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President's Page

Protection of the Citizen against Inquisitorial Proceedings

> "No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger. . . ."

THE foregoing is the first clause of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. It sets forth the first of the safeguards included in the Federal Bill of Rights for a person suspected of crime. Its purpose is to prevent such person from being brought to trial summarily or on an unjustifiable charge. It seeks to prevent an innocent person from being held up to public contempt and humiliation. A verdict of "not guilty" cannot adequately repair damage to reputation.

In England early records show that men were imprisoned or executed at the mere whim of the King or one or more of his favorites.

Prior to the Norman Conquest in 1066, A.D., the "jury of presentment," later called the "grand jury," came into being. Soon after the Norman Conquest under the authority of the Assize of Clarendon, which was a set of instructions to the itinerant Justices and Sheriffs with reference to their duties and jurisdiction, the grand jury was applied to criminal procedure. It was provided by the first clause of that Assize, that "for the preservation of the peace and the maintenance of justice enquiries be made throughout each county and hundred by twelve legal men of the hundred, and four legal men from each township, under oath to tell the truth; if in their hundred or in their township there be any man who is accused or generally suspected of being a robber or murderer or thief, or any man who is a receiver of robbers, murderers or thieves since our lord the king was king."

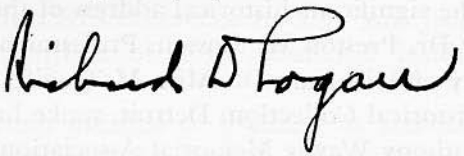
Later, the method of the selection of the jury was changed, and the Sheriff was directed to summon twenty-four persons from the county, and from these, twenty-three were chosen for the grand jury. A majority of the twenty-three could "find a true bill" or "ignore" the accusations presented against a person.

The grand jury in Ohio consists of fifteen persons selected from names on ballots deposited in the jury wheel from which the names of all other jurors are drawn. At least twelve jurors must concur in the finding of an indictment.

The presentment or indictment of a grand jury does not now, and never did, mean that the person charged with a crime is guilty. The steps to prove the indictment of the grand jury must be taken before a petit jury which is the trial jury. The trial jury will be discussed on this page in a later issue of the QUARTERLY.

The Fifth Amendment of the Federal Constitution does not in any way control, nor it is a limitation upon, the criminal procedure of the several states. It applies only to the Federal Government. Hence the Amendment does not prohibit any state from abolishing the indictment of a grand jury within its jurisdiction.

For this reason many of our states have substituted, in lieu of the indictment of a grand jury, a presentment known as an "Information," which is prepared and filed by the Prosecuting Attorney of the county against the person charged with a crime committed in that county. The Information sets forth the charge against the accused in the manner in which an indictment of a grand jury does. We retain the grand jury in Ohio.



President

The Greene Ville Treaty Sesquicentennial

The Signing of the Treaty of Greene Ville in 1795 was commemorated at the city of Greenville with ceremonies extending from July 31 to August 3. The feature of the ceremonies was the unveiling of Howard Chandler Christy's painting "The Signing of the Treaty of Greene Ville" authorized by Ohio's General Assembly and commissioned by the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society. The painting, representing a scene at the negotiations between Major General Anthony Wayne, Commander in Chief of the United States Army, and Little Turtle and other Chiefs of the Indian Tribes of the Northwest Territory, will be hung permanently in the State Capitol in Columbus.

Former Lt. Gov. Paul M. Herbert presided at the ceremonies on August 3. Addresses were delivered by Senator Harold H. Burton, Governor Frank J. Lausche, Brig. Gen. Joseph T. Morris, representing the United States Army, and the Honorable Robert Crosser, representing the Committee of Congress. The significant historical address of the occasion was delivered by Dr. Preston W. Slosson, Professor of History at the University of Michigan. Dr. Milo M. Quaife, Secretary of the Burton Historical Collection, Detroit, spoke briefly on the work of the Anthony Wayne Memorial Association.

Other features of the four-day program included a pageant on the history of the Indian Wars with a cast of 500 Greenville and Darke County citizens, maneuvers of bombers and fighter

planes from Dayton air fields, a ten section parade, and an exhibit of the original Treaty of Greene Ville and other documents displayed by the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society.

On the evening of Friday, August 3 the Greene Ville Treaty Park became a State Memorial when it was transferred to the State of Ohio in the custody of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society by the donors, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Coppock.

The Greenville celebration was sponsored by the Treaty of Greene Ville Sesquicentennial Commission, Inc., of which Representative Guy D. Hawley of Greenville was the general chairman. The Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society assisted in sponsoring the commemoration and the Ohio General Assembly appropriated $10,000.00 for the State's participation.

The Toledo United Nations Association

Some years ago there was formed a Commission for the Study of the Organization of Peace, with headquarters in New York City. This group sponsored nationwide study of peace problems, published considerable literature, and encouraged the formation of similar organizations throughout the country. One of its members, President Philip C. Nash of the University of Toledo, took the lead in the formation of the Toledo Committee for the Study of the Organization of Peace in September, 1942. From time to time the Toledo Committee conducted public meetings, most important of which were the two-day Forum on Peace Problems in May, 1943, and a series of weekly meetings on the San Francisco Conference in May and June, 1945. The committee consisted of more than 100 leading Toledoans.

In June, 1945, the group decided to broaden its activities and reorganize. Its new name is the Toledo United Nations Association. A constitution was adopted, providing for a more formal organization. Membership was opened to all interested

(Continued on page 154)

Over Lake Erie to Freedom

FRED LANDON

PROFESSOR W. H. SIEBERT in his authoritative work on the underground railroad says of Ohio that "the conditions favorable to the development of a large number of stations, and the dissemination of these throughout the state, existed in a measure and combination not reproduced in the case of any other state." The southern boundary comprised almost four hundred miles of river frontage over which escaped slaves might pass at almost any point. Prevalence of New England ideas, church ties, aggressive anti-slavery leadership, and the influence of such institutions as Oberlin College all contributed to the growth of a humanitarian attitude toward the escaping slave so that in time the state became netted with a system of interlacing lines along which fugitives were moved with rapidity and with a considerable degree of safety.[1]

To these conditions were added, as the author points out elsewhere, the ease with which escaped slaves might pass over Lake Erie into the British province of Upper Canada, where slavery had been prohibited as early as 1793 and where the refugee was assured of his freedom. The map of the underground system which appears in Professor Siebert's work shows numerous routes originating on the Kentucky and Virginia borders, leading to points on Lake Erie. Toledo and Sandusky were the chief termini at the western end of the lake. Eastward the chief ports to which routes led were Cleveland, Conneaut, Ashtabula, and Erie. The number and importance of the termini diminished as the New York state border was approached.

From Sandusky and Toledo the water route brought fugitives to Amherstburg, Colchester, and Point Pelee in Canada, while from Ashtabula and Conneaut access was possible to Port Burwell and Port Stanley on the north shore of the lake. Of these several Canadian termini of the underground the most important was Amherstburg, or Fort Malden, as it was better known at the time. Not only did Amherstburg receive a larger number

of refugees than all the others put together but it also was a center where humanitarian agencies gave considerable attention to the needs of the newcomers. Such activities had begun at an early date and continued as long as the underground system was in operation.

Amherstburg is today one of the oldest settlements in the province of Ontario. In 1946 it will celebrate its 150th birthday, having been founded in 1796 when the British evacuated Detroit. It is rich in historic memories of great Indian gatherings, of the events of the War of 1812 and the Canadian internal troubles of 1837-38, of occupation by British garrisons made up of regiments with records reaching far back into English history. It treasures these memories, and the Fort Malden National Historic Museum, erected and maintained by the Canadian government, helps to preserve and perpetuate them. But of one chapter of its history there are few records. The black people who came to the town in the thirties, forties, and fifties left little behind by which they might be remembered and records of their life in this most southerly section of Canada are meager.

Runaway slaves began to appear in the western end of the Canadian province soon after the War of 1812. Kentucky militia men who had served in the war, and many of whom had shared in the raids which constituted so much of the fighting, unconsciously spread the tidings that tempted the more energetic black people to flight. Travelers in the province were noting the presence of Negroes even in the early twenties. With each decade they increased in number until with the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill in 1850 the early trickle which had become a stream turned for a time into a torrent. The Negro population of the province was then greatly increased, and acute social problems arose in caring for the many who arrived with little more than the ragged clothes on their backs.

Joseph Pickering, who moved along the north shore of Lake Erie in 1825-26, wrote that "black slaves, who have run away from their masters in Kentucky, arrive in Canada almost weekly (where they are free) and work at raising tobacco; I believe they introduced the practice. One person will attend, and manage the

whole process of four acres, planting, hoeing, budding, etc., during the summer."[2]

Four years earlier, Dr. John J. Bigsby, medical officer with the British party engaged on the survey of the international boundary, had noted the presence of numerous refugees in the vicinity of Amherstburg and had found Captain Charles Stuart, a retired officer of the East India Company's service, energetically aiding in the establishment of a Negro colony. Stuart had purchased a tract of land in the rear of the village, and as the refugees arrived those who seemed likely to advance were placed on small areas and thus given a fresh start in life.[3] This was but one of several such colonizing efforts inaugurated in Western Ontario, the most important being the Buxton colony established by Rev. William King in the late forties in Kent County, the population of which was as high as 800 in the fifties.

Patrick Shirreff, a canny Scot who visited Upper Canada in the early thirties, noticed a "good many people of color" in the Amherstburg region. He, like Pickering, was interested in the considerable production of tobacco and found that the Negroes, though renting their farms in some cases, were also able to obtain complete possession of a tract by clearing a certain amount of the forest. Comments similar to these but coming from other travelers indicated that the colored people were already sufficiently numerous by 1830 to attract attention.

It is safe to say that a majority of the refugees arriving at Amherstburg came via one or other of the two western ports, Toledo or Sandusky, though many also arrived on vessels out of Cleveland. Quakers and others had given aid and guidance from the border of the slave states to Lake Erie. Here the black folk were handed over to the friendly help of masters of steamers and sailing vessels. So widespread was antislavery sentiment in Ohio that few masters were unwilling to participate in giving freedom to runaways. Only a narrow strip of Lake Erie intervened, and once the escaped slave had arrived in Canada he was free from all perils.

Certain vessels were so extensively used by runaways that they became almost links in the underground system. In this

connection Professor Siebert makes particular mention of the steamer *Arrow,* plying between Sandusky and Detroit.[4] The *Arrow* was a wooden sidewheel steamer of 373 tons, 185 feet long, built in 1848 at Trenton, Michigan. In 1850, when the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill brought panic to Negroes in the free states and resulted in the flight of hundreds to Canada, the *Arrow* was on the Detroit, Monroe, Toledo, and Sandusky route and at that time probably carried many Negroes across the lake. Two years later the *Arrow* was running between Cleveland and Buffalo but was again on the former route by 1855 at which time her captain was J. W. Keith.[5]

Running fugitive slaves across the lake to freedom developed at times into something equivalent to our modern "bootlegging," since it was a breach of the law and might be made profitable. The *Firelands Pioneer* recorded this incident:

> In the summer of 1853, four fugitives arrived at Sandusky . . . Mr. John Irvine . . . had arranged for a "sharpee," a small sailboat used by fishermen, with one George Sweigels, to sail the boat to Canada with this party, for which service Captain Sweigels was to receive thirty-five dollars. One man accompanied Captain Sweigels, and at eight o'clock in the evening this party in this small boat started to cross Lake Erie. The wind was favorable, and before morning Point au Pelee was reached, and the next day the four escaped fugitives were in Canada.[6]

William Wells Brown, himself a runaway, gave much time and effort to aiding his fellow refugees to freedom. He records that in the year 1842, between the first of May and the first of December, he conveyed 69 fugitives over Lake Erie to Canada. When he visited Amherstburg in 1843 he counted seventeen in the village who owed their freedom to his efforts.[7]

Levi Coffin, the "reputed President of the underground railroad," visited Amherstburg in the fall of 1844 and found many fugitives located in the old military town or in its vicinity. The best tavern in the place was kept by William Hamilton, a colored man. While at Amherstburg Coffin made his headquarters at the missionary station over which Isaac J. Rice presided. This included a school for colored children. Rice, who had formerly

been pastor of a Presbyterian church in Ohio, had given up good prospects in order to labor among the fugitives in Canada and had been at Amherstburg for six years prior to Coffin's visit. Here he had sheltered hundreds of the new arrivals until homes could be found for them.[8]

A letter from Rice which appeared in *The Liberator* in 1849 gives a picture of the difficulties which faced those who were engaged in such missionary work. "Whole families reach us," he wrote, "needing clothing, provisions, a home for a few days, until arrangements can be made for life; and all this amid strangers, the prejudiced. They are driven from schools in the states; they are no better here. If they go in schools by themselves, their portion of public money is allowed; but Canadians will not teach them, so that your teachers from the states must do it and aid them also about getting land and in various other ways. Seven or eight missionaries are here, brought by my influence. . . . Last month three of us lay sick here and two were not expected for a time to live. We have received at our house and clothed more than fifty from the South."[9]

When Benjamin Drew visited Amherstburg in 1854 he found a colored population of between four and five hundred out of a total population of about two thousand. He was told by some of those whom he interviewed that the colored people were "doing rather better than the same class in the United States." A separate school had been provided for the colored children but "leanness went with it." The schoolhouse was a small low building, poorly equipped, comfortless, and repulsive. The teacher, a colored woman, was doing her best but under difficulties. Drew learned, however, that better conditions were ahead since the Colonial Church and School Society planned to open a school, and when Dr. Samuel G. Howe came to Amherstburg in 1863 he found 90 colored children in school with an average attendance of 60.

Dr. Howe's visit, made by order of President Lincoln to ascertain the condition of the refugees in Canada, gives a much brighter picture of conditions than that given by Drew nine years earlier. Some of the improvement was doubtless due to the

efforts of the Colonial Church and School Society whose missionaries were of better type than some who had preceded them. At the time of Dr. Howe's visit to Amherstburg one in three of the whites was a taxpayer and one in eleven of the Negroes. The average tax paid by a white was $9.52 as compared with $5.12 paid by a black. There were 550 taxpayers in all, 71 of whom were colored.

Amherstburg must have been the scene of many romantic incidents in the period when it was an important station of the underground railroad. Miss Martineau said she was told by a gentleman that the most sublime sight in America was not Niagara or Quebec or the Great Lakes but the leap of an escaped slave from a boat to the freedom of the Canadian shore. Rev. William Mitchell has recorded one touching incident. A Negro named Hedgman who had been sold South by his master in Kentucky was able to make his escape and finally made his way to Canada, locating at Amherstburg. His wife and family had become separated from him and he knew nothing of their condition or whereabouts. Twelve years after his arrival in Canada the wife also managed to escape from her master and she too made her way to Canada, landing at Amherstburg. Knowing no one and being without shelter she wandered about the streets until finally she was attracted by singing in a little chapel. Opening the door timidly the first person she saw was her husband, from whom she had so long been separated.[10]

Amherstburg enlisted the interest of many friends of the slave. Most of these were people of humble station, some white, others Negro. None was a more interesting personage, however, than Captain Charles Stuart, of whom mention has been made. For many years an officer in the East India Company's army he was through more than forty years a figure in the antislavery movements; in England when slavery in the Colonies was being dealt with; in America when the great battle was at its height; and in Canada in his later years when he was the first secretary in 1852 of the Antislavery Society of Canada. He was the spiritual godfather of Theodore Dwight Weld, whose place in the antislavery movement steadily grows in prominence. Stuart

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.

The Siege of Fort Meigs
Year 1813

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—& 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

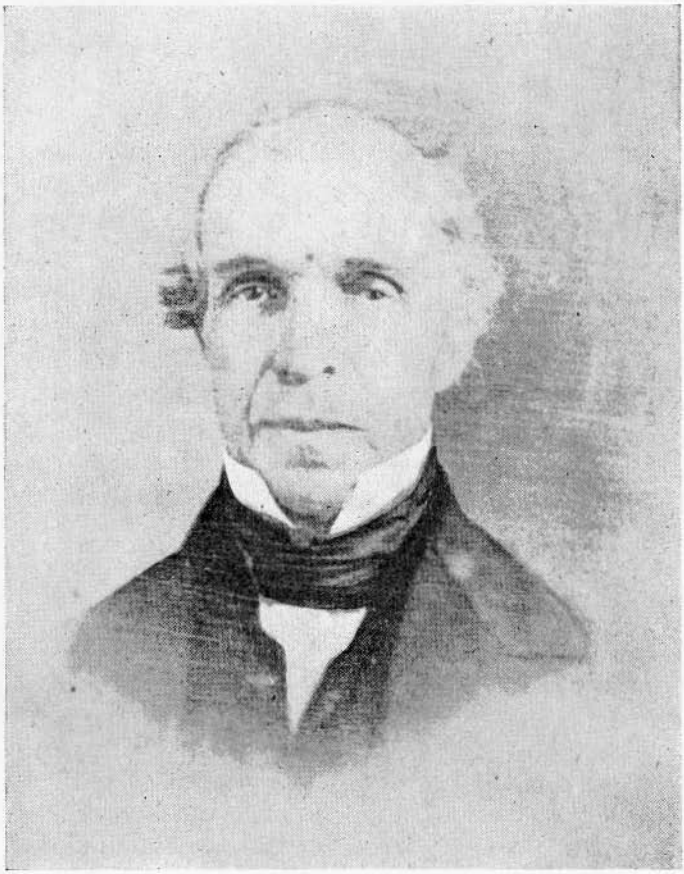
all substitution, although a man came to me & offered to serve my six months term of duty for 90 dollars—

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 embarras 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 draggoon'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 anomilies & 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, tomhauk, 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—& 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—& 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 Pottowatamie Indians encamped there, last night, & had gone away to the north—

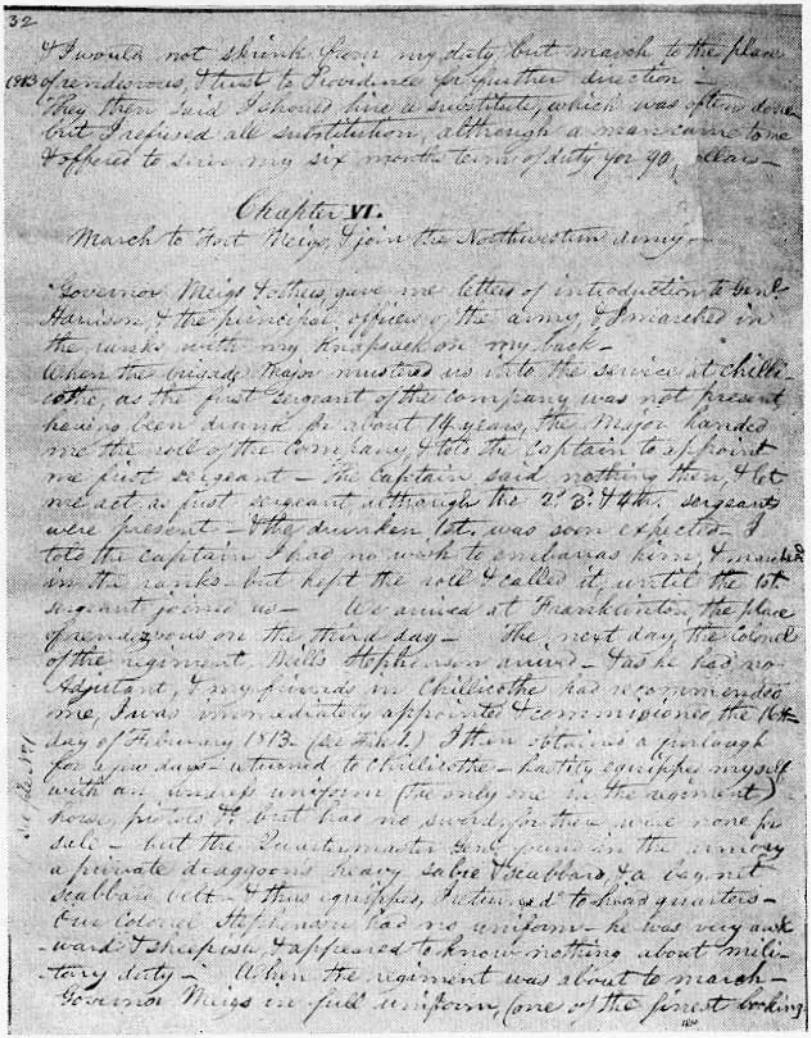
We then continued down the river, & soon saw the fort on the other side—but it had a very unmilitary appearance—the gates were open—no guards or soldiers to be seen—& looked as if it had been taken by the indians, but not burnt—I hailed as loud as I could, but received no answer—We then made a strong 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 Pottowatamie 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—& 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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& 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 despised 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 Gen.l
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 dismissed 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.d & 4th. sergeants
were present — The drunken Lt. was soon expected — I
told the Captain I had no wish to embarras 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 Wells 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 Ms.S.) 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 & boots but no sword, for there were none for
sale — but the Quartermaster General procured in the army
a private dragoons heavy Sabre & scabbard, & a regimental
scabbard belt — These equipped, I returned to head quarters —
Our Colonel Stephenson had no uniform — he was very awk-
ward & despised & appeared to know nothing about mili-
tary duty — When the regiment was about to march —
Governor Meigs on full uniform, some of the finest looking

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 Chilicothe, 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 past the meridian of life. That which should have been first embraced and cherished, and to which all things else should have been made subsidiary, 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 Chilicothe, then under the pastoral watchcare of the late lamented Rev. *Geo. Beecher*; 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 come. Death came, and angels beckoned him away, while they sang

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
Enter your Master's joy."

He went to the grave amidst the lamentations of this entire community; yet all unite in saying,

"How blessed to go when so ready to die".

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

H. W. H.

This obituary notice was probably taken from a local Massachusetts paper

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

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—& the Engineers ordered out strong fatigue parties —built two proper batteries wholly of earth instead of piles of logs like cob houses of children—& strengthened all the banks—

It was expected that a Brittish 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 Draggoons & 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—& 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 shorte 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 brittish 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 Brittish were marching up on the other side of the river with a strong force— & we prepared to defend our post to the last extremity—The brittish 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 brittish 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 brittish firing slowly, without the least effect—for all their balls struck

the bluff below us—This was the first Brittish 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 carcases & other combustilles—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—& cooly 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 Adjt. 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 Brittish 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 reconnoisance, 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—hauled 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 & riccocheted 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 Brittish & 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, tomhauk 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 seige 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 brittish 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.