

the combined Indian tribes on the Maumee, in 1794, he happened to be on a visit to the Commodore, who was then lying at anchor in the Maumee bay. Having obtained permission to visit the old fort, built, and then occupied, by British troops, (it stood on the north side of the river, below the rapids,) he went up to it, and was there when the battle was fought. Crawling up among the artillery on the ramparts, and the barrels of sand-placed there, to be rolled down upon the columns of "Mad Anthony," (for they expected an assault,) he saw Gen. Wayne and his staff ride up and take a view of the works. His Majesty's officers said he was "a d——d impudent fellow." They had heard of him before at Stony Point.

When the savages were roused from their ambush, by the resistless charge of the sub-legions, and the storm of fire, which burst upon them in front and on their right flank, they broke and fled to the gate of the fort, expecting admittance and protection, as they had been promised. Capt. Grant states that a council of officers was hastily called at the gate, (which he approached, but was ordered off.) The council decided not to admit them, for if they should, the Yankees would soon be storming over their batteries after them. Denied admittance, the savages started off upon the run for their forest homes, and scarcely stopped until they reached them. The late Mr. Grifard, of the Grand Marais, who was in the battle, used to give a ludicrous description of the fight. He said the Bostonian* cavalry came down upon them with their sabres flashing like lightning, and on horses whose feet were as big as soup plates.

Captain Grant was well acquainted with Proctor, the Prophet, Tecumseh, Marpot, Walk-in-the-Water, Macoonce, and all the other chiefs of note. He states that he once saw Proctor and Tecumseh at the head of the troops, dressed in

*As the Revolutionary war was commenced in the region of Boston, the Indians became accustomed to speak of the Americans as the Bostoni, or Bostonians.