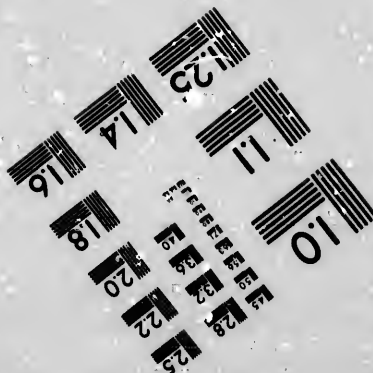
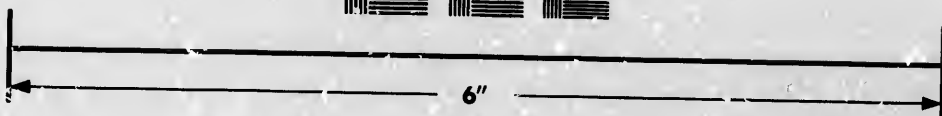
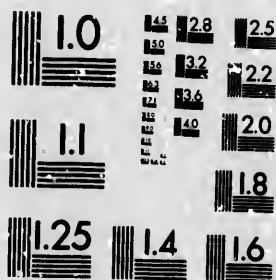


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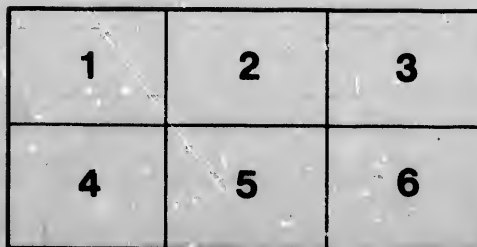
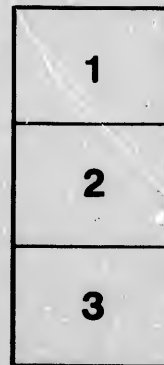
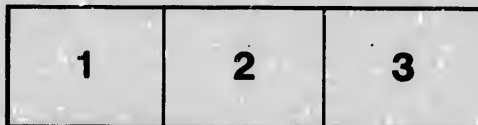
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TWO

WESTERN CAMPAIGNS

In the War of 1812-13.

1. *Expedition of CAPTAIN HENRY BRUSH,
with Supplies for General Hull, 1812.*
2. *Expedition of GOVERNOR MEIGS, for the
Relief of Fort Meigs, 1813.*

BY

SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

CINCINNATI:
ROBERT CLARKE & CO.,
1870.

OHIO VALLEY PRESS,
ROBERT CLARKE & CO.
CINCINNATI, O.

Introductory.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS, the author of this narrative, was, for many years, a resident of Cincinnati, and more than fifty a resident of the State of Ohio. Thirty years of this time he was connected with the surveys of public lands north-west of the Ohio, as chief clerk of the Surveyor General's office. In this capacity he rendered important service, having had the principal oversight of the official business, and the direction of the work in the field.

He was born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in the year 1786, and was brought up among the mountains in an adjoining county. In the year 1800, at the age of fourteen, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and three years subsequently removed with his father's family to Charleston, on the Kanawha river, in Western Virginia. He and his mother were the first Methodists who settled in that valley, and aided in the formation of the first Methodist class on that river. In 1807, he removed to Chillicothe, in this state, and twenty years afterward to Cincinnati, where he resided until his death in 1859.

Though without the advantages of an academic education, he was a man of much reading, extensive information, and thorough culture. He accumulated a large library, of which he made diligent use, and to the day of his death, his fondness for study and literary pursuits remained unabated. Mr. WILLIAMS took a deep interest in all matters pertaining to the Methodist Church, and had collected a considerable mass of materials to serve for a history of Methodism in the West. This collection he gave, but a few days before his death, to the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, of which he was one of the trustees. Other matters of historic interest he made a subject of study, and in antiquarian researches he took great delight.

He retired from active business in 1845, and spent the last years of his life with his family. Most of this time was passed in much bodily affliction, but he was not idle. He found opportunity to prepare, for the use of his family, a full account of his own history, and that of his ancestors, and to gather up a complete genealogy of their families, embracing several hundred names. His personal memoirs comprise five large quarto volumes of manuscript, making about twelve hundred pages. Among these are numerous sketches of early times in the West, descriptions of pioneer life and customs, modes of dress, habits of living, styles of houses and their furniture, and details of domestic employments and public service.

This narrative of his military campaigns in 1812 and 1813, is taken from his manuscripts, and was published in the *Ladies' Repository* in 1854. To that magazine he contributed several

chapters of sketches, and these among them. In preparing his copy for the press, Mr. WILLIAMS purposely wrote in the third person, except when giving direct quotations from his own letters. A few additions to this account have been made from his manuscripts, by his son, who furnishes the narrative for this work. As this is the only history of the two expeditions herein mentioned, it was thought well to include it in the *Ohio Valley Historical Series*. It throws light upon several points of Ohio history, and forms in itself a complete episode in the war with Great Britain.

I. *Expedition of CAPTAIN HENRY BRUSH,
with supplies for General Hull, 1812.*

THE war with Great Britain in 1812, '13, and '14, was an eventful period in the history of our country, and was fruitful of thrilling incidents and stirring exploits, of deep concern at the time, and of much interest even at this day.

The declaration of war was made by an act of Congress, passed in secret session, on the 18th of June, 1812. Two or three months prior to that declaration and in anticipation of it, a large military force was drawn together at Cincinnati, under the command of Brigadier General William Hull, an old and distinguished veteran officer of the Revolutionary army. The force thus concentrated was called the "North-Western Army," and soon marched for the north-western frontier—the Detroit river. A regiment of Ohio volunteers from Cincinnati, under Colonel James Findlay, marched with General Hull. At Urbana he was joined by two other regiments of Ohio volunteers, from the Scioto and Muskingum valleys, under the command respectively of Colonel Duncan McArthur and Colonel Lewis Cass. A few miles north of Urbana

the army entered the wilderness, and from thence to the Grand Rapids of the Maumee river, about a hundred miles, had to be cut and opened a wagon road through a dense unbroken forest. It was the intention of the Secretary of War that the army should reach Detroit before war would be declared, and ample time was given General Hull to do so ; but from want of energy on his part, the dispatch from the War Department announcing the " Declaration," found him and his army at the foot of the rapids of the Maumee. To expedite the march thence to Detroit, General Hull chartered a schooner then in the Maumee Bay, on board of which he put a large portion of the army baggage and provision, together with his military chest, and all his papers, including the official copy of the Declaration of War, and all his instructions, plans of the campaign, etc., to be shipped to Detroit. This schooner, while on its passage up the Detroit river, was seized by the British naval force lying at anchor opposite Fort Malden, on the Canada side. General Brock, the British Commander-in-chief on that frontier, had, through the vigilance of British spies at Washington, been put in possession of the fact of the declaration of war before it reached General Hull, and hence the capture of the schooner. The loss of this vessel and its valuable cargo was disastrous to the American army ; while the possession of the instructions and plans of the campaign from the War Department, and the baggage and

military stores, was a most important acquisition to the enemy. And General Brock, as a skillful and experienced soldier, well availed himself of this advantage, as the sequel will show.

That General Hull must have foreseen—perhaps, deliberately intended—the capture of this richly freighted schooner by the enemy, seems hardly to admit of a doubt. And this is manifest by the history and disastrous termination of this first campaign of the North-Western Army, and by the subsequent trial of the General before a military court-martial, and *the sentence of death passed upon him for treason.*

The British fleet having the command of Lake Erie; the only route by which supplies could reach the army at Detroit was overland, by very bad roads, from the settlements in southern Ohio, a distance of over two hundred miles, and at an enormous expense. The transit of provisions was not only very tedious, but, as the intermediate wilderness was occupied in force by hostile tribes of Indians in the interest and employ of the enemy, every brigade of wagons or pack-horses, or drove of beef cattle, had to be guarded by a strong military force. To keep the communication with the army open, was made the duty of the Ohio militia. About the 18th of July Governor Meigs, then at Chillicothe, received by express, the following dispatch from General Hull:

“DETROIT, 11th July, 1812.

“DEAR SIR: The army arrived here on the 5th inst. I have now only time to state to you, that we are very deficient in provisions, and I have authorized Mr. Piatt* to furnish a supply for two months.

“The communication must be preserved by your militia, or this army will perish for the want of provisions. We have the fullest confidence that you will do all in your power to prevent so distressing a calamity to this patriotic army.

“I am, very respectfully,

“Your most ob't serv't,

“W. HULL.

“His Excellency, R. J. MEIGS,

“Governor of Ohio.”

The *original autograph letter* from which we copy the above was preserved by Mr. WILLIAMS, and stitched by him into the autobiographical sketches which he made for the use of his family. How he became possessed of this important official document he has now no recollection; but supposes it had been handed to him by Governor Meigs, about the time of its receipt, to copy, and in the hurry of the moment its return overlooked. The letter has been in his possession ever

*The late John H. Piatt, of Cincinnati, who was Commissary General of the North-Western Army.

since, and is now first given to the world as a scrap of the history of the times. The reader will not fail to notice the coincidence between the forebodings of General Hull in the above letter and the plea which he afterward set up in justification of his disgraceful surrender of Detroit and the whole army—that their provisions were nearly exhausted, and that a supply could not be obtained in time to save it from perishing! The expostulations of his field officers—his proper advisers—were unheeded. The General kept his own counsels. He knew what he was about. And now, to save appearances, he seemingly bestirs himself, and “authorizes,” his Commissary to “furnish a supply for two months,” and appeals to the sympathies of Governor Meigs to save his patriotic army from starvation, by keeping the communication open through the wilderness! Governor Meigs needed no appeal to his sympathies, and General Hull knew it.

With the dispatch from General Hull, Governor Meigs received a communication from Colonel Piatt, then at Urbana, stating that a brigade of pack-horses, loaded with flour, together with a drove of beef cattle, would be ready to leave that place for the army, so soon as the Governor could furnish a military escort to guard the supplies through the wilderness. On the following morning Governor Meigs called a meeting of the citizens of Chillicothe, and announced the requisition for a company of militia for the above purpose, proposing

to the meeting that a company of volunteers be immediately raised, instead of the tedious process of drafting the requisite force. The call was promptly responded to, and in an hour or two ninety-five patriotic citizens—mechanics, merchants, lawyers, and others—formed themselves into a volunteer company, and tendered their services to the Governor.* After electing their officers, and adopting a uniform, the busy note of preparation for an immediate march followed. Twenty-four hours after its organization, fully armed and equipped, this fine company took up its line of march for Detroit, by way of Urbana, where the supplies were to be placed under its escort, intending, on reaching Detroit, to tender their services to General Hull, and join the North-Western Army.

Before setting out with the company on its march, it may be well to describe their dress, arms, and accouterments. Every one, officers and men, were alike dressed in unbleached, tow-linen hunting shirts, and trowsers of the same material, with low-crown hats, on the left side of which were worn black cockades about two inches in diameter, on the center of which were displayed small silver eagles about the size of a silver quarter-dollar. Around the waist of each was a stout leather girdle; in a leather pocket attached to this was slung behind a good sized tomahawk, and in a leather sheath,

*For muster roll of Captain Brush's company, see *Appendix*.

also attached to the girdle, hung a medium sized butcher-knife. On the right hip, attached to a broad leather strap, thrown over the left shoulder hung the cartridge-box, filled with ball-cartridges. On the left side, in a leather sheath, suspended to another broad leather strap, thrown over the right shoulder, hung the bayonet. On the same side hung also a tin canteen, holding about a quart, suspended to a small leather strap over the right shoulder. The fire-arm was a United States musket, with bayonet, and a leather strap by which to sling the musket over the shoulder, for more convenient carrying when on a march. The knapsack was a heavy, linen sack, painted and varnished, about sixteen inches wide, and of the same depth, with a flap on the under side, thrown over the mouth, and tied by strings. To the upper and lower corner on each side was a strap through which to pass the arms. The knapsack was the repository of the changes of clothing, and such articles of necessity or convenience as each might choose to take along. On the top was lashed the blanket, and over this a piece of oil-cloth to protect all from the rain. The knapsack was slung on the back, and the straps through which the arms passed were tied by another strap across the breast. The arms and accouterments including the knapsack, weighed about thirty or thirty-five pounds.

Thus armed and equipped, this patriotic company took up its line of march on the morning of July 21,

1812, under the command of Captain Henry Brush, a distinguished lawyer of Chillicothe, who still survives, residing upon his farm in Madison county, Ohio.* A large number of the citizens of Chillicothe, in procession, escorted the company beyond the limits of the town, where a brief farewell address was made by a citizen, and responded to by Captain Brush on behalf of the company. A full narrative of the campaign is given by Mr. WILLIAMS, who was a member of the company, in a series of letters to his wife, written from almost every night's encampment. Occasional extracts from these letters are given, as they were written under the vivid impressions of the moment, and contain a freshness and a lifelike picture of passing incidents, which can not otherwise be imparted to the condensed sketch to which we must limit ourselves.

The first day's march was twenty-one miles, to General Timmons', where they encamped in a grove, lying on the ground in the open air, without tents. The march next day was over thirty miles, through the "barrens," or open plains, where the men were exposed nearly all day to the fierce rays of a midsummer's sun, in very sultry weather. A march of nineteen miles the third day brought them to Urbana, in the afternoon, where they encamped on the commons. The indoor

*This was written in 1854—Capt. Brush died the next year, January 16, 1855, aged 78 years.

occupations of nearly all the company wholly unfitted them for long marches on foot and exposure to the sun, carrying each a weight of thirty pounds, and trammled by the straps and fastenings of his accouterments. Marching thus all day, and sleeping at night on the cold ground, without tents, was very severe. Mr. WILLIAMS, writing to his wife from Urbana on the 24th, says, "My limbs were so stiff and sore at the end of each day's march that I could hardly walk."

An express arrived from Detroit on Wednesday night bringing dispatches from the army, by which it appeared that the forces in Malden were one hundred and fifty regulars, four or five hundred militia, and as many Indians, whose canoes were all destroyed to prevent their desertion; for both they and the militia took every opportunity to desert.

The company remained in camp at Urbana two days. Here they were engaged in preparing their arms, making cartridges, running bullets, carrying in military stores, and in drilling, to become familiar with military exercises. The camp was laid out in military style and sentries posted at night, the same precautions being taken against an alarm or an attack as if they were already in the enemy's country.

The company resumed its march on the 25th, having in charge a brigade of seventy pack-horses, each laden with two hundred pounds of flour, in a bag, lashed on a pack-saddle; and a drove of about three hundred beef

cattle. The order of march was this: a scouting-party of three or four men went in advance, a half a mile or more; the company usually in single file; next followed the brigade of pack-horses; and after them the drove of cattle. On each side, at the distance of some two hundred yards, marched a flank guard of eight or ten men of the company on horseback; and about twenty soldiers of the Fourth United States Infantry, who had been in the battle of Tippecanoe, under the command of Sergeant Story, formed the rear guard. In the evening they encamped on the Indian boundary line, the frontier of the settlements, where they remained over Sunday, July 26th.

On Monday, 27th, they entered the Indian territory; and from thence their march was through an uninhabited wilderness, in which there was no road except the trace cut by General Hull's army, which was but the width of a wagon-track, and much cut up by his baggage-wagons and cavalry horses. In a letter to his wife, dated at Fort McArthur, on the Scioto river—near the present town of Kenton—July 29, 1812, Mr. WILLIAMS thus describes the usual routine of a day and night on the march:

“While we are waiting a few minutes to store part of our baggage and provision in this fort, to lighten our baggage-wagons for a more rapid march, I seize a moment to tell you that I am very well, in good spirits, and much improved in strength and general health.

The fatigues and hardships of a soldier's life are just what I needed. You would hardly believe it possible for me to endure what I daily undergo, in common with my fellow-soldiers. Our food is coarse, and cooked in the roughest manner. For whole days together we have had to use the water from stagnant ponds, or from the wagon-ruts and horse-tracks, in the road. We sleep upon the cold, damp ground, without tents. One-third of the company are on guard every night; so that each one of us, after a hard day's march, has, every third night to mount guard, and stand sentry four hours, or half the night, and during the remaining four hours turn out hourly to receive the 'grand round,' and 'relief' to the guard. The whole company not on guard 'sleep on their arms,' with all their accouterments on, ready for an attack from the hostile Indian tribes occupying the country.

"You would smile at our mode of cooking, could you see us thus employed. Our company is divided into 'messes' of six men each. Our rations are delivered together to each mess when we encamp at night. This consists of flour, fat bacon, and salt. The flour is kneaded in a broad iron camp-kettle, and drawn out in long rolls the size of a man's wrist, and coiled around a smooth pole some three inches in diameter and five or six feet long, on which the dough is flattened so as to be half an inch or more in thickness. The pole, thus covered with dough, except a few inches at each end, is

placed on two wooden forks driven into the ground in front of the camp-fire, and turned frequently, till it is baked, when it is cut off in pieces, and the pole covered again in the same manner and baked. Our meat is cooked thus: a branch of a tree having several twigs on it is cut, and the ends of the twigs sharpened; the fat bacon is cut in slices, and stuck on these twigs, leaving a little space between each, and then held in the blaze and smoked till cooked. Each man then takes a piece of the pole-bread, and lays thereon a slice of bacon, and with his knife cuts therefrom, and eats his meal with a good appetite. Enough is thus cooked each night to serve for the next day; each man stowing in his knapsack his own day's provision."

A few miles north of Fort Findlay, on Blanchard river—now the flourishing town of Findlay—the expedition entered the Black Swamp, through which the road passed for many miles, much of which was almost impassable. On the 2d of August they reached the Maumee river.

Along the route to this point, the expedition continued to suffer greatly from want of good water, being obliged to drink out of puddles by the roadside, and use pond water for cooking. For two weeks, scarcely any rain had fallen, but this was rather favorable for their progress than otherwise.

After marching many days through dense forests and thickets, and wading, much of the way, through deep

and extensive swamps and morasses, to emerge suddenly therefrom into the dry open plains east of the Maumee river, was a transition so great that it had a most exhilarating effect upon the feelings of our weary and way-worn travelers. A description of these plains and the Maumee Rapids, together with some historical reminiscences of the localities, are given by Mr. WILLIAMS in a letter to his wife, dated,

ENCAMPMENT, FOOT OF MAUMEE RAPIDS, }
August 3, 1812. }

“The country we yesterday passed through is the most delightful I have ever seen. Our route was, most of the day, over natural plains of many miles in extent, apparently as level as the ocean, seemingly bounded only by the distant horizon, and interspersed with a few small islets, or groves, of oak and hickory timber and hazel bushes, and here and there a solitary oak tree or two, standing out in the open expanse. These isolated trees and groves contribute much to the beauty of the scenery. But this is not all. These plains are covered with a most luxuriant growth of grass and herbs, and an endless variety of beautiful native flowers, representing all the hues of the rainbow, and loading the atmosphere with their perfume. Some portions are rich and dry land; others are of a wet, cold, and stiff clay soil.

“The Rapids of the Maumee, I am told, is nine miles in length, and formed of a succession of small

rapids, the principal one of which is at the place where the road crosses the river. Here the whole channel is stratified limestone rock, in horizontal strata, and divided, at distances of three or four feet, by parallel vertical seams, running diagonally across the whole channel, which is about forty rods wide. The descent of the current over the successive ledges of rock, form beautiful little cascades, at distances of a few yards between. The Rapids terminate five miles below the ford; and from thence to the head of Maumee Bay, a distance of some twelve miles, the river is from a quarter to half a mile or more in width, and navigable for the largest vessels sailing on the lakes, which readily ascend to the foot of the Rapids.

“The plain on which we encamped last night, was the battle-ground on which General Anthony Wayne defeated and totally routed and dispersed the combined Indian forces, on the 20th August, 1794—18 years ago. The Indians had chosen a strong position in the rear of the plain, among fallen timber of several miles in extent, in which their line of battle was two miles long, fronting on the plain. General Wayne, after reconnoitering the position of the enemy, sent General Scott, at the head of eleven hundred mounted Kentuckians, to turn the enemy's right flank by a circuitous route, and fall upon their rear. At eight o'clock on that memorable day, General Wayne advanced his main columns along the bank of the Maumee, formed in two lines, in

front of the enemy's position. The first line advanced, with trailed arms, upon the foe, concealed behind the fallen timber; and on receiving their first fire, rushed upon them and roused them from their fastness among the fallen timber and bushes, at the point of the bayonet; while General Scott precipitated his whole mounted force upon their rear, and the infantry and the legion of cavalry pressed forward upon their front, and into the midst of their position. The Indian forces were thus thrown into confusion, and in consternation fled in disorder down the river, hotly pursued, with great slaughter, by the mounted men and cavalry. On reaching the British Fort Miami, the Indians essayed to enter the gates and take refuge within its walls. But the British commandant, Major Campbell, through fear of General Wayne, prudently closed his gates against them; and the Indians, driven to despair, and now nearly surrounded and closely pressed by the victorious pursuers, fled precipitately around the fort, and down the hill upon which it stood, to the river. Being here hemmed in, many of them plunged into the river to swim across, and many more were slain; while the remainder made their escape to the woods. This decisive battle closed the war with the Indian tribes on the north-western frontier, and resulted in the Treaty of Greenville, in August, 1795.

“This morning we moved down the river about five miles, and encamped on the upper end of a large and

beautiful plain, bordering on the left bank of the river, a few rods below the old British fort, and on the very ground upon which the great battle above described terminated. Here, by order of General Hull, we are to remain till reinforced by a company of volunteers from Cleveland, and another from Sandusky, both daily expected to arrive. Near our encampment, in the bank of the river, is a large spring of pure, cold water, which is very refreshing after drinking, as we very often did, from the puddles in the road."

While lying in camp, near the old British fort, Mr. WILLIAMS made a survey of it with a pocket compass and a grape-vine measure. The fort was situated on the summit of a hill which rises abruptly from the margin of the river, at the head of the plain above mentioned. It was a quadrangle, constructed of large, squared logs of timber, laid closely together and notched into each other. At the two most exposed angles were strong bastions, enfilading three sides of the fort. On those three sides the fort was protected by a deep moat, or ditch, in which water was still standing. And on the remaining side—that fronting the river—there had been a covered way down the steep bank to the water. A portion of the walls of the fort were still standing, and the timber composing them in a tolerable good state of preservation.

The company expected from Sandusky, commanded

by Captain Roland, arrived on the evening of the 7th August. Without waiting for the other company from the Reserve, of which nothing had been heard, the two now in camp were formed into a battalion, under the command of Captain Brush, as major, and the march resumed the next morning. In the afternoon of the following day—Sunday, 9th—the battalion reached the Raisin river, and encamped upon the military square, containing about an acre of ground, inclosed by an old line of pickets. Here, for the first time, they enjoyed the luxury of good tents, which were furnished to them by Colonel Anderson, the military commandant of the local militia. The military defenses here consisted of a single line of pickets, made of round logs about twelve inches in diameter, sharpened at top and set in the ground close together, and standing seven or eight feet above the surface. At two diagonal angles were block-houses, about eighteen feet square and twelve feet high, constructed of round logs. These block-houses projected six feet beyond the pickets, and the lines of each had portholes to enfilade two sides of the inclosure. The pickets were now so much decayed that they formed a very poor defense against musket or rifle balls, and none against cannon. They were originally intended only for the defense of the settlement against the attacks of hostile Indian tribes.

The settlement on Raisin river extended, at that time, about three miles along its banks, on both sides, near

the center of which was the military post we have described. The inhabitants were almost exclusively the descendants of the original French emigrants from Canada, and spoke only the French language. The settlement was formed at an early period in the last century; perhaps, indeed, but a few years after that of Detroit, which is said to have been in the same year—1682—in which William Penn laid out the city of Philadelphia. Each family owned and cultivated a tract of land fronting on the river, having a few rods in width, and extending back from two to five miles; the side lines between the farms being all parallel to each other, and all the houses built on the bank of the river. In the midst of this settlement, on the north side of the river, and including the old stockade, stands now the flourishing city of Monroe, a prominent commercial port of Lake Erie, and having a railroad connecting it with the Far West.

General Hull, about the first of August, had abandoned the invasion of Canada, withdrawn his troops therefrom, and, recrossing the strait, the North-Western Army now occupied the fortress of Detroit. In the mean time General Brock posted a strong British and Indian force at a place called Brownstown, on our side of the strait, and on the only road from Detroit to Ohio, and equidistant between Detroit and Raisin river. And when Major Brush and his battalion arrived at that river, all communication with Detroit had

been cut off by the enemy. Charged, as he was, with the protection of the brigade of pack-horses and the large drove of beef cattle, it would have been madness to attempt, with his small command, to force his way to Detroit. Indeed, while encamped on the Maumee, he had received orders from General Hull to remain at the Raisin river till a reinforcement from Detroit should join him there. Two detachments from the army at Detroit had been successively sent, for this purpose, by General Hull. The first, under the command of Major Vanhorne, was met by the combined British and Indian force at Maguaga, an old Indian village opposite the mouth of the Detroit river, and a battle ensued, in which Vanhorne's detachment, after a sanguinary engagement, was overpowered by a greatly superior force, and compelled to make a precipitate retreat and return to Detroit.

An incident is related of the late Governor Lucas, of Ohio, in this battle, which is worthy of being preserved. A Mr. Stockton, from near Chillicothe, was one of the mounted men. Late in the engagement his horse was badly wounded in the head by a ball; and the horse becoming frantic with pain and fright dashed forward in the retreat, throwing his head about and covering Mr. Stockton with blood, till the rider was thrown off and much stunned in the fall. On rising, he was unable to run and uncertain which way to proceed. Having no means of escape—his company having passed on with-

out seeing him—inevitable destruction seemed to await him. At that moment General Lucas*—who, with a few brave mounted men, covered the retreat and kept the enemy in check—discovered Mr. Stockton, and seeing him covered with blood, supposed him to be badly wounded. Without hesitation he instantly dismounted and helped Mr. Stockton into his own saddle, and pointing the way, told him to make his escape as fast as his horse could carry him. This momentary delay left General Lucas the very last man on the retreat, and now on foot, with the pursuing enemy in close proximity, and himself exposed to the deadly fire of the Indian rifles. But he being tall, slender, and very active, outran his nimble-footed pursuers, and providentially—indeed, almost miraculously—escaped the shower of bullets, from the Indian rifles, aimed at him. Thus, at the most imminent hazard of his own life, he saved that of a fellow-soldier, an entire stranger to him.

*General Lucas was at the time a Brigadier General of militia, near Portsmouth, O., but joined Hull's army as a private volunteer, and had, on the march to Detroit, received from President Madison a commission of Captain in the United States service.

He was afterward governor of the state of Ohio several terms. Subsequently, when the new territory of Iowa was created by Congress, he was appointed its first Governor, which office he held several years. After his retirement from office, he continued to reside in Iowa till his death. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church from his early life, and died peacefully at a good old age.

The other detachment sent to reinforce Major Brush, consisted of about nine hundred men, under the command of Colonel Miller of the United States army. At Brownstown, a mile or two south of Maguaga, he encountered the enemy's forces, and a severe battle ensued, in which Colonel Miller was victorious, and drove the enemy from the field with great loss. But his own force was so much crippled and his men so fatigued, that he also found it necessary to return to Detroit from the field of battle. This engagement occurred on the 8th of August. Soon after Colonel Miller's regiment returned to Detroit, General Hull ordered out a third detachment to the relief of Major Brush, under the command of Colonel McArthur,* with orders to take a circuitous route through the trackless wilderness; and by crossing the Huron river several miles higher up, avoid a collision with the enemy, and reach Major Brush's position on the Raisin.

While these abortive efforts to relieve Major Brush were being made, his little battalion, numbering only some one hundred and sixty men, were in a position of great peril. The road and the whole territory between them and the American army, was occupied by a large force of the enemy, within four hours' march of their encampment. They were, therefore, in hourly expecta-

*Afterward a Brigadier General in the United States service, and subsequently Governor of Ohio.

tion of an attack from the enemy, who might at any time have overpowered them by a force five or ten times their number, and massacred them all, as was the unfortunate Kentucky brigade, under the command of General Winchester, at the same place the following winter, after being taken prisoners and disarmed.

In a letter to Governor Tiffin,* dated August 11th, after noting the battle of Brownstown, three days previous, Mr. WILLIAMS adds:

“It is certain that our affairs on this frontier wear a very serious and gloomy aspect. All communication between us and Detroit has been for several days wholly cut off by the enemy. The express mail, which, till lately, always succeeded in getting through, has entirely failed. We are, therefore, without any advices from Detroit and the army, and know nothing of its movements, nor whether, nor when relief will reach us. We are at a loss what to think of these things. Our position is a most perilous one. We are liable at any time to be overwhelmed by the vastly superior force of the enemy. The French settlers along this river are greatly alarmed, and seem confident that our garrison and the settlements will be in the enemy's possession before reinforcements can reach us.”

Wednesday, August 12th, writing to his wife, he

*Then Commissioner of the General Land-Office, Washington City.

says: "I went, to-day, with Cadwallader Wallace and some others, to see Lake (Erie) distant about four miles east of our encampment, and to bathe in its limpid waters. The view of the placid surface of this inland sea was most enchanting to me—having now, for the first time in my life, looked upon a sheet of water exceeding half a mile wide. Here, with the exception of one or two small islands, scarcely perceptible in the distance, there is nothing to be seen but a wide expanse of waters, bounded seemingly by the horizon. We enjoyed much the refreshing bath in the cool waters of the lake, and battling its gentle rolling waves. It was, indeed, a great luxury in a hot summer's day. But our sport was soon spoiled by the arrival of a courier on horseback from camp, with orders for our immediate return, as the enemy was reported to be but a few miles distant, marching to attack us. Thinking to take the nearest course to camp across a large, level prairie, nearly on a level with the lake, we had to wade through three bad marshes, up to our breasts in mud and water. The alarm was a false one."

The last of his series of letters to his wife, is dated Friday, August 14th, in which is the following paragraph.

"All thought of being able to proceed to Detroit is now abandoned; and our attention is turned exclusively to fortifying our position, and putting it in the best state of defense we can. If the enemy should bring

their field artillery to the attack—which, if they come, they will surely do—our rotten stockade will be battered to the ground in ten minutes. What our fate will be I can not tell. But if we fall, we shall sell our lives as dearly as we can. We have lost all confidence in General Hull. In any event we can not remain here longer than this week, or the middle of the next.”

Two days after the last-named date, namely on Sunday, August 16th, having the previous night crossed the Detroit river, two miles below the town, General Brock, at the head of the British army, marched to the attack of Fort Detroit. He advanced his force directly in front of the main battery of the fortress, and had but just displayed his columns in line of battle, when a *white flag* was run up on the flag-staff of the fort—a *signal of surrender!* Suffice it to say, that in a short time articles of capitulation were drawn up and signed. Thus the gallant North-Western Army, occupying a strong fortification, having a fine battery of twenty-five large guns, and a full supply of amunition, was surrendered prisoners of war to a force inferior both in numbers and efficiency, and composed mostly of Canadian local militia and Indians.

By a supplemental article General Hull surrendered Major Brush's battalion as prisoners likewise. This, however, was well, as otherwise they would have surrendered only on being overwhelmed by numbers, and at the expense of much blood, and the loss of many

lives. On Monday, 17th, the day after the capitulation, Captain Elliott, of the British service, arrived from Detroit, bearing a flag of truce, and delivered to Major Brush an authenticated copy of the articles of capitulation, with letters to him from General Hull and Colonel M'Arthur, confirming the fact of the surrender, and also an order from General Brock requiring Major Brush and his battalion to march to Fort Malden, on the Canada side of the Detroit river, as prisoners of war. The surrender of Detroit and the whole army was an event so unlooked for, so extraordinary, so astonishing, that the papers were regarded as forgeries and Captain Elliott as a spy; and he was immediately placed in confinement under guard as a spy. In the afternoon, however, three or four of the well-known Ohio volunteers from Detroit, who were absent from the fort when it surrendered, made their escape and arrived at Major Brush's encampment, fully confirming the sad news. A council of war was held in the evening, and it was unanimously resolved that the battalion should disregard the treaty and make their way back to Ohio. Accordingly every preparation was made, except that of cooking food, for which there was no time; and about ten o'clock that night—Captain Elliott being first liberated—the men took up their march homeward. The night was cloudy and dark, and in the dense forest the narrow road could only be kept by traveling in the mud worked up in it.

Early the next morning they had reached the foot of the Maumee Rapids, thirty-four miles. Here the few inhabitants furnished them a scanty breakfast of whatever could be gathered up, and the march was resumed. After crossing the river, Captain Rowland's Company took the Sandusky road, and Captain Brush's that to Urbana. The march was continued all day and till about midnight; when, getting into the Black Swamp, where it was all mud, it was found impossible to distinguish where the road lay. A halt was called, and every man sought for himself a dry place at the root of some tree, where he sat on his knapsack and, leaning against the tree, slept till dawn the next morning, when the march was continued. A courier was sent ahead on horseback to Fort Findlay, on the Blanchard's fork, where, on the arrival of the company, about noon, they enjoyed the luxury of a good and plentiful meal of bread and jerked beef, hastily prepared for them by the sergeant's guard stationed at that post.

To this point the company was pursued by Brigadier General Tecumseh, the noted Shawnee chief, at the head of three hundred mounted Indians, sent by General Brock to capture and bring back the escaped prisoners. But finding by the "sign"—the footprints of the retreat—that they were several hours in advance of them, and would reach the settlements before they could be overtaken, the pursuit was abandoned, and Tecumseh and his brigade returned.

The march was continued from Fort Findlay immediately after taking their meal, and late that night the company reached Fort M'Arthur, on the Scioto river. The next morning they made a very early start through a heavy rain, which continued the whole day, and in the evening arrived at "Manary's Block-House," on the Indian boundary, under the command of General Manary. Here every possible kindness was shown to the fugitives by the General and his men. Fires were made in all the huts, and their wet clothing dried; and the rangers gave up their "bunks" or berths for the repose of their visitors.

Here the company entered the settlements, and being no longer in danger of pursuit, they continued their march more leisurely. At Urbana they separated into small parties, for greater ease in traveling, and generally reached their homes at Chillicothe on Monday, August 23d, after an absence of five weeks, without the loss of a man.

Although the company thus escaped from the enemy, after being surrendered as prisoners of war, yet our Government recognized them as prisoners; and they were a few months afterward, regularly "exchanged," and were ordered by Governor Meigs to be credited for a full tour of duty.

2. *Expedition of Governor Meigs for the Relief of Fort Meigs, 1813.*

IN the narrative of the expedition of Captain Brush's company of Chillicothe volunteers, in the summer of 1812, we noticed briefly the disastrous termination of the first campaign of the North-Western Army in that year.

Soon after the fall of Detroit, and the occupancy of Michigan and the Indian territory by the enemy, President Madison appointed William Henry Harrison, of North Bend, O., a Brigadier General in the United States service, and Commander in chief of the North-Western Army. As the Government had now no disposable regular troops in the West, General Harrison was left to reorganize the North-Western Army from the militia and volunteer forces of Ohio and Kentucky, aided by some volunteer companies from Pennsylvania and Virginia. No time was lost by the General in collecting his forces, and posting them at the various exposed points on the frontier and in the Indian territory beyond it. As soon as practicable, he advanced a well-appointed and disciplined volunteer force to the foot of the rapids of the Maumee river, where,

in the following winter, Fort Meigs was built. This was nothing more than a line of pickets, with a ditch and a high embankment of earth thrown up around his encampment, with round log block-houses at the salient angles. Fort Meigs was an important post, and it contributed mainly to the defense of an extended line of frontier settlements. Small troops of mounted rangers, and scouts on foot, sent out from the Fort, scoured the wilderness, and kept in abeyance the bands of marauding savages, whose known mode of warfare was the indiscriminate murder and plundering of the defenseless inhabitants of the frontier.

The importance of Fort Meigs for the protection of the frontier, and in facilitating the operations of the American army in its rear, then preparing for hostilities, was well understood by General Brock, the able commander in chief of the British forces on the Detroit river, and he determined on its capture or destruction. Accordingly, in the latter end of April, 1813, he sent General Proctor, at the head of a strong detachment from the British army, with three thousand Indians, to take this fort. After a siege of about ten days, during which time a continual cannonade was kept up from his batteries, General Proctor abandoned the siege, with great loss. Again, early in July following, Fort Meigs was closely invested by another large British and Indian force, under the command of Generals Proctor and Tecumseh, well provided with artillery and all the

necessary armament for a vigorous siege. General Harrison was not in command of the Fort at this time. Its force was numerically vastly inferior to that of the besiegers; and, moreover, the stock of provisions was insufficient for a protracted siege. General Harrison, then at Lower Sandusky, immediately dispatched a courier to Governor Meigs, with a requisition for a large reinforcement of militia, to aid him in compelling the enemy to raise the siege. Meantime General Proctor planted his batteries, and kept up a cannonade on the Fort. Several spirited sorties, however, were made from the Fort, in one of which the enemy's cannon were taken and spiked.

With his characteristic promptitude, Governor Meigs on receiving General Harrison's requisition, at once called out, *en masse*, the two entire divisions of militia nearest that part of the frontier, with orders to march immediately to the relief of Fort Meigs. The order was obeyed with equal promptness; and in a very few days the two entire divisions, without tents, but well armed and provisioned, were on their march for Upper Sandusky, where the whole force was to rendezvous on a given day, to be there organized for a rapid march to Fort Meigs.

This expedition, which lasted about six weeks, was not distinguished for any

“Most disastrous chances,
For moving accidents by flood and field,
Or hair-breadth 'scapes.”

It never met the “insolent foe” which it set out to encounter. General Proctor, learning that ten thousand hardy “Buckeyes” were marching upon him, suddenly broke up his camp, and fled precipitately back to Canada. This news reached Governor Meigs—who commanded the expedition in person—at Delaware, by dispatches from General Harrison. The Governor, however, continued the march; and on the day of the general rendezvous reviewed his ten thousand citizen soldiers, drawn up in line upon the beautiful plains of Upper Sandusky. The further advance of this formidable force—greatly to the disappointment of all—was now arrested, and their high hopes of military glory cut off at a stroke. The Governor, too, may have had his dreams of deathless renown and blooming laurels about to be won upon the ensanguined plains of the Maumee. But now the renown has vanquished, like “the baseless fabric of a vision:” the laurels are suddenly plucked from his brow. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* We were forcibly reminded of the memorable exploit of a royal chieftain of the olden time, which is so graphically recorded by the historian, in heroic verse!

“The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again.”

The only history of this expedition, so far as the writer knows, is that which is contained in his own letters, written home almost daily, and preserved by him for his family. From his narrative, thus written, such portions are selected as will be the most likely to interest the reader. Mr. WILLIAMS was at the time Clerk of the Chillicothe Regiment—a military officer then in existence, in the regimental staff of the Ohio Militia, with the rank of lieutenant.

Instead of the privations and hardships which he endured in the campaign of the previous year, Mr. WILLIAMS had now every thing that could contribute to his comfort and ease. As a regimental staff officer, he was well mounted, and was entitled to, and received transportation for his baggage-trunk, forage for his horse, two daily rations of provisions; and was a member of the Colonel's "mess," and quartered in his large marquee; and, withal, was exempt from all military and camp duty. His office was to prepare and record the regimental orders issued by the Colonel, and to record and file all brigade and general orders received by the Colonel from his superior officers.

The several regiments of the two divisions were all on the march between the 25th and 30th of July. Colonel Ferguson's Chillicothe regiment marched on the 29th. The next evening Mr. WILLIAMS writes: "Last night we encamped seven miles below Pickaway plains. To-night we are seventeen miles south of Franklin-

ton. Major Dawson's battalion, from Adelphi, joined us at Circleville, and makes our regiment about six hundred men."

While the men were taking their lunch, about noon of the first day's march, the Colonel issued an order that no fruit, vegetables, or other produce of the country, should be taken, otherwise than by purchase or permission of the owner. After the regiment had bivouacked for the first night, one of the men, in direct violation of the above order, took, without leave, from an adjoining cornfield, an armful of "roasting-ears." Information of the theft was promptly given, through his Captain, to the Colonel, by whose order the man was immediately arrested and placed under guard. After supper the Colonel convened a court-martial at his marquee for the trial of the culprit, and appointed William Key Bond, a young man, a private in one of the Chillicothe companies, Judge Advocate. Mr. Bond had, but a short time previous, emigrated from Virginia, where he had studied law, but had not yet commenced the practice. The culprit was arraigned before the court, and Mr. Bond examined the witnesses and conducted the prosecution with much ability; and his closing address to the court was a fine effort, and eloquently delivered.

This was Colonel Bond's first appearance at "the bar." Soon after his return from this tour, he commenced practice as an attorney and counselor at law

in Chillicothe and adjacent counties, and soon rose to the front rank of the profession. He represented that district several years in the Congress of the United States, in which he was a prominent and distinguished member. Many years since, he removed to Cincinnati, where he continued the practice of law; was in the United States Revenue service four years as Surveyor of the port of Cincinnati; and has lately, we believe, resumed the practice of law in that city.*

The reader will please pardon this digression. The court-martial found the prisoner guilty, and sentenced him to be drummed out of camp and dismissed the service. This sentence was carried into execution the next morning, when the regiment was drawn up in line to resume the march. The culprit was marched along in front of the whole line, followed by all the drums of the regiment, beating the "Rogue's March" played by the fifes, and was then dismissed the service in disgrace. This was the only case of disobedience of the Colonel's order which occurred during the campaign.

Two days after the occurrence above noted, Mr. WILLIAMS writes:

FRANKLINTON, *July 21, 1813.*

"We reached this place about six o'clock this evening. The Governor and suite met and escorted our

*Mr. Bond was born in St. Marys County, Maryland, October 2, 1792, and died at Cincinnati, February 17, 1864.

regiment into and through town, and then reviewed it, expressing himself highly pleased with its martial appearance. In the evening he visited us at our marquee, and engaged to breakfast with us to-morrow morning. General Ma. ary's brigade—twelve hundred and fifty strong—arrived here this morning, and is encamped near us. Several regiments have already gone on to Sandusky. General Lucas, with the remainder of our brigade, from Portsmouth, will join us to-morrow. Dispatches have just arrived to the Governor from General Harrison, who is still at Seneca, nine miles above Lower Sandusky, awaiting our arrival. The enemy is still before Fort Meigs, intrenching themselves.”*

*The subsequent movements of Gov. Meigs were probably quickened by the following dispatch from General Harrison:

“Head Quarters, Seneca Town,
2d August 1813.

“Dear Sir:

The enemy have been, since last evening, before Lower Sandusky, and are battering it with all their might. Come, on my friend, as quickly as possible, that we may relieve the brave fellows who are defending it. I had ordered it to be abandoned. The order was not obeyed.

I know it will be defended to the last extremity; for earth does not hold a set of finer fellows than Crogan and his officers. I shall expect you to-morrow certainly.

Gov. MEIGS.

Yours etc.,
WM. H. HARRISON.”

At the date of this letter, it will be remembered, Columbus, the present seat of Government of the State, had not been laid out. The ground now occupied by that flourishing city was then covered with cornfield and dense forest. Franklinton was then a place of considerable note. Now it is withering in the shadow of its great rival on the opposite bank of the river.

At Delaware the Governor received the intelligence that the enemy had abandoned the siege of Fort Meigs, and retreated to Canada, intimidated, no doubt, by the approach of the overwhelming force then on the march against them.

Delaware was at this time a very small village. The only public house in it was kept by Major Byxbe, near the center of the town, in a small brick house, very poorly fitted up, and which, we were lately informed, has recently been pulled down. The large and celebrated sulphur spring here was then in its original state of nature. Across the morass lying between it and Byxbe's tavern the Major had constructed a foot-bridge, consisting of a single line of slabs set end to end, and standing on wooden legs driven into auger-holes, and having a rough hand-rail at one side. The beautiful grounds around and southwest of the spring, now occupied by that young but noble and flourishing institution, the OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, were then an unbroken forest. Delaware itself, from being

an obscure and insignificant little frontier village, has, by the location there of the University, and by the building of railroads through it, become a large, populous, and flourishing town.

The whole force of the two divisions ordered out having arrived at Upper Sandusky, they were all drawn out for muster and review upon the adjoining delightful plains, covered with grass and flowers, and were reviewed by the Governor. The display was quite an imposing one. The sight of ten thousand men under arms, drawn up in line, had never before been witnessed upon these plains.

The siege of Fort Meigs having been raised, the further advance of this force became unnecessary. But, as General Harrison expected to sail in a few days for the Detroit river, with all the force under his command, to meet the enemy, it was judged indispensable that a part of Governor Meigs' militia should remain at Upper Sandusky for the defense of the exposed frontier. For this purpose the Governor selected two brigades, of one thousand men each, under the command of Generals Lucas and Manary, and discharged the remainder, who immediately returned to their homes. The two brigades took a position about a mile north of Upper Sandusky, on a high point of land, having the Sandusky river, with a high bluff bank, on the east side, and a deep ravine on the north and west side, while the south side was protected by a

deep ditch and an embankment inside. The encampment embraced eight or ten acres, around which was soon constructed a strong *abatis*, which consisted of piles of trees, or large branches, sharpened and laid with their points outward, and presenting a formidable barrier to the entrance of a hostile force into the camp. Block-houses were built at each angle. To construct these several works a hundred or more men were detailed daily. Governor Meigs remained in command, and personally directed and superintended the works. He was vigilant; always on the alert, to see that everything went on right, and that the orders issued were well and promptly executed.

In this connection, it may be as well to give the reader a description of *a day* in the "Grand Camp of Ohio Militia," as it was called; and the duties and employments of one day were, with but little variation, the same on every day.

At four o'clock in the morning a discharge from a nine-pounder gun and beating the reveille was the signal to "turn out." In several of the tents "family worship" was now attended to by singing and prayer. Twenty minutes after reveille beat, all the troops not on guard were, at the beat of the drum, paraded and drilled an hour. Between six and seven o'clock breakfast was had. At eight o'clock the guards—who had been on duty from the same hour of the previous day—were relieved by the new guard for the day. The guard

consisted of about a hundred and fifty men, divided into three "reliefs" of fifty each, one of which "reliefs" was always on guard, and, at the end of two hours, was relieved by the next. A few of these were posted at the Governor's and field officers' quarters as "officers' guard;" the larger number were stationed around the encampment, at the distance of one hundred yards or more, as "camp guard;" and the remainder were posted at different points, a quarter of a mile or more from camp, as "picket guard," to give early notice of the approach of an enemy. At the same hour—eight o'clock—the different "parties" for the day were called out—such as "fatigue parties," to build blockhouses, storehouse, hospital, dig intrenchments, fortify the encampment, etc.; "grass parties," to mow on the plains, and bring in grass for the field officers' and cavalry horses; "police parties," for sweeping the encampment and keeping it clear of filth and rubbish. These parties were detailed from the several regiments, according to their numbers. At nine o'clock the officers were mustered, and drilled an hour by the brigade majors. At noon, at beat of the drum, all repaired to their tents for dinner. The several works were continued till four o'clock P. M., when all the troops not on duty during the day were mustered on the plain before the camp, and drilled by battalions. At sunset another discharge of cannon was the signal for "retreat," which was then beat by the drums, and the roll

called. Between seven and eight o'clock supper was taken. At nine o'clock "tattoo" was beat—the signal for all, except the guard, to retire to rest. The "countersign" for the night was then given to the sentinels, together with instructions concerning their duty. No noise whatever was allowed during the night.

Another item of camp duty, more worthy of note than the foregoing, was the observance of the public worship of God every Sabbath. The exercises of the first Sabbath is thus described by Mr. Williams in one of his letters, written the same evening:

"This day being the Sabbath, a general order was issued in the morning by the Governor, announcing that public worship would be held at his quarters at eleven o'clock, and inviting all who felt so disposed to attend. At the hour named, about six hundred assembled at headquarters for worship. There being no clergyman in camp—they being, by law, exempt from military duty, and as the office of army chaplain was then unknown—a public prayer-meeting was held. The Governor himself conducted the meeting; and, after reading the hymns, his aid-de-camp, Colonel Couch, lined them for the congregation to sing, when the Governor called on some one by name to lead in prayer. Some six or seven prayers were offered—all, I think, by Methodists, and with much fervor. The meeting lasted over an hour, and was conducted with the greatest good order and solemnity throughout.

“In the afternoon, some twenty or more of us repaired to the Governor’s quarters, at his request, and employed an hour or two in singing sacred music, conducting all the parts of each tune scientifically. A number of good hymns were thus sung by good singers, while several hundred of the men in camp collected around the quarters to hear.”

A few further extracts from the letters of Mr. Williams, written at “Grand Camp, Upper Sandusky,” and we close this narrative:

“*August 21, 1813.* Governor Meigs informs me that Commodore Perry’s fleet has arrived in Sandusky Bay; and that General Harrison has gone down, as he supposes, to arrange with the Commodore the plan of combined operations against the enemy. The British prisoners captured in the attack a few days ago on Fort Stephenson—Lower Sandusky—are still here at the Fort, but are not closely confined. Among them I find a pious Wesleyan Methodist—Michael Lindsay—who declared to me that he would never go back to the British army, if he could avoid it.” [Lindsay, when exchanged and on the march back, made his escape, and afterward settled in Chillicothe, where he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and pursued his business as a house painter.]

“*August 24, 1813.* It still remains uncertain at what time the General—Harrison—will be ready to proceed to Canada. The fleet is yet in Sandusky Bay.”

“August 25, 1813. General Harrison has returned from his visit to the fleet; and General McArthur and some boats filled with troops have gone up the Lake and Maumee river to Fort Meigs, where the General takes command. We are yet in the dark as to the time General Harrison will move on, and it is quite uncertain whether he will give us an opportunity to ‘see some service’ on the other side of the Lake. There is, I have reason to believe, an unpleasant state of feeling between the General and the Governor in relation to the militia under the Governor’s command. And there is a probability, in consequence thereof, that we will, in a few days, be disbanded. I am sorry to hear so much dissatisfaction with the General expressed in camp; but I must say that I have not seen or heard anything yet which has lessened my confidence in him.”

“August 26, 1813. Mr. Kelley, of Chillicothe, who bears this, left Seneca to-day, but brings no news. General Harrison was unwell. Things all appear now to await the *naval action* between the two hostile fleets, which is expected to take place in a few days.”

It will be remembered that on the 10th of September, a few days after the date of this letter, the expected “naval action” *did* take place—Perry’s great battle and victory, in which he *captured the whole British fleet*.

“August 28, 1813. Our fleet is still in Sandusky Bay. Commodore Perry is sick, and this may have delayed the sailing of the fleet.”

"August 29, 1813. The Governor very politely handed me, to-day, an official communication which he had just received from General Harrison, remonstrating against retaining in service the force then under the Governor's command not now necessary. The General says: 'I am alarmed at the astonishing consumption of provisions, particularly flour, at Upper Sandusky. I beg leave to urge an immediate explanation of the views of your Excellency, in retaining in service so large a militia force, which, from the very nature of their organization and period of service, can not be permitted to accompany me to Canada.' The Governor, as you may well imagine, was not in a very good humor, and his reply—which he showed me—was in no very honeyed terms.

"We shall probably receive orders to commence our march homeward in two or three days."

The expected order was issued two days afterward—August 31st—and the same afternoon the line of march was taken up. Colonel Ferguson's regiment reached Chillicothe on Monday P. M., September 6th, and was immediately disbanded. Thus ends the campaign of which we have written. Its object was the relief of Fort Meigs, then closely besieged by the enemy. And *this* was evidently attained by the advance of so large a force; prudence dictating to the enemy their precipitate retreat as "the better part of valor." The decisive victory of Commodore Perry, on the 10th of Septem-

ber following, and his capture of the whole British fleet on Lake Erie, decided the fate of the enemy on the whole northwestern frontier. The entire British army on the straits of Detroit, and all their military posts and dependencies there and on all the upper lakes, fell an easy prey to the victorious march of General Harrison and his army before the close of that autumn.



Appendix.

[The Muster-roll of Captain Brush's Company, preserved in the War Office at Washington, contains the names of only *sixty-nine* men, as follows :

Henry Brush, *Captain*.
William Beach, *Lieutenant*.
John Stockton, *Ensign*.
William Robinson, *First Sergeant*.
Robert Stockton, *Second* “
Craighead Ferguson, *Third* “
Henry L. Prentiss, *Fourth* “
Richard Snyder, *First Corporal*.
Henry Wray, *Second* “
James McDougal, *Third* “
John Buck, *Fourth* “

Michael Byerly
Levi Dougherty
Ebenezer Petty
Colby Chew
Henry Buchanan
William Bailey
David Johnston

William Davidson
George Rust
Horatio Evans
James Shaver
William Armstrong
Jacob Shaffer
Isaac Eastwood

Joseph Cessna	John Mitchell
William McGrim	John Watson
William S. Hutt	John G. McCann
Robert Brady	William Creighton
Lewis Davis	Samuel Devault
Hugh Andrews	Cadwallader Wallace
Peter Leister	Edmund Brush
Adam E. Hoffman	Nathan Therapson
Samuel McCullough	John Hoffman
Robert Holmes	James Cessna
Samuel Willets	James Mitchell
Peter Brown	John Watson
Archibald Stewart	Samuel Williams
George Smith	Edward W. Pierce
Adam Bowers	John S. Langham
Thomas Bailey	Isaac Taylor
Duncan McArthur	John Hall
Joseph Miller	Stephen Cessna
James Huston	Francis DeSouchet
John Peebles	Uriah Barber
Mahlon Frazer	Joseph Tiffin
Oliver Simpson	Abraham S. Williams.
	Total, 69.]

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