

wearing, still wear, and ever will continue to wear, the word "Miami," on their colors and appointments.\*

The third time we ascended the Miami, and some account of this is necessary to the understanding of certain American proceedings at this celebrated convention, was in the following August—little more than three months afterwards. Tecumseh had conceived a plan for the withdrawal of the Americans from the defence of the fort, which it was hoped would prove efficient, and in which he obtained a promise of co-operation on the part of the British General. We accordingly moved up the Miami river in our boats as before, and with the Indians skirting the woods on either flank. Instead, however, of occupying the ground we had previously rested on, we effected a landing on the right bank, and gaining the cover of the woods, remained for many hours stationary, and out of view from the fort. Meanwhile Tecumseh, who, at the head of his warriors, had, by a circuitous route, gained the high road by which the garrison received its supplies and reinforcements, opened a desultory fire, accompanied by fierce yells, apparently on a party coming towards the fort. This fire gradually increased until it eventually became an incessant roar of small arms; and now had arrived the critical moment—that of the success or failure of his plan. It was known that General Harrison had some days previously left the place, entrusting the command to the next in rank to him, and was then lying with a body of troops at a short distance from Sandusky (another stockaded post not far distant from, and connected with, Fort Meigs, by the road just alluded to), and it was expected that the garrison of the latter, inferring that the General had been attacked while coming to their assistance, would sally forth and cover their entry. We waited patiently, or rather impatiently, on the skirt of the wood, half-soaked through with a drizzling rain, and looking earnestly for evidences of a sortie on the road, when it was our intention to have taken the force composing this in the rear, but all in vain. The American commander was too prudent, and although we opened a fire in return to that of the Indians, with a view of further misleading the enemy, the attempt proved fruitless, and we re-embarked the same afternoon, and descended the river for our ultimate destination—which was Sandusky, the fort I have just mentioned, and on which our storming powers were again, although by no means successfully, tried.

Such had been the condition of this interesting tract of country on the three several occasions on which I had traversed its banks a quarter of a century before, and such as I have described had been the mode of navigation of its waters. But what a change had been effected within that comparatively short period. It seemed as if the wand of enchantment had passed over a region which I had in some degree enshrined in my recollection as hallowed ground, and I, at a first glance, contemplated with feelings of painful disappointment the abundant evidences of the destroyings, yet renewing, hand of a matter-of-fact civilization, which had removed from view those land-marks of primeval beauty, once forming such prominent features in the attractive scenery. On we dashed with our steamers decorated with their gay flags, and enlivened with music; and as the ponderous paddle wheels threw the waters aside, starting them even from their own beds, I could not but draw a striking and unfavorable contrast between their turbulent intrusion and the subdued action of the light oar which, formerly, had almost insensibly, divided the placid water, and formed ripples so slight as to be discontinued almost at the moment of their creation, leaving scarce a trace behind of the burden they had so recently borne. The destructive effect produced on the natural beauty of the shores, by the fierce and unchecked paddle wheels—and this is an evil peculiar to every narrow river on which steam navigation prevails—was here disagreeably evident. The eternal lashing of the disturbed waters had worn away the verdure from the more abrupt banks, and the gray dry earth, divested of that clothing which had formerly constituted the leading charm of this ascent, fell and crumbled as each heavy swell dashed against and dislodged some portion of its body. After proceeding a few miles up the river we came to Toledo, a large and thriving town, furnished with piers, wharves, &c., and altogether exhibiting marks of a commercial prosperity which, notwithstanding my preconceived ideas of the go-a-head system of the West, excited my utmost admiration and surprise. While advancing towards the mouth of the Miami River, which we did shortly after we had sustained the loss of one of the "enlightened," who threw himself from the upper deck and found the death he sought before means could be found to lower a boat, we had seen numerous steamers, decked with gay flags similar to our own, and equally freighted with a mass of living matter, moving from various points, indicating the several harbors on Lake Erie, which they had left, and wending their way to the narrow entrance leading to the place of rendezvous. Some of these we now overtook at Toledo, where, in consequence of the shallow water above, it was necessary to leave several of the largest steamers (and amongst them was that in which I had embarked) and perform

the remainder of the route in others of a smaller class. It was with a deep interest—as boyish in character, perhaps, as it was irresistible—that, as we threaded the windings of the river, I watched every thing which could indicate our near approach to the spot most familiarly impressed upon my memory. At length, after making a sudden turn in the river, we came within view of the immediate scene of our own and the enemy's operations—the foot of the Miami rapids—but how unlike was it to the wild country I had once known. True, the water was the same, and the earth was the same; but on either bank had arisen, on the extinguished fires of men who had been arrayed in deadly hostility to each other, two large divisions of a flourishing town, connected by an elevated and extensive bridge, which bore the same evidence of commercial improvement that I had remarked at Toledo. The site of the town on the right bank was some few hundred yards on the side of the ravine, nearest the mouth of the river, which had sheltered our troops; and on the brow of which our enfilading battery had been erected, and must have been about the point where, with the exception of the prisoners taken by General Harrison, the detachment had succeeded in gaining their boats and crossing the river. At the base of this, studded with piers and wharves, with their adjacent store houses, were moored the numerous steamers that had been enabled, from their lightness of draft, to get up with their living burdens; and these now lay, with their broadsides opposite to that part of the stream where had been anchored the gun boats employed in the expedition, and contributing by their fire to the annoyance of the enemy. Beyond this point, no boat of any tonnage could proceed, the shallowness of the river rendering it only navigable for batteaux.

It was night when we landed from the steamer, and as we were to pitch our tent on the very ground where had stood the fort—about a mile distant,—no time was lost in the necessary preparation. A bullock waggon was soon procured, and in this were deposited, not only our capacious tent and the good things that were to be enjoyed under it, but the bedding and portmanteaus of the party who, compelled to walk, flanked and brought up the rear of the "camp equipage." In about an hour, after passing through the town of the Miami, and winding our way among carts and waggons, laden like our own, and so alive with human beings that, in the gloom of the evening, a very little stretch of the imagination might have conjured up a repetition of the scenes of the past, we at length found ourselves within the circle in which had been comprised the defences of the fort. Here the waggon was unloaded, and the experienced servants of the gentleman whose immediate guest I was, and who, with several other of the principal citizens of Detroit, had "clubbed" to provide the indispensables of the expedition, soon had the tent raised and put in order. Finally, we were so comfortably disposed of that it was with no slight reluctance we quitted the cold fowl and ham, accompanied by Madeira, and followed by cold brandy and water and cigars which were set before us, as we squatted ourselves, after the fashion of the Indians, on the ground, for the comparatively comfortable beds which had, in the meantime, been prepared for us.

That night was to me one of an excitement—unworldly and ridiculous enough at my matured years—which I vainly strove to banish. Owing to the lateness of the hour at which we had entered on our place of bivouac, I had not been able to obtain any thing like a distinct view of our position, and I waited impatiently for the approach of day, when my curiosity should be fully gratified. It was not, however, until the sun had appeared above the horizon in the morning, and the bustling of my companions who were making their rude toilet, warned me of my tardiness, that I rose, half dressed myself, and sallied forth for the purpose of entering the shallow stream that flows lazily through the valley beneath. It was not, therefore, until after I had returned from my ablutions, and partaken of an excellent breakfast which had meanwhile been prepared for our hungry party, that I had an opportunity to examine the position. The scene at this time, when the whole of the surrounding encampment, containing some fifty thousand souls, had breakfasted, and were in motion in various parts of the ground, was highly animated. Bugles and drums and trumpets sounded from every quarter, summoning the several corps of "Guards" to their morning parade within a space formed by the peculiar disposition of their tents; while the numerous bands of music which had accompanied the delegates from their several States, rent the air, otherwise stilled by the influence of a burning sun, and were, in the occasional pauses, succeeded by a confused hum of human voices, which gave a juster estimate of numbers to the ear, than was afforded even to the eye. The most of these bands were elevated in carriages, drawn by four, six, eight, twelve, and in one instance sixteen horses, two abreast,—these latter conducted with so much ability, that a single postilion, mounted on one of the centre horses to reach the leaders with his whip, was all the aid the driver required. Then there were displays of gorgeous flags, and shows, and refreshment tents, and, in short, of everything that is usually found in a fair, but the fair themselves, a very slight sprinkling of whom were discernible in the throng. These were confined almost exclusively to the belles of the Miami, who, although not quite so graceful or beautiful as many of those who had left in Detroit,

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

\* There is a circumstance connected with this subject of so curious a coincidence, as to merit a passing notice. The storming of the batteries on the Miami took place on the 5th of May, 1813, when I served in the company of as gallant an officer as ever entered a field. On the 5th of May, 1836, I assisted at the storming of the Carlist lines (three in number, and situated by batteries) drawn around San Sebastian, and on this latter occasion one of my subalterns was a son of the very man under whom I had entered the enemy's batteries in 1813.