Shoe and Canoe; or, Pictures of Travel in the Canadas, Illustrative of Their Scenery and Colonial Life*, 2 vols. (London, 1850), I, 263-65.
4. W. H. Siebert, *op. cit.* p. 88. Others mentioned in this connection are the steamers *United States*, *Bay City*, and *Mayflower*.
5. I am indebted for information on the *Arrow* to Mr. William A. McDonald of Detroit. In 1860 the steamer was owned by Calverley and Raymond of Detroit. She was last inspected in 1863 at Green Bay, Wisconsin, and was condemned and broken up there, the engines being placed in the steamer *George L. Dunlap*, built in 1864 at Green Bay. The *Dunlap* was dismantled after being cut through by ice in Lake Huron in 1880, and the engines then went into the *Dartius Cole*, built at Cleveland in 1885.
6. Issue of July, 1888, pp. 49-50. Quoted by Siebert, p. 148.
7. *Narrative of William W. Brown, a Fugitive Slave, Written by Himself* (Boston, 1847), pp. 109-110.
8. Levi Coffin, *Reminiscences* . . . (Cincinnati, 1876), pp. 249-50.
9. *The Liberator*, November 23, 1849. The letter is headed "The Bondsmen in Canada." In 1852 the Rice establishment at Amherstburg was bitterly criticized by Henry Bibb in his newspaper, *The Voice of the Fugitive*, published at Windsor. Bibb was opposed to the "begging" activities of Rice and contended that the colored people should get on their feet by their own efforts.
10. William Mitchell, *The Underground Railroad* (London, 1860), pp. 55-60.

## The Siege of Fort Meigs Year 1813

*An Eye-Witness Account by COLONEL ALEXANDER BOURNE*

Alexander Bourne was born in 1786 in Wareham, Massachusetts, and died in 1848.

At the age of 26 he sailed in a 40-ton sloop to Philadelphia; thence by stage coach to a point near Pittsburgh, where he joined a party—built a raft—and floated down the Ohio River to Marietta, Ohio, where he lived for a few years. He resided for a while in Zanesville, Chillicothe, and Columbus, Ohio. At the latter place he was on the staff of Governor Duncan McArthur as Canal Commissioner, surveyed and laid out most of the canals in the State during the canal-building era.

In 1816 he was commissioned by the United States Government to locate a town on the Maumee River near Lake Erie, which town is now named Perrysburg.

NEIL E. SALSICH  
Columbus, Ohio  
January 12, 1945

AS THE six months term of the three brigades of militia then out, would expire about the first of March—another brigade of Ohio Militia was ordered out in February 1813—In this detachment I was drafted as a common soldier, on Sunday evening, & ordered to march the next morning—I was the 17th man in the first class, & in the first draft for three men I was drawn—This was occasioned, by the running away & hiding in the woods, of 13 or 14 men who stood before me on the roll—and their remaining secreted by their friends, untill the drafts were marched off—My friends all said, I should not march as a private Soldier—Several members of the legislature, then in session, & Governor Meigs, said they could get me a commission in the regular Army, & that I ought not to go as a private—I told them there was not time to obtain a commission—I was ordered to march immediately—that I did not intend to choose fighting as a profession—but I had been called out by the laws of my country, to defend that country—that my father had fought for his country in the war of independence & I would not shrink from my duty, but march to the place of rendezvous, & trust to Providence for further direction—They then said I should hire a substitute, which was often done—but I refused

all substitution, although a man came to me & offered to serve my six months term of duty for 90 dollars—

#### CHAPTER VI

March to Fort Meigs, & join the Northwestern army—

Governor Meigs & others, gave me letters of introduction to Genl. Harrison, & the principal officers of the army, & I marched in the ranks, with my knapsack on my back—

When the brigade Major mustered us into the service at Chillicothe, as the first sergeant of the company was not present, having been drunk for about 14 years, the Major handed me the roll of the Company, & told the Captain to appoint me first sergeant—The Captain said nothing then, & let me act as first sergeant, although the 2, 3, & 4th. sergeants were present—& the drunken 1st. was soon expected—I told the captain I had no wish to embarrass him, & marched in the ranks—but kept the roll & called it, until the 1st. sergeant joined us—We arrived at Franklinton, the place of rendezvous on the third day—The next day the Colonel of the regiment, Mills Stephenson arrived—& as he had no Adjutant, & my friends in Chillicothe had recommended me, I was immediately appointed & commissioned, the 16th. day of February 1813—(see File 1.) I then obtained a furlough for a few days—returned to Chillicothe—hastily equipped myself with an undress uniform, (the only one in the regiment) horse, pistols &c. but had no sword, for there were none for sale—but the Quartermaster Genl. found in the armory a private dragoon's heavy sabre & scabbord, & a bayonet scabbord belt—& thus equipped, I returned to headquarters—Our Colonel Stephenson had no uniform—he was very awkward & sheepish, & appeared to know nothing about military duty—When the regiment was about to march—Governor Meigs in full uniform, (one of the finest looking men I ever saw)—after looking at our colonel & conversing with him for a few minutes, ordered the Adjutant to the front, & then ordered me to assume the command of the regiment for the present, & commence to march—which I did, & kept the command for five miles, & then gave it up to the Colonel—he having slunk back towards the rear of the column



with the meekness of a sheep—and all of us were ashamed of him—This freak of the governor was entirely irregular & unique—had a direct tendency to puff me up with vanity, & destroy the little respect which the Colonel had before received—

We marched to upper Sandusky, & encamped several days—the snow was about nine inches deep, & the first night I had no fire & but one blanket over me—Here Major Lodwick appeared to have the real command, but the orders were of course given in the name of the Colonel—The Major was determined to keep up a very strict discipline, & a court martial was ordered for every little offence—and as the Adjutant is Ex. Officio Judge Advocate, I was kept very busy—The Major had a copy of the rules & articles of War, which stated the crimes & punishments in the service—but we had no treatise on Martial Law—and I did not know, that capital crimes, such as desertion, sleeping on guard, striking officers &c. could only be tried by a general Court Martial—and the Major ordered them all tried by the ignorant officers of the ragged militia regiment—and it was sufficiently sad, but rather ludicrous, to see the prisoners get on their knees before me, & beg that their lives might be spared, when I knew, that regimental Court Martial could only keep them under guard, on half rations, stop their pay &c. Our Colonel appeared to have forgotten his instructions, till he received an Order to march to big Tyemochtee Creek, & open a road to Fort Finley on Blanchard's fork of the Auglaise river, an upper branch of the Maumee of the lake—We left one company to garrison the Stockade fort at Upper Sandusky, & marched to Tyemochtee, ten miles & encamped—

The next morning Major Lodwick ordered me back to Sandusky on some business—There had been a heavy rain during the night—the snow was then falling fast & thick, & when I came to little Tyemochtee creek, it was so high, that the greater part of the bridge of round poles was afloat, & the bottom on the other side covered by the flood—but my orders were preemptory, & I would not back out—and I run my horse over the bridge, so that the floating poles might not have time to sink, & plunged off at the other end without falling—Riding up on to the barren plain



Colonel Alexander Bourne

where there were but few trees, I found I was then in greater danger, than when crossing the bridge—for the snow was falling fast, & was already so deep, as to nearly hide the slight road across the plain, which was nine miles over—I could see no land marks to guide me, but the lack of high dead grass & weeds in a narrow strip of the snow, which I supposed was in the road. If I should miss the way, & wander in the snow that day & night, without fire or food, I should probably perish, & the creek was then too high to cross back to camp—so I had no alternative, but to watch the faint signs of the road & press forward—At length my horse became discouraged the snow was so deep he could only walk & time was precious—It then became colder—the snow ceased to fall, & in about half an hour, I discovered the fort, to the great joy of man & beast—After finishing my business in two days, I returned to camp.

The next day, Col. Stephenson ordered me to take an escort, & reconnoitre the country between the camp & Fort Finley, for the best route for a military road, & mark it back—I told him, that I should endeavor to do my duty in any direction, but it was very unusual & improper for staff officers to be detached on such duty—some of the Captains or lieutenants were the proper officers, & I thought they would claim it as their right—& that it was my duty to be present at the daily parades—but he would hear no reason about it, & ordered me to march the next day, with three white men, good woodsmen, & four Indians as guides, & to fight if necessary—for small parties of hostile indians were then prowling about us—It appeared to me, that I was the sport of anomolies & irregularities—but military government is necessarily despotic, & I prepared for the march—We took three days rations—I left my horse & pistols—took my sword, a rifle, tomhawk, butcher knife, fireworks, knapsack, & blanket on my back, & marched—

The first night we encamped at a celebrated "*big spring*"—the Indians as usual, eat up their three rations the first day, & all except one, who must necessarily march ahead & guide the party, would lag behind, lay down & go to sleep, & afterwards come running up just before night—The second night we encamped north of a large swamp, which connects the big spring

with Blanchard's fork of the Auglaise river—& the third day came to the river, about three miles above the fort—As the water was too high to cross there—we continued down on the north side, & just before we came in sight of the fort, we saw a small smoke about half a mile north west of us—& by its position, supposed it was made by hostile indians—I then ordered the four Indians to put their rifles in order & reconnoitre the place—They first sat down & painted themselves, so as to meet their enemies in a becoming manner—but in our opinion, exhibiting a hideous & most ludicrous appearance—They then examined & fresh primed their rifles, & marched slowly in single file, Capt. Tom Turkey in front—the three first looking very sharply in front & slightly on each side—but the fourth or last, closed the trail, by turning back every leaf & stick that had been deranged by the march—so that an enemy could not discover the trail, or track made by them & this trail closer, paid no attention to any thing else—We remained on the look out to support them if necessary, until they returned, & Capt Tommy reported, that seven Pottowatomie Indians encamped there, last night, & had gone away to the north—

We then continued down the river, & soon saw the fort on the other side—but it had a very unmilitary appearance—the gates were open—no guards or soldiers to be seen—& looked as if it had been taken by the indians, but not burnt—I hailed as loud as I could, but received no answer—We then made a strong raft, & I sent two Indians over to reconnoitre—They soon returned, & reported, that there were "*no white men, & no indians there*"—& we crossed & took full possession—As the gates were left open—dough left unbaked, & every appearance of a hasty retreat a short time before we arrived—I suppose the militia Captain & garrison of about 100 men, had seen some of the seven Pottowatomie indians on the other side of the river, & instantly fled—I found here, a large quantity of arms, ammunition, provisions, & Quartermaster's stores of all kinds for the army, to go down the river to Fort Meigs in the spring—& twenty seven quarters of fresh beef lying on the ground, outside of the Fort, where the cattle had been shot & butchered, but left by the sudden

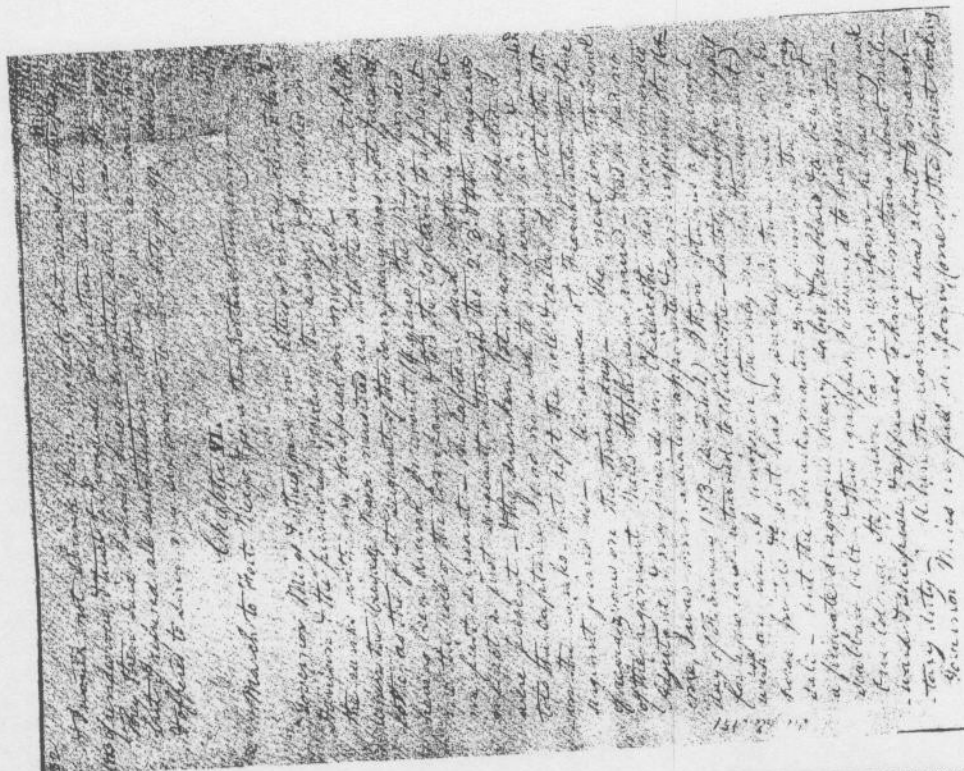


retreat of the garrison—As my Indians had been two days without eating, they now took a surfeit, & were nearly laid up by it—It is not more than 25 miles from the mouth of Tymochtee Creek to Fort Finley, & we were parts of three days in looking out the route for a road—but could have marched that distance in one day if we had nothing else to do—

The next day, I took one of the white men, Williams, to stay with me, & sent the other two whites & the four Indians back to Col. Stephenson, with a brief account of the expedition—the state in which I found the Fort—the large amount of public property in it—& that I should defend it to the last extremity—I was then in full command of a large stockade fort, with many thousand dollars worth of property, & a garrison of one man—forty five miles from any friendly settlement—but the more danger the more honor—At night we fastened all up—ascended to the upper story of the blockhouse—opened a box of muskets, loaded fifty of them, & set them up all round us—so that we could fire them in quick succession—then opened a box of blankets, & taking thirteen apiece laid down to sleep—We remained here several days, & as there were many sugar trees near the Fort—went to making sugar—boiling the water in camp kettles, after we had collected it, with a musket, loaded with buck shot, constantly in one hand—looking out for Indians—

Col. Stephenson, on receiving my report, was much alarmed for my safety, & immediately ordered Captain Drake & thirty men to march to my relief—Although I did not much expect an attack from hostile Indians, but they might have come—many small parties being scattered about between me & Fort Meigs—& I was very willing to receive the reinforcement—In two or three days after, the Colonel & his rough regiment arrived, & I gave up the command—The men were all much pleased with my conduct in this little affair, & my opinions had more weight than they deserved—so that in this instance as well as others, my irregular detachment on this service, was overruled by Divine Providence to my advantage—

Col. Stephenson ordered me to write an account of this expedition "in his name," to General Harrison, which I did & he



Sample page from Col. Bourne's Autobiography illustrating Col. Bourne's style of penmanship

signed it—We left one company to garrison Fort Finley & marched to Fort Meigs in March—The weather was then cold, with some snow & much ice in the Creeks, which were without bridges—We had to cross a large tract of flat, wet, land, nearly all covered with water & ice in the winter, called the Black Swamp—I was well mounted, but the Sergeant Major was sick, & I let him ride my horse in the worst places, & waded through myself, sometimes, more than three feet deep—my health was good, & I suffered no damage to it—but many of the soldiers were laid up with fevers, rheumatism, & colds—At length we arrived at Fort Meigs, the advanced post held by the North Western Army—

It was built on the bluff, on the south side of the Maumee river, about sixty feet above the river, at the foot of the rapids, & head of navigation for small vessels—A deep ravine on the east side & the greater part of the south side, & the steep bluff on the north side, rendered the position very strong for a level country—The defenses consisted of a stockade of pickets, 13 feet long, 12 inches diameter, & set three feet in the ground—inclosing an irregular rectangle, about 400 yards long, & 200 yards wide—defended on the front, or bluff line, by two batteries, built partly with logs, & three blockhouses—There were also four blockhouses on the rear line & east end—There were five or six eighteen pounder cannon in the batteries, & either a 12 or 6 pounder in the lower story of each blockhouse—a ditch outside & inside, completed the description at that time—

The garrison consisted of about 800 men, under the command of Major Stoddart of the Artillery—a small battalion of Pennsylvania Militia, whose time was out, marched off in a few days—Just before we arrived at the Fort, a soldier of the garrison was killed & scalped almost in sight of the fort, by one of the small parties of hostile indians, who were constantly prowling about the roads & fortifications—I handed one of my introductory letters to Major Stoddart, & he requested me to occupy the lower part of blockhouse No. 6, on the rear line, with an iron 6 pounder, on extra duty in the artillery—& directed me to select & take from any of the militia lines, a sufficient number of men

**OBITUARY.**

Died in Warrenton, Mass., Aug. 4, 1849, Col. Alexander Bouma, in the 63d year of his age. Col. B. was a native of Warrenton, but he emigrated to Ohio in 1810, where the most of the State was an unbroken wilderness. There his studious habits, his shrewd, unyielding integrity, and his superior intellectual endowments soon attracted attention, and won him influential friends, and elevated him to posts of great distinction. He served his country faithfully in the war of 1812-13. Gen. Harrison in his reports to the War Department makes honorable mention of his bravery and of the value he turned to Chillicothe, and some of the officers of his brigade, and some of the officers of the Federal Government. His surveys and surveys in surveying every canal ever constructed in the State, and as highly was his judgment esteemed, that his opinions, with the State Legislature, as to the feasibility and expediency of any work of internal improvement seems to have been decisive of its fate.

But the susceptibility of Col. Bouma over those kinds of other men was seen in his ardent and poetical learning. He emphatically sought noble and unremitting with all freedom. There seemed to be no department of knowledge, which he was not to acquire. He left behind him manuscripts of his faithful and accurate observations on general and local history and theology.

He is believed with a membership in many of the most scientific and historical societies in this country—and his contributions to Stillman's, the North and other publications, attracted attention in Europe, as well as at home.

Through we find so much to admire in the character of Col. B., we have to regret that he neglected the claims of Christianity until just

the mention of his. It is which should have been first-embodied and the record, and to which all things else should have been made subordinate, was far too long neglected. Though always a firm believer in the Christian religion, yet he never manifested a religious sense of his own, and was not until after his death, and in justifying facts, in the spring of 1849, he joined the Second Presbyterian Church in Chillicothe, then under the pastoral watchcare of the late lamented Rev. Geo. Brooker; and in the summer of the same year he moved to Warrenton, where he designed spending the remainder of his days in quiet. From the time of his conversion to God he evinced a spirit concentrated in his service; and he most deeply regretted that he had not remembered his Creator in the days of his youth, and that he had not employed all the energies of his life in his service. Though he did not connect himself with the Methodist Church, yet, ever after his return to Warrenton, he uniformly worshipped with them, and rejoined so to see the members of his family, one after another, uniting with them.

In his last sickness, and in his death, he evinced the composure of a philosopher, and resignation and the courage of a martyr, and a true Christian. He set to God and calmly and peacefully waited until his change came. Death, which said angels beckoned him away, while they said

—Borne of G. I. path down.  
—Brought from the land which he  
—Every year, Monday, 1849.

He went to the grave amidst the praises of this entire community, yet all, after the saying,

—How blessed is a new ground, to be  
—Mark the perfect man, and behold nothing right; for the end of light men as well as we. H. W. W.

This obituary notice was probably taken from a local Massachusetts paper



to man the cannon & block house—but he did not release me from duty as Adjutant of Infantry—so I had to perform double duty—but I would not complain & soon selected my artillery squad, & took possession of the blockhouse—In a few days General Harrison arrived, with some Kentucky militia, & small detachments of regular troops—The General Staff consisted of Majors Graham & Hukill, Aids de camp—Lieutenant Johnson, volunteer aid—Captain John O'Fallon, acting Adjutant General—Lieutenant Eubank acting Quartermaster General—& Captains Gratiot & Wood of the United States Engineers, were also attached to the Army—The Fort had been built by the Militia—few, if any of them had ever, seen active service in face of any enemy—or know any thing about cannon, or their effect at battering distance—consequently, our defences were very weak & insufficient—& the Engineers ordered out strong fatigue parties—built two proper batteries wholly of earth instead of piles of logs like cob houses of children—& strengthened all the banks—

It was expected that a British army would pay us a visit as soon as the lakes were clear of ice, & we prepared to give them a warm reception—By the middle of April, our force consisted of one small company of regular artillery—one small battalion of U. States Dragoons & volunteer cavalry—seven companies of regular infantry—one small battalion of volunteer infantry—one battalion of Kentucky Militia, & two small battalions of Ohio militia—with a few indians & Canadians—amounting to about 1600 men—

Soon after Genl. Harrison came on, he looked at our Col. Stephenson—conversed with him a few minutes, & then sent him off to command the port of Lower Sandusky, which was only a Captain's command—but retained Major Lodwick, & all the regimental staff—This was nearly as insulting, as giving the command of the regiment to the Adjutant by Governor Meigs—but the Colonel took both insults, as the regular operation of Martial law—The first time I was detailed as Adjutant of the day, I was somewhat embarrassed, & rather awkward in forming the Guards & distributing them to their several posts, & some part of the

duty was not very correctly performed—but after that time all was plain enough—

The General ordered the Officers to drill their men every day, & prepare them for actual service in the face of an enemy—but very few of the officers had even seen a battle, or knew anything about strict discipline, & needed drilling about as much as their men—Some of them had fought indians, but not a regular army—Captain Gratiot of the Engineers reported himself sick, a few days before, & during the subsequent siege—but looked well, & ate & drank as well as usual—

The other Engineer, Captain Wood, directed & superintended all the work on the defenses, & got the credit of it—& the consequence was, he was promoted to a Lieutenant Colonelcy by brevet—while Gratiot was still a Captain, & four years the senior of Wood—As the ground inside of the fort was higher near the middle than at the sides, & might be seen over the pickets by an enemy on the other side of the river—Capt. Wood ordered a traverse, or parapet bank, to be thrown up, about one third from the front, the whole length of the interior, 20 feet thick, & ten feet high, with covered traverses through it—and afterwards a rear traverse, parallel to the first, but shorter, & also some shorte ones en potence to the former—These works protected the men so well, that Genl. Harrison, (whose darling passion, next to victory, was the safety of his men), recommended Wood for promotion, in the most exalted terms—

In the latter part of April, it was rumored that a british army had passed up the lake, & would soon attack us—The Indians & Canadians were sent out two or three times as scouts, to look out for the enemy—but they were either cowardly or unfaithful & could see no enemy—On the 26th. of April the General ordered Captain Hamilton & his rifle company, of the Ohio Militia to march down the river & find the enemy—He was brave, cool & intrepid—fit for the most hazardous & confidential service, & soon returned, reporting, that the British were marching up on the other side of the river with a strong force—& we prepared to defend our post to the last extremity—The british army of about 1500 men, regulars & Canadian Militia,

& about the same number of Indians under Tecumseh, was commanded by Genl. Proctor—They occupied the old british fort, a mile & a half below us—& after reconnoitring our position, commenced three batteries for heavy cannon, & one for Mortars, nearly opposite to our encampment, & from 900 to 1200 yards from it—The batteries being completed, & a small one commenced 300 yards in our rear, in the evening of the 30th. of April the cannonade commenced—On this day some of our Canadians were missing, & had probably deserted to their old masters—so the Genl. ordered guard to be paraded & distributed at sunset, & a new countersign, parol, & watch word given—

Just before night, the Adjutant Genl. informed, that I was appointed Adjutant of the day for the next 24 hours, & Major Alexander of the Volunteers, field Officer of the day—& requested me to inform him of it—I found him in the Marque of Col. Miller, drinking brandy—He said he was unfit for duty, & I ought to have told him sooner—I told him I had just been informed of it myself—& as it was nearly dark, nobody would perceive his inebriety—& that I would attend to his duties, as far as it was admissible & taking him by the arm, we went to his marque & sat down—he lamenting his situation, & I cheering him up—It had become very dark, & we heard the report of a large cannon—I told him that was from the enemy, & that we must go to head quarters immediately for special orders—he was afraid his situation would be discovered, I told him there was no alternative, if he did not go, he would be sent for, & we then went—The General was standing in his marque, surrounded by his staff—He asked me if I was on duty? I told him I was—He then said, "*put out every light in the camp,*" "that the enemy may lose his aim"—

So I received the first order that was given after the firing commenced—I executed the order & returned to head quarters—when the General & staff, & the Officers on duty, set out on the grand rounds, to see that all the guards were wide awake—It was extremely dark, wet, & muddy—we often fell down in the ditches—sometimes one or two upon the top of another—the british firing slowly, without the least effect—for all their balls struck

the bluff below us—This was the first British cannon that Gen-eral Harrison, & most of the rest of us ever heard, & although we were completely invested by veteran troops, indians & wolves, we were not dismayed—& determined to defend the fort to the last extremity—for if we should surrender to a superior force, & an armament of twice our own—Genl. Proctor could not prevent his 1500 indians from taking our scalps—The next morning the enemy opened all his batteries, & poured in a constant stream of 24 pound balls & 10 inch bomb shells—his balls generally going through the front pickets above our heads & lodging in the traverse bank—the shells falling & bursting, part of them inside of the fort, & the others outside—We soon had a few men killed & wounded, & some mangled in a shocking manner, which was very revolting to my feelings at first—but I soon became accustomed to it—The cannonade & bombardment continued with but little intermission, till the 5th. of May—throwing us about 2000 large balls & shells, & a quantity of large grape shot, & hand grenades fired from cannon, & also some carcasses & other combustibles—Our most exposed blockhouse had the upper part knocked off, & nearly demolished.—We fired but little, reserving our small amount of ammunition for closer work—but sometimes dismounted some of their guns, & probably killed & wounded some of their men—My blockhouse No. 6 on the rear line, was situated so low, that I could not fire on the enemies battery in the rear—but it was calculated to rake the ditch with fatal effect, if the enemy should storm the place on that line—& consequently, I was well supplied with canister shot, & port fire—& could load & fire four times a minute, as long as the men could sponge & ram down—being in good health & almost insensible to danger—

I went to the Adjutant General, & told him to command me freely—& that I would do all I could for him in any way—He put me on duty as Adjutant of the day, every third day, & trusted me with some duties for *him*, which were probably above my rank—& he evidently felt indebted to me—One evening during the hottest firing, being on duty, I was marching a small guard, in single file, over ground that was much exposed to the enemy's



fire, rather than go along distance round under shelter of the banks—Genl. Harrison, who was not far off, under shelter, became very angry, & commanded me in a loud voice, to "order the men to run"! & cursed me personally in the most horrid manner for exposing *his* men in that way—for he was naturally very passionate, & sometimes very profane—I had before ordered the march in double quick time, & would not let the men run into confusion, & so paid no attention to his order—& coolly formed the guard under shelter of the main traverse, & gave the officer his instructions—As the General had openly insulted me before the principal officers of the army—my first impulse was to throw my sword down at his feet, & let him arrest me forth with—but the next moment, I thought of a better way—& saying nothing to him, I sheathed my sword, & marched deliberately over the same ground—expecting every minute, that an officer would be sent to arrest me—but none came that night—the Adj. General had been pleading for me—The next morning the enemy did not open his fire till about 10 o'clock—& soon after breakfast I saw the General in his uniform, attended by an orderly sergeant bearing his telescope, coming towards my blockhouse, & thought my time had come—but would he arrest me himself instead of sending an Officer? coming near, he said very pleasantly, "*good morning adjutant*"—I answered, "*good morning General, I hope you are very well*"—He said he was apprehensive the British were building a battery behind a large quantity of dry oxhides on our West flank, & handing me his telescope, mildly asked me to reconnoitre the position, & report my opinion in two hours—After the reconnoissance, I reported as my opinion, that there was no battery there, nor any signs of intention to build one—This pleasant manoeuvre healed the breach entirely, & nothing more was ever said about it—

As the General was very sensitive on the subject of exposing his men, & lamented that any were killed or wounded—some persons thought he was a little defective in personal courage—but I know that is false—I saw him several times expose his person more than any Commander in Chief ought to, & believe he was naturally brave—& his bravery was very conspicuous in Wayne's battle with the Indians in 1794—

Captain Peters of Blockhouse No. 5, raised his gun up into the upper story, so that he could bring it to bear on the battery in the rear—but the enemy's fire dismounted his gun, & injured his blockhouse—As he had other duties, he left the blockhouse, probably intending not to remount the gun—I took his men—hauled up a pair of timber wheels, & was remounting the gun, when the General came up to see what I was about—I instantly thought of the danger he was in, if a ball of the enemy should come through the house, for a large number of spare muskets with fixed bayonets, were standing against the wall next to the enemy, & if struck, would fly about like hail, leaving no chance for escape where he stood—& was just turning round to beg him to leave the house, when I saw he had turned about to go down—Having mounted the gun I fired three shots at the battery—I had never fired that gun before, & did not expect to come very near, until I saw how she threw her ball—The first shot fell short of the battery & ricocheted over it—the second struck the side of the embrasure, & threw up a splinter—the third silenced the enemy's gun for about two hours—& this was the only opportunity I had to send them cold iron—

About the middle of the siege, Capt. Wood the Engineer, ordered me to take a fatigue party of the Ohio militia, & throw up a short entrenchment near the rear line, & in front of my blockhouse—I commenced according to order—the ground was much exposed, being nearly in range of the magazine, at which the enemy were throwing red hot balls to blow it up—& these balls passed between the men, & hissed & boiled in the bank, the men would leave their work, & declare they could not stand it—I informed Capt. Wood that the men could not be kept at work—he then gave me an unlimited order on the Commissary for whiskey, & directed me to give it to them every half hour, & make them drink it until they were insensible to fear, but not too drunk to stand & work—He said "*There is no other way—it must be done, in extreme cases!*" & so I did it; the men then kept at their work, reeling & cursing the British & their hot balls, until the work was finished—There were none killed or badly wounded—Wood & O'Fallon were very friendly to me, & the latter one day told me, that Genl. Harrison would have me

appointed a lieutenant in the U. States Topographical Engineers, if I wished it—As I never intended to make Arms my profession, & only fought from a sense of duty, & not for the love of fighting, I expressed no desire to enter into the regular Army, & the subject was dropped.

The siege exhibited several instances of great personal bravery, & some of base cowardice—I had with me in the blockhouse two very brave men—Isaac Burkelon, a journeyman saddler of Philadelphia, who went out as a substitute for a wealthy citizen of Chillicothe, & who was appointed on the march out, Sergeant Major of the regiment, appeared to be wholly insensible to fear—& when any scouting party was ordered on dangerous service, he would volunteer & beg to go, although it was never his duty—

One morning in the hottest of the firing, he came out of the blockhouse to wash himself, & when I saw a large bombshell descending very near him, I ordered him to lie down instantly, but he would not muddy his clothes to save his life—& when the shell went into the ground within four feet of him, he would not lie down, but only stooped a little, & the shell bursting the next moment, he was thrown down & nearly covered by the mud—he got up laughing & shaking himself, & appeared to enjoy the sport—

Another of my men from Ohio, whose name was Bolenstein a native of Germany, was a soldier of the revolutionary war, about 60 years of age—seeing a 10 inch bombshell fall just outside of the blockhouse, & striking a sloping stump, did not go into the ground, but bounded, & then rolled swiftly on it—he jumped out through the embrasure & run after it—I told him it would burst in a moment & blow him to pieces—He kept on, & said he would pull out the fuse—I knew he could not for the British screw in their fuses—the centinels on the walls, cocking & aiming their guns at him, hailed him to return or they would shoot him, (for they had orders to shoot every man outside without a written permission.) he told them to fire away, he would have the shell any how—& fortunately for him, the fuse had not taken fire, & he brought the shell in, weighing nearly 100

pounds—for besides the powder, there were 96 musket balls in it—

F. Sutton, Quartermaster of our regiment, was constitutionally a coward—He was so much afraid of being killed, that he would not eat, & said that he did not sleep during the siege—He generally sat crouched down behind a pile of three or four hundred barrels of flour—& while several men were looking, & laughing at him, a 24 pound ball went through the flour just above his head, throwing the staves, heads, hoops, & flour over him—he jumped up and run down sideways into a wet ditch of two feet water, screaming O, Lord! O, Lord! & some of the men run to pull him out, supposing he would drown—I told them to let him lie there, he was out of the range of the fire, & not worth pulling out—When Capt. Butter's volunteer company of Pittsburg, marched out with others to storm the battery in the rear on the 5th. of May—they were fiercely attacked by the indians on the right wing—& one George McFall, a saddler—seeing a large indian shot down a few paces in front of the line, & struggling in death—run to him right between the fires of both lines—scalped him—tied the scalp on his hat for a cockage—took his gun, tomhawk knife & belts, & returned to the ranks—I saw him when he came in, & the scalp had been taken off & put on his hat so quick, that the blood had run down nearly to the hat band—Just before the siege, I asked several of the Officers, if there was any plan, or drawing of the Fort—& they all thought there was none—I then determined to make one for myself, & when the drum beat for dinner, supposing that the Officers would all be in their quarters, I took a sheet of paper & pencil, & commencing at the southwest angle, paced the lines & estimated the angles all round from the right to the left—pacing also, the sides of the batteries & blockhouses—As I was in undress uniform, the guards saluted, & let me pass without any questions—I then made a sketch from my rough notes—& the next day went round from left to right, correcting the first errors as well as I could—& finally put down all the interior works—positions of the several troops—Officers quarters, magazines &c. I knew that I might be liable to arrest, for having a drawing of the fort in my possession without leave, for the com-



mander in chief & principal Engineers only are entitled to it—but one of the Officers looked in while I was at work on it, & discovered the secret—He saw that it was my own property, honestly obtained, & promised to say nothing about it—but the matter leaked out—I hid the drawing—& the alarm subsided without any difficulty—After the siege was over, I made a kind of wooden theodolet—divided it by a forked stick, & other contrivances, without scale, compasses or any drawing instruments whatever—measured a base by pacing, & by a rough triangulation, laid down the adjacent ground—the river, & positions of the british batteries—& suppose my drawing is the only one which now exists—for the public archives at Washington, were all burnt by the British in 1814—And subsequently, I made a drawing of the old British fort—below Fort Meigs—which was a regular scientific work, & one of their famous western posts—  
(Continued in the next issue)

## NEWS

(Continued from page 131)

persons on the payment of a small fee. The governing body is an Assembly with representatives of many groups in the city, including veterans of World War II and young people under twenty-five years of age. As the name indicates, studies will be made and meetings held on many topics of international interest. A lecture course will be presented in the season of 1945-1946. Readers of this magazine may well be interested in this organization, which provides opportunity to study the history of foreign relations as well as current problems.



G. Harrison Orians, Editor

## SILVERSMITHS, PEWTERERS, ETC.

JAMES M. MCCRIMMON

MISS KNITTLE'S pamphlet opens with a quotation from Turner to the effect that all knowledge is useful to the historian. The truth of this quotation is more evident than its significance as a preface to the pamphlet; for surely no one denies that a study of the early Ohio silversmiths and pewterers has value both to the historian and to the lover of silver and pewter ware. The publication of such a study needs no defense. Within its pages a reader will find much useful information about silver and pewter, about the men who fashioned them, and about the conditions under which they were fashioned. Thus, the means by which our early silversmiths transformed a 25 cent piece into three 20 cent pieces, or cut a Spanish dollar into more convenient currency, have interest for the general reader as well as for the professional historian or economist.

But, useful as the pamphlet is, one wishes the author had undertaken its writing with a clear notion of the purpose she wished to achieve. Specifically, one wishes that she had decided in advance whether she was writing for the specialist or for the layman, and whether the quotation from Turner should be interpreted so liberally as to warrant the inclusion of pages of material which has no recognizable relationship with her sub-

Rhea Mansfield Knittle, *Early Ohio Silversmiths and Pewterers, 1787-1847. The Ohio Frontier Series, 1787-1847.* (Cleveland: The Calvert-Hatch Co., 1943). pp. 68. \$1.00.

*The German Element in Toledo*

27. Charles Carson in the *Toledo News Bee*, February 20, 1933.
28. *Loc. cit.*
29. William Bennett Munro, *The Governments of Europe* (New York: Macmillan Company, 1931) 595.
30. Townsend, *op. cit.*, 26.
31. H. S. Knapp, *History of the Maumee Valley* (Toledo: Blade Mammoth Printing and Publishing Company, 1877) 559.
32. Townsend, *op. cit.*, 27.
33. Waggoner, *op. cit.*, 349.
34. Scribner, *op. cit.*, I, 524.
35. *Ibid.*, I, 529.
36. Wittke, *op. cit.*, 170.
37. Clifton J. Child, *The German-American in Politics 1914-1917* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1939) 102.
38. Wittke, *op. cit.*, 169.
39. *Congressional Record*, 65 Congress, 2 Session (Washington: United States Government Printing Office, 1918) 8613.
40. *Toledo Blade*, April 6, 1917.
41. Francis P. Weisenburger, "General Isaac R. Sherwood," *Quarterly Bulletin of the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio*, Vol. XIV (April, 1942) 50.
42. *Toledo Blade*, April 6, 1917.
43. *Toledo News Bee*, February 4, 1935.
44. *Loc. cit.*
45. *Toledo Blade*, October 19, 1938.
46. *Toledo Blade*, October 19, 1938.
47. *Loc. cit.*
48. According to *Toledo Blade*, October 19, 1938.
49. *Toledo Blade*, October 20, 1938.
50. *Toledo Blade*, October 22, 1938.
51. Waggoner, *op. cit.*, 752.
52. Scribner, *op. cit.*, I, 128.
53. Waggoner, *op. cit.*, 747.
54. Scribner, *op. cit.*, I, 343.
55. Killius, *op. cit.*, I, 489.
56. Waggoner, *op. cit.*, 744.
57. Killius, *op. cit.*, I, 403.
58. Waggoner, *op. cit.*, 745.
59. *Ibid.*, 548.

The Siege of Fort Meigs  
Year 1813

*An Eye-Witness Account by COLONEL ALEXANDER BOURNE*

Concluded from October, 1945, issue.

CHAPTER VII

Decisive battles at Fort Meigs, & raising of the siege— It was known during the siege, that a brigade of Kentucky militia under the command of General Green Clay was on the march to reinforce us—& on a dark stormy night about the 3d of May, Captain Oliver was sent on horse back, to run the gauntlet thro the surrounding rapids, about 20 miles from Fort Meigs, & returning safely through the indians the next night, gave the information—The next morning, May 5th. Genl. Harrison sent Captain Hamilton & part of his company to meet Genl. Clay, & order him to detach 800 men to storm the brittish batteries on the north side of the river—spike their guns—cut down their wheels & then immediately retreat towards our fort, where they would be assisted across the river, under the cover our guns— Captain Hamilton carried the spikes, & gallantly lead on the storming party, & as the morning was foggy, & the main brittish army being down at the old fort, & only the artilleryists & a fatigue party at the batteries, they were completely surprized—

The 750 Kentuckians under Colonel Dudley, stormed & carried the batteries in fine style—spiked the guns—cut down their flag staff & let it lay—for seeing some indians in the edge of the woods—(& every Kentuckian is crazy at the sight of an indian,) they rushed into the woods after them, contrary to positive orders & the efforts of their officers—& pursued them into an am bush—while the brittish army below, hastened up, retook their batteries—raised up their flag again, (for the Kentuckians thought it more honor to fight indians than to take a brittish standard,) & attacking the Kentuckians in the rear, the contest was soon decided—Col. Dudley & 220 of his men were killed— 180 retreated across the river—350, including Capt. Hamilton, were taken prisoners—marched down to the old fort—& after



quarter, & give none—for one of his Aids came to me one evening during the siege, with verbal confidential orders—"That from some movements of the enemy, it was expected they would storm the fort that night—& I was ordered to rake the ditch with cannister shot, until they succeeded in cutting down the pickets & marching to the inside of the fort—then wheel the cannon to the door, & fire on them there until my men were all cut down—then spike the gun & defend myself with my sword to the last extremity, & that *every man must fall in his tracks*!" I found on enquiry, that the other commanders of batteries & blockhouses received the same orders—& we should have obeyed them to the letter—Our militia officers, generally, were very ignorant & they were determined not to leave their duty—The militia officers rank next after the regular officers of the same grade—that is—a militia Captain ranks after a regular Captain, but before a regular lieutenant—but two of our Ohio militia captains, after they had been two or three months in the service, thought that the regular sergeants out ranked them, & when on guards of the regulars, actually asked leave of the sergeants, to go to their dinners—They were also entirely ignorant of correct military art & discipline, & had no military books—The Company officers knew the manual exercise, & how to march & wheel, without time or dress—The field officers knew how to form & display columns, according to Baron Steuben—but had no idea of drilling to time—the service of the guards—or how to form in the order of battle—After the batteries in the rear were stormed & taken, the Dragoons were ordered out to scour the woods, & drive off the Indians who might be lurking there—& our little Ohio militia battalion was ordered to march out—form in order of battle, & support them if necessary—

Major Pitzer had been wounded, & Major Lodwick was ordered to command the battalion—but also to divide it into two demi-battalions & give me the command of the left one—This was irregular—because it was the right of the Senior Captain to command it, & not the Adjutant—but it is the first duty to obey orders, & so I took the command—Major Lodwick had formed the battalion, as when mustered for inspection, in open

the Indians had there deliberately killed 40 of the prisoners in the presence of the British officers, Captain Elliot stopped the massacre—On the same day, two small batteries in our rear were stormed—the guns spiked, & two lieutenants & 40 privates of the veteran 41st British regiment taken prisoners by Colonel Miller, with a detachment of the regular infantry & volunteers—Our success was complete—we were reinforced by about 1000 men, & had rendered the enemy's cannon useless—

On the 6th. of May, Genl. Proctor sent Major Chambers towards our fort with a flag of truce, to propose an exchange of prisoners—& Genl. Harrison sent Major Hukill with a flag to meet him between the lines—Major Hukill's guard of honor, or escort made a fine show—He was probably the handsomest man in the U. States—& with his rich dragoon uniform, & grescial helmet, exceeded any thing I ever saw—His Officers & men also exhibited the finest equipment we could muster—they were in full uniform, the Officers with splendid epaulets & ostrich feathers, & the sergeants with silver mounted swords all borrowed for the occasion, astonished the British officers—outshone them five to one—for no British subaltern is allowed to wear bullion epaulets, but only embroidered shells on the shoulders—On the 7th. the exchanges were completed—& on the 8th. the British army raised the siege & marched off—having first attempted to unspike their cannon, by heating them in burning logheaps, but without success—

This was the longest siege during the war—& the whole number of killed & wounded, was perhaps equal to that of any other battle which was fought—viz—killed on the south side, 77—on the north side 260—total killed 337—Wounded on the south side, 187—total killed & wounded 524—General Proctor was either cowardly, or lacked sound judgment—for instead of building his batteries two thirds of a mile off—he ought to have come over on the south side—brought up his heavy cannon & mortars within 250 yards, either by regular approaches or a direct sap, & he would have knocked all our defences down in a short time—& we expected he would do it—I know that Genl. Harrison was determined, if the enemy stormed the fort, to ask for no

order—the officers & non-commissioned officers in front of the line, & between it & the enemy—When I came on the ground I ordered the officers & non-commissioned officers to the rear—formed the privates in close order, shoulders touching—the Captains in the front rank, on the right—the 1st. sergeants covering them in the rear rank—the other sergeants & corporals as file closers in single rank, & open order, two paces in the rear of the privates, the 2d. sergeant on the left—then the lieutenants & ensigns were formed in open order, in the rear of the file closers & took my post in their rear—I then told the file closers it was not their duty to fight personally, but to see that the private fought, & did their duty—& when any of the men were killed or wounded, to drag them back, & close up the files to the right—I told the subaltern officers it was their duty to enforce the obedience of the file closers & to cut down every man who attempted to retreat without orders, & that I intended to do so—but fortunately for us, we were not attacked—for how Major Lodwick would have managed his command if suddenly attacked—history does not inform us—If he suddenly passed to the rear, it would cause a panic, & all his men would run away—if he continued in front, he & the other officers would be taken prisoners—because the men could not fire without killing their officers, & being without officers or orders would surely run away—The term gentleman soldier is a perfect absurdity—for all military command is necessarily despotic, & when a corporal is commanded to take two or three files of men & perform a given service, his authority is as absolute & unquestionable as that of the Autocrat of all the Russians—

In this siege, we passed through a terrible conflict, which tried our souls & bodies—As there were about fifty officers in the garrison, whose rank was higher than mine, & my name was the 14th. mentioned in the general order thanking us for bravery & good conduct, I had no reason to complain—Soon after the siege, Genl. Harrison returned to Ohio & Kentucky—leaving Genl. Clay in command & as he was generally sick, Capt. Wood the Engineer, as volunteer Aid de camp, appeared to exercise the real command—We had nothing to do, & as the warm

weather came on, the troops became quite sickly & many died—About the first of June, I was obliged to report myself on the sick list—It was reported in the latter part of June, that the british had repaired their losses, & were coming to give us another trial—I went to Captain Wood, & told him that I thought I was able to stand by my gun, & would report myself for duty—He gave me my choice of all the blockhouses on the rear line—& I chose No. 7, at the southwest angle of the fort, with four embrasures—a fine brass 12 pounder, which raked all the ground on which they could storm the fort to advantage—& I was very anxious to see them on the plain in front of me—The alarm, however, false one—the british were not coming *then*—but did come & reconnoitre our position & situation two or three weeks afterwards, & finding the yankees were well prepared for another tug—retreated again—sailed to Lower Sandusky, & were there defeated by Capt. Croghan & about one company of men—As my sickness continued & rather increased—the Surgeon certified, that my life depended on returning to the settlements where I could get fresh provisions, & Genl. Clay gave me a furlough, until my health would be restored—

I had no horse—having sold mine for 22 dollars less than I gave for him, soon after arriving at the fort—for there was no forage to be had—No officer kept a horse, except Genl. Harrison, & the Dragoons, & many of theirs were killed during the siege—At length the quartermaster Genl. let me have an old pack horse, on my receipt, & I purchased an old saddle & bridle for ten dollars—Then I could not go safely alone—for the parties of hostile indians were still lurking around us—but the next day, a small detachment of Officers & friendly indians was ordered to the interior, & I went with it as long as I could keep up—It consisted of Major Lodwick, on furlough—Major Heaton under arrest—a Captain Rankin of Kentucky—two or three other whites, & 8 or 10 indians under sub-chief Johnny, all better mounted than I was—It was unsafe to take any of the military roads, & we shaped our course straight through the wilderness, towards fort Amanda, near the head of the Auglaise river—guided by Capt. Johnny—



thing to eat, & keep the trail of the party into the fort—probably not more than thirty miles—but my little piece of bread appeared to be very precious—& travelling on sick, sad, hungry, & weary, about 9 o'clock, came to an old field on Blanchards fork of the Auglaise river, where the old Ottoway indian town formerly stood—& behold! there were the indians still in camp—Capt. Johnny & my scurvy brother officers having ridden on all night to get to a place of safety—but the indians would not march in the morning until they had dried their blankets, according to their custom, & this probably saved me.

I hired two indians to go back to my camp for the articles left there—they let me ride a sumpter horse, whose load of provisions had disappeared—& that night we all got into fort Amanda—where we were comparatively safe—The next day I went over to Fort St. Mary, & the next day into the white settlements on the Miami river—I have never seen Rankin, or the five dollars he borrowed since—he was a stranger—but the inhuman conduct of the two majors, in leaving a brother officer of the same brigade sick on the trail behind them, to be picked up by hostile indians, was too mean for contempt, & their lying, was beyond the skill of a boatman—Lodwick never paid me the ten dollars—but his son paid it about two years afterwards—

After several days, I arrived at Chillicothe—& gave up the public horse for the one I turned loose—I had drawn no pay—was nearly out of money—& could find but very few friends—Genl. McArthur wishing to send his wife & second daughter to the Kentucky springs for their health, proposed that I should escort them there & back—have one of his horses, & all expenses paid—& thought it would also restore my own health—I thought so too, & immediately accepted his proposal—We all rode on horse back—& as I still belonged to the service, & the war was popular, I wore my undress uniform—We had many small incidents but few worth relating—After crossing the Ohio river at Maysville, we turned off to the right into Bracken County, to look up an offshoot of the McDonalds—where we could stay all night, without expense—got lost, crossed fields, fences, & woods,

The first day we saw a few hostile indians watching us—but we occupied a strong position at night, & they did not attack us—The next day my old horse began to lag behind, & I could not keep up with the party—Major Lodwick had borrowed ten dollars of me, & Capt. Rankin five dollars, & both promised to stand by me to the last extremity—but they both broke their promise of honor, & left me behind—One of the indians came back to me, & said he would ride behind my horse, & whip him up if I would give him money, & I gave him about a quarter of a dollar a mile—but my horse soon refused to trot, & no whipping could urge him out of a walk—The indian then told me that he dare not stay with my any longer, as the hostile indians would overtake us, & leaving me towards night, he galloped away after the party—I continued to walk my horse slowly on the trail, until it became so dark that I could no longer see it—then dismounted, & turned the old horse loose—believing that he would be of no further use to me—I fired my pistols, to let the party know where I was, if they were near enough to hear—went a short distance out on the north side of the trail, & stretching my single blanket, lay down in my clothes, trusting in Divine Providence for protection—I reloaded my pistols, laid them by my side, & with sword, tomhawk & knife, determined to sell my life dearly if attacked—The night was dark & stormy, with thunder & high wind in the latter part—I then regretted that I had not selected a camp out of the reach of dead limbs broken from the trees, & turning my back uppermost as the strongest side, waited for the morning—one small limb striking me on the hip without damage—

I got up somewhat rested, as soon as it was light enough to see the trail, & found that I had about two ounces of bread in my pocket, & nothing else to eat—I took my knapsack, blanket, fireworks, tomhawk, knife & sword—leaving saddle, bridle, holsters, & pistols, & walked slowly on the trail—I thought I should live to reach fort Amanda, if the indians did not overtake me—because I knew it was not far to a large branch of the river—I could probably find a turtle, a fish, or some berries—or some-

according to the direction of negroes which we saw, & about dark found the house, & also found that we ought to have inquired for McDaniel, instead of McDonald—

In the morning we concluded to go to the Upper blue lick spring first—& in due time arrived there—found but little company, for the lower lick was the fashionable resort—We staid several days, Mrs. McArthur & Margaret going to the spring after breakfast & dinner & drinking the water—& I, amusing myself as I could sometimes riding about the country &c—The boarding house was kept by Major Finley, an officer of the revolutionary army, who was good company, but rather superstitious—As Mrs. McArthur complained of the tooth ache—the Major told her he could cure it by a charm—& having rubbed her tooth with a red string, he went into the woods to find a particular dogwood tree, standing in a particular position, around which he must tie the string—I laughed so much at the old lady, that she became angry, & would not tell me whether the Major had cured her tooth ache, or not—The spring was not embellished with a marble fountain & basin—but rose through a hollow sycamore log, called a "gum", about three feet in diameter, set in the ground—It was clear & copious—mineralized with salt sulphur, & nauseous to the smell & taste—One morning, a man whom we met there, & living near the spring, informed us, that a Mrs. Rachford, a very large fat woman, who was there just before we came, had lifted up her clothes, got into the water, & sat down in it—her big backside just filling up the gum—& we had been drinking after her—Oh, snakes, toads, & dung worms—the upper blue lick was done over! You need not speak of it again in fifty years! The Major was almost raving mad—it would drive all company away from the Lick! & Mrs. McArthur let out in fine style—I laughed it off without any damage, found my health was perfectly restored—& we all set out immediately for the lower lick—leaving the Major in a very uncertain condition—

We had a pleasant ride down the Licking river, & arrived just before night—We there found a considerable company of the higher order—The house was kept by a rough old Scotch High

lander named Bellingall—& when I introduced my ladies as Mrs. & Miss General McArthur, he took me to be the General himself, whom he had not seen, but had heard of—& he almost claimed to be of kin to me—& when he asked me before the company, if my lady's health was improving, I twisted every way to keep from laughing, & told him I thought it was—while Mrs. McArthur looked like, "all gone"! but we soon had a fair understanding—I was much interested in the appearance of the ground in the vicinity of the spring—the soil being all licked off by Buffaloes, & other wild beasts in early ages—The place has also, interesting historical associations—for here was fought the most bloody battle in Kentucky—In the early settlement of the country, the indians of the territory northwest of the Ohio river, were continually at war with the settlers—& a large war party, having murdered some people & stolen many horses near when Lexington now stands, the settlers, headed by Colonel Garrard, snatched their rifles, mounted their horses, & pursuing in hot haste, came near the indians at the crossing of the Licking river, near the lower blue lick, where there is a narrow ravine on the north side, in which the trail extended up to the high ground—Some of the party proposed to send over a few men first, to see if the indians had not halted in ambush—but Col. Garrard, calling them all cowards, spurred his horse across the river & up the ravine—the whole party followed, & while some were in the river, & the others entangled in the ravine—the indians lying in ambush on both sides & at the head, poured in a deadly fire—a bloody struggle, hand to hand ensued, & the greater part of the Kentuckians were killed & scalped—& I was informed, that a few years before I was there, their bones might be seen blanching on the ground—

Almost every Kentuckian has had relatives killed by the indians—the recollection of their losses is constantly cherished—& I suppose they have not yet fully glutted their revenge—for when the celebrated Chief Tecumseh was killed at the battle of the Thames, every Kentuckian that could, took off a piece of his skin for a razor strap—After spending about a week at the



*The Siege of Fort Meigs, Year 1813*

lower Lick, & making some acquaintances, we returned to Chillcothe in August, all well—

I now found my health fully restored, & my six months term of service expired—but I was not present when the regiment was discharged & paid, & I was without money or business—My friend Hough the Auditor, gave me something to do in his office & so I laid down the sword, & took up the pen again—



G. Harrison Orians, Editor

LAKE HURON

FRED LANDON

THIS pioneer book on Lake Huron opens interestingly with an account of the discovery and exploration of the lake, and proceeds, in its first half, to a consideration of the natural history and geography of the area. We take, as it were, a scouting plan's survey of the Michigan shore and the Canadian side, including the summer tourist paradise of Georgian Bay. Since this book, though well illustrated, cannot possibly present a panoramic view of the scenic lake shore, the author is limited for the bulk of his text to historic associations of harbor and town. But the lake is the most be-islanded of the Great Lakes; and since it is appropriate that these island jewels be singled out and described, a close examination is made of St. Joseph, Christian, Drummond, and other Islands. Manitoulin receives a long, enthusiastic sketch; but only in the description of Mackinac Island does the spirit of romance awaken. For this Magic Isle story and tradition combine to evoke the spirit of the past and to maintain its appeal in the broad daylight of every day.

But, it is to be feared, such romance is rare for the lake as a whole. It was once called a realm of solitude; and while such designation no longer holds, it lacks the large cities and the belegend scenes with which other lakes of the region are sup-

*Lake Huron. The American Lake Series, edited by Milo M. Quaife. By Fred Landon (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1944), pp. 398. \$3.50.*