

Introduction to Memoirs of John Cochran

Johnda T. Davis

In 1948, the late Miss Mary Foresman completed a long genealogical account of her family, a copy of which she gave her brother, George P. Foresman. Included among the papers was this account of the experiences of Col. John Cochran in the War of 1812, which Mr. Foresman has permitted us to publish. Col. Cochran was their grandfather, having lived the rest of his long life in South Bloomfield. Here follows Miss Foresman's introduction to the *Memoirs*:

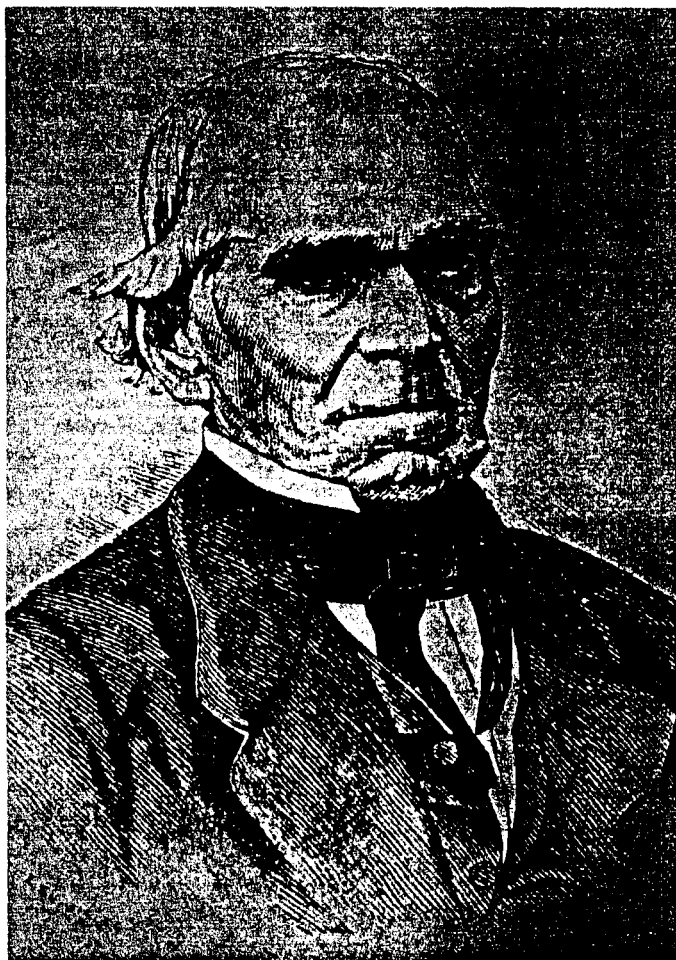
"Little is known of the early life of John Cochran — all of the generation who knew him have passed away and I have only a dim recollection of him in his home in South Bloomfield.

"From a short sketch of his life in the *History of Pickaway County* and also from the letters written on his reminiscences of the War of 1812, published in the *Herald and Union* about 1876, we learn that he was born in 1790 and came to Ohio in 1807 and again in 1812, from his home in Mercer County, Pennsylvania, where he left his father and mother and one sister living.

"After his return from the War of 1812, he was married to Polly (Mary) O'Harra, a daughter of John O'Harra, one of the early pioneers, and resided in South Bloomfield. Nine children were born to this marriage. He died in 1878 and is buried in Harrison Township Cemetery. He purchased most of his silver and furniture in Philadelphia at the time of his marriage and many of these pieces are now in the home of his niece, Mary O'Harra Hedges. The old clock is now in my home.

"Grandfather Cochran is said to have been a very dignified, polished old man — a great reader — and had a fine library for his day. He is reputed to have written the first history of Pickaway County which was published in pamphlet form."

— MARY E. FORESMAN
1931.



According to William Bros. *History of Pickaway County*, Lieutenant Cochran returned to South Bloomfield to marry Mary O'Hara (sometimes spelled O'Harra). Her father, Joseph had kept a tavern in Franklinton until 1812, when he moved to Harrison Township and built the house where young Cochran had stopped during his recruiting days. The young people set up house-keeping in South Bloomfield, where John Cochran set up in business. One of his major enterprises was in his contracts for work on the Ohio Canal as it was built through Harrison Township during the years 1825-32.

It was during the time of the enforcement of the Ohio militia law that John Cochran was made colonel of a regiment, an office which he held for a number of years. He served as a member of the Ohio legislature for six terms, between the years of 1818 and 1850. Colonel Cochran died in 1878 at the age of eighty-eight.

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Memoirs of Col. John Cochran

EDITED BY JOHNDA T. DAVIS

— 1807 —

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF PIONEER LIFE

The first time I was in Ohio, I came in the character of a keel boatman, as a hand on board the boat. The captain of the boat loaded at Pittsburgh for Chillicothe. The Ohio was high, and so was the Scioto. We laid at what was called Portsmouth five days before we could get into the Scioto, or tell where the main channel was, for there was no bottom for our poles; for the first two days we bushwhacked through the bottoms. There were five boats there in company, but before we got to Chillicothe, we had to get out and help each one over the shoals. I was delighted with the rich bottoms along the Scioto valley. No improvements on the river, but along the Pepe section there were some large cornfields. The Scioto River was a hard stream to push a keel boat on. I was greatly surprised to see such a town as Chillicothe in the wilderness, as we then thought. This was the month of May, 1807.

In the month of October, 1812, five years later, I came in a different character. You are aware that I was appointed in the army of the United States in May, 1812. I was ordered to report to Major McCluny, in person, at the military post at Pittsburgh. In the early part of the month of July, I left my rude home in the midst of the woods, in Mercer county, Pennsylvania. I left my old father, mother and two sisters without a protector, but they cheered me on saying, "Go for your country, and may God bless you." This was their last united benediction.

The second day after I left home I arrived at the then barracks and reported. I was an entire stranger, was just out of the woods, was poor, had very little education, had never been in company of the class I was thrown into, but I had sense enough to know my deficiencies, and that saved me many a blunder. I looked on and said but little and took in everything, for I was determined to learn, and I soon found that there were others as green as I was, and that gave me confidence,

and in a very short time had, by my strict attention to orders, gained the respect and esteem of my superior officers, and continued to keep it.

The troops, then under mayor McCluny, were ordered to Carlisle, and then to the frontier; there were five superior officers, viz: Haselton, Smith, Birely, May and Cochran; and in a few days we were ordered to report to Col. John Miller, of the 19th U. S. Infantry, at Chillicothe, immediately. We were without money or transportation. The question was, how were we to get there. The river was very low; there was one boat loaded and ready to start; we went to the captain and he agreed to carry us to Portsmouth for \$4.50 each, and to take boatman's fare, eating and sleeping. The next thing was money; we had received no pay; there was no paymaster here;

I said, "I will go; I will work my way; I am an old boatman; I can work."

Lieut. Birely's father lived in Westmoreland county, near Greensburg; he said, "I must go home and see them before I go, and I think I can get some money, and whatever I get I will divide with you."

We had no time to lose; we must be moving for any delay would be strictly inquired into and must satisfactorily accounted for. We left Pittsburgh in the early part of October, 1812; went very slowly down the river; we would have to get out and help lift over the shoals, and did so ten or twelve times a day; it took us some sixteen days to get to Portsmouth; we had a gentleman from Kentucky, who had a good rifle gun, and we enjoyed ourselves on shore in shooting turkeys, which were very numerous, and we had several good hunters among us.

Haselton, a First Lieutenant, did not start with us; Smith did not, but followed in the course of the winter, but only went to Chillicothe where he learned that he was dismissed from the army on account of delay. May, Birely and Cochran walked from Portsmouth to Chillicothe and reported to Col. John Miller for duty. He let us rest a few days and then disposed of us as follows: Birely

was sent to Circleville; May to Portsmouth, and Cochran to Dayton, under Captain A. J. Edwards, who was at Chillicothe at the time.

I had to tramp it alone in that then wild country; without roads, only from cabin to cabin, but the people were patriots; they would charge me nothing for what I ate or drank. In about three days I got to Dayton; I stopped with a gentleman by the name of Wolf and stayed all night; he charged me nothing, but took a horse and carried me to Dayton the next day. I reported to Captain Edwards; he told me to make his house my home for a few days, until he would let me open a recruiting rendezvous.

Just about this time, Lieut. Townsley, of the Rifles, reported to Captain Edwards and with orders for Cochran to report to Franklinton, and there open a recruiting rendezvous, and go to work, with orders to make my weekly report to Col. John B. Carpenter, commanding the recruiting district. This was about the seventh of November, 1810. I had traveled through mud and water nearly boot-top deep, waded creeks and stopped at no trifling obstruction.

When I arrived at Franklinton, my labors so far as moving about from place to place, were ended. The Pittsburgh Blues, a volunteer company of twelve-month men, whom I was well acquainted with, had just arrived to serve in the northwest army. They had been detailed as an escort for a delegation of Osage Indians, who had been to Washington. They were the first friends I had seen since leaving Pittsburgh. The place was full of troops, pack horsemen, wagoners, and all kinds and descriptions of men.

I commenced business at once; went right in among the boys, was one of them. There were three other recruiting officers in the place who were very clever gentlemen, but I recruited more men than all three of them. They would ask me how it was that I got more men than they, as they worked as hard as they could; we never interfered with each other's business. Of the men who enlisted with me, Gen. McArthur made one his Orderly, and he remained there during his life. He died during the march; he was a fine soldier and much regretted.

Franklinton, December, 1812

I got well underway in the recruiting business; quite successful; I had become acquainted with the citizens of the place, and had made rather a favorable impression for industry, correct habits

and fairness in my recruiting, I took no advantage, nor would I suffer my recruiting party to take any; I enlisted no man while he was under the influence of liquor, but took him to my quarters, treated him well, gave him his breakfast in the morning, and then if he wished to enlist, I brought him up and gave him the bounty, and he would sign the enlistment, be sworn in and feel perfectly satisfied. This was not the case with other recruiting parties.

I will cite one case that occurred with my party. They got a man from the country in tow one day, who was rather fond of his liquor, and towards evening he got pretty drunk and went to enlist. They came along where I was and told me they had a recruit. "Boys," said I, "he is too drunk to enlist now; take him to the barracks and keep him until morning, and then bring him up to me and I will talk to him." They did so; he was then sober. I asked him his name, where he lived, if he was a married man, how many children he had, all of which he told me. I then said to him, "Do you want to go into the army and leave your little helpless family?" He promptly answered "No," and the tears began to run down his cheeks, and he said, "It all depends on you; if you will let me go home, I will promise you that I will never be caught in that condition again." I told him that it was fortunate for him that he fell in with my party. Had he fallen into other hands there would have been no questions asked, and he would have been hurried off.

But I said to him, "You may now go home and stay there and take care of your family, and don't run after recruiting parties." He was overjoyed and said he and his wife would pray for my good fortune, and even teach his children to pray for me. In a few days his wife called on me and kindly thanked me for discharging her husband.

1813. The Petersburg Blues, twelve month volunteers, arrived here about this time. Col. Simeral's regiment of mounted men from Kentucky, and Captain Marickle's dragoons, from Greensburg, Pennsylvania, partly wintered here.

In the Spring of 1813, the troops that wintered here began to move to the frontier and it became rather lonesome. I solicited Col. Miller to be sent to the frontier, but he would not hear it at all, so I had to content myself and work away at the recruiting business, and would pick up a good many. The Colonel was well pleased. About this time, my good friend, Lieut. Birely, who had been stationed at Circleville, in the Fall of 1812, in the recruiting business, and had been unsuc-

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age, successful in getting men, was dismissed from the army without ceremony. He came up to Franklinton and stayed with me a week before he left for home. I regretted his misfortune very much. He had a good heart, and all he wanted was instruction from an older and more steady head, and Circleville was not celebrated for that kind of instruction in that day. Capt. Marickle's Company was from the place, and there were one or two spare horses, and he rode one of them home. By this misfortune, he was put in my way so that I could, in part, return the kindness so graciously extended to me unsolicited. He, too, has been dead for many years.

Hugh May, a lieutenant, who was one of the three that at that time was sent to Portsmouth, was dismissed from the service by general order, and the fifth one, Hazelton, who was ordered here, did not come, but went to Detroit, and was dismissed for unofficer-like conduct on guard, and it appears only one out of the five who were ordered to join the 19th Regiment, at Chillicothe, is left. I refer to this to show how easily and unthoughtedly young men may make great mistakes. I, at least, thought myself the most untutored one of the five, with the most limited education, unused to mixing among men of a higher grade, extremely diffident, with no confidence in myself. I do not know what became of May; I never made much inquiry about him; he was a hard-visaged, close-fisted, unscrupulous old bachelor. We did not more than pass civilities with him.

The place, that is Franklinton, began to fill up it being headquarters; all classes of men gathered there. Money was plenty and gambling was carried on to an enormous extent. In the Quartermaster's and Commissary's Department, things were lively. I was among the boys all the time, picking up every straggler we came across. I had my name pretty well established for fair dealing and it was quite a help to me.

There was a small expedition gotten up to destroy the Indian towns on the upper Wabash, in the wilderness. A large number of the troops were mounted men. They were gone several days before any person knew where they were going. They had a pretty sharp little brush in the morning before daylight, but our men were prepared for them and routed them in short order. There were but few killed; part of the cavalry did not return here. They were quartered near Lebanon, where forage was more plenty.

The transient recruiting parties had all left, leaving the place to Lieut. John McElwain and

Cochran. McElwain eventually located his rendezvous where Columbus now stands and pitched his tent on the site where the State House is. He has long since been dead. I am not aware of any of the citizens of that day being alive, except Frank Stewart; he is not far from my age, and when I first went to Franklinton, I did not think he could live one year. There may be others, but I think that nearly the whole generation has passed away. David F. Heaton located at that place about this time, opened a tailor shop; he was a first class workman and was afterwards Senator from Warren County, was a good lawyer, and, if not mistaken, died at Portsmouth in the winter of '73.

This brings us to the Spring of '13.

The packhorse men had a large room in the house I stopped at and did their own cooking, and occupied it. They had several long benches in the room, and I have looked in for curiosity; you might see ten or twelve pair, back to back, playing all kinds of games and betting largely, for they all had plenty of money. There was temptation here for the unguarded in every shape and form.

I enlisted a man by the name of Dearth, commonly called Death; a smart young chap, a good fifer, and Col. Miller needed one badly. He lived at what was then called Tobytown, now known as Royalton. I took more than ordinary pains to enlist him on account of his being a musician. I gave him a furlough to go home for eight days, but had him wear his uniform, so that he could leave his citizen clothes at home when he returned. I could only coax him to go for eighteen months. He came back at the time and I sent him to Chillicothe, but while he was at home he made arrangements with lawyer Robert Slaughter to have him taken out on a writ of habeas corpus and in a few days after I received an order from Col. Miller to repair to Lancaster to attend and defend the case of Ashbell Death, as I had enlisted him.

The case was before the Supreme Court of Ohio, the Hon. Wm. W. Irvin on the bench. I had the pleasure years afterwards of an intimate acquaintance with Judge Irvin, he, too, is gone. On the 9th day of July, 1813, I arrived at Lancaster; the soldier was sent from Chillicothe in charge of a file of men and still remained in their charge. He was brought into Court in their charge during the trial.

When I went into Court, an entire stranger, a gentleman at once came to me. He knew me by

the uniform I wore and introduced himself to me. He said to me, "I know the Government don't allow you anything for attorney fees; I will attend to this case for you without fee." I thanked him kindly, and the case was immediately brought up and occupied but a few minutes. Slaughter made a poor effort for he had no ground to stand on. My attorney advised me to instruct my soldiers to put him on the road and push on as far as Circleville for fear he might be aided to get away; but he was taken safely back, and the Colonel placed him in the ranks and made him carry a musket for the future.

When I was ready to return, I called on the attorney who had treated me with so much kindness and said to him, "I will give you a small fee; if the Government don't allow it, I will lose it."

He gave me a receipt for it, and it was the large and noblehearted Charles R. Sherman that volunteered to attend to an entire stranger's business. His noble bearing made an impression that time has never effaced, and when circumstances, years afterwards, gave me an opportunity, partially to return the favor, it was uppermost in my mind when I had the pleasure, as a member of the General Assembly, to cast my vote for him for Supreme Judge of the State of Ohio. This was sixty years ago. His two noble sons that have made themselves imperishable names, were, perhaps, not born at that time. Our different pursuits separated us, and I don't think we ever met more than once afterwards;—he died, prematurely, much regretted.

The recruiting business over, the State went on slowly; desertion was frequent; there had not been one shot for desertion; they had been condemned, but were uniformly pardoned. It had become so common that the soldiers thought they had a right to desert once and not run much risk. About this time there was a soldier by the name of Nathan Frakes; I enlisted him for eighteen months and he had deserted three times. Twice he was condemned to die but was reprieved at the last moment, but this time he had to go. He was the first man I ever shot. The General had to resort to this severe discipline to put a stop to desertion; at this time, one-fourth of the 19th Regiment were deserters.

I went to see him before he was shot. He was very glad to see me and appeared to be penitent, and said if he could be saved this time that he would be a good soldier for the future.

"Ah, Nathan," said I, "you have, by your bad conduct, destroyed the confidence we had in you.

You made declarations before as to what you would do if they would save you, and you have done the same thing in an aggravated form again. I would advise you to try and make peace with your God and ask him to forgive all your faults, for I think you cannot look to be reprieved this time."

Col. Miller was extremely anxious to get recruits. He wanted to go to the field, and if he could get his regiment partly filled up, he would go with it, and he held out this inducement to the subalterns to stimulate them to work. On my second application for leave to go out on the lines, he said to me, "It is men we want. You are doing your country more good here than you could do on the lines. When I go, you shall go, and I can't spare you from the recruiting business."

The bounty was raised to \$100.00, and about this time Fort Meigs was besieged. There were a great many men congregated here. Col. Miller came up to Franklinton and remained one week. That week I told my party I would recruit more men than they could, and we went to work. I got five men in one day. I scared my boys. They got two. Col. Miller was pleased, though it was disposing of money pretty fast. The week footed up eighteen recruits. I enlisted a quartermaster Sergeant out of one of the volunteer companies. The troops were on their march, had crossed the Scioto, and I followed them. The recruit told me that if I would give him the post of sergeant he would enlist. I told him I would do so. Col. Miller being then in town, I told him that I would take him before the Colonel and let him give his word, and if I failed I would bring him back. He got behind me and went back. I took him to the Colonel's room and told him what I had promised.

The Colonel looked at the recruit—he was a fine looking man—and said to him, "I will make the Lieutenant's promise good, and so long as you make yourself worthy, you will hold the post."

"I am perfectly satisfied, sir," said he, "when ever I do an act that would make me unworthy, I don't want it."

He was a first-rate soldier and never forfeited the confidence placed in him. He lived through the war, came home, and was honorably discharged but has been long since dead.

On the glorious fourth of September, 1813, noble Perry, with his brave tars, captured the British fleet, thereby giving us the command of the Lake, and then we felt that we would soon be able to drive the British out of Upper Canada. In fact, they did not wait to be driven; they run

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as fast as they could and only stopped when they found they could not get off successfully and they were soon disposed of when compelled to stop.

Gen. Harrison disposed of the British land forces as summarily as the noble Perry did their navy. This gave us the whole control of Upper Canada. When we got the news of Harrison's victory, we did not get the news by electricity; it came by express riders, such as John I. Neely or Silas McCulloch. We had a six-pounder here, one of the Saratoga guns that was captured with Burgoyne. The Quartermaster said we would fire

He said to me, "You get the men and the gun ready and I will get the cartridges," and we had gotten two old artillerymen and had a pretty good national salute.

In a few days after, came along the prisoners and they had to march for we had no railroads for them to be carried on. They walked to Chillicothe; the soldiers were quartered at Camp Bull; the officers were kept in Chillicothe on their parole of honor and at a public house kept by Cary Pratt. There was a large number of women and children and some invalids, say about sixty or more, that were left behind with a few men who had families to take care of, all under guard of our soldiers. They were some three or four weeks behind, and when they came to Franklinton, they stayed a few days to rest, and then the Quartermaster got a keel boat, and as there was a tolerable stage of water, they were put on board the boat and I was ordered to take charge of the boat and prisoners.

We left Franklinton about noon and we got down to the mouth of the run just opposite where John O'Hara then lived, where there was a pretty cross bank, large enough for them to camp on, and they had their cooking to do. There were two official invalids with this squad. Major Muire, of the 41st, a man that had grown austere and repulsive from habit, and being always subject to command; the other, a Lieutenant McKenzie, a Scotchman; he belonged to the Loyal Scots.

An incident occurred when we landed that surprised me for a moment. The Major ordered one of the prisoners to do something; the soldier answered him respectfully, "No, sir, I am not under your command now, I am under the command of that gentleman, and when he orders me I will obey him."

The Major fairly chafed with anger but said nothing.

I then said, "Major Muire, whenever you want anything, acquaint me with it and I will see that

it is furnished or done for you and that will avoid these unpleasant scenes. The boys feel that you stand on a level with them and that your authority as an officer has ceased, and that you have no right to command them."

The boys said he was a severe officer, and that they would not be ordered by him; if he would ask them to do anything, they would do it, but they would not be ordered; they would do anything for their lieutenant.

We went to the house to see what I could do in the way of getting lodging. They had a large family and but a small cabin, only one room; the landlady said they could furnish farmers' fare but they had no place for them to sleep except on the floor; that they would give them clothes plenty, and they said that was all they wanted. In the morning they said they were very agreeably disappointed; that they had not fared better on their march than in the cabin of the large family. About that house not one lives who was present then.

The scene now changed. I had been providing for the soldier, but I had to take and provide for the mother of the soldier who was likely to be confined. Was there a house near? George Bogart, who formerly owned this tract of land, had sold it to John O'Hara. He was recently married and lived in a small house not far from where B. F. Cochran's house now stands.

I said, "Go up and see them; tell them what we want and I think they will take you in," and they did take them in and the next morning she walked down to the boat with some assistance with a hearty child.

We began to load up as soon as we could get our invalids aboard, and as comfortably fixed as our means would permit. It was rather a chilly, cold October day, and we had a boat full of children but they were not much trouble, as they were used to being stowed away. The officers were much attached to the log cabin; they bid them farewell very kindly and gave them money liberally. That was in October, 1812. This is nearly sixty years gone by. Very few of those living who were actors on the stage at that time. They have nearly all passed away; a boy of twenty years at that time would now be eighty.

The log cabin of John O'Hara was my future father-in-law's, and among that large and joyous family was the girl that three years afterwards became my wife on the twenty-sixth of March, 1816. My wife has been dead nearly nine years, and out of eight children that lived to maturity,

only three now live, and I have become a stranger right here.

(Pardon this digression, but my reminiscences brought me right to the place, and the transitions were all connected together so that I could not get away by saying less. The readers of these papers will pass over lightly this digression as it delights the old to recall long past events.)

Our boat was ready and I said to the captain of the boat, familiarly called "Billy" Day, to order everything ready and put off, and he did so, and we floated pleasantly down the Scioto river; nothing transpired worthy of note; we reached our destination in the afternoon of that day at Camp Bull, on the bank of the river. There I delivered my charge to the commanding officer, except the two officers who I was to report to Col. Miller, which I did in person, taking them with me. He told me to take the two officers to the prisoners' quarters which was at Cary Pratt's. I think they were limited here to small privileges and were then under orders for Newport, Kentucky, a military port, where as a matter of retaliation, they were ordered in close confinement.

Col. Miller ordered the boat that I went down in to take the whole batch to Newport and me to go with them and to start the next day. I told the Colonel that I could not well go as I had no change of linen with me and that my recruiting party would be at a loss; and if he had any other spare officer that he could send, it would be a great accommodation to me, but if not, I was ready to go at once. This was before the days of steamboats or coaches; it was a week's trip to go there and get back. He sent Lieutenant Bill McDonald, a brother-in-law of Gen. McArthur, and brother of John McDonald, author of "McDonald Sketches."

Thus relieved, I obtained a horse from the Quartermaster, and returned to my old business of recruiting; which went on with varied success during the fall and winter. Nothing of importance occurred during that winter but getting as many recruits as we could to enable us to go to the field in the course of the next summer. Col. Miller had promised us that the regiment could go on the lines in the coming spring.

I got an order from Col. Miller to close up the recruiting rendezvous at Franklinton, and bring all my recruits to Chillicothe and there take command of the barracks that then contained about twenty prisoners and deserters, generally awaiting trial, and there keep my recruiting party at work. I could not leave my post; it was rather an important command; I had about thirty soldiers;

we had regular guards and always two on post. We had some desperate fellows who were sure that they would suffer death whenever tried and would resort to any means to make their escape. We had them heavily ironed, hands and feet, and bolted to the floor. The guardroom was the upper room of a heavy log house, with stairs, a turn at the top; there two sentinels stood and two at the bottom.

In the Spring of 1814, there was a general court-martial ordered, to try three prisoners, and it remained in session during July. About this time the 19th Regiment was cut down and merged into the 17th, which was a Kentucky regiment that had been badly used at the River Raisin; the few companies of the 17th began to arrive at Chillicothe as follows: Capt. Billy Adair, Capt. Ben Sanders, Capt. Martin L. Hawkins, and First Lieutenant, James Hackley, and Capt. David Hott; this Company the writer was attached to, made up largely with his own regiments, the 26th Regiment and the 27th that formerly was commanded by McArthur and Cass were consolidated and took the rank of the old 19th. The supernumerary officers were discharged. That regiment was intended for one-year men. The 26th was commanded by Col. Duncan McArthur, and the 27th by Col. Lewis Cass. The one-year men were a failure, and the power to enlist for during the war was then extended. As the Kentucky companies arrived they were sent to Camp Bull and placed on duty and drill.

Every day recruiting went on pleasantly. There a large percentage of the prisoners were permitted to enlist for a short time and then the order was countermanded; it did not stop it but the officers had to be cautious. I enlisted a pair of fine musicians, a drummer and a fifer, that went all through the campaign.

The general court-martial was in session every day, trying prisoners. As soon as the Court got through the prisoners, those that were to receive various punishments were disposed of, and discharged from the guardhouse; all but five who were condemned to die, and everything was prepared at Camp Bull for the execution. The guardhouse, where the prisoners were kept, was in the northeast part of the then town of Chillicothe, or rather in that direction from the Court House. It was not far from the fifth of July, 1814.

There was a Company of Infantry came down from Camp Bull with an order for me to give up the prisoners and to take the troops in the barracks and repair to Camp Bull to witness the ex-

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ecution that was to take place that day. Every- thing was in readiness, their coffins prepared, their graves dug, the squad detailed to be ex- ecutioners and the officers to command the party that was to do the shooting. There were five of them to be executed. Two were found on board the British fleet after Perry captured it; they were deserters from Mackinaw and taken in arms against their country; they were saved by a miracle from death on board the Admiralship to suffer the penalty of law for deserting the flag of their country, when more than two-thirds on board the ship were wounded. I knew them all and their crimes, but, owing to the lapse of time, they are lost to my memory; there were none of them reprieved.

At a given signal, I heard the click of muskets and the next moment the whole platoon fired, and the poor fellows paid the penalty of their indis- cretion with their lives. This closed the awful scene and my squad, with the lively air of "Away goes the Meriman home from his grave," went back to our old quarters, under the soul-stirring strains of the fife and drum.

That same night an unfortunate young man (I think his name was Jimmy Bret, I will not be positive), left camp, I could not exactly call it de- serting, with his uniform on, to go and see his mother some six or ten miles off. The troops were then under marching orders; he did not try to hide, and a neighbor of his brought him in the next day and delivered him to me at the barracks, and claimed a reward for him. I told him to go and see Col. Miller and if the Colonel gave him an order I would pay it. He gave him an order for \$35.00 and I paid it. The court-martial was still in session; he was tried, found guilty, and on the third day was shot.

Poor, unfortunate youth; he had just seen an example on the very same day, and he was one of the detail that shot the five, and that same night, left to see his mother and gave his life for the satisfaction of seeing the mother that watched over his childhood. He was a youth; was promised a furlough by the officer who enlisted him but it was not given him. I talked to him a good deal before his trial; I told him there was no hope for him.

I said, "You must make your peace with God, for there was no chance under the heavens to save you; your doom is final and without hope."

I was the junior member of that Court and he has always the first say. I will recollect that when asked, "What do you say?" I said, "Not guilty."

What punishment; "Discharge him," said I, "and let him go and fight for his country."

The President had published an amnesty for all deserters and he was told then that he could go home and come back under that proclamation. Poor, deluded boy, he was in fine spirits when he came back and the man that brought him in, or rather came with him, said to me that the boy was coming back that day but he was coming with his wagon, and he said he would come along; it would save him a long walk. At any other time his life would have been spared, but the aggrava- ted circumstances, and the high state of excite- ment at the time, it would seem to those that did not know the influences that prompted the boy to do the act, and looking at the terrible example just passed, it looked like it was done in perfect contempt of the law, and the fact was, he was shot to deter others, and to conclusively say, that if you desert you will suffer death in strict con- formity with the rules and articles of war.

I was satisfied with the boy's honest intention. He had, by his repeated denial, satisfied me that he had no intention of deserting, and enlisted my sympathy in his favor, although I told him that I had no hope for him.

"You must die," said I, "set an example for others. Act the man, for your fate is sealed;" and on the third day after his desertion, I, with what troops I had, was ordered to bring the prisoner to Camp Bull.

We left with the poor boy handcuffed, and the solemn dead march. When we got there, the troops were all under arms and I surrendered my charge into the hands of the officer destined to receive him. My last words to him were "Be brave, and die like a soldier." The boy summoned all his resolution; everything was ready; at the click of the musket, he gave an involuntary shud- der, and the next instant his spirit was before his God. This was short work.

The undivided opinions of the court are held sacred, but I suppose, after a lapse of fifty-nine years, it would not be considered a breach of con- fidence to divulge the opinion of perhaps the only survivor of the court-martial, he being the junior member of that Court in years as well as rank. The court-martial was then discontinued without delay. If it had been dissolved before this boy was tried, his life would have been saved. The excitement would have died out; the prosecuting witness could not have been there, but strict mili- tary discipline calls for severe rules, and nothing but severe rules will do, and they often fail.

The next day we marched into Franklinton and stayed there all night. The next morning we started on our way to meet the enemy of our country, full of life and hope, many of the poor fellows for the last time bid adieu to friends and associates. Amidst the exhilarating strains of the fife and drum, we marched away from Franklinton. This was in the month of July, 1814, fifty-nine years this July.

I stop and look around to find but few left of all this fine regiment that marched out on that day; not one that I know of now lives, officer or soldier, except myself.

I often speak of my Company. I will explain! Capt. Holt was a fine rate gentleman, one of Nature's noblemen. He was inclined to take his ease; I was fond of doing the work, and the Captain was very willing that I should do it; I always reported to him and asked his instruction.

He said to me, "You know what to do as well as I do, and whenever there is anything new, I will inform you."

Armstrong lived to come back and was honorably discharged; he then came and hunted me up and, with a heart-felt shake of the hand and a "God bless you," we parted. Twenty-five years after that I found Andrew Armstrong a member of the Senate of the State of Ohio. There we met most cordially and ever since that time I have frequently been at his house. He always received me as a warm friend. He has been dead many years.

Nothing of importance occurred on our march. The troops went aboard boats at the mouth of the Sandusky and passed down the lake, coasting along the shore and putting into some friendly shelter for the night to cook for the night and breakfast in the morning. We stopped no more until the next night.

We stopped at the mouth of Grand River and here, I find in my Company book, the register of desertion. Hiatt Leisure deserted on the night of August 9th, 1814, was brought back and taken to Malden; there a court-martial was convened; he was tried, found guilty and shot on the 25th of August, 1814. At this Court, Isaac N. Hughey was discharged for want of my testimony.

When the boats got down to Erie, they were met with a general order to go immediately to Malden; I did not go there but was ordered on detached service by Col. Miller. This order saved the life of Hughey.

Hiatt Leisure was a Kentuckian and a youth of only eighteen years; and I find this recorded on the Company book, by the Clerk of the Company, under the direction of Capt. Holt. These books are in a good state of preservation and still in my possession.

Sometime in the month of October, I joined my regiment at Black Rock. The army was making preparations to build houses to winter in; the troops were camped along the beach just at the head of the Niagara River, nearly opposite Fort Erie, about two miles on the west of Black Rock. There was a large detached party; some two hundred and fifty men in charge of an officer to cut logs, make puncheons, and clapboards for roofing, the puncheon for flooring, there being no saw-mills handy.

Gen. Porter owned a large tract of land back of Black Rock. Into this land I was sent. I organized them into working parties, some to cut logs. This they did by means of ropes, with cross-bars at short distances, and then men enough to walk right along with it. Our logs were, generally, about sixteen or eighteen feet long. It was surprising to see how fast they would move along with the logs when they got under-way. We had quite two miles to bring them; I was selected for this business for the reason that I was acquainted with this kind of work. We had men building the houses as fast as the logs got there, and in a few days we had a town built, with quarters for the officers, from the General down; they were built from seven to eight feet high.

I was in the woods about twelve days, and about the time we got our houses covered, the 17th and 19th Regiments were ordered to go to Erie, Pennsylvania, to winter and guard the fleet that lay at that place. This order came about the last of November. All was bustle, the Quartermaster to furnish transportation, and the Commissary, rations. Our baggage, rations, etc., were to be carried in open transportation boats; before this time I was detailed with Capt. Benjamin Landers for picket guard, at Black Rock, with a Captain's guard (one hundred men). We remained on post one week near a creek, over which there was a bridge; I was stationed on the bridge with a patrol of four miles of road down the river towards Fort Niagara.

During this week some trouble took place in camp, owing to a quarrel between Lieut. Charles Mitchell and Lieut. Baylor. Mitchell was rather over-bearing, and sometimes quarrelsome, but in the main a very clever gentleman, and was con-

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sidered an expert duelist. Lieut. Baylor was a very quiet, unassuming gentleman, high-toned, would not give an insult nor take one from a gentleman. Mitchell was quick, and Baylor made up his mind to receive Mitchell's fire and then should he miss him, to kill him. He knew that Mitchell was too quick for him and that he could kill him if not disable himself, and Mitchell knew that if he missed Baylor, his time was out, for Baylor was a first-rate shot. Baylor came down to our picket and stayed the greater part of the day. Capt. Landers was his friend. The duel was fought before we got back to camp, and Baylor was shot under the shoulder blade of the pistol arm, a pretty close mark; so close that it let down his arm and discharged his pistol but he got well.

Now, I go back to our transportation boats. Each Company was to furnish a boat's crew and take charge of the baggage and effects of the Company and camp equipage; the quartermaster and commissary had a detail of boats under their control independent of the Company boats.

I had some very good boatmen; I sent a crew of eight men to take charge of the boat and all hands to load to get off as soon as possible. As soon as the boats were loaded the troops were ready to march; we had a fleet of boats all under the command of Lieut. Hall. They made a pretty fair start though the troops got a better start than the boats.

When we got about twelve miles on the way it rained a cold November rain. A halt was called and fires ordered to be built. We had no tents or blankets, everything being on board of the boats. We were cold and wet and made log heaps on the highest ground we had. The rain wound up with a severe blow. In a short time our fires were out by the rise of the lake on account of the storm. Our whole fleet of boats put right for shore, end first, and they were right out in the woods, some boats fifty, some sixty yards from the water when the storm abated. We had a cold, cheerless march of two miles before we got to ground fit to camp on.

My last article concluded with an account of the terrible storm which overtook us on the lake and left us encamped by the lake side on a cold November night. The soldiers that could get at their boats carried their cooking utensils up to camp. The lake was terribly rough and we could not move next day until late in the evening. Nearly sundown there came an order for each officer to take his crew and try to get his boat up to camp; we all started down and found the boats

scattered all over the woods. My boat was not as far from shore as many others and swells were running very high, but not generally breaking.

I said to the boys, "Get the boat up as close as possible and all have your places and two good oarsmen at the bow, and when I see the time I will give the word, and then rush her in. As soon as the bow floats the bow-oarsmen will hold and the rest of us jump on."

The first trial failed; the wave did not recede far enough, but forced the boat on shore again. It was but a moment's work to turn it up, empty out the water and place it in position again. In a moment we were out once more, this time more successful; the steermen kept her straight out for some distance and then quartered her a little. We had about three miles to go and then land.

As soon as it calmed off the boats were loaded and put off to go all night and land at the mouth of Catteraugus. Our tents all got wet. The Quartermaster dried them and left them, as appears by the following, the original of which is now before me: "Capt. Holt, thirteen common tents, old; November 26th, 1814. John L. Meredith, A. D. Quartermaster General."

The night being calm, the boats all got off and got along without much trouble. The next morning we took up our line of march in detachments, not more than two companies together. Thus we were strung along the road, some eight or ten miles. This was done to give the soldiers and officers a better chance to be accommodated with shelter. We had no tents, the officers, no blankets nor provision. We had to rely on what we could get at the farm houses for both eating and sleeping. We could get the barns for the soldiers to go into, but if not raining or snowing they would prefer to be out where they could have good fires. Wood was plenty and the barns were so cold and dreary that the soldier likes his fire out of doors. We gave them their choice, and, as the country was generally largely wooded, we found that the woods was the place for the soldiers where they could have fire.

Whenever the weather would permit they would be in the pine woods by their fires, cut fine brush and make a foundation and then, spreading their blankets on the brush, they were protected from the mud and snow with which we were greatly afflicted during the march, there being snow from four to six inches deep, mixed with mud, which made it anything but comfortable marching.

I frequently recall scenes like this in our camps

down in one of the deep ravines, protected from the wind with a good blazing fire. We would call a seargent and tell him to go and see if he could buy a hog and three or four bushels of potatoes for supper and then report. Upon receiving a favorable report, a party would be dispatched to prepare the hogs and get potatoes, and arrange for cooking. The farmers' kitchens were called on largely for aid in cooking. When the meal was ready the officers were always notified to take supper with them. Nobody but an old soldier, after marching in the mud slush all day, could describe the relish of such a meal. The soldier forgets his toil and hardships while his mind is filled with pleasant memories of home and absent friends. We generally camped in the evening early enough to give time to get comfortably fixed before dark; that is, as much comfort as a soldier looks for.

We were about ten days on the march, and the severest ten days march during the campaign; the soldiers were badly shod, and, being in this condition on bad, muddy roads is one of the worst annoyances to a soldier. In those days our soldiers had no boots. We paid for all we got on this march. Several of my men were on the sick list and I allowed them to march along as best they could, and furnished them with little money; there was no money among the troops; they had not been paid off for a long time.

When the troops arrived at Catteraugus we found some of the boats there and some among them were ordered to Erie and safely arrived there. When the troops got to Catteraugus, they stopped there for part of the day to enable the commissary to furnish rations. We got a large lot of corn ground, as the Kentucky troops wanted corn bread. It took the greater part of the day to bake, and then the companies started at intervals; there would be some three or four miles between each company, so that we would not be crowded on the route, and thus be the better able to get any supplies on the road that we might need. The weather changed to be cold with more snow, and froze hard.

This was on Saturday, of November, when winter set in, and as our troops were badly provided, both for shoes and warm clothing, it was a destructive march on the men. We could not march more than eight or ten miles a day and some cold days not more than five miles. When we could find a favorable place to camp we would stop and let the boys have the afternoon to cut wood and prepare fires for the double purpose of

cooking and keeping themselves warm in that cold northern climate.

The march was very tedious; snow about five inches deep and soft bottom; it would wear the men out in walking a few miles; more particularly, those who were sick, and we had a good many who were not fit to march that should have been left at the hospital, but they begged of me not to leave them or they would surely die. I was disposed to let all go that I thought could get along but they were a great charge to me to have them cared for and made as comfortable as possible. I would sit with the boys until late at night to give them what instruction I could to keep themselves as best could be done under the circumstances. Some of the worst cases were scattered among the farmers along the road and did not get in for several days after we got to Erie.

At Buffalo there was a large number sick and the sick were sent to Williamsville, a small village eight or ten miles from our camp where there was a good hospital, which was pretty well provided with everything to make the sick comfortable. Along with the rest that were sent to the hospital was Capt. David Holt, the commander of my Company; he was a good doctor and a kind human man. He was sent there for the reason that the soldiers all believed in him and would cheerfully follow his instructions owing to his genial character.

Capt. Holt stayed at the hospital at Williamsville about three months and until our sick all became convalescent, except the few who died. We lost twelve out of my company. Capt. Holt left the hospital on leave for Kentucky and I never saw him afterward. I had all the work to do myself, had no other officer to help me during the march nor during the winter who was any real assistance to me.

Lieut. G. W. Stall found us at Erie. He was my superior but insisted on me keeping the command as he had the misfortune to be very deaf. He, therefore, passed all orders to me to be carried out. He was a very kind, clever gentleman but too deaf to be of any use among the men. He contracted his deafness in his youth in Wayne's army. He was a cousin to the noble Gen. Lytle who was killed in the War of the Rebellion.

We arrived at Erie about the tenth of December. I there got a house to go into to keep the storm off of us and the soldiers could keep themselves dry. One or two companies went into the old Fort Bresquils, under whose flag staff Gen. Wayne was buried, and one or two companies

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went on board the ship, *Queen Charlotte*, and the balance got houses to go into for a while until we could get our houses built.

As soon as the soldiers had rested one or two days and got a supply of shoes and other articles of which there was an abundance here, a large detail was sent to the woods to cut logs and prepare stuff to build our houses. Lumber was abundant, saw-mills plenty. Our houses were on the west side of the town, on the east bank of a deep river; a splendid place to keep everything clean. The bank was at least twenty feet high and the soldiers' houses were built on top of this bank with shed roofs sloping to the bank, each hut containing one mess, built with fine logs, generally split in halves and notched close and well plastered, and upon the whole, were warm and comfortable.

The Colonel's quarters were on the extreme right, the officers' in a line in front with space enough for parade ground left in front of the soldiers' quarters, and also in front of the officers' quarters, though all faced inward. Our parade ground was a pretty cold bath as we had to get up and be on parade by time of the taps. Then in five minutes the bugle sounded. Every officer and soldier had to be at his place and answer his name or give a satisfactory excuse.

I have seen the Colonel before daylight, with his military cloak wrapped around him, slipping along close to the officers' quarters, when the mercury was twenty or thirty degrees below zero. This he did to ascertain if any of the officers were trying to play the old soldier. He made the officers responsible for the discipline of his soldiers, and he made himself responsible for the discipline of his officers, and he took the very coldest morning to make his observations, showing to those who saw him that he did not screen himself from the cold.

We had a standing order that every officer and soldier must be on parade or retreat, beating tattoo and reveille, and then every light was out at ten o'clock. Then the camp guard was placed on duty, no one being allowed to pass in or out without the countersign, but the place was so very cold that we had to relieve our sentinels every hour and sometimes every half hour, to keep them from freezing; the wind blew so hard off the lake, with nothing to break its force, so that there was real danger of the men freezing to death in a short time. We had a good guard-house to lodge in so that they were comfortable when off duty.

As soon as we got our houses partly finished we occupied them so as to be handy to our work, and then we could work at night. Each mess took the management of its own hut after the roof was on and if they did not make them warm and comfortable, they had no one to blame. As our men were now well-clothed, well-shod, and had plenty of good wholesome food, and a very good handy way to cook it, they now began to enjoy the life of a soldier, all the more on account of the long, hard service they had had.

There is a strange fascination in the life of a soldier. For proof of this, look at the number who remain and still cling to the service. The harder the service and the more dangerous it is, the better they like it. No service can be so hard and dangerous but that volunteers can be gotten to undertake it when they are not certain but that death will be the result.

The reader will doubtless ask, What was the object of these two regiments being sent from Black Rock up to Erie, after we had built houses, and so late in the season, in that cold country? It threw us into that almost Russian winter to build our huts to protect us from the storms that raged here. We had to be right on the lake shore, on a high bank. We were sent there to protect the shipping which lay under the bluff. All the British fleet that Perry captured was in this end of the continent. Our own fleet and the sailors occupied a place further down near the entrance and the old fort commanded the mouth of the harbor.

My recollection now is that there were four companies quartered here. Capt. Richard C. Tolbert had command of the ships and was held responsible for the care and proper order of the same, and this was the reason why we had to camp in so exposed a place on the bank of the lake, so that if any alarm should take place our troops would be on hand at the first call.

It was apprehended that the British might make an effort to destroy the fleet and if they had come over for that purpose this would have been the point they would have attacked. They would be cautious of our ships under the care of our vigilant officers and seamen. It was feared that a party might come over from Long Point when the lake should be thoroughly frozen over. A few sleigh loads could make a rapid run across the lake, do what damage they could, and then make a rapid retreat. If this shipping was caught unprotected it would fall an easy prey to the incendiaries, but when they were in care of the

watchful soldier, well prepared to meet a foe, it would not be for the enemy a very desirable service. Our soldiers were drilled to meet all emergencies.

Sometime near the last of January, 1815, we received the news of Gen. Jackson's great victory at New Orleans. We turned out on grand parade and had a general national salute from the fort and from the fleet. The news inspired the troops with enthusiasm and the old flag was loudly cheered. We remained on parade until the cannon ceased firing, then the Colonel drilled us for half an hour and we then marched into camp and were dismissed.

We had Company drill every dry day and we had not many wet ones in that cold place, but generally snow, and that nearly all blew away owing to our exposed position. Every Sunday we had Regimental drill for about three hours; this was our regular routine of business for camp life.

About this time I was detailed for picket guard; the lake was frozen over and the word was that an attempt to burn the fleet would be made now or not at all. This guard was sent down the lake about six miles to the mouth of a small creek that settled far out into the lake and formed a prominent point. It was supposed that if a party should be sent over it must land below this point where they could remain under cover during the day.

It was a wild and unfrequented place at that season of the year. There was a small cabin here occupied by two old people, a son and a daughter; the house had two rooms, one of which I got for my quarters. It was about six rods from the signal point and was a rude structure but it answered the purpose for which it was intended pretty well.

Out on the extreme point of land from which we had a full view of our fort we sunk a post twelve or fifteen feet high with a fork on top. In that we placed a pole made fast to the fork. On the top end we placed a rope made fast to the pole and the other end on the ground. We kept a man stationed there to pull down the top of the pole on the slightest alarm. The man also kept by him a torch well saturated with turpentine so that it would make a blaze instantly. Everything was prepared to make it fast immediately and let it up. The moment it went up the next moment up went a signal light at the fort and that would give the alarm all over the fleet and our camp so that everything might be ready.

We tried the signal one night about twelve o'clock; I gave the alarm by signal. It was answered by a signal gun fired at the fort and aboard

the fleet and immediately the bugle sounded and the drums began to beat, calling the troops and sailors and all on board the different vessels to their posts. There was a lively time for awhile. The men behaved with a great deal of steadiness and the officers gave them great credit for their coolness in getting under arms in a night alarm, always so dangerous to troops. The object was to train them to alarms of this kind. They did not know but that was real for sometime after.

We never had occasion to make any more false alarms, nor had we any real ones, for a few days afterwards came the news of peace; it came while I was at the station. But for this I should have stayed there until the ice became dangerous for crossing; this was in February, 1815. I can't recall to mind the day of the month when we broke up our camp for good. We left all we had with us with the old man that owned the house in which we had our quarters for about two weeks and marched back on the ice to our camp, at or near the town of Erie, Pennsylvania.

When we arrived at camp it looked as though some great calamity had befallen us. All looked low-spirited and down hearted; no joyous greeting, no grand parade, no firing of national salutes, nor rejoicing for the consummation of that peace which our country so much desired and hoped for at the time. We were selfish and could not see with our contracted vision the wants of our country. We reason in this way; we had made the profession of arms our study and practice for the last three years; and looked forward with the hope that the coming campaign would be an active one and that there would be abundant opportunities for us who had been kept at hard inferior service, to distinguish ourselves and gain that promotion which is the great stimulus for the subaltern to continue in the service. We feared that we would be turned out on the world, poor and without friends, without money and almost unfitted for labor and some too proud for labor — a false pride entertained by too many. It placed a great many officers out of employment for the present.

To help us along and keep us from starving the Government gave us three months' extra pay for now we had to pay for our eating and sleeping. While in the service we were sure of our rations. The pay of an officer was poor. He could be nothing else but poor and frequently in debt. If kept on the line where there was no inducement to spend and no paymaster to pay they could save a little money. But then his clothes,

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tarnished if not worn out, must be replaced with new, and his money would soon be gone.

The reflections were brooded over for sometime but they generally wore off and we began to look at things from a different standpoint and to make arrangements as to how we could be employed after we were discharged. We could not be discharged short of three or four months, which would give us a good deal of time for reflection. We had but little to do now except to look to the welfare of our companies. I had been gone from mine two weeks.

I took charge of it and had everything cleaned up. I told the boys they must keep everything in first-rate order and must not be excelled by any company in the camp. We had always been No. 1 and I told them I desired to carry their now good name with them into retirement so that they could say with pride, when inquired, "What Company did you belong to?" "To Capt. Holt's, which was generally under the command of Lieut. Cochran."

Capt. Holt left on detached service, in November, 1814, and never after joined the Company. He went to his home in Kentucky in the winter of 1815 and his return was not called for in consequence of the declaration of peace.

MARCH, 1815

Peace being proclaimed, the commanding officers were busy in making arrangements to bring the Ohio Troops home to be discharged. The five-year men were selected and sent to St. Louis with the officers. Col. John Miller was to command them. They marched to Pittsburgh and from there went on boats to St. Louis.

Waterford, a small town, about twelve miles from Erie, is situated on a creek which is navigable for boats in the spring of the year. It is naturally a deep stream, but narrow, making it difficult for a long boat to get around the short courses. It falls into a French creek in a few miles which is a pretty fair stream of boatable water which runs into the Allegheny at the town of Franklin.

From this town of Waterford we could go to Pittsburgh and from there to Portsmouth by boat. Our Commander, therefore, concluded to build boats at Waterford. Pine lumber was plenty and cheap. It was a splendid pine country then. He sent a Company of about fifty men, mechanics and hand-ax-men, under charge of good officers with all their camp equipment and a Quarter-

master and Commissary to furnish supplies and to work under a master workman until the boats were finished.

At this time, Lieut. G. W. Stall, had a leave of absence. He lived in Cincinnati. I was in command in full as will be seen by the following order:

"April the 5th, 1815.

"Sir you will immediately make a descriptive roll of the men detailed out of our Company by Capt. Crittendon, and hand it to Lieut. Baylor, tonight. This roll must show the amount of clothing drawn by each soldier, and the pay and bounty due.

"JOHN MILLER,

"Colonel 17th Reg. U.S. Infantry."

These were the five-year men. Capt. Henry Crittendon and Lieut. Baylor had charge of a part of them. They were both Kentuckians. This Lieut. Baylor was a brother of the one wounded in the duel with Lieut. Mitchell at our camp near the present site of Buffalo.

Our boat builders had gotten well under way and everything was coming on as well as could be expected. Our five-year men had all been selected out of the regiments and started on their March for the far West as it, at that time, was called — St. Louis.

I stated in one of the past numbers that after the troops had left old Fort Fayette for Carlisle, that there five supernumerary officers left here, to wit: Lieut. John Haselton, Lieut. B. B. Bireley, Lieut. S. S. Smith, Ensign Hugh May and Ensign Hugh Cochran. In looking over my old army letters and papers of over half a century old I find the following order, viz:

"Carlisle Barracks, 21st September, 1812

"Sir:

Upon receipt of this you will report to Chilli-cothe, in the State of Ohio, and report yourself to Col. Miller, or officer commanding the 19th Regiment of Infantry, by order this day received from the Adjutant General.

"H. BRADY."

"Colonel 22nd Reg. U.S. Infantry."

On the 21st of September, 1873, it will be sixty-one years since this order was written and sent to me, then at Pittsburgh awaiting orders. I was ordered to a town, then considered in the wilderness on the frontier, without any means of getting there, and no money, no paymaster there. I have, I think, stated how Smith and Birely were disposed of but I have forgotten about the other

two, but in over-hauling my old papers I find the following general order:

“Adjutant and Inspector General’s Office,
“Washington, May 10th, 1814.

“Lieut. John Haselton, Ensign Hugh May, John Jolly and D. L. Jackson, of the 19th Regiment of Infantry, are this day struck from the rolls of the army by order of S. B. Walback, Adjutant General.”

I consider this due to the friends of these officers, who, by accident, might read these papers and to vindicate myself from making a vain boast that I was the only one of the five that had continued in the service. For Birely and Smith, I had the utmost respect and regretted their misfortune. He was distant and so was I. Of May I may have spoken elsewhere. Jolly and Jackson, I never saw.

About this time I got the information that I was transferred from the old 19th to the 17th and promoted to Third Lieutenant. This was the first promotion I had received and coming about the time that the others were summarily disposed of, it was rather flattering to me, I confess, and stimulated me to continue my efforts and renew my exertion to excel as I had no influential friends to help me on.

As soon as our boats were finished, the soldiers were to march to Waterford, the baggage being hauled in wagons to the boats. I got leave of the

commanding officer to go in advance a few days and visit my mother, who lived on the way, and meet them in Pittsburgh. I had Lieut. Em Wright to take charge of my Company, my non-commissioned officers were good and reliable. I had some two or three days to stay with my mother, when I got the news by letter, that the troops were all there and would be off in the morning so that I could meet them at Pittsburgh, which I did.

We stayed there three days, got a supply of rations to carry us down the river to Portsmouth. Here I found some of the old officers with whom I did my first duty as a soldier after an absence of nearly three years. Two of them, Capt. Morrow and Capt. Jacob Cormack, were old soldiers that had served with Gen. Wayne; had been with him from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, now, then, Fort Washington, wintered with him at Greenville and served out the campaign with him as private soldiers. I had done duty with them at the barracks about four months. They were much pleased at my having command of a Company when there were so many officers in the regiment that outranged me. It was gratifying to them that I should so far excel as to be worthy of the distinction. Capt. Morrow, then Lieutenant, was the first officer that I did duty under in the service of the United States, and the instructions he gave me were to always endeavor to do my whole duty and obey all orders strictly and promptly.

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