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JOURNAL OF
WILLIAM K. BEALL,
JULY-AUGUST, 1812

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DOCUMENTS

Journal of William K. Beall, July-August, 1812

THE following journal is the property of Mr. Hugh Knox Miles of Newport, Kentucky, and Cincinnati. The opportunity for its publication, which may be deemed especially appropriate to July, 1912, is afforded us by Rev. Miles W. Smith, of Tarkio, Missouri, nephew of the owner, who copied it for publication and has supplied interesting information regarding it. The journal is contained in a small manuscript volume which descended to Mr. Miles from his mother, Mary Jane Beall (Mrs. Samuel Thomas Miles), daughter of Benjamin Duke Beall and niece of William Kennedy Beall, the writer.

William K. Beall (pron. Bell) and Melinda his wife lived on an extensive estate called Beallmont, on the Ohio River a little above Newport, Kentucky. Beallmont extended along the river about six miles, from near the present site of Brent, Kentucky, up to that of Mentor, and also back from the river some six miles.

Mr. Beall joined Hull's army in the spring of 1812 and was made an assistant quartermaster-general under his friend and neighbor General James Taylor. His early capture, under the circumstances related in his journal and familiar to historians, makes it impossible that the document should be a source of the first importance for the main events of the campaign. Yet it is interesting for many details, such as his glimpses of Tecumtha and his descriptions of the localities, and for the general atmosphere of the mismanaged and disastrous campaign.

One matter reported by the diarist, under date of July 8, would be of much importance if we could suppose him to have been correctly informed. This is the statement of Captain Dewar and Lieutenant Gooding, that in General Hull's trunk (which it will be remembered left his custody on the evening of June 30) they saw a declaration of war, enclosed to the general by the Secretary of War. But it is now known with certainty that Hull received no such announcement till July 2 (see note 15 below). The accusation of treachery in this matter formed the first specification under the first charge (treason) at Hull's court-martial. The evidence disposed of it, and the court exonerated him so far as this charge was concerned.

While it may not be possible to say what Captain Dewar and Lieutenant Gooding saw, it is certain that the three letters, taken from the Americans, which St. George sent to Prevost and which Prevost sent to Lord Liverpool, and which were presumably the most important among those found, contained no information of the sort. They can be identified by the comparison of the *Report on Canadian Archives* for 1893, pages 66, 67, 68, with the *Historical Collections of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society*, XXV. 322-323.

On board the Schooner *Thames* lying at anchor off Malden, July 5th 1812.

Instead of a comfortable home, the endearing smiles, and the enlivening converse of those I love, I am now a prisoner, insulated from the world and society, and without one page of literature wherewith to beguile the dull and tedious hours of thralldom. To relieve the *tedium vitæ* of my captive days, I shall therefore employ myself in briefly and immethodically registering in the form of a Journal such occurrences as I may wish to preserve from the oblivial hand of forgetfulness.

The North Western army under command of Br. Genl. William Hull, after marching through a wilderness of near Two Hundred miles and encountering innumerable deep swamps, marshes, and heavy rains almost every day, at length arrived at the Miami of the Lakes on the 29th June 1812. The day was clear, and after a long and tedious march through such wearisome swamps, and drinking from brooks that flowed as yellow as saffron, to come suddenly and unexpectedly in view of a transparent river washing the borders of a dry and luxuriant country was a scene which enlivened the countenances of the fatigued soldiers, and created joy and admiration throughout all the army. After marching about one mile down the river the army encamped with perfect regularity three miles above the foot of the rapids, on a broad and verdant beach half a mile wide. On the following day the officers and soldiers agreeable to Orders appeared on parade in full and clean dress and after being mustered and crossing the River in boats, march in good order occasionally to the band, the drums and fifes, through a small town,¹ and encamped two miles below the Rapids on ground not less advantageous than the former. The situation of our department being in the front next the Commdr. in Chief, I could see the whole army on its march. The two front Regiments were uniformed, and those in the rear were too distant to distinguish dress. The army marched in sections, forming a line of near two miles in length, the day was clear and favorable to the appearance of their muskets which reflected the brilliancy of the sun. The light Dragoons elegantly uniformed formed the advance guard. The 4th Regt. U. S. Infantry was in front of Col. Cass's and col. Findlay's Regts., and Col. McArthur brought up the Rear.² The Rifle Companies formed a flank guard, and marching by single file at some distance from each other, extended to the rear on each side the army. The view was grand and inspiring and the Genl. was in fine spirits.

¹ Maumee City.

²The Fourth United States Infantry was under the command of Lieut.-Col. James Miller. Cass's, Findlay's and McArthur's regiments were the Third, Second, and First Ohio Volunteers respectively.

Genl. Taylor the Quarter Mr. Genl.³ was very unwell and that day received dispatches by express from Newport, Kentucky.

Being on constant duty all day, I had not had an opportunity of satisfactorily viewing a country which I thought as beautiful and almost as fertile as any I ever beheld. However I stole time sufficient to ride on the ground where Genl. Wayne defeated the Indians Augt. 1795,⁴ and an old Fort once Occupied by the British. It was called Fort George, and is situated one and a half miles below the rapids on a high and commanding bank of the River, and between the River and the Fort is a high and luxuriant beach two hundred yards wide. Immediately at the bottom of the bank below the fort, there is a fine spring from which the troops in the Fort procured water by a strong and concealed passway under ground. The Country back is level, but not so high by twenty feet as the ground on which the Fort stood, and from decayed appearances it must have been almost impregnable by storm. It is perfectly round, about one Hundred feet in diameter, and is surrounded by numerous strong batteries and deep entrenchments. Inside there appears to have been many apartments underground where they might rest secure from bombs, and where no balls could possibly penetrate. Many of the Indians after Genl. Wayne defeated them retreated to this Fort, which was then garrisoned with British troops, but they were not permitted to enter, knowing that Genl. Wayne in consequence of such protection would besiege the Fort. Indeed Genl. Wayne had long thought they encouraged and assisted the Indians, and sought many pretexts for attacking them but they were careful to give him none. Part of the army happening to march by, the fort sent out to know the cause of their approach and threatening to fire on them if the[y] came nearer. After which Genl. Wayne rode by himself to the spring below the Fort, dipped up water in his hat and drank of it, in hopes they would fire and give him cause of Attack. I have been told by a British officer that one of the Fort would inevitably have killed the Genl. when in that situation had not the commandt. of the Garrison stepped up in time to prevent it.

On the 1st day of July the army marched for Detroit, and although a great quantity of heavy baggage had been left at Fort Findlay,⁵ yet the teams being worn out, in want of forage, and the great number of waggons greatly impeded the progress of the Army. To remedy which by Genl. Hull's order a great quantity of medical and Quarter Master's stores, officers' baggage and all the sick of the Army was left to be transported by water to Detroit. On the same day that the Army marched, a considerable part of the stores and baggage, 3 sick sergeants and 8 sick Rank and file of the militia, one well sergt., 2 sick Do. and 17 Sick Rank and file of the 4th Regt. U. S. Infantry, were put on board the Packet of *Cayahoga*,⁶ a small schooner of 15 or 20 Ton Burthen, Luther Chapin Capt. and master. Having been very unwell during the march of the Army I recd. letters of introduction to Capt. Whistler commanding at Detroit and went on Board as a passenger to take care of the Quarter Master Stores on our arrival. The other passengers were Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Gooding, Capt. Sharp of Cass's Regt. who was very

³ Gen. James Taylor of Newport, Kentucky. His testimony is to be found in Hull's *Trial* (1814), pp. 138-144.

⁴ August 20, 1794. The fort was that commonly called Fort Miami.

⁵ A fort built on the line of march by Col. Findlay; now Findlay, Ohio.

⁶ *Cuyahoga*.

ill, George Gooding, 2nd Lt. 4th U. S. Infy. who had charge of the soldiers and baggage of the 4th Regt.,⁷ Lt. Dent who had the care of the baggage of Col. Cass's Regt., Two small boys, and 2 women of the 4th Regt. The crew consisted of Capt. Chapin and three sailors, one of whom was sick. Such was the goodly unprepared and unsuspecting Junto, who unaware of the existence of hostilities between their government and Great Britain; about 2 o'clock A. M. on the first day of that ever memorable month July and in the eventful year of 1812 weighed anchor and slowly floated down the calm surface of the Miami of the Lakes. No command was given to any one of us to my knowledge, we were not cautioned to be on our guard, no preparations were made for defence, nor did we receive any instructions, further than to Sail to Detroit. . . . a little vessel, which if well armed would not have been able to contend for a passage by the war Vessels and batteries of [sic] at Malden.⁸ Such of the sick as were least unwell were put in an open Boat under charge of Dr. Reynolds,¹⁰ but as there was no wind for the schooner to sail they rowed past us, and we did not see them again. The Miami of the Lakes increases rapidly and in 18 miles from the foot of the Rapids loses itself in Lake Erie. We had no wind and only floated 8 miles before night when Capt. Chapin cast anchor. About Eleven or Twelve O'clock a brisk and fair wind blew up and the schooner sailed, but on entering Lake Erie ran on a shoal and did [not] again get under way until near sunrise. From the mouth of the Miami to Detroit River, is Thirty miles, and having a fair and heavy wind sailed near 9 miles on hour. The swells were very high, the vessel small and all the passengers seasick except myself. I had never been on such an extensive water before. I had never seen such majestic waves, and the vessel in riding them and the novelty of the scene rendered the passage for a while delightful. It was the only occurrence which had enlivened me after my departure from Newport. The object for which the Army was destined, their martial appearance and the turmoil and bustle of the Camp though congenial to my nature and my wishes; (owing to my debilitated state of health and depressed spirits) did not create one cheerful idea. While crossing the Lake I opened the *Lady of the Lake*, and the beauty of the following lines induced me to memorize them.¹¹

The cabin of the vessel being occupied by the ladies at night I had been compelled to slumber on deck, and I slept so unsoundly that about

⁷ Lieut. Gooding's testimony is in Hull's *Trial*, pp. 100-101.

⁸ At this point the following words have been deleted, whether by the author or by some other person, is not known: "I do not here intend to blame the Commandr, in chief; far from it. For as a declaration of War was unknown to him, he did not expect a capture or detainure of the vessel. If he had thought such an event possible, he certainly would not have risked so many persons and so much baggage on board." Gen. Taylor, the quartermaster-general, says in his testimony that he doubted the safety of what was thus sent, especially after he heard that the vessel must go past Malden.

⁹ It appears that the proper name of the township was Malden, that of the fort Amherstburg. See the pamphlet by C. C. James, *Early History of the Town of Amherstburg* (Amherstburg, 1902).

¹⁰ Surgeon's mate James Reynolds. The boat under his charge passed up the more shallow channel at the west side of Bois Blanc Island, and reached Detroit in safety on the afternoon of July 3.

¹¹ Here follow the three stanzas beginning, "The heath this night must be my bed".

8 miles from Fort Malden I fell asleep. I was afterwards awakened¹² and informed that we were near Amherstburg, and on rising we had just passed the Revenue Cutter which had been expected at the Rapids and which was beating slowly down the River. I was told that she came close by the packet and spoke her but they did not perfectly understand. The view of Amherstburgh, a small town below Fort Malden, though indifferently built, and the adjoining country, appeared beautiful. The green meadows and wheatfields were waving before the wind in a lovely and superior imitation of Lake Erie, and everything appeared to wear the cheering smiles of peace and plenty. As if anxious to assist in depriving us of our liberty Aeolius with heavy wind and Neptune with foaming waves with double impetuosity was urging the vessel toward Fort Malden when we espied a boat which appeared to be crossing from the point of an Island, and which we supposed to be a canoe of Indians. About three fourths of a mile below the Fort the River is separated by three Islands and several very small ones into a number of streams, all of which except one is too shallow and full of shoals to be navigated by any other than Row Boats. The one alluded to is that which runs by Fort Malden and which is deep enough for vessels of any burthen. The boat which we had taken for an Indian canoe on our nearer approach proved to be a long boat with a naval officer and six sailors on Board, who having laid on their oars for a short time made for us, and Capt. Chapin supposing they wished to make only some friendly enquiries did not alter his course. They were armed with cutlasses and heavy pistols belted around them and raising their muskets the officer ordered the main sails to be lowered, which not being done he fired a Pistol in the air. Capt. Chapin began to lower them, but expecting we could get around the Island I requested him to hoist them. He did so but replied impossible. What was to be done, we had no idea of the Commencement of war, the hole was too full of baggage to admit more than 5 or 6 of the sick, the balance, women and all crowded on Deck, the cabin not more than large enough for the women to retreat to, no room to handle or manage the sails, the muskets and cartridge boxes with what few damaged cartridges that were in them, were all stowed away under the baggage in the hole, and the sick and defenceless exposed to the shot of the boat. The Brigh *Hunter*¹³ mounting 14 guns was under way after us, we were too far advanced in the channel to get back, and a long boat with 60 Infantry had put out below us to cut off our retreat, and were making for us. Indeed we were within shot of them, nor did we perceive them until we had passed them. As we passed the long boat, Capt. Rollet¹⁴ the naval officer pointed a pistol at Lt. Gooding who was standing near the helm, and repeated the order, "*doxse your mainsails*". Lt. Gooding cried, "I have no command here sir". A shot was then fired directly at us, and I thought like others did, that they aimed at me and the ball passed close to me. Capt. Chapin enquired what he should do. "Do as you please", replied Lt. Gooding, and the mainsails were lowered. The vessel floated till Capt. Rollet and his six men came along side and entered her. I demanded of the Officer his authority for boarding us,

¹² Morning of July 3.

¹³ The *Hunter*, 10 guns, was part of the small British fleet on Lake Erie.

¹⁴ Lieut. Frederic Rolette, who was born at Quebec in 1783, and had fought at the Nile and Trafalgar, was now a lieutenant in the provincial marine, and commanded the *Hunter*.

and he replied that an express had reached Ft. Malden the night before, stating that war was declared, and that the Americans had taken two british vessels on the lakes below.¹⁵

The vessel was steered up to the Dock yard and anchored, a guard sent on Board, and Capt. Duer the Asst. Q. Mr. Genl.¹⁶ took a list of our names, Rank, and the No. of Men. Until Capt. Rollet stated that a declaration of war had taken place I was not positive but that as the Embargo law had not expired, they wished to see Capt. Chapin's clearance, or see if no contraband goods were on board and let her pass on. I did not know but what it was customary to make such examinations in all Ports or that they seeing a vessel loaded with soldiers approaching, and anticipating a declaration of war, did not know but that it was the commencement of an attack, and wished to ascertain. Such and various other conjectures, owing [to] my little knowledge in affairs of this kind, instantly revolved themselves in my mind. And when told that war was declared, although I had contemplated such an event, yet I doubted it; I still expected they were wrong informed and that when Genl. Hull demanded us we would be permitted to go on to Detroit.

Capt Rollet expressed his regret at being compelled by his orders to take us, and Capt. Duer, Capt. Barwis,¹⁷ and other Officers requested us not to consider ourselves as prisoners of war, but only as detained on account of the dispatches which had reached them from Malden. They declared it was a very unpleasant occurrence, hoped that the statement of war might prove incorrect, desired we would make our time as agreeable as possible, that any service they could render us they would with pleasure, and said if their wishes could have been gratified we should have gone by without interruption. They sd. if authentic information reached them that war was not declared we would be released, but if war had been or after our detainure was declared, that we would be considered as prisoners of war. Lt. Gooding expressed a desire to dine on shore, and to put up at a publick house during our stay. Capt. Duer waited on Col. St. George the Comma[n]dant of Fort Malden,¹⁸ and returned with permission for us to do so on our Parole, but said that Col. St. George feared the Indians might injure us and said that the troops were so much engaged, that he could not furnish a guard to protect us at a publick house, and if we went we must do it on our own responsibility. Capt. Duer said the Indians were very much enraged with the Americans, that he thought it unsafe for us to be on shore particularly at night, and advised us to guard against savages who he feared would take our lives if it could be done secretly or in a crowd. He said that the men would be removed to the *Thames* where a guard would be stationed, that he would have the cabins prepared for us, that if we choose to accept them it would be a place of safety where the guard would protect us. He feared that the Indians in a drunken rage at night might enter a publick house and murder us, named an instance of an infuriated Indian stepping up behind a man walking with a British officer and tomhawking him, advised us not to go out in the streets when Indians were walking them unless accompanied by an officer, sd. that if

¹⁵ It will be remembered that Hull did not receive word that war was declared until he was approaching Frenchtown on the evening of July 2. See the story in Lossing, *Field-Book*, p. 258, n.

¹⁶ Lieut. Edward Dewar.

¹⁷ Lieut. Thomas Barwis, of the provincial marine.

¹⁸ Lieut.-Col. Thomas Bligh St. George, inspector of militia.

we went on board the vessel that we would have a parole to go through town, that the guard would set us on shore whenever we desired it, and invited us to his house till accommodations could be prepared at an Inn. These and similar representations from others induced us in the evening to conclude on the *Thames* as our abode for the time being. On our arrival at the wharf great numbers of Indians had collected to see us, some of them laughed and appeared rejoiced at our being taken, others frowned on us with the most savage ferocity. Mr. Gooding pointed out several who after the battle of Tippecanoe, had held a council at Vincennes to make Peace. Some of them also knew him.

At Capt. Duer's we were treated hospitably and politely. His side board was covered with wine, Cider, Ice, biscuit etc. As Mr. Gooding had previously requested he accompanied us to a publick house, after politely expressing his regrets at its being improper to invite us to dine with him. I thanked him for his urbanity, and acknowledged the impropriety of such an invitation. Capt. Duer apologised for the indifference of the Inn, sd. it was the best in town, that he would call in the evening and know our determination as to staying on shore and departed. Mrs. Duer I think an amiable and intelligent woman.

We had a tolerable good dinner at Boyles, and leaving the ladies, under protection of the Landlord, we, unaccompanied by any officer walked down the street through crowds of frowning Indians; yet every white man bowed to us politely. On passing the house of a gentleman who had introduced himself to me soon after we got to Boyles he invited us into his house, where we drank several glasses of wine and were introduced to several gentlemen among whom was Capt. Elliot a Militia officer who appeared friendly and polite.³⁹ Capt. Elliot was born in Maryland of American parents and was a Lieut. in Adams's Army. When disbanded, (like many others) he was displeas'd with the government, and emigrated to this place where he married and pursued the practice of law. His connections in the U. S. are extensive; he has a brother a Capt. in the new levied Army, another in the Navy and is related to Capt. Hughes of the Peace establishment. He appears to be a loyal subject, and thinks the american government treated him ungenerously, in disbanding him who had done duty for several years on Frontier posts against the Indians, instead of those who had scarcely done garrison duty, and left him and several others to make their way through a wilderness where they had no provisions. A man who renounces his allegiance to his native Country ought to be cautiously trusted by that government in which he becomes a Citizen. The love of country is inherent in our natures and cannot be eradicated by an oath. Though the government may be despised by us, yet the wronged people and the Country will still remain dear to us.

Capt. Duer and Capt. Rollet returned in the evening, and finding we had concluded [to remain] on the *Thames*, accompanied us to the Boat.

Before we left the Packet the muskets were all taken out, our swords were delivered to Capt. Rollet and with mine, (I very reluctantly though not seemingly so) gave up a very elegant, gilt cased stiletto.

³⁹ Cap. William Elliot of the Essex militia. He had been appointed a first lieutenant in the Ninth U. S. Infantry in 1799, honorably discharged in 1800, appointed a second lieutenant in the Second U. S. Infantry in 1801, and again honorably discharged in 1802.

We have been allowed our own baggage and eatables, and I hope that even in the event of a war, that the officers will be restored to them. The men have all their clothes etc. given to them, and are indulged with the use of the Deck. They have been visited by a Surgeon and receive good rations of Bread, Porks, peas, rice, and twice a week fresh beef. The British soldiers are not allowed rations of whiskey, and I think it would be policy in our government to give their troops a ration of beans or peas instead of whiskey.

Capt. Sharp puts up at Boyles's as he is too ill to be confined in the Cabin where there is but little fresh air. The Military are very busy. The River is so strongly guard[ed] both night and day above and below, that it is impossible for a vessel of ours to pass. We see men of all ages and sizes in the militia who are all in service. People differ about the number of Indians here, some say 2000 warriors, others that number of men, women and children, and down to 500 which I think most prob[ab]ly correct.

Capt. Duer who has seen service, says that war is by no means desirable even to the soldier, and says he will be sorry if the U. S. and Great. B. are unable to adjust their differences without war, all who have spoken to me on that subject both military and civil, express the same pacific sentiments, and I am confident they would prefer peace, and friendship between the inhabitants of the two nations. Individuals of two nations may have a friendship for each other, but *National* friendship never existed. Interest is the basis of all their connections, and so long as any nation's glory and resources are aided and advanced by another, so long, and no longer, will they be in amity. However the present war if it is declared, cannot advance the interests of either power. The safety of one nation prevents a compliance with all the demands made by the other. But as I ought not to dabble at present in politicks I order a *halt*.

On the 3rd July Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Fuller furnished by Col. St. George with a passport to Sandwich with instructions to Col. Baby²⁰ to have them set across to Detroit by a Flag. They went in a Calash and hired a cart to take theirs and their husbands baggage, the two boys, and one of the women. Walked through town, and was amused in contrasting the signs with those in our Country. Instead of Washington, Green and others might be seen George 3, the Lion, the Crown, the Kings Bake house etc. etc. Dined at Boyles at the sign of the harp of Erin. Clear and warm day.

July 4th. On shore in the forenoon. Eat a good dinner on board the *Thames*, and drank several glasses of good M[a]deira. Heard the cannon fired at Detroit in celebration of that day. Hot and clear day. Arrived two hundred Indian warriors from the Sock²¹ Nation. They are generally the largest and best formed men I ever saw, but as savage and uncultivated in their appearance as any of the aboriginals of North America.

July 5th. Arrived the *Queen Charlotte* a beautiful vessel commanded

²⁰ Probably Col. Francis Baby, of Sandwich, now Windsor, Ontario. His house, near Sandwich, became Hull's headquarters after the passage of the river on July 12. Hatch, *A Chapter in the History of the War of 1812* (Cincinnati, 1872), pp. 28-29.

²¹ Sauk.

by Capt. Hall Commodore of Lake Erie:²² and who, if I may judge from fe[a]tures and his eyes is not only a brave but a humane man. Heard the Reveille of our army at Day Break. They must have encamped at or near Brownstown. Dined on board, went on shore in the evening. An alarm. Women and children ran crying and crowding to the vessels, where people were depositing trunks of their most valuable property. Indians running shouting through the streets. The Cry of to arms resounded, and the greatest consternation and dismay seemed to prevail. I cannot picture myself [my sentiments?]. They were not ent[i]rely of a melancholy Cast, though I [felt] sensibly for those on both sides who might loose their lives. I anticipated it as a period to my captivity, for I trusted if our troops had crossed that I should be retaken. Very natural. Wishing to be in a place of safety from the Indians, the Officer of the Day and Boyle, attended us to the *Thames*. Hot and clear. The uproar was occasioned by the Detroit Artillery firing a National Salute of 17 guns to Genl. Hull and the Army. All quiet again.

Monday July 6th, 1812. Col. Cass, and Capt. Hickman son in law to Genl. Hull and Capt. in the 17th U. S. Infantry arrived at Malden with a Flag of Truce, (accompanied by Mr. Patterson in a calash) blindfolded. We were invited to Searly Tavern, Col. St. George's quarters to see them. Col. Cass appeared very glad to see us, smiled, appeared Cheerful, yet simpathised in our Misfortune. Capt. Hickman when introduced to us by Col. Cass, shook us by the hands as feelingly and cordially as if we were his bosom friends. Lt. Pickham of the 4th Regt. who had followed with a Flag to report himself to Col. Cass about his baggage which was taken passed them (they having stopped on the way) and arriving before them was arrested. He did not succeed in his errand. Being released by Col. Cass's influence, he entered the room, but appeared alarmed and backward—appeared as if he knew not whether he dare shake hands with us and appeared distant from some cause which we neither knew or cared for. It appears as if the Officers at Fort Malden had no positive and certain information that war was declared, until Col. Cass came down. He said Genl. Hull recd. it by express the evening after we left him, and that the Genl. said he gave Capt. Chapin Positive orders not to sail by Malden, which Capt. C. has as positively denied. Col. Cass's business down we know not. But it now appears that we are certainly prisoners of War. As it was late Col. Cass staid all night to give us an opportunity of writing to our friends and we returned to the vessel about dark.

I received the following letter from Genl. Taylor which when handed to Col. St. George unsealed he was so polite as to give it me without opening it.²³

After Paying the men I wrote to Genl. Taylor and Melinda, of which the following are Copies.

²² Capt. George B. Hall, just appointed, was in charge of the marine department of the lake till the arrival of Barclay. The *Queen Charlotte*, of 400 tons, 20 guns, was afterward taken by Perry, as were likewise the *Hunter*, the *Lady Prevost*, and the *Detroit*.

²³ The letter is not inserted in the journal.

ON BOARD THE SCHOONER THAMES,
July 6th, 1812.

Dr. Sir,

By Col. Cass I had the honor to receive your favour of this morning together with my appointment and Two Hundred Dollars. I shall forward you duplicate rect. Rolls for the payment of the men amounting to \$82.00 but as it was nearly night when I received your letter, as Col. Cass will return very early in the morning, and as Capt. Sharp puts up at a publick house in Town on account of his illness, I shall not be able to send you his pay and subsistence accounts at present. I shall have all your vouchers which are in my possession ready to send by Col. Cass, and from what Col. St. George intimated this evening I think I shall be permitted to send them. At present there is no possibility of getting the private property returned. We have been allowed our own. Please to instruct your agent at Newport to let Mrs. Beall have what money she may want. I inclose you Fifteen Dollars in Cincinnati Bills useless to me *here*.

So far we have been treated with politeness and have met with every indulgence we could require. The sick are visited by the physicians and some are mending. I enjoy a flow of good spirits which I would have thought impossible in my present situation, and better health than I did on the march. It is now near day, and I have been engaged in writing home and paying the Prisoners all night. I must request yours or Majr. Berrys²¹ attention to forwarding my letter to Mrs. Beall, and accept my thanks for your intended endeavours to render her time as cheerful and pleasant as possible during my captivity. Remember me to Friends. With every sentiment of regard

I have the honor to be

Very respectfully

Your obdt. Humble Servt.,

W. K. BEALL, ASST. Q. Mr.
North Western Army.²²

Genl. Jas. Taylor Q. M. Genl.
N. W. Army
Detroit

Tuesday July 7th. Up all last night. Col. Cass called about sun rise, and received my letters, Genl. Taylor's vouchers after they were examined by Capt. Barwis. I sent Genl. Taylor \$15. in Miami Bank Bills, which were useless to me in Canada. Col. Cass bid us adieu with an expressive look and said he would not forget us. They returned by water accompanied by Capt. Barwis, who has treated us very politely yet jud[g]ing him by the same criterion I did Capt. Hull, viz his phisyonomy, though he is not unlikely man, I should pronounce him brave but tyrannical and inhuman to such as he controuls and dislike. This a mere fancy in which I trust [I] am mistaken. We are much indebted to the urbanity and hospitality of all the officers we have become acquainted with. Walked on shore. In the evening Commodore Hall and capt. Rollet requested our attendance on Board the Packet of *Cayahoga*,

²¹ A neighbor in Newport, Kentucky.

²² A long letter to the writer's wife, couched in the sentimental style of the day but conveying no additional information to that which is in the journal, is here omitted.

where several officers were. We were permitted to take our affairs out that remained in the schooner, and they appeared desirous that all Private baggage should be sent to their owners at Detroit, but they feared it could not be done with propriety. Some Officers and citizens sd. if Genl. Brock knew of the circumstances he would order it all given up, and us paroled. The stores, Publick and Private, were all numbered, inventoried and stowed away in the Kings ware house. The baggage being wet from the leakage of the vessel, Mr. Gooding took that of 4th Regt. on board the *Thames* to have it dried. The officers in opening and examining the baggage behaved with great *delicacy* and *propriety*.

Wednesday July 8th Warm and clear day. On shore for a few hours. About 100 Indians collected on the wharf and had a long war dance. Sailors of the *Queen Charlotte* gave them three cheers from her rigging, beat their drums and fifes and fired several cannon. They were socks²⁶ and were much pleased with the report of Cannon. I was gratified having never before seen a War dance. They generally take a route through town and dance before peoples doors for which they receive presents whisky etc., as in the U. S.

I have seen the great Tecumseh. He is a very plane man, rather above middle size, stout built, a noble set of features and an admirable eye. He is always accompanied by Six great chiefs, who never go before him. The women and men all fear that in the event of Genl. Hull's crossing and proving successfull, that the Indians being naturally treacherous will turn against them to murder and destroy. Genl. Hull will not receive their service, I think, and if he did he would not suffer them to wrong anyone. Mr. Gooding was on shore this evening and says that Capt. Duer informed him that this morning on Exam[en]ing Genl. Hull's trunk he found in it a declaration of War, enclosed to Genl. H. by the Secretary of War. Is it possible! ! ! Mr. Gooding says he read the declaration! !²⁷—The schooner *Nancy* a merchant vessel owned by Mr. McIntosh is a beautiful and swift sailing vessel. Solomon, Miami, Dolson, Dover, McIntosh, Thames.

Thursday July 9th. On shore for a while as usual. Rain afternoon. Very warm and clear afterwards. Capt. Duer told me what Mr. Gooding last night stated, and observed that Genl. Hull got the declaration by an express that reached him at the foot of the Rapids. True an express did reach the Army there, the evening before we left them.²⁸ Why then did Genl. Hull send a sick and unprepared set of men in the face of the enemy without giving them even a caution? This is an enigma which time only will solve. I trust there is some mistake attending this representation. I must not suspect until I know more.

Justification.

Note. Mr. Gooding saw the declaration on the 7th in the evening and Capt. Duer made the above statement to me on the 8th.

²⁶ Sauks.

²⁷ See the introduction. The names which follow are apparently of vessels owned or seen at Amherstburg.

²⁸ If so, it appears not to have been from Washington.

SCHOONER THAMES,

July 9th, 1812

Commodore Hall's polite tender of an awning for the *Thames* is accepted and I should be glad to have it on Board as soon as may be convenient.

WM. K. BEALL.

Friday July 10th. A clear day and the scorching rays of Phoebus not less powerful than usual. The extreme heat of the sun has hitherto rendered the deck intolerable, and to be confined to the cabin during the day, where not a current of air could reach us, has been very unpleasant. Commodore Hall this morning furnished the vessel with an awning which has completely remedied this as far as relates to the privates, but to us the advantage is only a partial one, the deck being so crowded, and it is not pleasant to be seated among and crowded by them, yet as American soldiers and fellow prisoners they have my respect and sympathy. While writing the above some hardy tars have been engaged in lowering the *Thames* near a quarter of a mile down stream, above the Indian Camp 300 yards. We are quietly anchored under the safe keeping and protection of a Sergt. and six of the Militia. On the 7 Inst. Col. Cass carried favourable accounts to our army of our treatment. Since that our liberties have been daily curtailed. Never was I favored with such unshaken, such exulting fortitude. I never supposed that I could have borne so unfortunate an allotment with so much resignation. I am prepared for the worst of events. Misfortunes are essential to our happiness, they smoothe the rugged path of life, give a zest to the enjoyment of blessings when granted us, and prepare us for the dreary mansions of the grave.

What greatly promotes my cheerfulness is the expect[ta]tion of our gallant little army shortly relieving us from this melancholy situation. We daily anticipate that period with the fondest expectations. How fortunate is it for man that happiness depends on the mind instead of external circumstances. Though I am a Prisoner on board this vessel, my walks on shore formerly limited to an indifferent Inn 60 yds from the bank and now perhaps may be denied that priveledge, yet I am as happy, yes and sleep more soundly, than His britanic majesty, the Prince Regent or any of their Red Allies. I have been anxiously watching the setting of the sun, fondly thinking that my Melinda, agreeable to promise, is viewing the same object with the same melancholy delight, with the same solicitude; and is now reciprocating with fervency and truth my indefinite feelings and wishes. This will prove a comfort and healing balm. That sun which shines on her in the hospitable region of Kentucky, will also warm and revive her William in this frozen zone. Those ve[r]y beams which shines on her will point to me and gild my captive life. Night begins to spread her pitchy mantle over the bosom of the River and my pen must cease. May *heaven* bless my girl.

Saturday July 11th 1812. As far as relates to locality, this situation is as pleasant as our former one, but in other respects not so much so. There we could procure milk, butter, cherries, and many necessaries, at a high price, without much difficulty, here we cannot. There the *Thames* not being anchored below any vessels, we had as pure water to drink as the River afforded, here we are compelled to drink water that has floated through all the evacuations and filth of the shipping and wharfs.

I am told there are no springs in this country and that well water is no better than River water. That of the River is clear, healthy and not very unpleasantly warm. By filling of Barrels in the evening and keeping it from the sun in the day, and by adding Ice which can be laid in here with great ease and little expense, it would equal any water on the Continent. The cause of our removal I know not. I expect they supposed we saw too much, or conversed with the citizens more than they wished. I never sought opportunities to converse with them, but as much as I could without offending avoided it. They often solicited secret interviews which I would not agree to. However they would occasionally and slyly say "Success to the Americans, and Genl. Hull." "Let us alone and we will take Malden ourselves." etc. and many expressions showing their warmth for us and the Americans and their detestation of the British. Many of our Militia guard express a disposition to be with Genl. Hull as soon as he crosses!

The lakes and Rivers here are not subjected to floods or even the smallest rises after hard rains. They are not navigable more than three and at the most four months in the year, owing to their being closed up with Ice.

Last night the Officer of the day came on board, told us we were no longer permitted to go into town, that our walks were limited to a few yards on beach in front of the vessel, and that officers at 9 o'clock in future would go below deck and there continue during the night. Such were the orders of Col. St. George, and thus have our liberties been gradually curtailed. I have not yet felt a fear on account of the Indians, yet if there was danger to apprehend from them in town, must there not be much more here; anchored as close to shore as 12 or 15 yards, and out of the reach of the protection of any vessel. Are we indebted to Col. St. George for the granting of indulgencies which he supposed through fear of the Indians we would not accept, and when he found that tomahawks, scalping knives and frowning Indians whom he refused to protect us from, did not deter us from going on shore we were removed and confined to more narrow and dangerous limits, for the Indians frequently ridicul[e] and severely threaten us in passing by. I went on shore to day purposely to shew them by walking among them (as they went to and returned from town) that I did not fear them. I have not yet requested any indulgencies, and shall in future make as little use of such as are allowed me as possible. My tongue has never been used to plead for favor, and never will I honor these detainers or takers with humble suit. No rather should my head stoop to the Block or dance upon a bloody pole, than stand uncovered and meekly ask them for a kindness. I hope I am exempt from fear, and I am confident that I am able to bear more than they dare execute.

July 12th Sunday.

In busy life mischances store,
On every mortal man await,
Imprisoned thus, methinks I soar,
Above the reach of envious fate.

Another alarm. Heard that our troops were crossing to Sandwich, that the inhabitants were leaving the town and that all the militia and troops of the British were withdrawn from there last night. Great noise in town all night. Carts loaded going down the beach.

Still flow thy streams thou unrelenting tide
 A finished picture of the smiles of fate
 Still shall thy foaming flood convulsive glide
 A faithful mirror of my wretched state.

Like yonder dancing wave I once could move
 Free, uncontroled and sing on any theme,
 But one short moment flies, and lo, I rove
 A weary prisoner on the watery scene.

My lass was fair, Oh how surpassing fair,
 I saw I praised I loved the maid divine
 Lo fortune smiled deceitful on my prayer
 And Hymen owned the matchless virgin mine.

Eager she'll look and long for my return
 To taste with rapture the connubial kiss
 And though with like Impatience I burn,
 This prison ship still marrs my wish'd for bliss.

Thus here I still my wretched fate resound,
 Witness ye troubled waves I still am true!
 Thus here I cast my longing eyes around,
 And to My fair one bid a long adieu.

Monday July 13th. On board all day yesterday and to day. Cool weather. At 6 o'clock P. M. the *Lady Provost*, mounting 14 guns launched to be rigged as a schooner and commanded by Capt. Barwis. Silence prevailed among them all.

From Com. Hall and Capt. Duer we have received the most gentlemanly politeness, the most friendly and hospitable attention and offers, not mere complimentary civilities but a politeness accompanied with a desire to make us comfortable and happy. Such conduct always springs from an honest social and benevolent heart, from a mind too magnanimous to be cruel. Capt. Rollet also has been attentive and polite, but they are all restrained I am confident by Col. St. George.

The sick since the 7th *Inst.* have been very badly attended to. The surgeon is old feeble and indolent, and Col. St. George not caring whether they die or live will not make him do his duty.

A beautiful and engaging landscape exhibiting a true and impartial view of the liberties and indulgencies granted and extended to us by the Commanding officer at Malden from the 2nd day of July.

July 2nd. Requested not to consider ourselves as prisoners of war, to walk and amuse ourselves any where in town and to board in town on parole. (Note. See the conditions page — on which this was granted us.) On board a vessel through the deck of which the water runs in streams when it rains.

July 3rd. Requested not to go to the batteries of the Fort.—*Note.* Col. Cass left Fort Malden on the morning of the 7th with accounts of our good treatment. Now mark the difference.

July 7th. Ordered not to go nearer the Fort than Boyles. Permission to go through town below.

July 8th. Limited to Boyles House.

July 9th. Lt. Dent seeing several boats manned and armed and putting out, asked what it was for? For which piece of *impertinence*, the officer to which he directed this innocent yet improper enquiry, requested him to go to Boyles or on Board the *Thames*.

July 10th. Orders not to go into town again, but to walk a few yds up and down stream in front of the vessel, and that all would go below deck at Tattoo and there remain during the night.

July 11. Orders to speak to no one on shore.

July 12. to hail no one passing.

July 13. Not to go on shore again.

Our officers of the day have all been Militia. Some are clever and friendly! Some unable to call the Roll of Prisoners because they could not read.

There are not any water Mills in this part of Canada, but several wind Mills, one on the River below town. This place would be a profitable one for a good steam mill. There are several water Mills on the Rivers Thames and French above here, the nearest of which is Sixty Miles distant from Malden. This evening the order not to go on shore countermanded.

Tuesday July 14th. Any person emigrating to this province, has if he wishes 200 acres of land granted or given to him and his heirs in fee simple by the King, provided he takes the oath of allegiance. The Taxes are by no means oppressive. They are not so heavy as they are in the U States. Capt Martin the Owner of this vessel, who owns several others, has a fine farm 300 acres of first rate land, large stock etc. told me he paid last year only one Dollar and 6¼ cents tax. The present year the same, but it was collected two weeks after it was assessed. The inhabitants are taxed sufficient to pay the salaries only of such as are by them elected and put into office; such as the assembly, justices of the peace who are constituted by the Assembly, and some judiciary officers etc. But all the Chief Justices, governors, the naval and military department, half pay officers, Indian agents and all who receive their appointment by the King are paid from England. People dare not speak disrespectfully of the King, the government and its officers. *Nor dare they* say the King is dead for 12 months after his decease. The people have every chance to live well here in time of Peace. The land is fertile and markets good; but in war it is different. Old and young are all pressed into the Militia and their farms, grain etc. is going to destruction for want of attendance and reaping.

The British have treated their provinces well to induce people to settle in them, but as soon as they become populous and wealthy they would then oppress them with burdensome taxes. On board —

July 15. Wednesday. Notwithstanding the many advantages this country has possessed, the Canadian French are miserably poor. I am told they are very lazy and starve half the year. They appear to be peripatetic philosophers who tax providence with a livelihood, and like Diogenes enjoy a free and unincumbered estate in sun shine. They look less military than any men I ever saw—small and ugly as the Devil. They are usually dressed in garments suitable to their fortune; being curiously fringed and fangled with the hand of time, and are helmeted with old fragments of hats which have acquired the forms of sugar loaves, and so far do they carry their contempt for the adventitious distinction of dress, that some appear like Indians, and I have seen

many, the remnant of whose shirts, but partially covered their tawny backs, and dangled like a pocket-handkerchief out of breeches which were never washed but by the bountiful showers of heaven.

Thursday 16th. July. Not on shore yesterday nor to day. No officers except those on duty have visited us since we were removed. Capt. Brown of the 4th U. S. Infy came to Fort Malden with a flag of Truce but did not see any of us. Capt. Brown brought letters from Genl. Taylor and Majr. Berry, which Capt. Duer sent me at night and stated that he was going up with a flag in the morning and would convey me answers.

[*Blank pages for letters which were never inserted.*]

From Genl. Taylor's letter he expected Capt. Brown would see me. To abuse still more the power which the British have over our *bodies*, they have taken a Boy who was a sailor on board the *Thames* and who procured us all the necessaries we have had, and confined him on shore; so that I expect we must now eat John Bull's pork and Bread or starve. What our next treatment will be I can only anticipate. We have every reason to look for much worse, and I hope I shall bear it with becoming fortitude.

"All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens."

Shaks.

This is a most happy and conciliatory sentiment, worthy of a place in every breast; a fine shield against discontent, and a most excellent balm for minds under adverse circumstances. Answered Genl. Taylor's letters and have them ready to send. Unable to see the Commanding officer or know anything about his Papers mentioned in his letter as being in his trunk. From Genl. T's letter our army are at Sandwich,²⁹ and I hope shortly to see them at Malden. We shall take the guards' arms away, and meet them at the Fort to share the glory. We could now confine our guard, but the river and shores are so closely guarded that we could not escape.

Rain poured through the deck into the cabin which is very unpleasant in all weathers. We are confined by special order to the vessel and not allowed to go on shore, which was useless as I have not been on shore for some time, nor intended doing so till I could do it on more liberal and officer like terms.

Friday July 17th. Up all night preparing papers and letters to Genl. Taylor, Berry, and my beloved Melinda. But Capt. Duer has not called. Heard that our troops encamped last night within six miles of town. Most glorious news. We hear many unfounded reports yet I think this very probable, for women and carts of property were passing down the road without much intermission all night. No Indians seen going to town this morning except squaws. A squaw sd. to be in the keeping of a surgeon frequently passes us. She is handsome, and dressed in Indian Style, but as richly and as magnificently as an empress. Heard the war hoop and yells of the Indians all night. About 5 or 6 o'clock this evening a number of Indians armed as if returning from an expedition, passed the vessel, one [of] whom sd. that a Yankee had gone home. They fired off all their guns above and below the vessel but not so as to touch it. Shortly after, Col. McKee an American by birth,³⁰ at the head

²⁹ Hull had crossed over to Sandwich on July 12.

³⁰ Apparently Capt. Thomas McKee, superintendent of the Indian Department of Upper Canada.

of about fifty naked Indians, himself dressed in *aboriginal style*, halted opposite to us, and hoisting a fresh scalp, stretched on a bough and fastened on a long small pole, shook it at us with the most savage acclamations of exulting joy. It is impossible to describe my feelings on beholding the bloody scalp of a brother soldier, or to refrain from execrating such ungenerous conduct. Regardless of life I abused Col. McKee as long as he remained, (and a number of officers who had come up; when he had gone.) I vented all the rage created by my wounded feelings on them for suffering it, and foolishly abused the King and all the officers of the British government indiscriminately. One of them cried out "Worse than treason", and walked off saying he would report me to Col. St. George. I replied that I was prepared to undergo any punishment they dare inflict, or that their tyranny might suggest.

It was a sight calculated to arouse the most indignant feelings, which would have chilled the frigid blood of a Laplander, which would have crimsoned the tawny cheek of an unrelenting Turk; and which I suppose would have awakened even in the unfeeling bosoms of the most ferocious savages, sentiments of horror, resentment and disgust.

The greatest virtue of a soldier is to diffuse happiness to his prisoners and if possible to make them comfortable; but it appears as if Col. St. George and others here endeavour to multiply misery. It is the character of none but the father of iniquity and those who obey him to rejoice at the distress their inhumanity occasions. They should recollect that everyone can feel the thrill of pleasure and the pangs of pain; and they ought, therefore upon principles not only of speculative philosophy, but of common humanity, to avoid the infliction of every [un]necessary disaster. There is nothing which shews so much dastardly of spirit as taking a diabolic satisfaction in the oppression of weakness: in directing barbarity and insults against those who have not the power to redress themselves, and who are compell'd resignedly to bear their cruelty and insults. All are willing to pronounce aloud the baseness of the wretch, who would abuse the old for the mere exercise of his strength; and kindle into rage at the injuries they receive themselves; and yet many of them are far from "doing unto others as they would have others do unto them." What is the man who in the pride of power, insults and oppresses such as have neither the power to conquer or resist him? A stain to the name of a soldier, a disgrace to manhood and a blush to humanity. Such a man is Col. St. George, who would behold the last gasp or groan bursting from an expiring and defenceless being, without the discomposure of a feature or a muscle.

With what different pleasure is the tender heart affected, and how differently does the amiable the noble soldier conduct himself. Judging others by himself he knows they are not insensible to pain or insult.

Rained hard, our the cabin flooded as usual.

Saturday July 18th. The sick are badly attended to. Doctor Davis's fault no doubt. The officer of the day to whom we have complained of the Doctor's inattention, and who reports him to Col. St. George, says that he believes that the Col. tells the Dr. publickly to visit them often, and privately orders him not.

Capt. Duer has been friendly in sending us vegetables, and Col. Caldwell has sent us mutton, fruit, milk etc. frequently. Rain. Pleasant.

Sunday July 19th. An alarm—Cold day—Slight rains.

I have been unwell for several day and took medicine but my illness increases. I have high fevers etc. Some Indians after dark passing the vessel fired on it, several balls struck the Rigging, and one passed close by my left ear. We are all kept below after Tattoo, and are not permitted at any time to go up the shrouds of the vessel.

The French Horn is winded here for Tattoo. Its sounds are melancholy and more pleasing than the most sublime music; and what renders its sounds still more agreeable is that it brings forth and notifies me of a period when rolled in my blanket I enjoy a shore respite from the cares of the day.

In my sleep the air drawn figure of my Melinda often rises to my view; beauteous as an angel, gentle as the spring, smiling on me with enchanting tenderness and yealding to my fond embrace. In dreams, with rapturous fondness, I have pressed her to my bosom, felt her soft touch, heard the sweet accents of her voice, and gazed upon her lovely countenance till every sense was lost in extacy and love.

An Original Fragment.

In the wilds of Canada and on the margin of Lake Erie, where bending willows formed a rude alcove, Edwin the friend of misery and Love, stood pensively leaning on a rugged rock and thus expressed himself "O my Ellen, when I reflect on the distance I am from you and the improbability of my return, I am lost in an overwhelming sea of misery. Your cruel and unmerited misfortunes called up the tenderest emotions of my heart, and strengthened my wishes to become [the] enviable partner of your griefs and joys. My wished were gratified and but a few short days of joy rolled over our heads, when, events compelled a short as we then thought, but I fear a long separ[a]tion.

But ne'er shall absence, time or pride,
Unloose the knot that love has tied!
No! let the Eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom,
But ties around this heart are spun,
Which cannot, will not, be undone.

Monday July 20. Capt. Barwis came this morning and towed the *Thames* up to the lower end of the Dock yd. a place of more safety from Indians. How[ev]er two of them stopped this evening, came as near as they could and taking rest behind a pile of stone fired at us, but were rather far to shoot with accuracy, their guns firing like shot guns and not much better. An Indian passed us last night and shaking an American musket [at] us sd. Chomokoman. He had his own on his shoulder. Capt. Barwis say[s] the troops have a skirmish each day and that 500 Americans troops were [with]in 2 miles of Malden yesterday.²¹ He says several of our troops are killed and one british regular killed and another wounded and taken.

Tuesday July 21st. Soon after I was taken, I conversed with a man named Hazlet, who says he aided the Indians at the Battle of the Blue Licks (by order of the British) where so many brave Kentuckians were decoyed and butchered. He says that 600 Indians were there and that the whites killed many and fought uncommonly brave and resolute, and that they at one time drove the Indians. He says that the British em-

²¹ On the occasion of McArthur's skirmish at the Rivière aux Canards.

ployed many others in the Indian wars and have since given them officer's or Captain's half pay. He missed his half pay by not applying, but now draws full pay and commands a company of Indians. I am told he frequently boasts of the men and women he has scalped and how he has taken children by the heels and knocked their brains out against trees. Capt. Sharp who was ill at Boyles, wanted some beer, Hazlet had been very attentive and friendly to him, and offered to get it. Capt. Sharp gave him a dollar to do so, but was never afterwards visited by him. People here say that Simon Girty was *beneficial* to Americans prisoners during the Indian wars; that he often gave all he had to get them their liberty and frequently risked his life to save them from the Indians inhuman tortures, and that there are many Americans in Canada to attest the truth of it. Rained through deck so as to keep us up nearly all last night. I grow very impatient for the arrival of our army. Each day I sit on deck and look out for signs of their approach. And when an alarm occurs which is frequently the case, I am not a little rejoiced. Capt. Hazlet was passing the *Thames* and I asked him if—[*unfinished*]

The officer [*manuscript torn*] carried the above returned with a polite invitation to go to Capt. Duer's and with permission to make the examination. I could not find the chest in the King's ware house but I found the portmanteau. Not a paper or letter was in it, and the clothes being wet and damaged I took it on board to have them washed and dried. Capt. Duer had taken all the papers out of the trunk and after having examined them had thrown them promiscuously into a large Trunk. He requested me to call tomorrow and examine them for Genl. Taylor's papers, but sd. he knew nothing of the Trunk. He sd. that some trunks on opening them in the Packet being wet and there appearing to be nothing of much value in them were thrown overboard, and he thought Genl. Taylor's was one of them. I recollect that when the trunks were opened and removed, that Capt. D. observed when they came to Genl. Taylor's and Genl. Hull's that as he expected they contained papers relating to his department, that he would take them unopened to his office and examine them.³² Rained Hard. Cabin very wet. Cold.

The officer of the day stated to us that a sick *private* wanted some articles belonging to him, and Col. St. George sd. that if we would state that they were his he should have them.

July 22nd. 1812. The American officers on board the *Thames* are of the opinion that the box of tongues and a spider applied for by Henry Waring belong to him, no such articles being put specially under our care.

WM. K. BEALL Asst. Qr. M. G.

N. W. army.

Col. St. George.

Thursday 23rd July. Very Cold. As Capt. Duer yesterday requested I went to his house and examined all the papers for Genl. Taylor's but

³² St. George writes to Hull, July 16, "With respect to the papers taken in the Schooner, they have upon examination, almost without exception, proved to be public documents, the few of a private nature that may be amongst them, it would cause considerable trouble to select, more indeed than the officer whom I have entrusted with the examination can at present spare." *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, XXV. 319. But see the next day's entries.

could not find them. Sought again for his trunk unsuccessfully. I saw it in the Packet and suggested that it was left in the Packet. Capt. Duer says not. It is sunk and we cannot look. Capt. Duer said I might take out any private papers and commissions belonging to officers and keep them from them. I took them out but being too lumbering to put in my trunk I put them up in a Box, which Capt. D. sealed and said he would send by the first flag to Sandwich. I took out such as belonged to Captains Cook, Brown, Snelling, Burton, and Baine Decd. Lieuts. Peters, Peckham, Hawkins and Hill decd. and many others. I think they will get them as Capt. Duer has pledged himself to send them.

Fort Malden is very weak. When we arrived there were about 5 or 700 Indians most of whom as soon as they got their presents and arms fearing the superior force of the Americans went off, leaving about 300. There were not more than 250 or 300 Militia one half of whom have deserted and they have not more than 100 Regulars, making a force in all of not more than 600 in all. They have been unable to relieve our guard frequently for 48 hours and sometimes more. Col. St. George has been obliged to leave off repairing the Fort for want of men. Fronting the River and the road leading to the River Conor, there are 5 or 6 decayed batteries mounting each a 4 or 6 pounder. At other places there are no pickets, and the Fort is only surrounded by a small entrenchment 4 feet deep and 4 feet wide, and the clay that was dug out of it is thrown up on the inside of it. At one leap I could get into the fort.³³ Cold day.

Friday 26th July. Went on shore to make further examination for Genl. Taylor's papers but was unsuccessful. Not permitted to go through town. Returned in half an hour. Capt. Duer says our militia will not fight. That 300 were routed by 30 Indians when they could have surrounded them. That a large party was defeated at the Bridge,³⁴ that they dropped about 30 muskets and knapsacks and that if the British had pursued them they could have taken a field piece and ammunition wagon. He showed me a U. S. Rifle which he says a man emptied at him at the distance of 30 steps, the ball cut his locks—he charged on the man who ran and left his gun. etc. etc.

The British officers and soldiers begin to laugh at Hull Seeing that he sends his men out skirmishing to the bridge and does not take possession of it and keep it, or come to Malden. He is now the object of their jest and ridicule instead of being as he was formerly their terror and greatest fear. Cold morning. Hard Thunder and some rain.

Saturday 25th July. Pleasant Day. Heard the dead march beat through town. The Officers here justify General [Hull] very warmly in sending us by Malden without letting us know that war was declared. They say if he had made it known, some of his men or Indian guides would have deserted and informed them of it, that the Indians would have defeated him in the black swamp and they would have taken

³³ Opinions respecting the strength of the fort differ somewhat in details. *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, XV. 99, XXV. 323; *Hull's Trial*, p. 10. There is a map of it, from the Colonial Office Papers in London, in *Mich. Hist. Coll.*, XXV. 235. Richardson, who was an Amherstburg boy, and was at this time attached to the 41st regiment, says, "The fort of Amherstburg could not have sustained a siege of any duration. Quadrangular in its form, four bastions alone flanked a dry ditch, offering little obstacle to a determined enemy. This passed, a single line of picketing, perforated with loop holes for musketry, and supported by a slight breast work, remained to be carried." *War of 1812*, ed. 1902, p. 20.

³⁴ Affair at Turkey Creek Bridge, July 25.

Detroit before he could have reached [it]. They say he was right in not telling us to be ready to defend ourselves, because the army would have suspected that war was declared and the rumour would have reached them. That the Genl. supposed they did not expect a war and that we would go quietly by Malden. And many other reasons equally futile, and useless to mention.

Sunday 26th July. A neutral Indian, a Wyandot, supposed to be Genl. Hull's spy was taken here yesterday and last [night] was put cruelly to death by the Indians. Heard their savage yells when torturing him.

An Indian in a Canoe late last night came along side, and asked for whisky. He had a dead man in his canoe and sd. *chomokomon* killed him, or that he was a dead *chomocomon*. I expected it was one of our fallen heroes and was descending into the canoe to ascertain, but the guard compelled me to come back.

To day an Indian was buried with all the honors of war by a subaltern and 25 Regulars. He was killed in the engagement (they say) with Majr. Denny and another was wounded.

About daylight Col. Proctor arrived in a bark canoe with 4 or 5 Indians and as ma[n]y Canadians to work the Boat. He commands the 41st Regt. Infy. A private of Capt. Ulry's Company³⁵ was wounded in the leg by one of his fellow soldiers in crossing a creek when Majr. Denny was defeated. He is now in the guard house on shore. He states that an Indian was killed and s[e]alped by the Americans during the skirmish. The Indians had been ordered not to scalp (for they knew they would scalp British soldiers and pass them for Americans) but to take care of prisoners and bring them to the Fort. They accordingly took this man and delivered him to the British below the river Conor,³⁶ but treated him very roughly, tied him neck and hands, and made him march, wounded and bleeding as he was, and beat his back into a jelly with their ramrods to make him march faster. They had no sooner delivered him to the Officers than a squaw came running up, who said the yankees had scalped her brother and demanded his which being refused she, *overlooking all opposition* beat him with her fist. I am told that one squaw always goes into a battle and fights as a man, and is denominated the War Squaw. The Indians, collected to enforce the squaw's wish, and the officers hurried him in a cart to the fort where they followed. Col. St. George gave them 100 pounds to save the lives of him and a man taken by the Crew of the *Charlotte*. They soon returned in a fresh rage, rushed into the guard room armed, offered back the purchase and demanded the Prisoners to torture. It was at the risk of Capt. Duer's life so says the man that he saved his and his fellow prisoners. He had the Indians enticed out with whisky, and kept removing them from one room to another, till he go[t] them secretly after night brought to the prison where they now are and the Indians know not where they are. He is badly wounded but feels pretty well *considering*.

We drank after night many toasts of which the following are a part. [*Not given.*]

Monday July 27th. Pleasant day. Another Indian honored with a military burial. A private of Col. McArthur's Regt. put on board the *Thames* this evening who states that he left the Army on Saturday evening under Majr. Denny, that he stop'd in the night and being unabi-

³⁵ Capt. Henry Ulry of the Second Ohio.

³⁶ Rivière aux Canards.

to overtake the troops got lost. He states that he was chased and fired on by a number of Indians about day light, and happening to run to the River Detroit he saw a boat landing from the *Queen Charlotte* to learn the cause of the firing. He ran to the boat for protection from the Indians was taken Prisoner and sent to Malden, where the Indians claimed him as their Prisoner. He says the Americans have not lost a m[an b]y the enemy and only one wounded except the one now in the prison, which proves the great reports of the British about killing, wounding and defeating our troops to be false. They report those things to encourage the few that remains with [them] to prove loyal, and endeavour by many and innumerable false means to prevent the desertions of Militia, such as stating that Canada will never be resigned by the British, that America cannot conquer it, That she will waste her means and distress her citizens to support the war, and that internal commotions will compel her to make peace. That the Canadians will be butchered, their houses plundered and lands taken from them by the Americans if successful. etc.

Indeed they depend more upon party divisions and disturbances among our people than they do on their own strength. The British Officers say that nothing is more easy than the conquest of all Canada, yet they must and will resist as long as they can in hopes that popular clamour will cry down the war. etc.

I have learnt the cause of our little messengers confinement. Butter being scarce at Amherstburgh Capt. Martin permitted him to go to his farm about 12 miles above on the River to get some for us, and notwithstanding for some days previous the guard examined all that went in and out the vessel, he was confined under suspici[on] of having carried letters to the Army at Sandwich for us. I am told he is sick and have sent him a dollar. His situation is painful to me. He was kind and obliging to us but as loyal a subject of John Bull's as ever handled rigging. Our landlord Boyle was a deserter from Waynes army, and I am sure a true subject; but being friendly to us, was suspended from being Sergt. Majr. of Militia and eventually put in the ranks. He is a Hibernian. Such is their fear and jealousies that they dare not trust themselves scarcely, and suspicion is enough to destroy there best friends.

Tuesday 28th July. A Blank in my Register.

Wednesday 29th July. About seven o'clock heard a heavy fire of Artillery and musquetry in the direction of Browns Town, which lasted near an hour and a half. 4 Boats with 25 regulars each went out as a reinforcement, and many canoes loaded with Indians. At that time there could not have been more than 60 men in the Fort. The firing caused the *Queen* to sail down near the Fort. The cause of the firing I am told was this. Mr. Greely surveyor of Mischigan and some others from Washington City were endeavouring to pass up to Detroit behind the Islands in a boat, and were attacked by one of the British gun Boats guarding that pass. They landed and defended the Boat from shore, assisted by two companies of Militia. None killed on any side. While the whites were contending, the Indian Canoes took the boat a prize. In it were found many handsome boots, cloaks, clothing etc. all of which the Indians sold for mere trifles. Two Barrels of which they knocked the [heads] out of and drank, a Barrel of Rosin and several Barrels of Flour, which they being drunk disputed about the division of, and to quell the disturbance they rolled them into the River. They took the

deeds of all the people of the Territory of Michigan, many Private valuable Papers, dispatches to Genl. Hull, and upwards of \$3000 in Bills. So they Say. I have heard of several of Genl. Hull's expresses being killed by the Indians and the papers brought in.

I can scarcely think that Genl. H. will be defeated but appearances justify such a belief. I am confident that he will not take Malden though 300 men could do it. Why does he send his troops out reconnoitering gradually weakening his Army without any object in view? Why does he not by taking Malden, silence and drive the Indians away who infest the Country and secure a safe communication with the States, and safety to our Frontiers? Heaven only knows. I for a Harrison, a Daviess or a Wells.

Thursday July 30th. The River Detroit runs a South cours[e] into the Lake and as far into the Lake as the sight can extend the eye meet with no interruption. The breeze that enters the Cabin Windows blows my candle so that I can scarcely see to write. The officers here tell us lately that we were fortunate for us that we did not reach Detroit etc. When we say not—They reply that we will soon be convinced that our situation is better than if we were with Genl. Hull. They say that in a few days they will compel him to leave their shores if he had three times the number of troops that he has, with a confidence that awakens my Suspicions. The American troops at Detroit and Sandwich can certainly conquer this part of the Province, and they formerly said so. They get all Genl. Hull's dispatches, know everything that happens in our army, and say that Genl. Hull is continually sending for reinforcements, and provisions, and writing to the government how deplorably he is situated. These statements come from Officers who are at the head of Affairs here, and I begin to anticipate with Pain and fear the fate of an Army that is brave and large enough to subdue All that part of Canada which lies above Niagara.

The prisoner put on board the other day Says the Army are preparing to come to Malden and they expect to be down in five days. This has created a hope which I hope will soon be realized. How then can I see a man in whose skill I never had confidence, but whose Integrity I never doubted till lately. I shall rejoice to find my suspicions incorrect. I have not communicated them to any one.

The vessel we are in is very unpleasant and is increasing by the men remaining in it. The cabins are leaky and confined, and at night I am compelled to respire the unhealthy and nauseous vapours arising not only from the decayed and moulded timbers of the vessel, but also from the Prisoners in the hold, without anyone to procure necessaries from on shore, but some of the guard who are Canadian French whom I cannot understand; and who perform errands reluctantly, often without success and but indifferently at best.

A Heavy Storm is rising. I once enjoyed the blessings of liberty in its most comprehensive sense. I am now a Prisoner. I once associated with the most gay, the most hospitable, and enlightened circles of society. I am now surrounded by a set of men, whose sympathy is not congenial to my own, who know not how to assimilate ideas and feelings, and from whose eyes one enlivening beam of intelligence was never known to emanate. I once as inclination directed could enjoy the gaiety and bustle of the Town, or the more peaceful and retired pleasures of the country. This old schooner is now my only habitation.

With my dog and my gun or avocations not less amusing, I once obtained that exercise which nature imperiously demands. Here I enjoy neither exercise nor health. When wearied and tired I once had a well chosen little library to resort to. But here the scientific and historic page was never opened, here the hand of Mortality never pointed to an Addison or the facetious Sterne never created a smile. Here the finger of taste has never pointed to the beauties of a Goldsmith, the sublimity of a Homer, or a Milton, or Sympathy ever clasped a Shennstone to her bosom. The flowers of — have bloomed unnoticed and unregarded here. The sweet harmony of — has never been heard to vibrate in these wilds, and the name of — is unknown to the people of this illiterate world. I once was among friends and relatives, how great is now the reverse. And above all I once clasped to my bosom "whatever fair high fancy forms or lavish hearts can wish." I once reposed on the bosom of love innocence and sympathy, and when any cares obtruded themselves I imparted them to that being whom I love beyond all expressing, and received relief. What a distance now divides us, and barriers there are to prevent our again meeting shortly. See what unfortunate revolutions are made in a few short minutes. May my Melinda sleep soundly and undisturbed by the storm which is now beginning to rage with fury. The lightning and thunder is emblematical of my fate. At one moment all sunshine and prosperity, the next an overwhelming burst of ill fortune reaches me accompanied with the most sable darkness. Such Thunder I never heard. The winds are high to an extreme. The Schooner *Nancy* is blown afoul of our vessel, the rigging is tangled and fastened together and our prisoners are all rising to separate them.

Friday July 31st. On Board the *Lady Provost* mounting Ten 12 pounders and a long Six in the stern and another in the bow. A port hole fore and aft is vacant.

Early this morning the Provost Marshall came on board the *Thames*, and said he was sorry to inform us that the Commanding officer had ordered him to notify Mr. Gooding Dent, myself, Capt. Sharp and Sloy [?] to go on board the *Lady Provost* which would sail in a few hours. We obtained permission to take our Cook Delong with us. About 11 o'clock A. M. the *Lady Provost* dropped down below the Point of the Island, and an officer came alongside the *Thames* with a Boat, received us and our baggage and took us down to the vessel. Just before we reached the vessel the officer told us we were going to York, the Capital of Upper Canada, where we would have a limited Parole, but he [said] he thought it almost certain that we would go on to Quebec. Capt. Barwis who commands the *Lady Provost* also thinks Quebec is the place of our destination. The Schooner *Nancy* Sails under convoy of the *Lady Provost* for Fort Erie, to assist in carrying up reinforcements. Capt. Barwis [Barwis] said we would be allowed the use of the Quarter Deck during the day, but at sunset we must go to the hole where he would have us as comfortably fixed as he could, and if we wished to come on deck during the night we must get permission of the Sergt. of the guard. He apologised and said he was sorry he could not give us Cabin room they were so crowded; and said if it was in his power his orders were not to do so, and he must obey them. By the By, there was only one passenger in the Cabin and his wife. He said that he would have a small lumber room cleared where Mrs.

Gooding could sleep. Mrs. Gooding fretted and cried, and after some time he condescended very generously to let Mr. G. sleep with his wife; but he must not go to bed to her till 10 o'clock and he must send one of the guard to let his Excellency know his desire, and he would then give orders for the guard to convey him to the Door. Frequent Squalls and hard rains during the Night. Contrary winds consequently did not sail.

On Board the Lady Provost.

Saturday 1st August 1812. This Schooner is cut for 14 guns, mounts 5 Nine pound carronades on each side and a long six in the bow and stern. The vessel sailed about sunrise with a brisk and fair gale. Thirty miles from Malden passed a number of Islands (sd. to be 30 in a cluster) on some of which are a great number [of] wild hogs, and almost every species of quadruped and game. That part of the Lake lying West of the Islands though a very broad and extensive sheet of water is usually termed Detroit Bay. At Put In Bay there is a large Island and a handsome farm belonging to a gentleman of Ohio, whose tenant resided on it when we passed it. This Bay is formed by several Islands, is narrow, deep, and said to be infinitely the best harbour on Lake Erie. In times of severe storms the vessels no matter where their destination generally endeavour to make this harbour. The Islands are generally well timbered, and the soil fertile. On some of them are large quantities of superior cedar, which is conveyed from them in vessels by the British and gentlemen of Canada for stockades and fences. The basis of Islands from the ledges of rock which surrounds them appears to be stone. We passed two not more than 40 or 50 yds in diameter, on which were trees and herbage. Several others are so small that was their foundation composed of a less solid substance would soon be washed away by the waves. Would not this considerably justify an opinion that Lake Erie was once land and that it has been sunk by an earthquake, or gradually formed by the waters of Lake Superior and Huron when forcing their passage into the atlantic ocean? The rocks on the south side of those Islands are very much infested with Rattle snakes, but not so much so "as to render it dangerous to land." The situation of the Islands appears greatly to favour the growth and increase of serpents, and they are probably more numerous here than in most parts of North America.

Between some of the Islands and near the shore in other parts of the Lake, the surface of the water is covered with the leaves of the pond lily, on which may be seen on warm days great numbers of water snakes, but not "Myriads" as Morse expresses it. The hissing snake, a small and very poisonous serpent which he describes certainly exists but not in great numbers, and the irremediable and fatal decline produced by breathing the nausea which it emits on approach is calculated only to astonish the credulous. Sounded past the Islands. From 9 to 37 fathoms water. Heaving the lead and log is to me a novelty. The *Lady Provost* is not so fast sailer as the *Nancy* by one third. 7½ Nots an hour. From the Islands steered a north east coast. When I compare the rapidity of my progress with the slowness of my returned I am miserably dejected. For the first time I have been beyond the view of land, and for the first time I shall shortly see the sun sink beneath the bosom of the Lake. There is *one* whose heart is at this moment beating to the same fond wishes and impulses of my own, who is sympathising in

my sorrow, and offering her plaintive Orisons for my health, happiness and quick return. And O how fervently do I reciprocate her feelings and return her prayers. My pen must no longer withhold me from the enjoyment of this melancholy pleased.

Sunday 2nd. August. On Board the *Lady Provost*. Sailed all night—Fair and heavy wind—High sea. From 7¹/₂ to Nine Knots an hour. Mountains on the American shore appear like blue clouds. Sea Sick.³⁷

Passed a point of land projecting into the Lake several miles called Long Point. Could see land faintly without being able to distinguish objects. Evening. Heavy storm rising.³⁸

6 o'clock, P. M. All the sails except the mainsails settled away and a reef taken in them. Lay to or Beat about—below deck all but sailors.

Tuesday 3rd August. On Board the *Lady Provost*. Sailed about 12 o'clock at night the storm having then abated. Within perfect view of the American shore and the towns of Buffalo and Black Rock. The Landscape is beautiful and *enticing* beyond description.

Passed Point Ebenan.³⁹ At 11 or 12 anchored at Fort Erie.

When mournful evenings gradual vapours spread, etc.

Wednesday August 4th. Still on Board the *Lady Provost*. Wind changed fair for Amherstburgh last night, and about daylight this morning the *Nancy* and *Hunter* sailed about Sixty Regulars to reinforce Malden.⁴⁰ Genl. Brock has gone up by land with 400 men principally Militia to operate against our army.

³⁷ Here three stanzas from *The Poins of Memory* are omitted.

³⁸ Here the writer has copied into his journal Osborn's *The Sailor*, which we omit.

³⁹ Abino.

⁴⁰ They reached Amherstburg August 8, and, sent across the river at once by Procter, reinforced the British just before the engagement at Maguaga on the 9th. Richardson, p. 35.



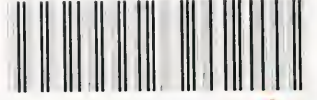


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