

at Lexington has been far in the rear, and we are upon a forced march across the swampy marshes of Ohio, rendered almost impassable by incessant spring rains, to the relief of General Harrison at Fort Meigs. One shower after another, and each one seemingly colder than its predecessor, is pelting us day and night. Upon brush-piles cut for the occasion, we are compelled to sleep to keep above water. Our brave, kind-hearted and generous Colonel Dudley is busy encouraging his men and aided by the other officers doing all that can be done to lessen our sufferings; but continual wading in water is beginning to tell and the skin is peeling from our weary legs, from the knee down; the well-clothed and well-protected camp followers, with their wagons of luxuries and drinkables, are extorting more and more as we leave civilization farther behind, and now a drink of their cider-oil is out of reach of two-thirds the command, and they have lost their popularity with both men and officers; consequently another fatiguing day's march, with the prospect of another night, twin-sister to the rest, plays havoc with the hucksters; the cider-oil wagons are upset, barrels are being rolled hither and thither. No orders to that effect have been issued, and without any one seemingly to know who were doing these things or why they were being done, *presto* the drinkables have disappeared and every soldier in camp suddenly forgets his fatigue and becomes Lieutenant General commanding innumerable hosts of invincible veterans. Commands of officers in the heat of terrible battle are heard in every direction, innumerable game cocks are loudly crowing and all manner of songs are singing, concord and discord all around. This last jollification of our little command. Oh! how soon after was hushed forever on earth the joyful voices of almost every messmate and friend I *there* had, and *then* so gay. But a very few nights after, amid darkness and pelting rain, we are cautiously and as rapid as practicable descending the Maumee, to surprise Proctor, whip the Indians, raise the siege, and relieve Fort Meigs, but ere we reach the Fort many of my companions' guns are full of water, as the pouring from their muzzles plainly indicates when they are brought from a perpendicular to a horizontal position, preparatory to the bloody action soon to commence. Some faint signs of coming day and many indications of the immediate presence of our savage foe, left no doubt in the mind of any one just then of a terrible conflict just commencing. The morning of the memorable 5th of May was dawning. Officers and men were hurrying from boats, and the quick flashes and the

keen reports of many guns pronounced the battle commenced. Many were being wounded around me. My captain, Archibald Morrison, had formed in good marching order and was under way when the brave Captain John Morrison was shot through the head, both eye-balls bursting clean from their sockets. Dying, but undaunted, he orders his men forward to a post of honor, where they could do their country good service, and not waste their precious time with a dying man. Officers and men then bounded forward, soon dispersing the besiegers and capturing the guns we were ordered to capture. And now flushed with victory, and maddened by the sight of fallen, bleeding and dying comrades our brave Colonel Dudley and men could not resist the desire of following the retreating enemy and wreaking vengeance upon them for the loss of near relatives and friends. So without taking time to roll the captured guns into the river after them, we went, and had it not been for the dense forest and undergrowth we would have made short work of them. But, *alae!* that aid to the enemy was death for us. They formed an ambush, and securely hid from view, had every advantage. Our futile attempts to dislodge them gave that portion of the enemy upon the opposite side of the river ample time to cross over in our rear, completely hemming us in upon every side. Our case was then hopeless. Our ranks scattered, our brave Colonel slain, and most of the other officers mortally wounded, seems sufficient to have unnerved the bravest hero, but even then many heroic deeds of personal valor were enacted and I still occasionally heard the loud, shrill game cock crowing of one brave spirit who seemed determined to die game and cheer his comrades to the last. What became of him who knows? Louder and louder, nearer and nearer came the savage yells of the bloodthirsty foe from every quarter and fainter grew the resistance offered by our thinned and dispirited ranks, until bursting forth in our very midst, the deafening, demoniac yells drowned all other sounds save the coarse, broad command, "ground your arms, surrender," pronounced by British officers banishing all hope of successful resistance. Captured, brave Dudley is defeated and we are prisoners in savage hands, were the thoughts that then rushed to my mind, causing me to forget upon the instant to throw down my arms; but just then that same broad command, this time to me personally, "Damn your eyes, ground your arms, or you will be slain," brought me hastily to my senses. Down went gun, off came knapsack, &c., to hastily disappear beneath the mud and water, then ankle deep where