

died in 1865 on the shore of the Georgian Bay and his grave may be seen in the village cemetery of Thornbury.

Some day the story of the antislavery movement in America will be set down on a large scale. It will probably be done cooperatively by a group of writers, so extensive is the field to be covered and so many aspects are there to be dealt with. When that story is written the place of Canada in the movement must not be overlooked, for there was the final city of refuge for many a fugitive.

NOTES

1. W. H. Siebert, *The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom* (New York, 1898), pp. 114-115.
2. Joseph Pickering, *Emigrant's Guide to Canada* (London, 1832), p. 142.
3. John J. Bigsby, *The Shoe and Canoe; or, Pictures of Travel in the Canadas, Illustrative of Their Scenery and Colonial Life*, 2 vols. (London, 1850), I, 263-65.
4. W. H. Siebert, *op. cit.* p. 83. Others mentioned in this connection are the steamers *United States*, *Bay City*, and *Mayflower*.
5. I am indebted for information on the *Arrow* to Mr. William A. McDonald of Detroit. In 1860 the steamer was owned by Calverley and Raymond of Detroit. She was last inspected in 1863 at Green Bay, Wisconsin, and was condemned and broken up there, the engines being placed in the steamer *George L. Dunlap*, built in 1864 at Green Bay. The *Dunlap* was dismantled after being cut through by ice in Lake Huron in 1880, and the engines then went into the *Darius Cole*, built at Cleveland in 1885.
6. Issue of July, 1888, pp. 49-50. Quoted by Siebert, p. 148.
7. *Narrative of William W. Brown, a Fugitive Slave, Written by Himself* (Boston, 1847), pp. 109-110.
8. Levi Coffin, *Reminiscences . . .* (Cincinnati, 1876), pp. 249-50.
9. *The Liberator*, November 23, 1849. The letter is headed "The Bondsmen in Canada." In 1852 the Rice establishment at Amherstburg was bitterly criticized by Henry Bibb in his newspaper, *The Voice of the Fugitive*, published at Windsor. Bibb was opposed to the "begging" activities of Rice and contended that the colored people should get on their feet by their own efforts.
10. William Mitchell, *The Underground Railroad* (London, 1860), pp. 55-60.

Northwest (ern?) Ohio Quarterly, 17. (1945)

- Neil Salsich

The Siege of Fort Meigs Year 1813

pg. 139-154

An Eye-Witness Account by COLONEL ALEXANDER BOURNE

Alexander Bourne was born in 1786 in Wareham, Massachusetts, and died in 1848.

At the age of 26 he sailed in a 40-ton sloop to Philadelphia; thence by stage coach to a point near Pittsburgh, where he joined a party—built a raft—and floated down the Ohio River to Marietta, Ohio, where he lived for a few years. He resided for a while in Zanesville, Chillicothe, and Columbus, Ohio. At the latter place he was on the staff of Governor Duncan McArthur as Canal Commissioner, surveyed and laid out most of the canals in the State during the canal-building era.

In 1816 he was commissioned by the United States Government to locate a town on the Maumee River near Lake Erie, which town is now named Perrysburg.

NEIL E. SALSICH
Columbus, Ohio
January 12, 1945

AS THE six months term of the three brigades of militia then out, would expire about the first of March—another brigade of Ohio Militia was ordered out in February 1813—In this detachment I was drafted as a common soldier, on Sunday evening, & ordered to march the next morning—I was the 17th. man in the first class, & in the first draft for three men I was drawn—This was occasioned, by the running away & hiding in the woods, of 13 or 14 men who stood before me on the roll—and their remaining secreted by their friends, untill the drafts were marched off—My friends all said, I should not march as a private Soldier—Several members of the legislature, then in session, & Governor Meigs, said they could get me a commission in the regular Army, & that I ought not to go as a private—I told them there was not time to obtain a commission—I was ordered to march immediately—that I did not intend to choose fighting as a profession—but I had been called out by the laws of my country, to defend that country—that my father had fought for his country in the war of independence & I would not shrink from my duty, but march to the place of rendezvous, & trust to Providence for further direction—They then said I should hire a substitute, which was often done—but I refused

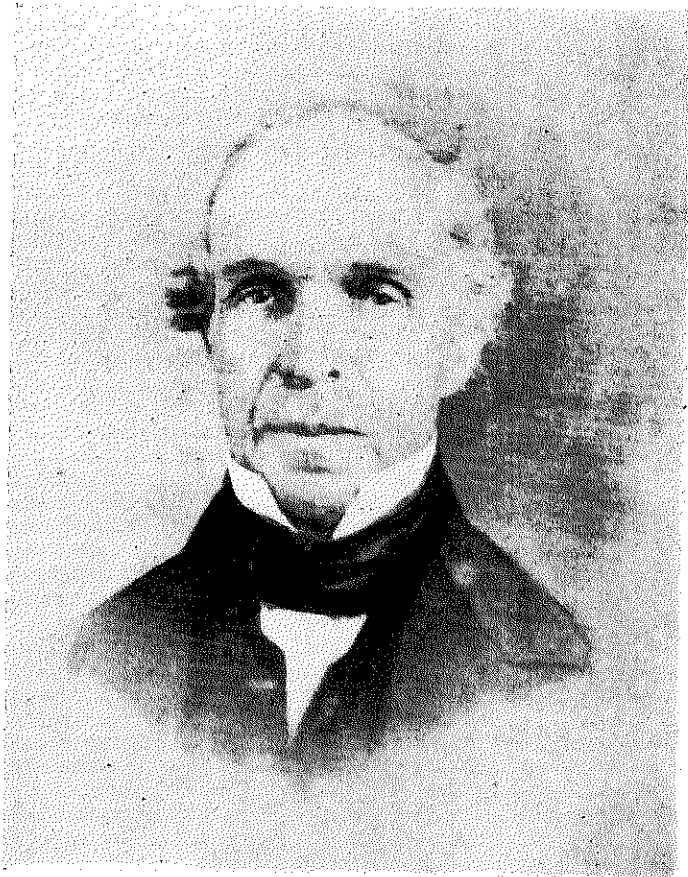
all substitution, although a man came to me & offered to serve my six months term of duty for 90 dollars—

CHAPTER VI

March to Fort Meigs, & join the Northwestern army—

Governor Meigs & others, gave me letters of introduction to Genl. Harrison, & the principal officers of the army, & I marched in the ranks, with my knapsack on my back—

When the brigade Major mustered us into the service at Chillicothe, as the first sergeant of the company was not present, having been drunk for about 14 years, the Major handed me the roll of the Company, & told the Captain to appoint me first sergeant—The Captain said nothing then, & let me act as first sergeant, although the 2, 3, & 4th. sergeants were present—& the drunken 1st. was soon expected—I told the captain I had no wish to embarrass him, & marched in the ranks—but kept the roll & called it, until the 1st. sergeant joined us—We arrived at Franklinton, the place of rendezvous on the third day—The next day the Colonel of the regiment, Mills Stephenson arrived—& as he had no Adjutant, & my friends in Chillicothe had recommended me, I was immediately appointed & commissioned, the 16th. day of February 1813—(see File 1.) I then obtained a furlough for a few days—returned to Chillicothe—hastily equipped myself with an undress uniform, (the only one in the regiment) horse, pistols &c. but had no sword, for there were none for sale—but the Quartermaster Genl. found in the armory a private dragoon's heavy sabre & scabbord, & a bayonet scabbord belt—& thus equipped, I returned to headquarters—Our Colonel Stephenson had no uniform—he was very awkward & sheepish, & appeared to know nothing about military duty—When the regiment was about to march—Governor Meigs in full uniform, (one of the finest looking men I ever saw)—after looking at our colonel & conversing with him for a few minutes, ordered the Adjutant to the front, & then ordered me to assume the command of the regiment for the present, & commence to march—which I did, & kept the command for five miles, & then gave it up to the Colonel—he having slunk back towards the rear of the column



Colonel Alexander Bourne

with the meekness of a sheep—& all of us were ashamed of him—This freak of the governor was entirely irregular & unique—had a direct tendency to puff me up with vanity, & destroy the little respect which the Colonel had before received—

We marched to upper Sandusky, & encamped several days—the snow was about nine inches deep, & the first night I had no fire & but one blanket over me—Here Major Lodwick appeared to have the real command, but the orders were of course given in the name of the Colonel—The Major was determined to keep up a very strict discipline, & a court martial was ordered for every little offence—& as the Adjutant is Ex. Officio Judge Advocate, I was kept very busy—The Major had a copy of the rules & articles of War, which stated the crimes & punishments in the service—but we had no treatise on Martial Law—& I did not know, that capital crimes, such as desertion, sleeping on guard, striking officers &c. could only be tried by a general Court Martial—& the Major ordered them all tried by the ignorant officers of the ragged militia regiment—& it was sufficiently sad, but rather ludicrous, to see the prisoners get on their knees before me, & beg that their lives might be spared, when I knew, that regimental Court Martial could only keep them under guard, on half rations, stop their pay &c. Our Colonel appeared to have forgotten his instructions, till he received an Order to march to big Tyemochtee Creek, & open a road to Fort Finley on Blanchard's fork of the Auglaise river, an upper branch of the Maumee of the lake—We left one company to garrison the Stockade fort at Upper Sandusky, & marched to Tyemochtee, ten miles & encamped—

The next morning Major Lodwick ordered me back to Sandusky on some business—There had been a heavy rain during the night—the snow was then falling fast & thick, & when I came to little Tyemochtee creek, it was so high, that the greater part of the bridge of round poles was afloat, & the bottom on the other side covered by the flood—but my orders were preemptory, & I would not back out—& I run my horse over the bridge, so that the floating poles might not have time to sink, & plunged off at the other end without falling—Riding up on to the barren plain

where there were but few trees, I found I was then in greater danger, than when crossing the bridge—for the snow was falling fast, & was already so deep, as to nearly hide the slight road across the plain, which was nine miles over—I could see no land marks to guide me, but the lack of high dead grass & weeds in a narrow strip of the snow, which I supposed was in the road. If I should miss the way, & wander in the snow that day & night, without fire or food, I should probably perish, & the creek was then too high to cross back to camp—so I had no alternative, but to watch the faint signs of the road & press forward—At length my horse became discouraged the snow was so deep he could only walk & time was precious—It then became colder—the snow ceased to fall, & in about half an hour, I discovered the fort, to the great joy of man & beast—After finishing my business in two days, I returned to camp.

The next day, Col. Stephenson ordered me to take an escort, & reconnoitre the country between the camp & Fort Finley, for the best route for a military road, & mark it back—I told him, that I should endeavor to do my duty in any direction, but it was very unusual & improper for staff officers to be detached on such duty—some of the Captains or lieutenants were the proper officers, & I thought they would claim it as their right—that it was my duty to be present at the daily parades—but he would hear no reason about it, & ordered me to march the next day, with three white men, good woodsmen, & four Indians as guides, & to fight if necessary—for small parties of hostile indians were then prowling about us—It appeared to me, that I was the sport of anomalies & irregularities—but military government is necessarily despotic, & I prepared for the march—We took three days rations—I left my horse & pistols—took my sword, a rifle, tomhawk, butcher knife, fireworks, knapsack, & blanket on my back, & marched—

The first night we encamped at a celebrated "*big spring*"—the Indians as usual, eat up their three rations the first day, & all except one, who must necessarily march ahead & guide the party, would lag behind, lay down & go to sleep, & afterwards come running up just before night—The second night we encamped north of a large swamp, which connects the big spring

with Blanchard's fork of the Auglaise river—and the third day came to the river, about three miles above the fort—As the water was too high to cross there—we continued down on the north side, & just before we came in sight of the fort, we saw a small smoke about half a mile north west of us—and by its position, supposed it was made by hostile indians—I then ordered the four Indians to put their rifles in order & reconnoitre the place—They first sat down & painted themselves, so as to meet their enemies in a becoming manner—but in our opinion, exhibiting a hideous & most ludicrous appearance—They then examined & fresh primed their rifles, & marched slowly in single file, Capt. Tom Turkey in front—the three first looking very sharply in front & slightly on each side—but the fourth or last, closed the trail, by turning back every leaf & stick that had been deranged by the march—so that an enemy could not discover the trail, or track made by them & this trail closer, paid no attention to any thing else—We remained on the look out to support them if necessary, until they returned, & Capt Tommy reported, that seven Pottowatomie Indians encamped there, last night, & had gone away to the north—

We then continued down the river, & soon saw the fort on the other side—but it had a very unmilitary appearance—the gates were open—no guards or soldiers to be seen—and looked as if it had been taken by the indians, but not burnt—I hailed as loud as I could, but received no answer—We then made a strong raft, & I sent two Indians over to reconnoitre—They soon returned, & reported, that there were "*no white men, & no indians there*"—& we crossed & took full possession—As the gates were left open—dough left unbaked, & every appearance of a hasty retreat a short time before we arrived—I suppose the militia Captain & garrison of about 100 men, had seen some of the seven Pottowatomie indians on the other side of the river, & instantly fled—I found here, a large quantity of arms, ammunition, provision, & Quartermaster's stores of all kinds for the army, to go down the river to Fort Meigs in the spring—and twenty seven quarters of fresh beef lying on the ground, outside of the Fort, where the cattle had been shot & butchered, but left by the sudden

retreat of the garrison—As my Indians had been two days without eating, they now took a surfeit, & were nearly laid up by it—It is not more than 25 miles from the mouth of Tyemochtee Creek to Fort Finley, & we were parts of three days in looking out the route for a road—but could have marched that distance in one day if we had nothing else to do—

The next day, I took one of the white men, Williams, to stay with me, & sent the other two whites & the four indians back to Col. Stephenson, with a brief account of the expedition—the state in which I found the Fort—the large amount of public property in it—& that I should defend it to the last extremity—I was then in full command of a large stockade fort, with many thousand dollars worth of property, & a garrison of one man—forty five miles from any friendly settlement—but the more danger the more honor—At night we fastened all up—ascended to the upper story of the blockhouse—opened a box of muskets, loaded fifty of them, & set them up all round us—so that we could fire them in quick succession—then opened a box of blankets, & taking thirteen apiece laid down to sleep—We remained here several days, & as there were many sugar trees near the Fort—went to making sugar—boiling the water in camp kettles, after we had collected it, with a musket, loaded with buck shot, constantly in one hand—looking out for indians—

Col. Stephenson, on receiving my report, was much alarmed for my safety, & immediately ordered Captain Drake & thirty men to march to my relief—Although I did not much expect an attack from hostile indians, but they might have come—many small parties being scattered about between me & Fort Meigs—& I was very willing to receive the reinforcement—In two or three days after, the Colonel & his rough regiment arrived, & I gave up the command—The men were all much pleased with my conduct in this little affair, & my opinions had more weight than they deserved—so that in this instance as well as others, my irregular detachment on this service, was overruled by Divine Providence to my advantage—

Col. Stephenson ordered me to write an account of this expedition "in his name," to General Harrison, which I did & he

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of rendezvous, I trust to Providence for further direction—
They then said I should hire a substitute, which was often done
but I refused all substitution although a man came to me
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Chapter VII.

March to Fort Meigs, & join the Northwestern army.

Governor Mifflin & his wife gave me a letter of introduction to Genl
Harrison & the principal officers of the army, & marched on
the same with my knapsack on my back—
When the cavalry train reached us at the service at Chillicothe
as the first sergeant of the company was not present
having been absent about 10 days, the Major handed
me the roll of the company & told the Captain to appoint
me first sergeant—The Captain said nothing more, & he
inducted me first sergeant although the 2d & 4th sergeants
were present—The drunken lot was soon expected & I
told the Captain I had no wish to see them here, & ordered
my men to keep the roll & called it until the 1st
sergeant joined us—We arrived at Frankinton, the place
of rendezvous on the third day—The next day the Colonel
of the regiment, John Hephburn arrived—As he had no
regiment, I was ordered to Chillicothe for a command—
The day of the 13th (for 14th) I then obtained a purchase
for a new coat & returned to Chillicothe—In this purchase myself
with my knapsack & my gun (the only one in the regiment)
were ordered to go but we were ordered to go in one day
only—But the Lieutenant took possession of the money
a private dragoon, Henry Labbe, & a private
scabbed off—The company returned to their quarters—
Our Colonel still being in no uniform, he was very awkward
taking his place & appeared to know nothing about military
duties—When the regiment was about to march—
Governor Mifflin gave me a uniform, one of the finest ever

Sample page from Col. Bourne's Autobiography illustrating Col. Bourne's style of penmanship

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Died in Wareham, Mass., Aug. 5, 1849, Col. ALEXANDER BOURNE, in the 63d year of his age. Col. B. was a native of Wareham, but he emigrated to Ohio in 1810, when the most of the State was an unbroken wilderness. There his studious habits, his stern, unyielding integrity, and his superior intellectual endowments soon attracted attention, and won him influential friends, and elevated him to posts of trust and distinction. He served his country faithfully in the war of 1812-13. Gen. Harrison in his reports to the War Department makes honorable mention of his bravery and of the value of his services. At the close of the war he returned to Chillicothe, and resumed the duties of his profession, (that of civil engineer.) He held various offices of trust, both under the State and Federal Governments. He surveyed and assisted in surveying every canal ever constructed in the State, and so highly was his judgment esteemed, that his opinion, with the State Legislature, as to the feasibility and expediency of any work of internal improvement seems to have been decisive of its fate.

But the superiority of Col. Bourne over thousands of other men, was seen in his varied and profound learning. He emphatically "sought out and intermeddled with all wisdom." There seemed to be no department of knowledge with which he was not familiar. He has left behind him monuments of his faithful and successful investigations in mental, moral and natural sciences, the mechanic and fine arts, and theology. He was honored with a membership in many of the literary, scientific and historical societies in this country, and his contributions to Silliman's Journal and other publications, attracted attention in Europe, as well as at home.

Though we find so much to admire in the character of Col. B., we have to regret that he neglected the claims of Christianity until just

the mention of life. True, when he had been first embraced and cherished, and to which all things else should have been made secondary, was far too long neglected. Though always a firm believer in the Christian religion, yet he was not awakened to a realizing sense of his personal necessity until the year 1838, and it was not until some time after that he obtained justifying grace. In the spring of 1842 he joined the Second Presbyterian Church in Chillicothe, then under the pastoral watchcare of the late lamented Rev. Geo. Becker; and in the summer of the same year he moved to Wareham, where he designed spending the remainder of his days in quiet. From the time of his conversion to God he evinced a spirit consecrated to his service, and he most deeply regretted that he had not remembered his Creator in the days of his youth, and that he had not employed all the energies of his life in his service. Though he did not connect himself with the Methodist church, yet, ever after his return to Wareham, he uniformly worshipped with them, and rejoiced to see the members of his family, one after another, uniting with them.

In his last sickness, and in his death, he evinced the composure of a philosopher and the resignation and the triumphant faith of a Christian. He set his house in order, made all his arrangements to die, and calmly and patiently waited until his change came. Death came, and angels beckoned him away, while they sang

"Hear ye of God, with power,
Hear ye of God, with power,
The angels sing, the angels sing,
Enter ye, ye angels sing."

He went to the grave, and the lamentations of this entire community, and all who loved him, saying

"How blessed is he who is ready to die,
Mark the perfect man, and behold him upright;
For the end of that man is peace."
H. W. H.

signed it—We left one company to garrison Fort Finley & marched to Fort Meigs in March—The weather was then cold, with some snow & much ice in the Creeks, which were without bridges—We had to cross a large tract of flat, wet, land, nearly all covered with water & ice in the winter, called the Black Swamp—I was well mounted, but the Sergeant Major was sick, & I let him ride my horse in the worst places, & waded through myself, sometimes, more than three feet deep—my health was good, & I suffered no damage to it—but many of the soldiers were laid up with fevers, rheumatisms, & colds—At length we arrived at Fort Meigs, the advanced post held by the North Western Army—

It was built on the bluff, on the south side of the Maumee river, about sixty feet above the river, at the foot of the rapids, & head of navigation for small vessels—A deep ravine on the east side & the greater part of the south side, & the steep bluff on the north side, rendered the position very strong for a level country—The defenses consisted of a stockade of pickets, 13 feet long, 12 inches diameter, & set three feet in the ground—inclosing an irregular rectangle, about 400 yards long, & 200 yards wide—defended on the front, or bluff line, by two batteries, built partly with logs, & three blockhouses—There were also four blockhouses on the rear line & east end—There were five or six eighteen pounder cannon in the batteries, & either a 12 or 6 pounder in the lower story of each blockhouse—a ditch outside & inside, completed the description at that time—

The garrison consisted of about 800 men, under the command of Major Stoddart of the Artillery—a small battalion of Pennsylvania Militia, whose time was out, marched off in a few days—Just before we arrived at the Fort, a soldier of the garrison was killed & scalped almost in sight of the fort, by one of the small parties of hostile indians, who were constantly prowling about the roads & fortifications—I handed one of my introductory letters to Major Stoddart, & he requested me to occupy the lower part of blockhouse No. 6, on the rear line, with an iron 6 pounder, on extra duty in the artillery—& directed me to select & take from any of the militia lines, a sufficient number of men

This obituary notice was probably taken from a local Massachusetts paper

to man the cannon & block house—but he did not release me from duty as Adjutant of Infantry—so I had to perform double duty—but I would not complain & soon selected my artillery squad, & took possession of the blockhouse—In a few days General Harrison arrived, with some Kentucky militia, & small detachments of regular troops—The General Staff consisted of Majors Graham & Hukill, Aids de camp—Lieutenant Johnson, volunteer aid—Captain John O'Fallon, acting Adjutant General—Lieutenant Eubank acting Quartermaster General—& Captains Gratiot & Wood of the United States Engineers, were also attached to the Army—The Fort had been built by the Militia—few, if any of them had ever, seen active service in face of any enemy—or know any thing about cannon, or their effect at battering distance—consequently, our defences were very weak & insufficient—and the Engineers ordered out strong fatigue parties—built two proper batteries wholly of earth instead of piles of logs like cob houses of children—and strengthened all the banks—

It was expected that a British army would pay us a visit as soon as the lakes were clear of ice, & we prepared to give them a warm reception—By the middle of April, our force consisted of one small company of regular artillery—one small battalion of U. States Dragoons & volunteer cavalry—seven companies of regular infantry—one small battalion of volunteer infantry—one battalion of Kentucky Militia, & two small battalions of Ohio militia—with a few indians & Canadians—amounting to about 1600 men—

Soon after Genl. Harrison came on, he looked at our Col. Stephenson—conversed with him a few minutes, & then sent him off to command the port of Lower Sandusky, which was only a Captain's command—but retained Major Lodwick, & all the regimental staff—This was nearly as insulting, as giving the command of the regiment to the Adjutant by Governor Meigs—but the Colonel took both insults, as the regular operation of Martial law—The first time I was detailed as Adjutant of the day, I was somewhat embarrassed, & rather awkward in forming the Guards & distributing them to their several posts, & some part of the

duty was not very correctly performed—but after that time all was plain enough—

The General ordered the Officers to drill their men every day, & prepare them for actual service in the face of an enemy—but very few of the officers had even seen a battle, or knew anything about strict discipline, & needed drilling about as much as their men—Some of them had fought indians, but not a regular army—Captain Gratiot of the Engineers reported himself sick, a few days before, & during the subsequent siege—but looked well, & ate & drank as well as usual—

The other Engineer, Captain Wood, directed & superintended all the work on the defenses, & got the credit of it—and the consequence was, he was promoted to a Lieutenant Colonelcy by brevet—while Gratiot was still a Captain, & four years the senior of Wood—As the ground inside of the fort was higher near the middle than at the sides, & might be seen over the pickets by an enemy on the other side of the river—Capt. Wood ordered a traverse, or parapet bank, to be thrown up, about one third from the front, the whole length of the interior, 20 feet thick, & ten feet high, with covered traverses through it—and afterwards a rear traverse, parallel to the first, but shorter, & also some shorter ones en potence to the former—These works protected the men so well, that Genl. Harrison, (whose darling passion, next to victory, was the safety of his men), recommended Wood for promotion, in the most exalted terms—

In the latter part of April, it was rumored that a british army had passed up the lake, & would soon attack us—The Indians & Canadians were sent out two or three times as scouts, to look out for the enemy—but they were either cowardly or unfaithful & could see no enemy—On the 26th. of April the General ordered Captain Hamilton & his rifle company, of the Ohio Militia to march down the river & find the enemy—He was brave, cool & intrepid—fit for the most hazardous & confidential service, & soon returned, reporting, that the British were marching up on the other side of the river with a strong force—and we prepared to defend our post to the last extremity—The british army of about 1500 men, regulars & Canadian Militia,

& about the same number of Indians under Tecumpse, was commanded by Genl. Proctor—They occupied the old british fort, a mile & a half below us—& after reconnoitring our position, commenced three batteries for heavy cannon, & one for Mortars, nearly opposite to our encampment, & from 900 to 1200 yards from it—The batteries being completed, & a small one commenced 300 yards in our rear, in the evening of the 30th. of April the cannonade commenced—On this day some of our Canadians were missing, & had probably deserted to their old masters—so the Genl. ordered guard to be paraded & distributed at sunset, & a new countersign, parol, & watch word given—

Just before night, the Adjutant Genl. informed, that I was appointed Adjutant of the day for the next 24 hours, & Major Alexander of the Volunteers, field Officer of the day—& requested me to inform him of it—I found him in the Marque of Col. Miller, drinking brandy—He said he was unfit for duty, & I ought to have told him sooner—I told him I had just been informed of it myself—& as it was nearly dark, nobody would perceive his inebriety—& that I would attend to his duties, as far as it was admissible & taking him by the arm, we went to his marque & sat down—he lamenting his situation, & I cheering him up—It had become very dark, & we heard the report of a large cannon—I told him that was from the enemy, & that we must go to head quarters immediately for special orders—he was afraid his situation would be discovered, I told him there was no alternative, if he did not go, he would be sent for, & we then went—The General was standing in his marque, surrounded by his staff—He asked me if I was on duty? I told him I was—He then said, "*put out every light in the camp,*" "that the enemy may lose his aim"—

So I received the first order that was given after the firing commenced—I executed the order & returned to head quarters—when the General & staff, & the Officers on duty, set out on the grand rounds, to see that all the guards were wide awake—It was extremely dark, wet, & muddy—we often fell down in the ditches—sometimes one or two upon the top of another—the british firing slowly, without the least effect—for all their balls struck

the bluff below us—This was the first British cannon that General Harrison, & most of the rest of us ever heard, & although we were completely invested by veteran troops, indians & wolves, we were not dismayed—& determined to defend the fort to the last extremity—for if we should surrender to a superior force, & an armament of twice our own—Genl. Proctor could not prevent his 1500 indians from taking our scalps—The next morning the enemy opened all his batteries, & poured in a constant stream of 24 pound balls & 10 inch bomb shells—his balls generally going through the front pickets above our heads & lodging in the traverse bank—the shells falling & bursting, part of them inside of the fort, & the others outside—We soon had a few men killed & wounded, & some mangled in a shocking manner, which was very revolting to my feelings at first—but I soon become accustomed to it—The cannonade & bombardment continued with but little intermission, till the 5th. of May—throwing us about 2000 large balls & shells, & a quantity of large grape shot, & hand grenades fired from cannon, & also some carcasses & other combustibles—Our most exposed blockhouse had the upper part knocked off, & nearly demolished.—We fired but little, reserving our small amount of ammunition for closer work—but sometimes dismounted some of their guns, & probably killed & wounded some of their men—My blockhouse No. 6 on the rear line, was situated so low, that I could not fire on the enemies battery in the rear—but it was calculated to rake the ditch with fatal effect, if the enemy should storm the place on that line—& consequently, I was well supplied with canister shot, & port fire—& could load & fire four times a minute, as long as the men could sponge & ram down—being in good health & almost insensible to danger—

I went to the Adjutant General, & told him to command me freely—& that I would do all I could for him in any way—He put me on duty as Adjutant of the day, every third day, & trusted me with some duties for *him*, which were probably above my rank—& he evidently felt indebted to me—One evening during the hottest firing, being on duty, I was marching a small guard, in single file, over ground that was much exposed to the enemy's

fire, rather than go along distance round under shelter of the banks—Genl. Harrison, who was not far off, under shelter, became very angry, & commanded me in a loud voice, to “order the men to run”! & cursed me personally in the most horrid manner for exposing *his* men in that way—for he was naturally very passionate, & sometimes very profane—I had before ordered the march in double quick time, & would not let the men run into confusion, & so paid no attention to his order—& coolly formed the guard under shelter of the main traverse, & gave the officer his instructions—As the General had openly insulted me before the principal officers of the army—my first impulse was to throw my sword down at his feet, & let him arrest me forth with—but the next moment, I thought of a better way—& saying nothing to him, I sheathed my sword, & marched deliberately over the same ground—expecting every minute, that an officer would be sent to arrest me—but none came that night—the Adj. General had been pleading for me—The next morning the enemy did not open his fire till about 10 o’clock—& soon after breakfast I saw the General in his uniform, attended by an orderly sergeant bearing his telescope, coming towards my blockhouse, & thought my time had come—but would he arrest me himself instead of sending an Officer? coming near, he said very pleasantly, “*good morning adjutant*”—I answered, “*good morning General, I hope you are very well*”—He said he was apprehensive the British were building a battery behind a large quantity of dry oxhides on our West flank, & handing me his telescope, mildly asked me to reconnoitre the position, & report my opinion in two hours—After the reconnoissance, I reported as my opinion, that there was no battery there, nor any signs of intention to build one—This pleasant manoeuvre healed the breach entirely, & nothing more was ever said about it—

As the General was very sensitive on the subject of exposing his men, & lamented that any were killed or wounded—some persons thought he was a little defective in personal courage—but I know that is false—I saw him several times expose his person more than any Commander in Chief ought to, & believe he was naturally brave—& his bravery was very conspicuous in Wayne’s battle with the indians in 1794—

Captain Peters of Blockhouse No. 5, raised his gun up into the upper story, so that he could bring it to bear on the battery in the rear—but the enemy’s fire dismounted his gun, & injured his blockhouse—As he had other duties, he left the blockhouse, probably intending not to remount the gun—I took his men—hailed up a pair of timber wheels, & was remounting the gun, when the General came up to see what I was about—I instantly thought of the danger he was in, if a ball of the enemy should come through the house, for a large number of spare muskets with fixed bayonets, were standing against the wall next to the enemy, & if struck, would fly about like hail, leaving no chance for escape where he stood—& was just turning round to beg him to leave the house, when I saw he had turned about to go down—Having mounted the gun I fired three shots at the battery—I had never fired that gun before, & did not expect to come very near, until I saw how she threw her ball—The first shot fell short of the battery & ricocheted over it—the second struck the side of the embrasure, & threw up a splinter—the third silenced the enemy’s gun for about two hours—& this was the only opportunity I had to send them cold iron—

About the middle of the seige, Capt. Wood the Engineer, ordered me to take a fatigue party of the Ohio militia, & throw up a short entrenchment near the rear line, & in front of my blockhouse—I commenced according to order—the ground was much exposed, being nearly in range of the magazine, at which the enemy were throwing red hot balls to blow it up—& these balls passed between the men, & hissed & boiled in the bank, the men would leave their work, & declare they could not stand it—I informed Capt. Wood that the men could not be kept at work—he then gave me an unlimited order on the Commissary for whiskey, & directed me to give it to them every half hour, & make them drink it until they were insensible to fear, but not too drunk to stand & work—He said “*There is no other way—it must be done, in extreme cases*”! & so I did it; the men then kept at their work, reeling & cursing the British & their hot balls, until the work was finished—There were none killed or badly wounded—Wood & OFallon were very friendly to me, & the latter one day told me, that Genl. Harrison would have me

appointed a lieutenant in the U. States Topographical Engineers if I wished it—As I never intended to make Arms my profession, & only fought from a sense of duty, & not for the love of fighting, I expressed no desire to enter into the regular Army, & the subject was dropped.

The siege exhibited several instances of great personal bravery, & some of base cowardice—I had with me in the blockhouse two very brave men—Isaac Burkelon, a journeyman sadler of Philadelphia, who went out as a substitute for a wealthy citizen of Chillicothe, & who was appointed on the march out, Sergeant Major of the regiment, appeared to be wholly insensible to fear—& when any scouting party was ordered on dangerous service, he would volunteer & beg to go, although it was never his duty—

One morning in the hottest of the firing, he came out of the blockhouse to wash himself, & when I saw a large bombshell descending very near him, I ordered him to lie down instantly, but he would not muddy his clothes to save his life—& when the shell went into the ground within four feet of him, he would not lie down, but only stooped a little, & the shell bursting the next moment, he was thrown down & nearly covered by the mud—he got up laughing & shaking himself, & appeared to enjoy the sport—

Another of my men from Ohio, whose name was Bolenstein a native of Germany, was a soldier of the revolutionary war, about 60 years of age—seeing a 10 inch bombshell fall just outside of the blockhouse, & striking a sloping stump, did not go into the ground, but bounded, & then rolled swiftly on it—he jumped out through the embrasure & run after it—I told him it would burst in a moment & blow him to pieces—He kept on, & said he would pull out the fuse—I knew he could not for the Brittish screw in their fuses—the centinels on the walls, cocking & aiming their guns at him, hailed him to return or they would shoot him, (for they had orders to shoot every man outside without a written permission,) he told them to fire away, he would have the shell any how—& fortunately for him, the fuse had not taken fire, & he brought the shell in, weighing nearly 100

pounds—for besides the powder, there were 96 musket balls in it—

F. Sutton, Quartermaster of our regiment, was constitutionally a coward—He was so much afraid of being killed, that he would not eat, & said that he did not sleep during the seige—He generally sat crouched down behind a pile of three or four hundred barrels of flour—& while several men were looking, & laughing at him, a 24 pound ball went through the flour just above his head, throwing the staves, heads, hoops, & flour over him—he jumped up and run down sideways into a wet ditch of two feet water, screaming O, Lord! O, Lord! & some of the men run to pull him out, supposing he would drown—I told them to let him lie there, he was out of the range of the fire, & not worth pulling out—When Capt. Butter's volunteer company of Pittsburg, marched out with others to storm the battery in the rear on the 5th. of May—they were fiercely attacked by the indians on the right wing—& one George McFall, a sadler—seeing a large indian shot down a few paces in front of the line, & struggling in death—run to him right between the fires of both lines—scalped him—tied the scalp on his hat for a cockage—took his gun, tomhawk knife & belts, & returned to the ranks—I saw him when he came in, & the scalp had been taken off & put on his hat so quick, that the blood had run down nearly to the hat band—Just before the siege, I asked several of the Officers, if there was any plan, or drawing of the Fort—& they all thought there was none—I then determined to make one for myself, & when the drum beat for dinner, supposing that the Officers would all be in their quarters, I took a sheet of paper & pencil, & commencing at the southwest angle, paced the lines & estimated the angles all round from the right to the left—pacing also, the sides of the batteries & blockhouses—As I was in undress uniform, the guards saluted, & let me pass without any questions—I then made a sketch from my rough notes—& the next day went round from left to right, correcting the first errors as well as I could—& finally put down all the interior works—positions of the several troops—Officers quarters, magazines &c. I knew that I might be liable to arrest, for having a drawing of the fort in my possession without leave, for the com-

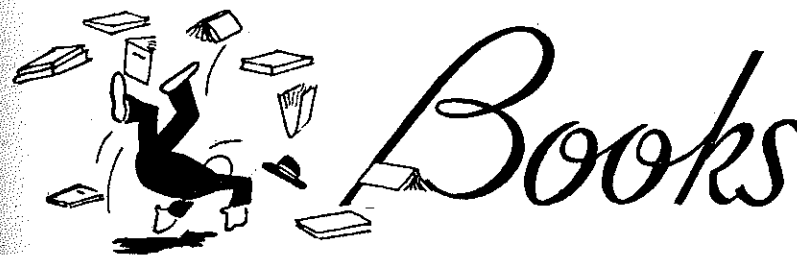
mander in chief & principal Engineers only are entitled to it—but one of the Officers looked in while I was at work on it, & discovered the secret—He saw that it was my own property, honestly obtained, & promised to say nothing about it—but the matter leaked out—I hid the drawing—& the alarm subsided without any difficulty—After the siege was over, I made a kind of wooden theodolet—divided it by a forked stick, & other contrivances, without scale, compasses or any drawing instruments whatever—measured a base by pacing, & by a rough triangulation, laid down the adjacent ground—the river, & positions of the british batteries—& suppose my drawing is the only one which now exists—for the public archives at Washington, were all burnt by the Brittish in 1814—And subsequently, I made a drawing of the old Brittish fort—below Fort Meigs—which was a regular scientific work, & one of their famous western posts—

(Continued in the next issue)

NEWS

(Continued from page 131)

persons on the payment of a small fee. The governing body is an Assembly with representatives of many groups in the city, including veterans of World War II and young people under twenty-five years of age. As the name indicates, studies will be made and meetings held on many topics of international interest. A lecture course will be presented in the season of 1945-1946. Readers of this magazine may well be interested in this organization, which provides opportunity to study the history of foreign relations as well as current problems.



G. Harrison Orians, Editor

SILVERSMITHS, PEWTERERS, ETC.

JAMES M. MCCRIMMON

MISS KNITTLE'S pamphlet opens with a quotation from Turner to the effect that all knowledge is useful to the historian. The truth of this quotation is more evident than its significance as a preface to the pamphlet; for surely no one denies that a study of the early Ohio silversmiths and pewterers has value both to the historian and to the lover of silver and pewter ware. The publication of such a study needs no defense. Within its pages a reader will find much useful information about silver and pewter, about the men who fashioned them, and about the conditions under which they were fashioned. Thus, the means by which our early silversmiths transformed a 25 cent piece into three 20 cent pieces, or cut a Spanish dollar into more convenient currency, have interest for the general reader as well as for the professional historian or economist.

But, useful as the pamphlet is, one wishes the author had undertaken its writing with a clear notion of the purpose she wished to achieve. Specifically, one wishes that she had decided in advance whether she was writing for the specialist or for the layman, and whether the quotation from Turner should be interpreted so liberally as to warrant the inclusion of pages of material which has no recognizable relationship with her sub-

Rhea Mansfield Knittle. *Early Ohio Silversmiths and Pewterers, 1787-1847. The Ohio Frontier Series, 1787-1847.* (Cleveland: The Calvert-Hatch Co., 1943). Pp. 63. \$1.00.