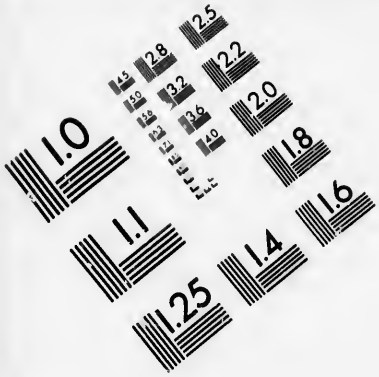

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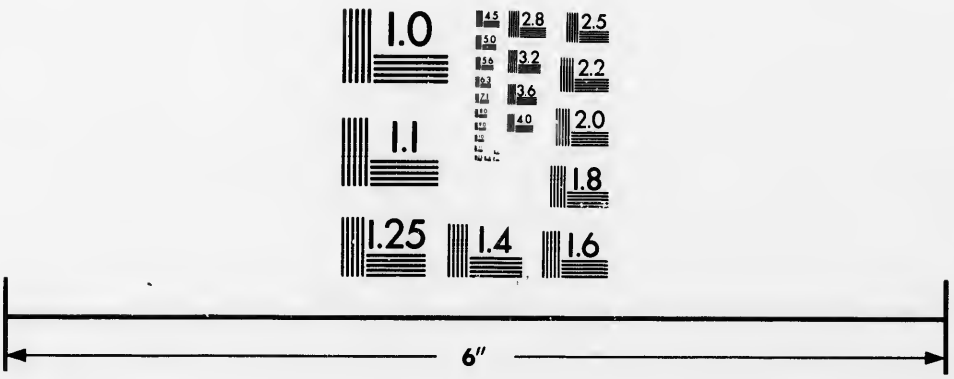

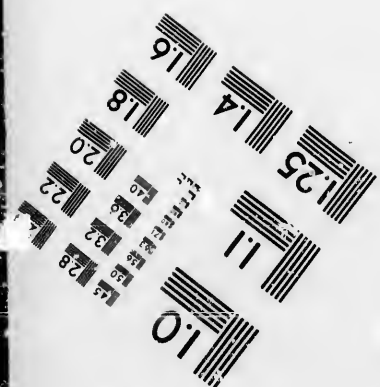

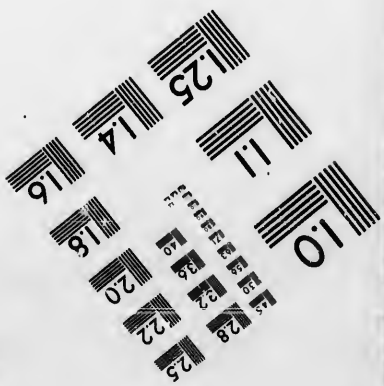

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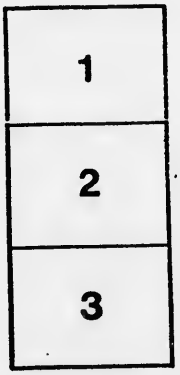

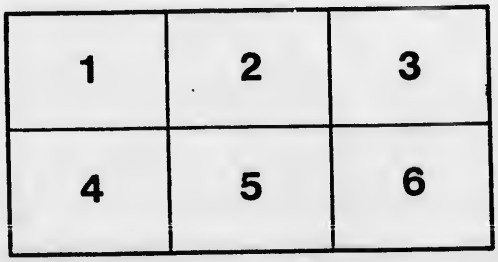

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VIEWS

ON

LAKE ERIE,

COMPRISING.

A minute and interesting account of the Conflict on Lake Erie—Military Anecdotes—Abuses in the Army—Plan of a Military Settlement—View of the lake coast from Buffalo to Detroit.

By SAMUEL R. BROWN.

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

TROY, N. Y.
PRINTED
BY FRANCIS ADANCOURT.
.....
1814

A Minute and Interesting Account of the Naval Conflict on LAKE ERIE.

Commodore Perry arrived at Erie in June, with five small vessels from Black Rock.—The Queen Charlotte and Lady Prevost, were cruising off Long Point to intercept him—he passed them in the night unperceived. The Lawrence and Niagara were then on the stocks—every exertion was made to expedite their building and equipment, and early in August they were ready to sail. But it was necessary to pass the bar at the entrance of the harbor, over which there was but six feet water, and the brigs drew nine. The British fleet appeared off the harbor, for the purpose of preventing our's from going to *lake!*—The means employed by our officers to take the brigs over the bar, were ingenious and deserve mention. Two large scows fifty feet long, ten feet wide and eight feet deep, were prepared—they were first filled with water and then floated along side one of the vessels in a parallel direction; they were then secured by means of large pieces of hewn timber placed athwart ship, with both ends projecting from the port holes across the scows;

the space between these timbers and the boat, being secured by other pieces properly arranged; the water was then bailed from the scows, thereby giving them an astonishing lifting power. It was thus that the bar was passed, before the enemy had taken the proper steps to oppose it. One obstacle was surmounted, but the fleet was not in a condition to seek the enemy at Malden. There were not at this time more than half sailors enough to man the fleet. However, a number of Pennsylvania militia having volunteered their services, the commodore made a short cruize off Long Point, more perhaps, for the purpose of exercising his men than seeking an enemy.

About the last of August commodore Perry left Erie, to co-operate with gen. Harrison in the reduction of Malden. He anchored off the mouth of Sandusky river, and had an interview with gen. Harrison, who furnished him with about seventy volunteers, principally Kentuckians, to serve as marines on board the fleet. Capt. Dobbin, in the Ohio, was ordered to return to Erie for provisions. The Amelia had been left there for want of men to man her. Exclusive of these he had nine sail, mounting in all fifty-four guns. The British fleet at Malden, consisted of six sail, and mounted sixty-six guns.

Com. Perry appeared before Malden, offered battle, reconnoitered the enemy and

retired to Put-in-Bay, thirty-five miles distant from his antagonist. Both parties remained a few days inactive; but their repose was that of the lion.

On the morning of the 10th of September, at sunrise, the enemy were discovered bearing down from Malden for the evident purpose of attacking our squadron, then at anchor in Put-in-Bay. Not a moment was to be lost. Our squadron immediately got under way and stood out to meet the British fleet, which at this time had the weather gage. At 10 A. M. the wind shifted from S. W. to S. E. which brought our squadron to windward. The wind was light, the day beautiful—not a cloud obscured the horizon. The line was formed at 11, and com. Perry caused an elegant flag, which he had privately prepared, to be hoisted at the mast head of the Lawrence; on this flag was painted in characters, legible to the whole fleet, the dying words of the immortal LAWRENCE:—"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP." Its effect is not to be described—every heart was electrified. The crews cheered—the exhilerating can was passed. Both fleets appeared eager for the conflict, on the result of which so much depended. At 15 minutes before 12, the Detroit, the head-most ship of the enemy, opened upon the Lawrence, which for ten minutes was obliged to sustain a well directed and heavy fire from the enemy's two large ships, without being able to return it

with carronades, at five minutes before twelve the Lawrence opened upon the enemy—the other vessels were ordered to support her, but the wind was at this time too light to enable them to come up. Every brace and bowline of the Lawrence being soon shot away, she became unmanageable, and in this situation sustained the action upwards of two hours, within canister distance, until every gun was rendered useless, and but a small part of her crew left unhurt upon deck.

At half past two the wind increased and enabled the Niagara to come into close action—the gun-boats took a nearer position. Com. Perry left his ship in charge of Lt. Yarnel, and went on board the Niagara. Just as he reached that vessel, the flag of the Lawrence came down; the crisis had arrived. Capt. Elliot at this moment anticipated the wishes of the commodore, by volunteering his services to bring the schooners into close action.

At forty-five minutes past two, the signal was made for close action. The Niagara being very little injured, and her crew fresh, the commodore determined to pass through the enemy's line; he accordingly bore up and passed ahead of the Detroit, Queen Charlotte, and Lady Prevost, pouring a terrible raking fire into them from the starboard guns, and on the Chippeway and Little Belt, from the larboard side, at half pistol shot distance. The

small vessels at this time having got within grape and canister distance, kept up a well directed and destructive fire. The action now raged with the greatest fury—the Queen Charlotte, having lost her commander and several of her principal officers, in a moment of confusion got foul of the Detroit—in this situation the enemy in their turn had to sustain a tremendous fire without the power of returning it with much effect; the carnage was horrible—the flags of the Detroit, Queen Charlotte and Lady Prevost were struck in rapid succession. The brig Hunter and schooner Chippeway, were soon compelled to follow the example. The Little Belt attempted to escape to Malden, but she was pursued by two of the gun-boats and surrendered about three miles distant from the scene of action.

The writer of this account, in company with five others, arrived at the head of Put-in-Bay island on the evening of the 9th, and had a view of the action at the distance of only ten miles. The spectacle was truly grand and awful. The firing was incessant for the space of three hours, and continued at short intervals forty-five minutes longer. In less than one hour after the battle began, most of the vessels of both fleets were enveloped in a cloud of smoak, which rendered the issue of the action uncertain, till the next morning, when we visited the fleet in the harbor on the opposite side of the island. The reader will

easily judge of our solicitude to learn the result. There is no sentiment more painful than suspense, when it is excited by the uncertain issue of an event like this.

If the wind had continued at S. W. it was the intention of admiral Barclay to have boarded our squadron; for this purpose he had taken on board his fleet about 200 of the famous 41st regiment; they acted as marines and fought bravely, but nearly two thirds of them were either killed or wounded.

The carnage on board the prizes was prodigious—they must have lost 200 in killed besides wounded. The sides of the Detroit and Queen Charlotte were shattered from bow to stern; there was scarcely room to place one's hand on their larboard sides without touching the impression of a shot—a great many balls, canister and grape, were found lodged in their bulwarks, which were too thick to be penetrated by our carronades, unless within pistol shot distance. Their masts were so much shattered that they fell overboard soon after they got into the bay.

The loss of the Americans was severe, particularly on board the Lawrence. When her flag was struck she had but nine men fit for duty remaining on deck. Her sides were completely riddled by the shot from the long guns of the British ships. Her deck, the

morning after the conflict, when I first went on board, exhibited a scene that defies description——for it was literally covered with blood, which still adhered to the plank in clots —brains, hair and fragments of bones were still sticking to the rigging and sides. The surgeons were still busy with the wounded—enough ! horror appalled my senses.

Among the wounded were several brave fellows, each of whom had lost a leg or an arm—they appeared cheerful and expressed a hope that they had done their duty. Rome and Sparta would have been proud of these heroes.

It would be invidious to particularize instances of individual merit, where every one so nobly performed his part. Of the nine seamen remaining unhurt at the time the Lawrence struck her flag, five were immediately promoted for their unshaken firmness in such a trying situation. The most of these had been in the actions with the Guerriere and Java.

Every officer of the Lawrence, except the commodore and his little brother, a promising youth, 13 years old, were either killed or wounded, a list of whose names are given at the close of the account.

The efficacy of the gun boats was fully

proved in this action, and the sterns of all the prizes bear ample testimony of the fact.—— They took raking positions and galled the enemy severely. The Lady Prevost lost twelve men before either of the brigs fired on her.— Their fire was quick and precise. Let us hear the enemy. The general order of Adjutant General Baynes, contains the following words: "His [Perry's] numerons gun boats, [four] which had proved the greatest annoyance during the action, were all uninjured."

The undaunted bravery of admiral Barclay entitled him to a better fate; to the loss of the day was superadded grievous and dangerous wounds: he had before lost an arm; it was now his hard fortune to lose the use of the other, by a shot which carried away the blade of the right shoulder; a canister shot made a violent contusion in his hip: his wounds were for some days considered mortal. Every possible attention was paid to his situation.— When com. Perry sailed for Buffalo, he was so far recovered that he took passage on board our fleet. The fleet touched at Erie. The citizens saw the affecting spectacle of Harrison and Perry supporting the wounded British hero, still unable to walk without help, from the beach to their lodgings.

On board of the Detroit, twenty-four hours after her surrender, were found snugly stowed away in the hold, two Indian Chiefs, who had

the courage to go on board at Malden, for the purpose of acting as sharp shooters to kill our officers. One had the courage to ascend into the round top and discharged his piece, but the whizzing of shot, splinters, and bits of rigging, soon made the place too warm for him —he descended faster than he went up; at the moment he reached the deck, the fragments of a seaman's head struck his comrade's face, and covered it with blood and brains. He vociferated the savage interjection "*quoh!*" and both sought safety below.

The British officers had domesticated a *bear* at Malden. *Bruin* accompanied his *comrades* to battle—was on the deck of the Detroit during the engagement, and escaped unhurt.

The killed of both fleets were thrown over board as fast as they fell. Several were washed ashore upon the island and the main during the gales that succeeded the action.

Com. Perry treated the prisoners with humanity and indulgence; several Canadians, having wives at Malden, were permitted to visit their families on parole.

The British were superior in the *length* and *number* of their guns, as well as in the number of men. The American fleet was manned with a motly set of beings, Europeans, Africans, Americans from every part of the Uni-

ted States. Full one fourth were *blacks.* I saw one *Russian,* who could not speak a word of English. They were brave—and who could be otherwise under the command of Perry?

The day after the battle, the funeral obsequies of the American and British officers, who had fallen in the action were performed, in an appropriate and affecting manner. An opening on the margin of the bay was selected for the interment of the bodies. The crews of both fleets attended. The weather was fine—the elements seemed to participate in the solemnities of the day, for every breeze was hushed and not a wave ruffled the surface of the water. The procession of boats—the neat appearance of the officers and men—the music—the slow and regular motion of the oars, striking in exact time with the notes of the solemn dirge—the mournful waving of the flags—the sound of the minute guns from the different ships in the the harbor—the wild and solitary aspect of the place—the stilness of nature, gave to the scene an air of melancholy grandeur, better felt than described—all acknowledged its influence—all were sensibly affected. What a contrast did it exhibit to the terrible conflict of the preceding day! Then the people of the two squadrons were engaged in the deadly strife of arms. Now they associated like brothers, to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the dead of both nations.

Five officers were interred, two American and three British. Lt. Brooks and midshipman Laub of the Lawrence; capt. Finnis and lt. Stokoe of the Queen Charlotte, and lieut. Garland of the Detroit. The graves are but a few paces from the beach, and the future traveller of either nation, will find no memento whereby he may distinguish the American from the British hero.

The *marines* of our fleet were highly complimented by the commodore, for their good conduct; although it was the first time the most of them had seen a square rigged vessel, being fresh from Harrison's army. The Kentuckians proved, on this occasion, as has the commodore since, that they can fight on both elements.

Capt. Elliot certainly deserves great praise for his bravery—it is to be regretted, however, that he overacted his part. When he went on board the Scorpion to order her to take a nearer position to the enemy, he ordered captain Almy below, and struck several of the men in their faces with his speaking trumpet, by which means he gave them much pain and indelible scars, without accelerating a moment, her motion or her fire. Such freaks of passion and tyranny must be exposed, however painful the task. The Scorpion had been well fought, and neither her captain or crew deserved the treatment they received. After

the action, commodore Perry offered captain Almy the command of the Lady Prevost, but he declined the honor, and requested that a court martial might decide on his guilt or innocence.

Capt. Turner, of the Caledonia, signalized himself—he brought his ship into action in an able manner, and contributed, no doubt, his full share towards the success of the day. He is an officer of courage and skill; but the manner in which he treats his men, detracts much from his merit as a naval commander. Where *humanity* is wanting, all other virtues shine with diminished lustre. The men who fought so gloriously on the ever memorable 10th of September—who risked their lives and received honorable wounds—who generously volunteered their services, and whose heroism will be celebrated through distant ages, ought not to be *flogged*, cruelly flogged like dogs, for trivial, or rather for no offences at all.—Men whose services are greater than the national gratitude or recompense can requite, ought not to languish in sickness—to sink in death without one effort to save them—without the least attention to alleviate their sufferings.

The following pertinent motto has excited unbounded enthusiasm:—"*Free trade and Sailor's rights.*" Let then the "*rights*" of the "*Sailor*" be respected, as well by our own

officers as by those of the enemy. It is something worse than folly to talk of "*Sailor's rights,*" while *our* naval officers are permitted to flog, beat, and otherwise maltreat their men. The officers acquire their glory, in most cases, at the expense of the lives and the blood of their men. How great then the obligation to treat them with kindness and humanity! But it may be objected that a lenient system of discipline will not answer for the naval service —that we must imitate the British in severity. Nothing is more fallacious—I will only cite one case to prove my position: the crew of the Essex are as obedient to command as that of any ship in the navy; yet the gallant capt. Porter, who is as *humane* as he is brave, never inflicts corporal punishment. If the limits of this work permitted, I could give *facts, names* and *circumstances* that would astonish the reader and excite his indignation.

Statement of the force of the British Squadron.

Ship Detroit	19 guns	1 on pivot and 2 howitzers.
Queen Charlotte	17 do.	1 do.
Schr. Lady Prevost	13 do.	1 do.
Brig Hunter	10 do.	
Sloop Little Belt	3 do.	
Schr. Chippeway	1 do.	and 2 swivels.
	63 guns.	

Statement of the force of the United States Squadron.

Brig Lawrence	20 guns
Niagara	20 do.
Caledonia	3 do.
Schr. Ariel	4 do. (1 burst early in the action)
Scorpion	2 do.
Somers	2 do. and 2 swivels
Sloop Trippe	1 do.
Schr. Tigress	1 do.
Porcupine	1 do.
	54 guns.

List of killed and wounded on board the United States squadron under command of O. H. PERRY, Esq. in the action of 10th September, 1813, viz:

On board the Lawrence,
KILLED.

John Brooks, Lieutenant Marines,
Henry Laub, Midshipman,
Christian Mayhew, Qr. Master,
James W. Allen, seaman,
Joseph Kennedy, do.
John C. Kelly, private in the —— Regt.
John Smith. seaman,
William Cranston, o. s.
Andrew Michael, seaman,
John Hoffman, o. seaman,

Charles Pohig, seaman,
Nelson Peters, do.
James Jones, do.
John Rose do.
James Carty, sail maker's mate,
Thomas Butler, seaman,
Wilson Mays, carpenter's mate,
James Brown, seaman,
Ethelred Sykes, landsman,
Philip Starpley, corporal marines,
Jesse Harland, private,
Abner Williams, do.——22.

WOUNDED.

John J. Yarnall, 1st lieut. slightly,
Dulaney Forrest, 2d do. do.
Wm. N. Taylor, sailing master do.
Samuel Hambleton, purser, severely,
Thomas Claxton, midshipman, do. since dead.
Augustus Swartwout, do. do.
Jonas Stone, carpenter, slightly,
Wm. C. Keen, master at arms, slightly,
Francis Mason, qr. master, severely,
John Newen, do. do. do.
Joseph Lewis, do. do. slightly,
Ezekiel Fowler, do. do. do,
John E. Brown, qr. gunner, severely,
Wm. Johnson, boatswain's mate, severely,
James Helan, do. slightly,
George Cornell, carpenter's mate, slightly,
Thomas Hammond, armourer, do.
Wm. Thompson, seaman, severely,
George Varnum, do. do.
James Moses, do. do.
William Roe, do. do.
Joseph Denning, do. do.
William Daring, do. do.
John Clay, do. do.
Stephen Fairfield, do. do.
George Williams, do. do.

Lannon Huse,	*do.*	*do.*
James Waddington,	*do.*	*do.*
John Burdeen,	*do.*	*do.*
John Burnham,	*do.*	*do.*
Andrew Mattison,	*do.*	*do.*
Jeremiah Easterbrooke,	*o. s.*	*do.*
Henry Schroeder,	*do.*	*do.*
Benoni Price,	*do.*	*do.*
Thomas Robinson,	*do.*	*do.*
Peter Kinsley,	*do.*	*do.*
Nathan Chapman,	*do.*	*do.*
Thomas Hill,	*o. s.*	*do.*
Barney McClair,	*o. s.*	*do.*
William Dawson,	*s.*	*do.*
Westerly Johnson,	*o. s.*	*do.*
Samuel Spywood,	*o. s.*	*do.*
Robert Hill,	*s.*	*slightly,*
Francis Cummings,	*o. s.*	*severely,*
Thomas Reed,	*do.*	*do.*
Charles Vandyke,	*do.*	*do.*
William Simpson,	*do.*	*do.*
Jesse Williams,	*do.*	*do.*
James Hardley,	*do.*	*slightly,*
James Bird,	*marine,*	*severely,*
Wm. Burnett,	*do.*	*do.*
Wm. Baggs,	*do.*	*do.*
David Christie,	*do.*	*do.*
Henry Vanpoole,	*do.*	*do.*
Thomas Triff,	*landsman*	*do.*
Elijah Partin,	*do.*	*do.*
John Adams,	*do.*	*do.*
Charles Harrington,	*do.*	*do.*
Wm. B. Perkins,	*do.*	*do.*
Nathaniel Wade,	*boy,*	*severely,*
Newport Hazzard	*do.*	*slightly*—61

[*On the morning of the action the sick list of the Lawrence, contained thirty-one unfit for duty.*]

On board the Niagara.

KILLED.

Peter Morel, seaman,
Isaac Hordy, o. s.—2.

WOUNDED.

John J. Edwards, lieutenant,
John C. Cummings, midshipman,
Edward Martin, seaman, } *since dead.*
Wm. Davis, o. s. } *since dead.*
Joshua Trapnill, marine, } *since dead.*
Ronvell Hall, o. s.
George Platt, s.
Elias Wiley, o. s.
Henry Davidson, s.
John M. Stribuck, o. s.
John Freeman o. s.
James Lansford, s.
Thomas Wilson, s.
Charles Davidson, s.
Daniel Bennet, s.
John Filton, boatswain's mate,
Sergeant Mason, marine,
Corporal Scott, do.
Thomas Miller, do.
John Rumas, do.
Geo. M'Manomy, do.
Geo. Scoffield, do.
Samuel Cochran, do.—25

On board the Caledonia.

WOUNDED.

James Artus, } *slightly.*—3.
Isaac Perkins, } *slightly.*—3.
James Philips, } *slightly.*—3.

On board the Somers.

WOUNDED.

Charles Ordeen,
Godfrey Bowman.—2.

On board the Ariel.

KILLED.

John White, boatswain's mate—1.

WOUNDED.

William Sloss, o. s. slightly,
Robert Wilson, s. do.
John Lucas, landsman, do.—3.

On board the Trippe.

WOUNDED.

Isaac Green, soldier, 26th regt. badly,
John Niles, do. 17th, slightly.—

On board the *Porcupine*, none killed or wounded.

On board the Scorpion.

KILLED.

John Clark, midshipman,
John Sylhamamer, landsman.—2.

On board the *Tigress*, none killed or wounded.

Recapitulation.

(Two days previous to the action, fifty-seven men unfit for service in the small vessels.)

	Killed,	*Wounded,*	*Total,*
Lawrence,	22	61	83
Niagara,	2	25	27
Caledonia		3	3
Somers		2	2
Ariel	1	3	4
Trippe		2	2
Scorpion	2		2
	27	96	123.

Military Anecdotes.

The celebrated aboriginal warrior, Tecumseh,* was in the 44th year of his age, when he fell at the battle of the Thames. He was of the Shawannoe tribe, five feet ten inches high, well formed for activity and the endurance of fatigue, which he was capable of sustaining in a very extraordinary degree. His carriage was erect and lofty—his motions quick—his eyes penetrating—his visage stern, with an air of hauteur in his countenance, which arose from an elevated pride of soul—it did not leave him even in death. His eloquence was nervous, concise, impressive, figurative and sarcastic, being of a taciturn habit of speech, his words were few but always to the purpose. His dress was plain—he was never known to indulge in the gawdy decoration of his person, which is the general practice of the Indians. He wore on the day of his death a dressed deerskin coat and pantaloons. It is said that he could read and write correctly; of this however, I am doubtful, as he was the irreconcilable enemy to civilization, of course would not be apt to relish our arts. He was

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* Pronounced in Shawannoe, *Teecumthee*. There are many words in this language, which have the lingu ad ent-l sound of *th*, such as Chilicothe, Sciothe, &c.

in every respect a *Savage*, the greatest, perhaps, since the days of Pontiac. His ruling maxim in war, was, to take no prisoners, and he strictly adhered to the sanguinary purposes of his soul—he neither gave nor accepted quarters. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, to the prisoners made by other tribes, he was attentive and humane. Nay, in one instance, he is said to have buried his tomahawk in the head of a Chippeway chief, whom he found actively engaged in massacreing some of Dudley's men, after they had been made prisoners by the British and Indians.—It had long been a favorite project of this aspiring chief to unite the northern, western and southern Indians, for the purpose of regaining their country as far as the Ohio. Whether this grand idea originated in his own, or his brother's mind, or was suggested by the British, is not known—but this much is certain, he cherished the plan with enthusiasm, and actually visited the Creek Indians, to prevail on them to join in the undertaking. He was always opposed to the sale of the Indian lands. —In a council at Vincennes, in 1810, he was found equal to the insidious arts of a diplomatist. In one of his speeches he pronounced general Harrison a liar. He has been in almost every battle with the Americans from the time of Harmer's defeat to that of the Thames. He has been several times wounded, and always sought the hottest of the fire. A few minutes before he received the fatal

fire of col. Johnson, he had received a musket ball in his left arm, yet his efforts to conquer ceased only with life. When a youth, and before the treaty of Greenville, he had so often signalized himself, that he was reputed one of the boldest of the Indian warriors. In the first settlement of Kentucky, he was peculiarly active in seizing boats going down the Ohio, killing the passengers and carrying off their property. He made frequent incursions into Kentucky, where he would invariably murder some of the settlers and escape with several horses laden with plunder. He always eluded pursuit, and when too closely pressed would retire to the Wabash. His ruling passion seems to have been glory—he was careles of wealth, and although his plunderings and subsidies must have amounted to a great sum, he preserved little for himself. After his fall on the 5th of October, his person was viewed with great interest by the officers and soldiers of Harrison's army. It was some time before the identity of his person was sufficiently recognized to remove all doubt as to the certainty of his death. There was a kind of ferocious pleasure, if I may be allowed the expression, in contemplating the contour of his features, which was majestic even in death. Some of the Kentuckians disgraced themselves by committing indignities on his dead body. He was scalped and otherwise disfigured.

A hundred instances of the daring valor of

the Kentuckians might be cited. On our march from Malden to Sandwich, a volunteer in the flank guard, discovered an Indian at the distance of 200 yards, in the act of levelling his rifle at our men; he instantly left the ranks, made for the Indian and received his fire—the Indian retreated, but was closely pursued by the volunteer, who soon gained on his foe; he fired and brought him to the ground —but the Indian had previously re-loaded his piece, and in his turn fired on the volunter, who received the contents in his leg—he was at this time half a mile from his comrades— but did not retreat till he had dispatched the wounded Indian and secured his scalp, which he bore in triumph to his company. The danger of an ambush probably never occurred to his mind.

There were two sons of Lieut. Col. James Johnson, in the battle of the Thames; the eldest but 16—the other 14 years of age.— Such was the ardor of these young Spartans, that the officers had frequently to check their impetuosity. They were both mounted and often foremost in pursuit.

Capt. Ellison, of the mounted men, received several rifle balls in his clothes and saddle— When we broke through the British ranks, a soldier of the 41st attempted to fix his bayonet—at one stroke of his sabre, captain Ellison severed his head and brought

him to the ground; a second made a show of resistance, and shared the same fate. Shortly afterwards the captain led his company against the Indians. It was then that his temerity had nearly cost him his life—an Indian seized the bridle of his horse and attempted a blow with his tomahawk. The sabre again prevailed, and the Indian lost his scalp.

At the assault of fort Stephenson, a boy of 14 years of age, in the heat of the fire, raised his arm above the pickets, in defiance of the enemy; a cannon ball struck it and tore it from his body, and the poor fellow survived but a few moments.

A soldier was at the same time severely wounded in the block house. Unable to stand, and weltering in blood, he desired a lieutenant to reach him a gun, that he might fire on the enemy.

The sick of the garrison caught the spirit of their comrades, and actually crawled to the pickets, where they assisted to load the supernumerary pieces for the men to fire.

For the glorious defence of the place, the ladies of Chilicothe presented major Croghan with a sword. He thanked them in a becoming manner. He is not less conspicuous for modesty than courage. He signalized him-

self at Tippecanoe and fort Meigs. His promotion has been rapid, but gradual.

There are three other officers, who, equally with major Croghan, deserve praise for the part they took in the defence of the fort.—When the major asked them if they were willing to defend the fort, they unanimously answered "YES! we will perish sooner than surrender." The names of these brave men are capt. J. Hunter, lieut. Benj. Johnson, (nsphew to col. R. M. Johnson) and ensign Shipp.—The zeal and industry of these men cannot be surpassed. I regret that I have not room to particularize more instances of their bravery and good conduct.

At the battle of Brownstown, an officer observed several Indian arrows to strike the ground near his feet, in a perpendicular direction. The circumstance excited his curiosity, and on looking up to discover from whence they came, he perceived an Indian perched on a tree thirty feet from the ground, and but a few paces in advance—our men instantly levelled their pieces, and the fellow came tumbling down like a dead bear. He had provided himself with a fawn skin stuffed with arrows, many of which he had dexterously discharged at our troops.

There were several Indians in the battle of the Thames, who used bows and arrows—in

one instance, one of our men was mortally wounded by an arrow.

At the skirmish near the mouth of the Thames, an Indian squaw was mortally wounded; she was left to shift for herself—her little girl, six years old, remained with her. On the return of the army from the Moravian town, they were found in the woods, at the distance of half a mile from where she was wounded; to appearance she had been dead three days—the girl was still living. When our men approached the spot, she instantly raised her hands and distinctly articulated "*dont!*" She was taken to Detroit, where her fate and sprightliness excited universal interest. An officer of governor Shelby's corps took her to Kentucky with the humane and honorable intention of adopting her in his family, and of giving her an education.

In the autumn of 1812, general Harrison left the army for a few weeks, and repaired to Chilicothe, on business. The citizens invited him to a public dinner; he declined the invitation, observing, very justly, that it did not become him to be banqueting at sumptuous entertainments, while his men were exposed to the rigors of the season, enduring the fatigues of military duty, and subsisting on the coarsest food.

In the first campaign gen. Harrison wore a

hunting shirt; conversed freely with the privates, and appeared entirely free from military *hauteur*. In the second he was quite an altered *personage*. He became more distant and reserved. He even went so far in one of his harrangues, as to order the officers to "observe a greater distance towards their men," and added that he should "hold them responsible for the consequences." He had, however, an ingenious *salvo* at hand, for, in the same speech, he admitted that there were in the ranks, men better qualified to command, than their officers—"men," said he, "with whose conversation I am charmed, and for whose talents and characters I have the highest respect."

Harrison is apparently about 45 years of age; five feet eleven inches high, slender made—of a sanguine, impatient countenance—his eyes are black, ardent and penetrating—his hair black. He has the peculiar faculty of seeing every thing within the compass of his view, without appearing to notice any thing but the immediate object of his attention. He possesses a singular volubility of speech—his eloquence is nervous and persuasive. No general ever possessed a happier voice for command. He is not without enemies, yet few men possess the *art of popularity* in an equal degree. If he knew the *art of health* as well, he might be pronounced a great general. His personal courage is unquestionable.

Gens. Cass and M'Arthur were very popular in the army; they were at once beloved and respected. I have seen M'Arthur with his own hands lift a flour barrel from a baggage waggon, (in order to expedite the issue of rations)—secure a boat that was about to get adrift—carry rails and poles to repair bridges. The effect was excellent: the men, cheered with the sound of "COME BOYS," moved to their duty with alacrity. The imperative "GO," destroys their zeal and causes them to move like oxen, long inured to toil.

At the second siege of fort Meigs, the Indians attempted to play off a *ruse de guerre* upon the garrison. They commenced a sham fight in the woods, about half a mile from the fort, in the direction of Lower Sandusky. The fire was kept up with great warmth for some time, with a view to induce the Americans to believe that a reinforcement from Sandusky was endeavoring to relieve them. The men in the garrison were anxious to sally out to assist their supposed friends, but gen. Clay, was not to be deceived by stratagem.

The horrible ceremonial of burning prisoners, was twice celebrated by the Indians, soon after the attack on fort Stephenson.

Soon after the friendly Indians joined Harrison, in Angust, 1813, they performed the war dance, to the no small diversion of the

army. As Carver describes this custom very justly, I will adopt his description.

"It is performed amidst a circle of the warriors; a chief generally begins it, who moves from the right to the left, singing at the same time both his own exploits, and those of his ancesters. When he has concluded his account of any memorable action, he gives a violent blow with his war club, against a post that is fixed in the ground, near the centre of the assembly for this purpose. Every one dances in his turn, and recapitulates the wondrous deeds of his family, till they all at last join in the dance. Then it becomes truly alarming to any stranger that hapens to be among them, as they throw themselves into every horrible and terrifying posture that can be imagined, rehearsing at the same time the parts they expect to act against their enemies in the field. During this they hold their sharp knives in their hands, with which, as they whirl about, they are every moment in danger of cutting each other's throats; and did they not shun the threatened mischief with inconceivable dexterity, it could not be avoided. By these motions they intend to represent the manner in which they kill, scalp, and take their prisoners. To heighten the scene, they set up the same hideous yells, cries, and war-whoops they use in time of action: so that it is impossible to consider them in any other light than as an assembly of demons."

Abuses in the Army.

If it be a fact, that in the armies of the U. States, DISEASE kills *three* to where the enemy does *one;* the evil claims the prompt and serious attention of government, and ought to be remedied. IT IS A MELANCHOLY FACT!

I will premise, in the first place, that our northern frontier, from the French Mills to Detroit, is, at certain points, and especially at every military station, extremely *unhealthy.* The diseases incident to the *climate*, are agues and fevers of different kinds. The British side of the lakes is as bad, or worse.

I will briefly state what I have *seen*, and with no other view than to aid in the correction of the evil.

I last summer visited the northern frontier, volunteered in the service, as a private, to ascertain by experience and ocular scrutiny the police of our camps and the condition of the sick.

The science of health was no part of the general's study; other cares engrossed his thoughts. Hygeia and Mars were not in hab-

its of intercourse. The stench of the camp was insupportable; men sickened and died in their tents. The little medical aid they received was administered in most cases by downright quacks. At Detroit, several houses were occupied for the benefit of the sick; they were dignified with the name of *hospitals!* The smell of the rooms was enough to make a well man sick in five minutes. It was as much as one's life was worth to enter them; yet the *sick* were sent there to *recover their health!* Poor fellows!

In an army, death soon loses its terrors.—The loss of a soldier excites very little interest. The *surgeons* and *doctors* are not very solicitous to evince their professional skill, even if they chance to possess it.

The officers fared very little better. Even col. Johnson suffered beyond measure, in his passage from the Moravian town to Sandusky. One of governor Shelby's volunteers was shot through the neck: ten days afterwards his wound had not been dressed; his situation was distressing. We left him at Portage; whether he lived or died I know not. He was a promising young man and bore his pains with the greatest fortitude.

The disease most fatal in the army, is the flux, or *camp distemper*, malignant and incurable in most cases, when opposed by impiri-

cal ignorance but which every old woman in the country would cure in three days, with a decoction of milk, pine bark and spikenard root.

I went frequently to the burying grounds to count the fresh graves and mark the progress of death. My heart sickened at the sight. By inspecting those of Detroit, Fort Meigs, Portage, Sandusky, Erie, Buffalo and Eleven Mile Creek, and by ascertaining the loss sustained by different corps, I was enabled to form a pretty correct estimate of the number of deaths by sickness. The aggregate was alarming.

Capt. M'Clelland's company of 12 month's volunteers, from Fayette county, Pennsylvania, a very patriotic corps, and the one to which I was attached, left Pittsburg on the 5th of October, 1812, *forty-five* strong. They were for the most part men of talents and property. They were discharged at Detroit last October and had lost *fifteen* of their number—twelve, by sickness—and three, killed in battle; and it was doubtful whether several others, then sick, would ever reach home.

Almost every other corps in the army, that had been as long in service, suffered in the same ratio. The Chilicothe Guards, the Pittsburgh Blues, Payn's, Markle's and Garrard's cavalry, Hopkins' United States dra-

goons, Puthuff's and Kisling's infantry, the Petersburgh volunteers, all of Ball's legion, and whose respective losses I had the means of correctly ascertaining, lost nearly every third man. The Petersburgh volunteers, as fine a company as ever trod the earth—men in the prime and vigor of life, the flower of Petersburgh, left home 101 strong. At the time of their discharge, which was in October, 1813, they had lost 27 of their number, 22 of whom perished by disease; several more remained seriously indisposed. I question whether more than 70 of these brave fellows will ever see Petersburgh again. Such was their patriotic ardor, that they left business which was lucrative—their homes the seat of elegance and ease—their friends, parents, wives, and children—marched more than one thousand miles to encounter the inclemency of the seasons—the toils and dangers of war—the horrors of disease, *to serve their country*, which they most faithfully performed. I will not attempt to describe my feelings, when I saw such men borne by their comrades to a rude and solitary grave.

From what I have heard and seen, I am induced to believe that the *loss by disease*, sustained by the northern army, is in the same proportion. It will follow then, as a necessary consequence, that the recruiting service must be briskly pushed to fill the vacancies in the ranks occasioned by sickness, to say no-

thing of losses by the sword, to which all armies are subject.

The enemy have been equally unfortunate in preserving tne health of their troops, as the graves of Malden and Burlington will attest. We have the official avowal of sir George Prevost, that disease had made an alarming progress in the English army in Canada. In his letter to sir J. L. Yeo, of September 19, 1813, he says: "To the local disadvantages of the positions occupied by our army, have unhappily been added *disease* and desertion, to a degree calling for immediate remedy." The British central army lost nearly 500 men *by sickness*, in the months of August, September and October of last year.

I have already said that there were local situations on both sides the lakes extremely unhealthy. Yet I will contend that there exists no *physical necessity* for the mortality experienced by the troops of both nations—that the cause is less in nature than in *management*, as I will prove by reference to a few facts.

The fatigues of surveying are as great as those of military service, except on particular occasions. In 1798, the Holland Company surveyed their purchase (lying on a part of lake Ontario, Niagara river, and a part of lake Erie) into townships. Joseph Ellicott, then of Philadelphia, was engaged to superin-

tend the survey. About *three hundred* men were employed in the work from May till December; six or eight of the hands employed in the traverse of Chataqua lake and Cataragus river, took the ague and fever; but not *one* of the whole three hundred died—they enjoyed the best possible state of health. Their living was bread, pork and chocolate. In the summers of 1799 and 1800, about the same number of men were employed in surveying the townships into lots, and they enjoyed the same degree of health. In the surveying of the lands of New-Connecticut and the western parts of Pennsylvania where I was personally employed, no instance of death, by sickness, occurred. Of the 23 persons, who accompanied capts. Lewis and Clark, from St. Louis to the Pacific Ocean, only *one* died. They were more than two years absent—their sufferings are well known.

Col. Johnson's corps of mounted men, at all times 1000 strong, traversed the Indiana and Michigan territories in quest of the enemy; passed into Canada to the Moravian town and returned to Detroit. They had been six months in service and lost only *three men* by sickness. They were always on the alert, and rarely breathed the pestiferous air of the camp. The French army of Egypt, of 40,000 men, always on the move, and in a warm and unwholesome climate, did not suffer as much by sickness in two years, as we have lost at

some particular posts in one. These facts are of immense importance to the American nation, and are susceptible of the most ample proof.

The officers of the American army are generally possessed of humanity, and indulgent to their men; there is here and there an epauletted coxcomb as destitute of feeling as the ice of Spitzbergen is of heat, but even these, are not able to kill men by mere dint of cruelty, if a proper camp discipline was adopted and enforced. The rations of our army are good.

Having briefly pointed out the EVIL I leave the discovery and application of the *remedy** to the proper authorities—to congress and the war department.

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* Suppose congress were to institute a military board of health, and place at its head one of the first physicians in the United States, with a salary equal to that of a major general, with authority to send packing the whole herd of MURDERANDAS, and to substitute proper persons in their places, with suitable salaries to induce skilful and zealous practitioners to engage in the service!

Plan of a Military Settlement.

It is well known, that since the commencement of the present war with the Indians, several expensive and formidable expeditions have been sent against those tribes living on the waters of the Wabash, Illinois, Missisippi and Lake Michigan, without producing any other effect, than their temporary dispersion, or the burning of a few towns. Gens. Harrison and Russell, gov. Edwards, cols. Campbell, Johnson and others, have all performed long and tedious marches into the Indian country for the purpose of harrassing the enemy: but their success has not been commensurate to the expense. The Indians are still unsubdued and ready and able to commit fresh depredations.

The *causes* which have rendered these expeditions abortive are obvious. The savages having little or no baggage to retard their movements, cannot be overtaken by their pursuers; they can disperse and collect at pleasure, while our troops are obliged to keep together, and to move slowly and with the utmost circumspection, to avoid ambush and surprize. It most generally happens, that before our troops can find an enemy, their provisions become exhausted and they are com-

pelled to return home without having accomplished any thing but fatiguing marches.—They are then disbanded and the frontiers left open to savage incursion.

There is a bill before congress, which has for its object the better security of the frontiers of the state of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois territories. It proposes to appropriate a strip of the public lands, thirty miles wide, and more than four hundred long, beginning near the mouth of the Sandusky on lake Erie, and running a little south of a westerly course, till it intersects the Missisippi near the mouth of the Missouri. The bill proposes, in substance, to grant this extensive tract of public land to actual settlers, in donations of half a section (320 acres) to every individual who shall reside on the same, and equip himself with arms and accoutrements, and hold himself liable to perform militia duty during the war.

To say nothing of the folly of *giving* away nearly 20,000,000 of acres of public lands, there are several other weighty objections to the bill:

1. Adventurers will flock to those lands, who will *locate* the best tracks, but will be found cunning enough to evade the most essential provisions of the law, by feigning ex-

cuses of absence, whenever there is fighting to be done.

2. The settlements will necessarily be weak and insulated and exposed to be cut off in detail.

3. If the inhabitants unite in an expedition against the Indians, it will prove fruitless for the same reasons that those already projected have failed.

4. Considerable time must elapse before any thing like concert and organization can exist in the colony.

5. A militia system cannot be depended upon, as is proved by the events on the Niagara frontier.

6. The line of defence is improperly located.

The Indians from whom we are to expect the greatest annoyance in future, are those inhabiting the waters of lakes Michigan and Huron. They are under the influence of Dixon, and are capable of much mischief to our frontier settlements.

I will briefly give the outlines of a plan for a MILITARY SETTLEMENT, which might, if properly encouraged and supported, oppose an

effectual barrier to Indian hostility, east of the Missisippi.

The country bordering on the southern waters of lake Michigan presents peculiar advantages for a military settlement. Nature has dispensed her bounties with a liberal hand. The climate is mild—the soil fertile—the vegetation uncommonly luxuriant. The forests are filled with game, the waters are covered with fowl. Perhaps there is no section of the U. States more favorable for a new settlement, even if it were to be purely agricultural.—Here, then, let congress fix on the *scite* for a fort, and the *boundaries* of a colony. The banks of the river St. Joseph are probably the most eligible. The next step will be to people it with *fifteen hundred* brave men—500 to act as infantry and 1000 to be mounted. Give them two or three ships of war, enough to eat and wear, and a commander of established reputation; for instance a Johnson, a Ball, or a Croghan, and we should hear no more of Indian murders on the frontiers.

To make it an object for men of enterprize to embark in the measure, allow every private a bounty of $100 in cash and a half section in land; when on active duty, pay them twelve dollars a month; let the mounted men be furnished with horses at the public expense; to mechanics give the tools of their respective arts; to the cultivaters of the soil

give oxen, cows, sheep, hogs and the implements of husbandry; for it is to be understood, that at least one third of the settlers are to be men of families. The horses and cattle could be sent on from Ohio, by the way of Fort Wayne. The first year's provisions could be conveyed by water from Erie, Cleveland or Buffalo. A grist and saw-mill would be indispensible appendages to the establishment. A miniser of the gospel and two or three good physicians would be necessary. Lawyers could be dispensed with. Whenever such a force and such an institution is displayed on the southern shores of lake Michigan, we shall have little to fear from the savages.

But why locate this settlement on the southern shore of lake Michigan, in preference to Tippecannoe or the banks of the Illinois? Because, there are many powerful reasons to induce the preference.

1. The Patawatamies and Winnebagoes, Indians of very bad faith, live on the eastern and western waters of this lake, and to terrify and overawe them it is necessary to be in their neighborhood.

2. The shores of the lake are admirably calculated for cavalry movements, and there are immense prairies in the direction of Fort Wayne, Tippecannoe and the Illinois, upon

which the mounted men could act to great advantage and make rapid movements; so that on whatever point the enemy should menace an attack, the advantages of [illegible]ITY would be altogether in favor of this p[illegible]tion.

3. Forage, stores and supplies of every kind could be sent safely by water from the numerous settlements on lakes St. Clair and Erie.

4. The flotilla could co-operate with effect.

5. There exists strong political reasons for preferring the southern waters of lake Michigan to any other place. Lake Superior *may* become the theatere of naval operation. The north-west company will make desperate efforts to retain the monopoly of the fur trade.

6. The Indians will not remain between two fires, or, in other words, they would not continue (in a state of hostility) on the waters of the Miami of the Lakes, Wabash and Illinois, while expeditions from Ohio and Indianna, could co-operate with the troops of the military settlement.

7. Horses could not be conveniently wintered without hay, which could only be procured by water from Detroit.

Consummation of the Campaign of the North-Western Army, in 1813.

The repulse of the enemy at Fort Stephenson, and the victory of Commodore Perry, gave a new aspect to affairs in the north-west. Early in Sept. gen. Harrison began to concentrate his forces at the mouth of Portage river.* The greatest activity was visible in camp; in preparing for the descent on Canada—boats were collected—beef jerked—the superfluous baggage secured in block houses and a substantial log fence two miles long, extending from Portage river to Sandusky bay, was built to secure the horses during the operations of the army.

On the 17th gov. Shelby with 4000 volunteers, arrived at head quarters. This formidable corps were all mounted; but it was deemed best for them to act as infantry, and leave their horses on the peninsula. On the 20th general M'Arthur's brigade, from fort Meigs, joined the main body, after a very fatiguing march of three days down the lake coast.

* From the 13th of September, until the return of the army to Detroit, after the battle of the Thames, the writer of this work served as a volunteer, for the most part, in col. Ball's legion, and was an acter in the events narrated,

Col. Johnson's mounted regiment remained at fort Meigs, but had orders to approach Detroit by land and to advance *pari passu* with the commander in chief, who was to move in boats through the islands, to Malden, and of whose progress, the colonel was to be daily informed by a special express.

The British prisoners, taken in the naval action of the 10th, were sent to Chilicothe, guarded by a part of colonel Hill's regiment of *Pennsylvania* detached militia. The different posts on the American side of the lake, were left in charge of the *Ohio militia*.*— Fort Meigs, which till now had covered eight acres of land, was reduced in its dimensions to one acre. About 500 *Kentuckians* were to remain at Portage to guard the horses† and stores.

Every thing being now ready, the embarkation of the troops commenced at the dawn of day, on the 21st. For the want of a sufficient

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* The Ohio and Pennsylvania militia, at this time, indulged a belief that the general was partial to the Kentuckians. Whether this jealousy was well founded or not, it is obvious that gov. Meigs took umbrage at the general's letter, recommending to him the reduction of the number of the Ohio volunteers, at that time on their way to join the north-western army.

† The number of horses left on the Peninsula, during the absence of the army in Canada, was upwards of five thousand! for the most part, of the first size and condition.

number of boats, not more than one third of the army could embark at once.

There is a range of islands extending from the head of the Peninsula, to Malden. These islands render the navigation safe, and afford the army convenient depots for baggage and stores, as well as halting places.

Put-in-bay island, sixteen miles from Portage, was selected by the general as the first point of rendezvous—the first stage in his passage across the lake. The weather was favorable. As soon as the first division of boats reached the island, men were immediately detached to take back the boats for a fresh load. Such was the eagerness of the men to accelerate the embarkation of the whole army, that they, in most cases, anticipated this regulation by volunteering their services to return with the boats. Every one courted fatigue.

The fleet of commodore Perry, was busily engaged in transporting the baggage of the army. In the course of the 22d the whole army had gained the island, and encamped on the margin of the bay, which forms nearly a semi-circle.

The Lawrence, and the six prize ships, captured from the enemy, were at anchor in the centre of the bay, and in full view. With what ineffable delight did we contemplate

this interesting spectacle! The curiosity of the troops was amply indulged; every one was permitted to go on board the prizes to view the effects of the battle. The men were highly pleased with this indulgence of the general and the commodore. The scene was calculated to inflame their military ardor, which was visible in every countenance.

The army was detained at Put-in-bay during the 23d and 24th by unfavorable winds.—On the 24th, a soldier of the regular forces was shot for desertion. He had deserted three times—had been twice before condemned to suffer death, and as often pardoned; he met his fate with stoical indifference, but it made a very sensible impression on the troops.—Two platoons fired on him, at the distance of five paces, and perforated his body like a sieve.*

On the 25th the army again embarked partly in boats and partly on board the fleet,

* It is worthy of remark that but *two* soldiers were shot in the north-western army; and so unfrequent was desertion, that from the time I joined it, till its departure for fort George, not a solitary instance occurred; at least none came to my knowledge, although I made frequent enquiries as to the fact. I am not willing to attribute this extraordinary fidelity to the public service, to the superior patriotism of the people of the west, or a nice sense of the force of moral obligations. The cause is evident—the officers are generally, more attentive to their men, than those of the northern army.

to take a nearer position to the Canadian shore. The flotilla arrived a little before sunset, at a small island called the *Eastern Sister*, eighteen miles from Malden and seven from the coast. This island does not contain more than three acres, and the men had scarcely room to sit down.

On the 26th the wind blew fresh, it became necessary to haul up the boats, to prevent their staving. The general and commodore in the Ariel, made a reconnoissance of the enemy's coast and approached within a short distance of Malden. Capt. *Johnney*, was dispatched to apprize col. Johnson of our progress. Gen. Cass, col. Ball and capt. M'Clelland were busy in arranging and numbering the boats. At sun set the lake had risen several feet; indeed, such was the violence of the surf that many entertained serious fears that the greater part of the island would be inundated before morning. However, the wind subsided at twelve and relieved our apprehensions.

On the 27th at nine in the morning the army made its final embarkation. The day was fine, and a propitious breeze made our passage a most pleasing pastime. It was a sublime and delightful spectacle to behold sixteen ships of war and 100 boats filled with men, borne rapidly and majestically to the long sought shores of the enemy. The recol-

lection of this day can never be effaced from my memory. There was something truly grand and animating in the looks of the men. There was an air of confidence in every countenance. The troops panted for an opportunity to rival their naval brethren in feats of courage and skill; they seemed to envy the good fortune of our brave tars. They were ignorant of the flight of the enemy, and confidently expected a fight; indeed the belief was current among the troops that the enemy were in great force; for it was believed that Dixon's Indians as well as Tecumseh's were at Malden.

We landed in perfect order of battle at 4 P. M. three miles below Malden. The Kentucky volunteers formed the right wing.—Ball's legion and the friendly Indians the centre—the regulars on the left. The troops were almost instantly in line and shortly commenced their march, *en echelons*, for Malden. The troops had been drilled to marching in and out of boats and to forming on the beach. Every man knew his place; and so well were they masters of this very necessary piece of service, that a company would march into a boat, debark and form on the beach in less than one minute, and that too without the least confusion.*

* This proficiency is applicable only to the regulars and twelve-months volunteers. The militia officers did not attend to it.

As we approached Malden, instead of the red coats and the war whoop of the Indians, a group of well dressed ladies advanced to meet us, and to implore mercy and protection.—They were met by governor Shelby, who soon quieted their fears by assuring them that we came not to make war on women and children but to protect them.

The army entered Malden by several parallel streets and we marched through the town to the thunder of "*Yankee Doodle.*"

The ruins of the fort and the naval buildings were still smoking. All the loyal inhabitants followed the British army in its retreat. The fortifications of Malden must have cost the British government a vast sum. The fort is surrounded by a deep ditch and two rows of heavy pickets; the walls are high and the adjacent country as level as a lake. What cannon and small arms they were unable to carry away were sunk in the river.

The town may contain 150 houses, mostly framed—a part are constructed of hewn logs: its appearance is worthy of its character—as dark and as gloomy as Erubus. The inhabitants are composed of renagadoes, Scotch, Irish, and Canadian French. Very few men were to be found, and those invariably French. Perhaps it would be unjust to attempt the portrait of the character of the inhabitants,

where so few remained at home. I will then only mention one FACT. A well known horrid trafic has so completely blunted the feelings of humanity, that the exhibition of *scalps* in the streets, in the most terrific forms, by the Indians, produces no emotion of horror even in the female bosom! The spectacle has become so familiar to the eye, that it has lost the interest of curiosity—and is beheld with as much indifference as we view the peltry of a furman.

Opposite the place lies the island of Bois Blanc, on the lower end of which was a heavy battery which defended the entrance of the harbor. The enemy in their haste had left an 18 pounder in this battery.

Perhaps there is not a place in America that possesses so great convenience for ship building as Malden. The descent of the shore is in proper angle for launching: besides, the water is deep and the timber can be floated to the spot in any quantity and at a short distance, except pine which is found on the Thames, on the St. Clair river and on the shores of the lakes. They had collected a considerable quantity of timber, which they attempted to burn, but without success.

The country is settled to the distance of twenty miles below Malden. Col. Elliot's house stands on the bank of the river, half a

mile below the village—he has an extensive orchard and a park, his house was deserted.—We found excellent peaches. of which we made free use, without enquiring the price.

Three miles above the fort is an Indian village which we found deserted, and so suddenly, that many essential articles of Indian furniture, such as brass kettles, were left in the houses. Here we procured a plentiful supply of green corn, potatoes, &c. This village was not burnt.

In the evening after our arrival at Malden. Col. Ball dispatched an officer and twenty men to prevent the enemy's destroying the bridge across the Aux Cannards. The enemy were found on the bridge, having just set fire to it. Our party fired on them—they dispersed and the bridge was saved.

On the 28th we passed the Aux Cannards, and encamped two miles beyond the river, in a neat French settlement. A small party of British horse shewed themselves at the bridge and then scampered off.

The next day we reached Sandwich at two o'clock in the afternoon. At the same time the fleet came up the river to Detroit. The general made dispositions for passing the river. Governor Shelby's corps remained at Sandwich, while Ball's legion and the brigades

of generals M'Arthur and Cass passed over to Detroit.

The Indians appeared in groupes, on the bank of the river below Detroit; a few shots from the gun-boats caused them to disperse.

The Indians did not leave Detroit till the boats containing the troops were half way across the river. Just before we landed on the American side the inhabitants hoisted the United States flag amid the acclamations of thousands. We were received by the inhabitants with demonstrations of unfeigned joy. They had suffered all that *civilized* and savage tyranny could inflict, save death. The Indians had lived at free quarters for several months. It was natural for them to hail us as deliverers.

The enemy had set fire to the fort, but the walls and picketing remained entire. The public store, a long brick building near the wharf was injured only in the roof, which our men soon repaired. In the course of the night there was an alarm in camp, the fires were extinguished, and the men ordered to lie on their arms.

On the 30th col. Johnson's regiment arrived from Fort Meigs, they immediately commenced the passage of the river in boats.——

Gen. M'Arthur with the mass of the regular troops was charged with the defence of Detroit. It was the general opinion of the Inhabitants that there were 1000 Indian warriors, under Marpot and Split Log, lurking in the woods between the river Rouge and Huron of Lake St. Clair. The friendly Indians had taken several prisoners in the immediate vicinity of Detroit.

On the 2d of October every arrangement was completed for pursuing the retreating British army up the Thames. The force selected for this service were the mounted regiment of col. Johnson, three companies of col. Ball's legion and principal part of gov. Shelby's volunteers.

From Sandwich to the Moravian Town is eighty-four miles. We found the roads for the most part good. The country is perfectly level. The advance of the troops was rapid—so much so, that we reached the river Riscum, which is about twenty-five miles from Sandwich, in the evening. The enemy had neglected to destroy the bridge. Early in the morning of the 3d, the general proceeded with Johnson's regiment, to prevent the destruction of the bridges over the different streams that fall into Lake St. Clair and the Thames. These streams are deep and muddy and are unfordable for a considerable distance into the country. A lieutenant of dragoons

and thirteen privates, who had been sent back by general Proctor, to destroy the bridges, were made prisoners near the mouth of the Thames; from them the general learnt that the enemy had no certain information of our advance.

The baggage of the army was brought from Detroit in boats, protected by a part of commodore Perry's squadron. In the evening the army arrived at Drake's farm, eight miles from the mouth of the Thames and encamped. This river is a fine deep stream, navigable for vessels of considerable burthen, after the passage of the bar at its mouth, over which there is generally seven feet water. The gun-boats could ascend as far as Dalson's, below which the country is one continued prairie, and at once favorable for cavalry movements and for the co-operation of the gun-boats. Above Dalson's the aspect of the country changes; the river, though still deep, is not more than seventy yards wide, and its banks high and woody.

At Chatham, four miles from Dalson's and sixteen from lake St. Clair, is a small deep creek, where we found the bridge taken up and the enemy disposed to dispute our passage, and upon the arrival of the advanced guard, commenced a heavy fire from the opposite bank as well as a flank fire from the right bank of the river. The army halted and

formed in order of battle. The bridge was repaired under the cover of a fire from two six pounders. The Indians did not relish the fire of our cannon and retired. Col. Johnson being on the right, had seized the remains of a bridge at M'George's mills, under a heavy fire from the Indians. He lost on this occasion, two killed and four wounded. The enemy set fire to a house near the bridge containing a considerable quantity of muskets; the flames were extinguished and the arms saved. At the first farm above the bridge we found one of the enemy's vessels on fire, loaded with arms and ordnance stores. Four miles higher up, the army took a position for the night—here we found two other vessels and a large distillery filled with ordnance and other stores to an immense amount, in flames. Two 24 pounders, with their carriages, were taken, and a large quantity of ball and shells of various sizes.

The army was put in motion early on the morning of the fifth. The general accompanied col. Johnson—Gov. Shelby followed with the infantry. This morning we captured two gun-boats and several batteaux loaded with provisions and ammunition. At nine we had reached Arnold's mills, where there is a fording place, and the only one for a considerable distance. Here the army crossed to the right bank—the mounted regiment fording, and the infantry in the captured boats. The passage,

though retarded for want of a sufficient number of boats, was completed by twelve.

Eight miles above the ford, we passed the ground where the British force had encamped the night before. The general directed the advance of col. Johnson's regiment to accelerate their march, for the purpose of ascertaining the distance of the enemy. The officer commanding it, shortly after, sent word back that his progress was stopped by the enemy, who were formed across our line of march.

The army was now within three miles of the Moravian town, and within one mile of the enemy. The road passes through a beach forest without any clearing, and for the first two miles near to the bank of the river. At the distance of fifty rods from the river is a swamp running parallel to it, and extending all the way to the Indian village. The intermediate ground is dry; the surface level; the trees are lofty and thick, with very little underwood to impede the progress of man or horse, if we except that part which borders on the swamp.

Across this narrow strip of land, the British force was drawn up in a line of battle, to prevent our advance. Their left resting on the river, was defended by four pieces of cannon —near the centre were two other pieces.— Near the swamp the British line was covered

by a large Indian force, who also lined the margin of the swamp to a considerable distance. The British troops amounted to 600—the Indians probably to 1200.

As it was not practicable to turn the enemy in flank, it became necessary to attack them in front. General Harrison did not long hesitate in his choice of the mode of attack. It was as novel as it was successful.

The troops at his disposal might amount to 3000 men; yet, from the peculiar nature of the ground, not the half of this force could advantageously engage the enemy.

About 150 regulars, under col. Paul occupied the narrow spaces between the road and river; they were ordered to advance and amuse the enemy; and, if an opportunity offered, to seize the cannon of the enemy. A small party of friendly Indians, were directed to move under the bank. Col. Johnson's regiment was drawn up in close column, with its right at a few yards distant from the road, with orders to charge at full speed as soon as the enemy delivered his fire. The Kentucky volunteers, under major general Henny, were formed in the rear of the mounted regiment, in three lines, extending from the road to the swamp. Gen. Desha's division covered the left of Johnson's regiment. Gov. Shelby was at the *crochet* formed by the front line and gen-

Desha's division. This was an important point. General Cass and commodore Perry volunteered as aids to general Harrison, who placed himself at the head of the front line of infantry, to direct the movements of the cavalry, and to give them the necessary support. Such was the order of battle.

The army moved in this order till the mounted men received the fire of the enemy, at the distance of 200 yards. The charge was beat, in an instant 1000 horse were in motion at full speed—the right led on by lieut. col. James Johnson broke through the British lines and formed in their rear, the enemy's pieces were unloaded—their bayonets were not fixed—they surrendered at discretion—the whole was the work of a minute. In breaking through their ranks our men killed twelve and wounded 37 of the British regulars. The shock was unexpected. They were not prepared to resist it, some were trampled under the feet of our horses; others were cut down by the soldiers; very few were shot by our men, for our fire was not general.—Had the enemy shown the least symptoms of resistance, after we broke through their lines, the greater part would have been destroyed, but they were as passive as sheep. Never was terror more strongly depicted on the countenances of men. Even the officers were seen with uplifted hands, exclaiming "quarters!" There is no doubt, that they expected

to be massacred, believing that the Kentuckians would retaliate the bloody scenes of Raisin and Miami; but nothing was farther from their intentions, except it should be on the persons of Proctor and Elliot—these, neither the authority of Harrison nor of Shelby could have saved, if they had been found in battle.

On the left the contest was more serious. Col. Johnson, who commanded on that flank of his regiment, received a terrible fire from the Indians, which was kept up for some time.—The colonel most gallantly led the head of his column into the hottest of the enemy's fire, and was personally opposed to Tecumseh.—At this point a condensed mass of savages had collected. Yet regardless of danger, he rushed into the midst of them, so thick were the Indians at this moment, that several might have reached him with their rifles. He rode a white horse and was known to be an officer of rank; a shower of balls was discharged at him—some took effect—his horse was shot under him—his clothes, his saddle, his person was pierced with bullets. At the moment his horse fell, Tecumseh rushed towards him with an uplifted tomahawk, to give the fatal stroke, but his presence of mind did not forsake him in this perilous predicament—he drew a pistol from his holster and laid his daring opponent dead at his feet. He was unable to do more, the loss of blood deprived him of strength to

stand. Fortunately at the moment of Tecumseh's fall the enemy gave way, which secured him from the reach of their tomahawks; he was wounded in five places; he received three shots in the right thigh and two in the left arm. Six Americans and twenty-two Indians fell within twenty yards of the spot where Tecumseh was killed and the trains of blood almost covered the ground.

The Indians continued a brisk fire from the margin of the swamp and made some impression on a line of Kentucky volunteers, but gov. Shelby brought up a regiment to its support—their fire soon became too warm for the enemy. A part of Johnson's men having gained the rear part of the Indian line the rout became general. A small part of the Indians attempted to gain the village by running up the narrow strip of dry land; they were soon overtaken and cut down. The Indians fought bravely and sustained a severe loss in killed and wounded. The death of Tecumseh was to them an irreparable loss.

The American army had fifteen killed and thirty wounded. Among the slain was col. Whitley, of the Kentucky volunteers, a man of 70 years of age, and a soldier of the revolution. He was in easy circumstances at home, and possessed an excellent character.

Among the trophies of the day were six

brass field pieces, which had been surrendered by Hull—I read on two of them this pleasing motto: "*Surrendered by Burguoyne at Saratoga.*"

The day after the battle a part of the army took possession of the Moravian town, where we found most kinds of vegetables in abundance—these were acceptable to men who had for several days subsisted on fresh beef, without bread or salt. We found plenty of green corn; the fields were extensive and our horses had an excellent range.

The town was deserted; so panic struck were some of the women in their flight, that they are said to have thrown their children into the Thames, to prevent their being butchered by the Americans!*

This village is situated on the right bank of the Thames, about forty miles from its entrance into lake St. Clair. The town was built by emigrants from Muskingum, and contained at the time of the battle nearly 100 houses, mostly well built. The Rev. John Scoll, from Bethlehem (Penn.) was established here as a missionary. Many of the inhabitants speak English—there was a school house

* I had this fact from an American gentleman, who was at Oxford, when Proctor and the Indians passed through there, on their way to Burlington heights. The Squaws were then lamenting the loss of their children.

and a chapel. The gardens were luxuriant and cultivated with taste.

The town was destroyed as well as the cornfields in its vicinity, by the troops previous to their leaving it. Among other reasons assigned to justify the measure, it was alledged that these Indians had been among the foremost in massacreing our men at the river Raisin, and that the town, if it was spared, would afford a convenient shelter for the British allies during the winter, and from which they could easily pass into the Michigan territory to rob and murder the inhabitants.

I have yet to learn, that it is either good policy or justice, for the American troops, in every instance, to burn the Indian towns that fall into their power. Are the Indians to be reclaimed by fire?

General Proctor abandoned his army at the very moment Johnson's regiment beat the charge. About forty dragoons accompanied him as a guard. In twenty-four hours he was sixty-five miles from the Moravian town. A few of the mounted men pursued him and at one time were within one hundred yards of him, but they were too weak to attack his guard. His carriage and papers were taken.

Three waggons loaded with specie escaped, but might have been overtaken, if proper

measures had been taken to pursue the fugitives. A depot of 300 barrels of flour was within a day's march of the Moravian town.

The distance from the Moravian town to the head of lake Ontario is 140 miles. The road leaves the Thames at the Indian town, and strikes it again at Delaware, twenty-five miles distant, where it crosses, passes through London, Oxford, &c. and crosses Grand river, near the Mohawk village, pursuing a south-eastern direction. Between Moravian town and Delaware, the road is bad, the rest of the way good. In the township of Delaware is a valuable forest of pine, belonging to the crown. A little below this on the left bank of the Thames, stands the Munsee Indian village. The land in this part of the Upper Province is uncommonly fertile, and admirably calculated for farms. On the river there are extensive bottoms--then a gentle rise of beautiful timbered land, to which succeed openings well calculated for wheat.

The army returned to Detroit. Capt. Elliot, of the Niagara, volunteered his services to command a naval expedition against Michilimackinac and fort St. Joseph; but the weather proving unfavourable for a number of days, the season became too far advanced to risk the squadron on lake Huron, till spring.

While general Harrison was pursuing Proc-

tor up the Thames, the Ottowas, Chippewas, Potowatamies, Miamies and Kikapoos, proposed to gen. M'Arthur, a suspension of hostilities, and agreed to "take hold of the same tomahawk with the Americans, and to strike all who are, or may be enemies of the United States, whether British or Indians." They brought in their women and children and offered them as hostages for their good behavior.

On the 23d of October, general Harrison with all his disposable regular troops, embarked on board the fleet and sailed for Buffalo, in obedience to orders from the secretary of war. Previous to his departure, he appointed general Cass provisional governor of the Michigan territory—the civil ordinances, as they stood at Hull's surrender, were proclaimed in force. Gen. Cass was left with about one thousand men, not more than seven hundred of whom were effective. The men were industriously employed in preparing winter quarters at the fort. The Scorpion and Ohio schooners were engaged in transporting supplies from Erie and Cleveland, for the troops during winter. Troops were stationed at Malden and Sandwich.—The campaign closed.

*View of the Lake Coast from Sandusky to Detroit.**

The distance, by land, from the mouth of Sandusky bay to the town of Detroit, is 115 miles; in a direct course by water, it is not more than 74 miles, Boats frequently pass to and from Malden and Detroit by way of the islands, which extend nearly in a direct line from the point of the peninsula formed by Sandusky bay and Portage river, to Malden. The proximity of the islands to each other renders the navigation safe; it sometimes happens, however, owing to the temerity or ignorance of the pilots, that boats are lost.—The number of islands is about twenty; the principal of which are Cunningham's, Put-in-Bay, Isle aux Fleurs and Pointe au Plait island. Each of these contain several thousand

* In the prospectus of this work, it was proposed to give a view of the lake coast from Sandusky to Michilimackinac, but the writer, not much versed in book-making, found, when he began to arrange his notes, that a particular description of such an immense extent of country could not be comprized within the narrow limits prescribed to the publication. In this dilemma, he has preferred giving a minute account of a *part* to a brief view of the whole, which decision he thinks the reader will approve.

acres of excellent land, covered with lofty timber, such as white oak, black walnut, red cedar, baswood and honey locust.

Put-in-Bay is an object of much interest in a political point of view. It lies about one mile south of the Isle aux Fleurs, and the *boundary line* between Canada and the United States passes between them. It is about 12 miles in circumference and affords the BEST HARBOR between Buffalo and Malden. It contains several hundred acres of the finest oak timber to be found on the lake waters; about 300 acres of this invaluable forest have been deadened, by the proprietor, Mr. Edwards, who in 1812, employed about thirty hands in clearing land. He built a house on the side of the bay and procured a stock of hogs and three hundred merino sheep which he wintered on the island. His wheat, corn, potatoes, garden and meadow were very fine—his first harvest gave him 1200 bushels of wheat. A few weeks before the declaration of war he was compelled, from motives of safety, to abandon his establishment. The Indians destroyed his grain and burnt his house; the hogs were not all killed; we saw several in the woods perfectly wild and in good condition. Gen. Harrison caused a large log building to be erected on the margin of the bay, which served as a public store. The harbor is on the north side within the strait formed by Isle aux Fleurs, and is deep enough at certain

points, to admit vessels of 400 tons burthen to anchor within twenty yards of the shore. The south half of the island is covered with black walnut and honey locust. From the pods of the latter, which are about twelve inches long and one wide, is made a liquor resembling metheglin. The process is simply bruising and fermentation; one tree will often yield 15 or 20 bushels of pods. The soil is a deep black mould, resting on a bed of limestone similar to that of many parts of Kentucky. Nearly in the centre of the island is a cave into which several of us descended, and at the distance of 200 feet from its mouth found a subterranean pond of the purest water. Twelve or fifteen feet from its entrance, one is obliged to creep for eight or ten feet, when you enter a spacious room about 170 feet long and 40 wide; its left side rises like an amphitheatre; the angle of descent from the entrance to the pond is about 15 degrees. It was with difficulty that we could preserve our lights; we could neither ascertain the depth or extent of the water, for it effectually prevented our further progress. We had furnished ourselves with a pole 25 feet long, for the purpose of sounding it. It unquestionably communicates with the circumfluent lake. The place appeared to have been much frequented by Indians. No place is better adapted to the raising of sheep, as the wolves were never known to venture over from the main, and the timothy seed sown by Mr. Edwards has pro-

duced a meadow of the most luxuriant growth. The people employed on Mr. E's. plantation enjoyed good health. There is one serious evil, however, to counterbalance so may advantages. There are a great number of rattle snakes; so plenty indeed, that they would crawl into our tents and conceal themselves under our baggage. An officer of Shelby's corps found one under his pillow, when he awoke in the morning. The proprietor of this island died in the autumn of 1812. *Query*: Are not political considerations sufficiently weighty to induce the purchase of this island by the United States? The contingencies of war—events, now in the womb of futurity, may render this island of great national importance. There is an excellent scite for a navy yard, and timber in sufficient quantities within rifle shot distance from the shore.

These islands in most places present a beautiful white beach; here and there you perceive rude clifts of limestone rock curiously excavated by the surf. They are not correctly laid down in any map that I have seen. Melish's map of the seat of war, the best extant, is incorrect in the position of these islands. Put-in-Bay and Aux Fleurs actually but one mile apart, are represented at the distance of fifteen on the map. The location of the Three Sisters is equally erroneous.

Deer are frequently seen swimming from

the point of the peninsula to the nearest islands, where they range in uedisturbed security. They have very sensibly increased in numbers since the declaration of war, by reason of the Indians having had no time to hunt. The velocity of a deer's motion in water when swimming, if frightened and pursued, is incredible. Few boats are able to overtake them.

The "myriads of water snakes," which were basking on the leaves of the pond lilly, at the time Carver passed the islands, are not to be seen at this day. Neither has any one ever been able to discover his deleterious "hissing snake."* When will the sagacious geographer Morse reject this fable?

Several families have settled on the Isle au Plait, for the purpose of raising cattle and hogs, which are found to do extremely well, and that without receiving much attention from

* The most remarkable of the different species that infest this lake, [Erie] is the hissing snake, which is of the small speckled kind, and is about eight inches long.—When any thing approaches, it flattens itself in a moment, and its spots, which are of various dyes, become visibly brighter through rage; at the same time it blows from its mouth, with great force, a subtile wind, that is reported to be of a nauseous smell; and if drawn in with the breath of the unwary traveller, will infallibly bring on a decline, that in a few months must prove mortal, there being no remedy yet discovered which can counteract its baneful influence.—[*Carver.*]

the owners. One family often own three or four hundred hogs.

The peninsula projects ten miles into the lake, and is formed by Sandusky bay and Portage river, which at their nearest approach are not more than a mile and a half apart. The intervening land is a perfect level, of a rich black soil and not more than six feet above the surface of both waters. A canal across this neck, which would cost but a few thousand dollars, would save boats nearly thirty miles of dangerous navigation. The head of the peninsula proves frequently a difficult point to weather. The west, south-west and north-west winds generally prevail: hence, boats often experience several day's delay in their passage round the point.

The peninsula contains about one hundred thousand acres and may at no remote period nourish a populous settlement: the soil is in most places a deep black mould, covered with black walnut, butternut, honey locust, bass-wood and oak; the surface is apparently as level as the almost surrounding waters, though there is an imperceptible acclivity from the neck to its terminating point, where the bank is twenty feet high. About a dozen families had settled on its eastern margin before the war, but the menaces of the Indians soon compelled them to abandon their habitations.—Those parts lying on the bay and Portage

have proved sickly, while those washed by the lake are favorable to health. The pebbles of the beach as well as the rocks of the shore are limestone: the same of the islands.

Sandusky bay, or rather the "*Little Lake*," as it is termed by the inhabitants, is twelve miles long and eight wide. At the narrows, where it communicates with lake Erie, it is not more than half a mile wide. It affords an excellent harbor for boats and light vessels. Clouds of ducks are at all times seen flying about the bay: fish can be taken in abundance. Bull's island on which have resided several French families, is situated on the north side. The bay receives the waters of Sandusky river, Cold and Pipe creeks: at the mouth of Cold creek stands a small deserted Indian village belonging to the chief Makoonse; the farm of this chief is of itself a fortune.

The Sandusky is a considerable river, and boatable about sventy miles. Its waters interweave with those of the Big Miami. Its course from its source to the lake is nearly northeast. Vessels of fifty tons burthen can ascend as far as Fort Stephenson, 18 miles from its entrance into the little lake. The current thus far, is sluggish and opposes very little resistance to boats going up: indeed, it not unfrequently sets up the river, in consequence of the rise of the lake;—hence the banks of this river, as well as those of Tous

Saints, Miami, Raisins, &c. have the resemblance of those of tide-water streams. The land on both banks of the Sandusky is almost every where rich; the first ten miles the timber is principally oak, with little under-wood; the interval or bottom extends with little interruption from fort Stephenson to Upper Sandusky, a distance of forty miles, and its fertility is enough to astonish people, who have not travelled westwardly beyond the Genesee. The river abounds with several kinds of valuable fish; wild geese and ducks, particularly in spring and autumn, are so thick that one need never be at a loss for a shot at them. The prairies are open and extensive; they are always surrounded by fine oak and chesnut land, which will furnish the best of rail timber.—The swales are covered with lynn, sugar maple, honey locust, cucumber, red elm, &c. Farms might be so chosen that the proprietor could take equal quantities of bottom, open and heavy timbered lands. The country, after you get ten or fifteen miles from the lake is found to be healthful; and so even is its surface, that roads can be readily opened in every direction. Besides, there is *another advantage*, which no other country this side the Missisippi possesses in an equal degree: I mean the RANGE for cattle and hogs:—There is a *natural meadow* independent of the immense prairies, ninety miles long and from two to ten wide, extending from the mouth of Portage to Brownstown. This meadow will

afford an inexhaustable supply of grass or hay for all the cattle which the inhabitants can raise or procure, probably for half a century to come. The earth yields wild artichokes and wild potatoes in prodigious quantities; and, the mast has never been known to fail, because, there are so many kinds that every season is favorable to some; there are hicory nuts, hazle nuts, chesnuts, acorns, locust seed and black walnuts. The prairies themselves are covered with a redundant growth of grass which has been found a good substitute for hay. When they are sufficiently plowed they easily take timothy and other hay seed—the soil is a rich dry muck and produces corn, flax, hemp, potatoes, &c. as well as the best Ohio bottoms. The celebrated vale of *Tempe* was not more enchanting to the eye of the ravished beholder, than is the scenery of these beautiful plains: An officer of the north-western army thus describes an extensive prairie:—"After travelling some scores of miles [from Urbanna] through a thick and continued forest, and suddenly emerging from it into this extensive plain, the sensations produced upon the mind are delightful beyond description. The traveller is almost ready to imagine himself suddenly transported into the *Elysium* of the ancients. Let the reader figure to himself a beautiful plain, extending many miles, even until the distant horison terminates his view; let this plain be covered with the richest verdure and the finest tints of nature

in its greatest exuberance, and variegated with distant clusters of trees, and he will have some faint idea of the grounds here described. Indeed the philosophic mind will rarely enjoy a richer feast than nature here presents him."

A barrel of pork, beef or flour can be sent to Montreal for one dollar and seventy-five cents. The land belongs to the United States, and can be had for two dollars an acre.—These peculiar advantages have not escaped the notice of many enterprizing men, who had began to break ground just as the war commenced;—that event has necessarily suspended the settlements; but they will undoubtedly be resumed the ensuing spring.

Fort Stephenson is situated on the west bank of the Sandusky, at the distance of two hundred yards from the river, where the second banks are about fifty feet high. Seven miles above the fort are the Seneca and Delaware Indian villages. The distance from this post to fort Meigs is forty miles; the road passes through the Black Swamp, which is four miles wide. The country between this road and the great meadow is too flat for cultivation, though the soil is extremely rich.

Portage river is a deep languid stream, furnishing an excellent harbor for small craft at its mouth. It rises in the Black swamp and is not more than thirty miles long; but is one

hundred yards wide six miles from the lake; the land on both sides is rich. The remains of an Indian village are to be seen on its left bank, where there is also a peach orchard; this river is a place of great resort for wild fowl. There is a United States store house on the *Portage* road from Sandusky bay to the mouth of the river. There is very litte timber growing on the neck of the peninsula. No white man has as yet had the hardihood to settle at the mouth of Portage, though the advantages of the range are incalculable; besides there will always be much travelling across the Portage.

The GREAT MEADOW cannot contain less than two hundred thousand acres. Its bank is generally about eight feet above the surface of the lake. The soil is in many parts sufficiently dry for ploughing, and traces of old Indian corn hills are frequently met with. I had the best opportunity for exploring that part which lies between Miami bay and Portage river. Sergeant Abraham, myself and three others, of M'Clelland's company, were dispatched from fort Meigs with a letter from gen. M'Arthur to general Harrison. We descended the Miami in a canoe, and at sun set had just reached the bay, which like that of Sandusky has every appearance of a lake—it soon became dark and windy, and instead of striking the mouth of the bay we made land inside, several miles too far to the right.—

It was about midnight when we landed; we were completely lost, and the darkness rendered it impracticable to correct our mistake before daylight. We therefore hauled up our canoe and concealed ourselves in the grass till morning. My comrades slept soundly; as for me, it was the first time I had been exposed to the tomahawk, and every rustling I heard I fancied it was caused by the footsteps of a savage—my eyes never closed *that night.* At the dawn of day we repaired to the beach and found our canoe completely filled by the dashing of the surf. We had left every thing in the canoe but our musket, [we had but one] our ammunition and provisions were completely soaked. Here we were; in an Indian country with nothing to defend ourselves with but an ax and a musket which could not be discharged. I could not persuade my companions to bail the canoe and proceed by water; they preferred going down the beach of the lake; the distance was forty miles. We were then not more than one mile from the lake, and by forcing our way through the grass of the meadow we could save several miles travel; this we attempted, but found the grass higher than our heads and as thick as a mat, confined together by a species of pea vine, which compelled us to tread it under our feet to make the least progress; this operation was too slow and fatiguing to be long continued; besides the trail which we made was too *conspicuous* for my *then* notions of prudence,

and in the course of a few rods we had disturbed several rattle snakes—one of our party was barefoot, the rest in shoes.

We retraced our steps, followed the beach to the mouth of the bay and thence down the lake shore. About twelve we found our progress stopped by a deep dark stream, which we at first supposed to be Portage river. A majority of the company voted against swimming; (indeed one could not swim) and we could not find materials for a raft. The meadow is here apparently ten miles wide. It was thought, if we could gain the woods we could either ford or raft across the river. Accordingly we firmly resolved to force our passage through the grass to the woods; we were induced to adopt this alternative in consequence of observing the yellow blossoms of a tall weed, which lined the banks of the river as far as we could see them, and which always grow on the dryest parts. We pushed on as fast as possible; each one taking his turn to open a passage; in this way we progressed about two miles and found the labor too great to be surmounted. We returned to the mouth of the river (which we afterwards learnt to be the Tous Saints) and attempted to gain the woods by a new passage one mile further up the lake. We forced the grass nearly a mile to a grove of trees which appeared to be within a short distance of an arm of the main woods. It is impossible for me to give the

reader a perfect idea of the difficulties & fatigue we experienced in getting to the grove. The grass was about seven feet high and so thick that it would easily sustain one's hat—in some places a cat could have walked on its surface; in many places it was effectually matted by vines that required one's whole strength to break it down. To break the road four rods was as much as the best of us could perform at one turn. We continued our exertions till dark and succeeded in reaching an insulated piece of woods half a mile wide and three long; we encamped near the banks of an impassable slough or branch of the river; wet, fatigued and supperless, we lay down on the moist ground and had but two blankets among five of us. Not a moment's sleep for my eyes this night; but neither the danger of the rattle snake's fangs or the horrors of the scalping knife had any influence with my comrades; they slept as soundly as though they had been under their paternal roofs. But they had been so long familiarized to danger, that it had lost its terrors—*I* was a *raw hand;* hence the difference. The geese, ducks and other fowl kept up an incessant noise the whole night.—The dew had the effect of a shower—our clothes and blankets were as wet as though they had been exposed to a heavy rain. In the morning, finding our progress checked, we attempted an "obliqne movement to the left," but this produced no better succes; at ten o'clock we became too much exhausted

to continue our efforts. "A council of war" was held; the result was, evey one was willing to return to the mouth of the river and effect its passage at every hazzard. On our return to the river, we found fresh horse and Indian tracks, but whether they were made by friendly or hostile Indians, we never learnt. We had the good fortune to find a piece of drift wood sufficietly large to sustain the man that could not swim, our clothes, &c. Of this we made a rude raft, with which we succeeded in getting over. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that we afterwards found too many opportunities to become thoroughly acquainted with this immense meadow. It is no exageration to say that we met with rattle snakes every ten rods from Tous Saints to Portage river. The grass of this meadow is of a softer kind than the wild grass of the prairies and answers all the purposes of hay and pasture. It is intermixed with wild oats, wild rye, wild peas, beans, &c. making it in short, the best range for cattle or horses I ever saw.—The Tous Saints is an unfrequented solitary river, and the best place for fowling this side Detroit. To those attached to this kind of sport, it is worth a journey of five hundred miles, to view the feathered assemblage which almost cover the surface of the river and sometimes darken the air with their numbers.

Miami bay, like that of Sandusky, resembles a lake; it is about fifteen miles long and

twelve wide ; vessels of 70 tons burthen can pass the bar at its entrance. Within the bosom of this bay grow several thousand acres of *folle avoine,* (wild oats) which constitutes the principal food of the vast flocks of ducks that frequent the place. It grows in about 7 feet water ; the stalks near the roots are about an inch in diamater and grow to the height of ten feet ; its leaves above the surface of the water are like those of the reed cane ; in other respects it resembles the common oat stalk in every thing but size and kernel, which is of the nature of rice, and of which the French people make a free use in their favorite soup. Its yield is very abundant, being half a pint, at least, from every stalk. This valuable aquatic grain is found at the mouths of all the rivers which fall into the lakes west of Sandusky, as far as the south end of lake Michigan, and is the chief subsistence of the prodigious number of water fowl which are found on these waters. The duck has become singularly expert in plucking her food from the *folle avoine ;* being unable to reach the highest branches, she presses her breast against the stalk and with a violent effort of her feet causes it to yield to her strength, which it readily does by reason of its slender fibrous roots—having forced the top of the stalk into the water, she keeps it under her body until she has finished her repast.

The Miami-of-the-lake is a fine river navigable for light vessels as far as the rapids, which are 18 miles from its mouth. It is formed by the junction of the St. Mary's and the St. Joseph's, which mingle their waters at fort Wayne; from thence it meanders through a rich level country to fort Winchester, (lately fort Defiance) where it receives the Au Glaize from the south east; its general course is north-east; its banks are regular—high, but not abrupt—sloping gradually to the water's edge, and covered with a beautiful luxuriant verdure. The channel of the river from the rapids, to within three miles of the bay is composed of limestone rock, formed into regular strata by parallel fissures, which sink perpendicularly into the rock and run transversely across the river. The face of the bank for ten or twelve feet above the water is also composed of solid rock, and from its appearance it is evident that the current has worn the channel many feet deeper than it was in former ages.

Fort Meigs is situated on the eastern bank nearly opposite the *Rapids;* the prospect here in summer is most delightful.

The rich open bottoms extending to the right and left as far as the eye can reach; the elevation of the banks; the beautiful Miami flowing rapidly through the centre of the valley, the declivities of the surrounding hills

here and there adorned with clusters of honey locust, plum trees and hawthorn, clad with the wide spreading grape vine—present at once a romantic and interesting scenery.

No one can visit this place and not be charmed with its appearance and peculiar advantages. If fishing be his favorite diversion, here he will attain his utmost gratification.—The quantity of fish at the rapids is almost incredible; the Miami at this place, is now what the rapids of *Fish creek* in Saratoga county were 40 years ago. So numerous are they at this place, that a spear may be thrown into the water at random, and will rarely miss killing one! I saw several hundred taken in this manner in a few hours. The soldiers of the fort used to kill them in great quantities with clubs and stones. Some days there were not less than 1000 taken with the hook within a short distance of the fort, and of an excellent quality. If he prefer fowling, here also is a fine field for his sports; the river—Swan creek, and the shoals of the bay, swarm with ducks, geese, &c. He need not wait one minute for a shot. If hunting is the object of his desire, here too, he will find ample scope to indulge his propensity; the woods are filled with deer, elk and wild turkies.

The whole length of the rapids on both sides the river, will unquestionably, at no remote period, be lined with mills and various

manufactories. The situation is peculiarly favorable; it opens a communication with an immense extent of country, south and westwardly; the advantages of locality, water, navigation, &c. are too striking to be overlooked by the enterprising. Cotton could be procured from Tennessee in any quantity and subject to a land carriage of not more than 20 miles! The rapidly encreasing settlements on lake Erie will render manufactories indispensable. Besides, this place affords a beautiful scite for a town; and there is little doubt but that, in a short time, there will be a flourishing village on the ground where now stands fort Meigs. Before the war there was a flourishing French settlement on the river, extending for several miles above and below the town. The houses were all destroyed by the enemy a few weeks after Hull's surrender, and nothing now remains as a memento of its former existence but the chimnies. The usual yield of corn is 80 bushels to the acre.—There was also a small settlement on Swan creek, which shared the same fate. This creek falls into the Miami seven miles below the fort, on the Michigan side. An enterprising man of the name of Owens had erected a mill on this stream; it was burnt by the Indians.

About three miles below fort Meigs, on the same side, are found the ruins of an ancient Indian village; between these ruins and the

fort are several beautiful islands ; the largest contains 500 acres, and has been cultivated.

The distance by land from fort Meigs to the river Raisin is 34 miles. Four miles this side Raisin the little river La Loutre falls into lake Erie. Several families of French were established here before the war, but their habitations were mostly burnt shortly after the fall of Detroit. This stream affords a good harbor for boats. I was told by several of the inhabitants that the land about the head waters of this river is very fertile—that there are several valuable mill seats near tis sources.

The Lake coast from Sandusky bay to the mouth of the Raisin resembles that part between the bay and Portage river, already described. I had forgotten to mention that the margin of the coast is several feet higher than the plain in its rear, this necessary mound extends the whole length of the meadow—its summit is covered with a row of trees, which in their turns in summer are covered with an impenetrable foliage of grape vine ; these form refreshing shades—grapes are found in abundance, but they are of the species usually called fox grapes.

The mound was evidently formed of sand, shells and pebles, which the violence of the surf has been accumulating for ages ; if it were

not for this defence the lake would often inundate the immensely valuable meadow and cover it with sand and stones.

If I were disposed to indulge in geological speculations on the formation of this vast plain, I would contend that lake Erie was, in former ages, several miles wider than at present, and I would prove my argument by the state of the *second bank*, at the woods, where are to be found cylindrical or water-worn stones, muscle shells, hillocks of sand and other evidences of the action of this inland sea.

The river *Aux Raisin* (grape river) has acquired great celebrity in consequence of having been the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the American and British forces. It is smaller than the Miami and its banks are equally handsome with those of that river; but towards its mouth much lower. Its source is near that of the Maxanie which falls into the east side of lake Michigan. Its course is a few minutes south of east. The country at its head is represented by hunters and Indians to be delightful. Towards the lake it meanders through the meadow, and forms a good harbor for boats. The country is settled along both banks for the space of twelve miles.—The first houses are about three miles distant from the lake. The plantations have a narrow front on the river, but extend back a mile and a half; the houses being all built on the

bank of the river, gives it something the appearance of the street of a town. The inhabitants raise large quantities of wheat, and have fine orchards from which cider is made for exportation. Previous to the war they had several grist and saw mills and a distillery.—They are principally French and warmly attached to the United States. A considerable Indian trade is carried on with the Indians from the St. Joseph's and the waters of lake Michigan. There are several Indian villages on the river above the settlement. Good bargains can be made in purchasing improved farms; the inhabitants do not appear to understand the value of improvements. The country on the Raisin has acquired a character for health, but it was visited by the epidemic of last year.

The late garrison on this river was situated about three miles from the lake. It consisted of two block houses, with about an acre of ground enclosed by pickets, at the distance of 15 rods from the river. The scite had been injudiciously selected, for defence. After the territory fell into the hands of the British and Indians, they burnt the block houses.—When gen. Winchester advanced to the river, in January, 1813, he found nothing but a few pickets, sufficient to defend only a part of his camp.

I visited the battle ground and examined

the remains of the pickets, which were completely shattered by the enemy's shot. The bones of our countrymen were still bleaching in the air.

Seven miles from Raisin, the river *Aux Sables* falls into the lake. There is a considerable bay at its mouth into which also runs the little river La Roche; vast quantities of *folle avoine* is found at the mouths of these rivers. A few French families are settled on these waters. The bottom is extensive and rich; the upland is open and in many places sandy, but sufficiently fertile for wheat and barley. I found no person acquainted with the country in the interior; these streams are very brisk and furnish several valuable mill seats.

Six miles from the river La Roche is the river *Aux Cignes*; its banks near the lake are low, but the meadow is susceptible of cultivation; a few wretched French families are the only human beings that have had the courage to brave disease and rattle snakes. Their wheat, corn, pumpkins and gardens did well, indeed there is very little of the *meadow* but what might be ploughed—corn, flax and hemp would do best: the pond lilly, *folle avoine* and other aquatic plants almost choak up the channel of the river, giving the water an offensive and putrid smell; it will rope like molasses, yet the inhabitants make a free use of it for cooking

and drinking. Why it did not produce instant death I cannot conceive; their children looked miserably. This is by far the worst looking stream tributary to Lake Erie. The timbered land here, approaches within a mile of the lake; four miles from the lake *Aux Cignes* has a brisk current, and affords situations favorable to the erection of water machinery. The trees are lofty—the land high and arable.

For the space of two miles between La Roche and Aux Cignes the meadow is interrupted by wood land which approaches to the beach. This situation is as high as the islands of the lake and has the same soil and timber.

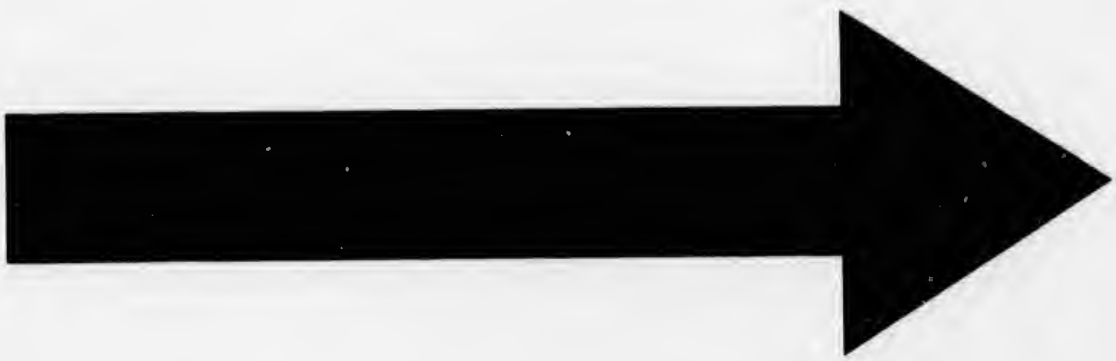
Six miles from Aux Cignes, in the direction of Brownstown, comes in the river Huron,* which pursues a devious course through the meadow and the folle avoine of the lake. It requires an experienced pilot to find the entrance into this river—it is not laid down in any English map now in use. We spent a horrible night on a point of the meadow near its mouth on the last of October, 1813; the rain fell in torents the whole night and extinguished our fires; we had no tents and were drenched to the skin. I here saw an intelli-

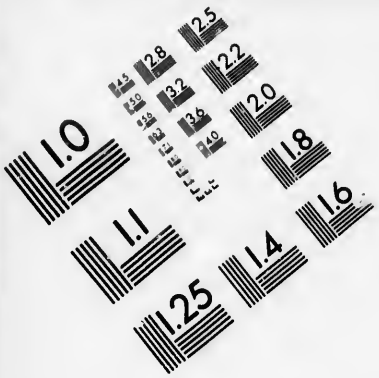
* There are three rivers of this name—the one in question—*Huron* running into the American side of lake St. Clair, and *Huron* that falls into lake Erie, ten miles east of Sandusky bay.

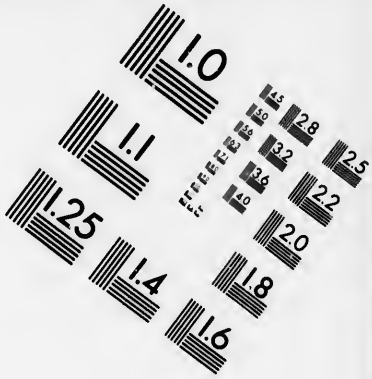
gent Frenchman, who was perfectly acquainted with the interior part of the Michigan territory—I have only room to say that his account was very interesting. The meadow here is apparently three miles wide. The Canada shore to the distance of fifteen miles below Malden is visible from the mouth of Huron.

The distance from Huron to Brownstown is five miles, where the meadow terminates—having gradually narrowed from the Aux Cignes. The village of Brownstown is nearly opposite to Malden. It contains about one hundred houses, and is the residence of Walk-in-the-Water. The road from this village to the river Raisin is naturally good. The Indians have several hundred acres of rich corn and wheat ground, but such is their indolence and fondness for spiritous liquors, that they raise very little corn. Their nearness to Malden has a very pernicious influence on their minds and morals. They are much addicted to intoxication, and are a ferocious looking set of beings.

Four miles above Brownstown stands the little village of Maguago of twenty houses.—The strait for the space of six miles from the lake, is divided into two channels by *Grose Isle*, an alluvion of ten thousand acres, on which are several valuable farms owned by Canadian French. *Bois blanc* island, in front







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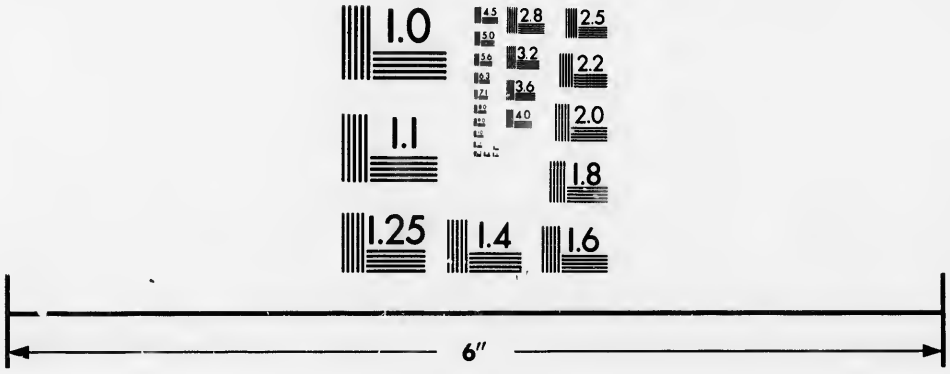

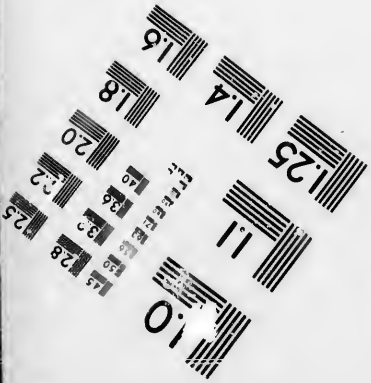

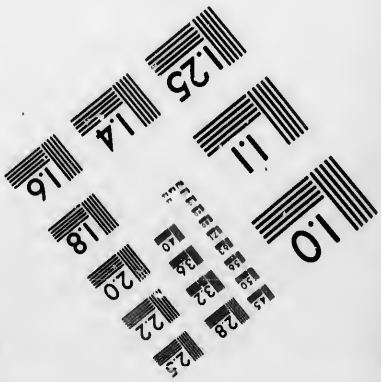

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of Malden belongs to the Unined States; the channel passes hetween this island and Malden. At no time since the declaration of independence till the capture of Malden, has the British flag ceased to "wave over the territory" of the United States; from 1783 to 1794 the British retained the frontier posts of Detroit, Miami, &c; from 1794 till 1813, they had always kept a small garrison with a battery and flag staff on *Bois blanc!* This fact cannot be controverted.

The American side of the strait receives the rivers Aux Ecorces and Rouge; the first is at the distance of ten, the latter five miles below Detroit. The Rouge is a deep slow stream, capable of admitting vessels of three hundred tons five miles from its mouth, where there is a ship yard; The United States brig Adams was built here: its banks are thickly settled by French. Several Indian villages are established on its head water. The mouths of Aux Ecorces and Rouge are wide and contain many hundred acres of *folle avoine.* The road from Aux Ecorces to Brownstown passes on hard dry land and through several groves of lofty white oak timber.

Three miles below Detroit are the Spring Wells, or Belle Fontaine. The bank is here about thirty feet high, and presents one of the finest views imaginable. You have a full view of the Canadian shore for ten or fifteen

miles, Sandwich, Detroit, Les Cotes, and the wind-mills of both shores.

The town of Detroit is situated on the western bank of the strait, nine miles below lake St. Clair and eighteen above Brownstown.—The town contains about two hundred houses, which are inhabited by more than one thousand two hundred souls; under one roof are often crowded several families. The town stands contiguous to the river, on the top of the bank, which are here about twenty feet high. There are several wooden wharves extending into the river upwards of one hundred feet, for the accommodation of the shipping; the largest was built by the United States, and is found very convenient for the unloading of vessels. The principal streets run parallel with the river, and are intersected by cross streets at right angles. They are wide, but not being paved are extremely muddy in wet weather; but for the accommodation of passengers, there are foot ways in most of them, formed of square logs. Every house has a garden attached to it; the buildings are mostly framed, though there are several elegant stone and brick buildings. Before the great fire in 1806, the town was surrounded by a strong stockade, through which there were four gates; two of them open to the wharves, the others to the land; this defence was intended to repel the attacks of the Indians.

The fort stands on a rise of ground two hundred yards in the *rear* of the town; the fortifications consist of a stockade of cedar pickets, with bastions of earth; near the foot of the ditch is a row of short sharp pickets, inclining outwards—thirty pieces of cannon can be mounted on the ramparts; the fort covers about an acre and a half of ground.

The proximity of one house to another, from lake St. Clair to the river Rouge, gives the street the resemblance of the suburbs of a great town. The farms are only twenty rods wide on the river and extend back one mile and a quarter; the same of those on the other rivers as well as those on the British side. The country round Detroit is very much cleared. The inhabitants have to draw their wood a mile and a half, from the United States lands, in the rear of the town. It sells in market for three dollars a cord; almost every farm has an orchard; apples, pears and peaches do well—several hundred barrels of cider are annually made, and sells as high as six dollars a barrel. The land rises gradually from the river to the distance of three hundred yards; it then recedes till the country becomes low and level, and continues so four or five miles, when it rises by degrees and at this distance is represented as first rate land.

There are a number of stores which appear to have a brisk trade, and they know how to

extort an exorbitant price for every thing sold.

The United States have a long elegant brick store at the water's edge, near the public wharf —this is completely filled with the spoils of the enemy taken on the Thames—and the arms of the volunteers. This building is 80 feet long, 30 wide and three stories high. The enemy had partly unroofed it, but it was soon repaired.

The streets of Detroit are generally crowded with Indians of various tribes, who collect here to sell their skins. You will hear them whooping and shouting in the streets the whole night. A few days after Proctor's defeat, the town was so full of famished savages, that the issue of rations to them did not keep pace with their hunger. I have seen the women and children searching about the ground for bones and rinds of pork, which had been thrown away by the soldiers; meat, in a high state of putrifaction, which had been thrown into the river, was carefully picked up and devoured; the feet, heads and entrails of the cattle slaughtered by the public butchers, were collected and sent off to the neighboring villages. I have counted twenty horses in a drove fancifully decorated with the offals of the slaughter-yard.

It is no more than an act of Justice to the

Indians, to state, that during their possession of the place, they conducted better than could reasonably have been expected from Savages. What they wanted to eat they took without ceremony, but rarely committed any other outrage.

The inhabitants are plentifully supplied with many kinds of excellent fish—the white bass, nearly as large as a shad, are caught with seins and in great quantities. The population is three fourths of French extraction, and very few understand any other language.—They are excessively fond of music and dancing. There is a kind of nunnery, a Roman chapel for devotion and singing: a wretched printing office in which religious French books are printed in a rude style. Learning is almost wholly neglected. In 1809, James M. Miller, of Utica, established a weekly paper entitled the "*Michigan Essay*," but did not meet with sufficient encouragement to continue it beyond the third number.