

Governors Messages and Letters

MESSAGES AND LETTERS
OF
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON
(CONCLUDED)

JOHN GIBSON
THOMAS POSEY

VOL. II
1812-1816

EDITED BY
LOGAN ESAREY

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from fatigue and hunger. Indeed, the result proves it, as there is not more than one-fourth of our detachment fit for duty. Notwithstanding all this, I scarcely ever heard a man complain.

From Western Penn. Hist. Mag., Vol. 4, 115-119

JOHN KETCHAM RANGER SERVICE

Reminiscences of Col. John Ketcham

I propose to give a short history of our Indian troubles of 1812-1813, in that part of the Indiana Territory, commonly called the "Forks", situated between Muscackituck and the Driftwood fork of White River, called by the Indians Hanganahakqua sepo. In April, 1811, we settled on Section 14, Township 5 N., Range 4 East. Said section was made fractional by the Indian Boundary line cutting off the N. W. corner. The Indians were numerous and friendly in that part of the Territory until after the Tippecanoe battle, which took place on the 7th of November 1811. The Delaware tribe expressed disapprobation of the battle and many Indians left our part of the Territory then, but not all. We enjoyed peace, but not without fear, until April 7th, 1812; about two and a half miles above our location there lived three families together, Hinton, Cox and Reddick. Their horses grazed in what was called the Cherry Bottom, five or six miles above. Hinton started in the morning to get a horse for some purpose, but not returning that day, his friends went in search of him, and ascertained that their horses were all stolen, and that Hinton was murdered or taken prisoner. The circumstance being made known to our neighborhood, we all went in search of the missing man. When we arrived at the Cherry Bottom, two men were sent to examine the river shore, the balance were so divided as to sweep the bottom at one through. He was found shot through the head, stripped and thrown into the river. We laid him on a blanket, tied the corners over a pole and started for home. Night overtaking us we cut forks and raised the corpse out of the reach of wolves. A proposition was then made to John Ketcham and Noah Wright, that if Ketcham would write a letter, and Wright take it to the Governor, then at Charlestown, they should be exempt from helping to bring in and bury the dead, agreed to.

Next morning (Sunday) about ten o'clock myself and fam-

ily were shut up in the house. I was lying on a pallet before the fire, when suddenly, without speaking, three Indians, each having a gun, pushed open the door and came in. I requested them to take seats; they placed their guns in the corner of the house and took seats. I took occasion to examine their guns, found them primed and loaded. It was not common when the Indians called on the Whites to have any guns with them. Sometimes they had one, but that not loaded. They could speak pretty good English. I asked them, "what news?" They answered "none". I told them of the murder of Hinton and horses stolen. They then observed that three days past, seven Winnebago Indians passed their camp, going towards Cherry Bottom. I then let them know that we had sent a man to tell the Governor what was done, and in a little time he would send men to hunt up the bad Indians, &c. I asked them if they would go with me to the burying, they consented. My wife objected to my going with them and wept. The oldest sympathized with her and shed tears too. We started, I leading the way. We had proceeded near a mile, they stopped, said "we no go, make white man heap mad", so we returned but found nobody at the house. My wife and children had secreted themselves in the bushes, supposing they should kill me, and return and kill them, and plunder the house. The conduct of the three Indians was very suspicious. They had brought skins to trade with me, but left them hid some distance from the house, saying nothing about them until after our return. Just as we returned, McColough, who had a squaw to wife, and another white man, happened to come there. Mc. told them if they didn't leave immediately, "every devil of them should be killed". They returned to their camp, and left in great haste, leaving some of their valuables. They were the last camp of Indians that left our frontier that season.

In about ten days after, the Indian Agent, residing at the Delaware town, sent two Indians, Salt Peter and Peter Vanvacter, with a letter and a white flag, stating that it was not the Delawares who had done the mischief, but the Kickapoos, who had passed through their town with the stolen horses. The two messengers remained with the Whites many weeks. Peter Vanvacter hired to work and never returned, was murdered in Kentucky by some unprincipled white man because

he was an Indian. A man was killed near widow Solida's, a few miles from Muscackatuck—his name not now recollected. Another man was killed on White River at McGowen's Ferry.

At the commencement of our Indian troubles, there were upwards of seventy families living in the Forks, but in a few weeks after Hinton's murder, upwards of fifty families left the country, and some for safety crossed the Ohio river. The balance, fifteen or eighteen families, determined not to leave and built block-houses and forts. John Sage and others built a fort at his place, but the principal fort was at Valonia, Huff's fort, higher up, and Ketcham's fort, still above and outside. We all lived in forts, went in companies to work our little improvements, some stood sentinel, while others worked, and thus we got along for a while. The good people of Harrison and Clark counties, considering the small number left in the Forks, and they shut up in forts, could not hold out long. The most good they seemed to do was to be a kind of Indian bait, for the safety of the interior counties, who probably taking that view of the subject, reinforced us, by sending company after company to help us maintain our stand. The Indians began to understand by our preparations, that we would sooner fight a little than quit our location, although very few that remained during the war were owners of land, many having settled over the boundary line, where the land did not come into market for several years after.

About the time that Fort Harrison and Fort Wayne were besieged by the Indians, namely, the 4th of September, 1812, a marauding party of Indians, who passed north of our forts, fell on the unguarded and unsuspecting neighbourhood of Pigeon Roost, killing twenty three men women and children, mostly women and children. After robbing the houses they set fire to them, and stole horses to carry off their booty. About the same time, Major Duvall, of Salem, with a small company of men, made a scout up White River, and it so happened that while they were passing over some fallen timber on Sand Creek, that they came in contact with the Indians on their return from the Pigeon Roost. Those of them who had horses threw off their large packs and made good their retreat. Two others who had no horses fled in another direction, pursued by the men. John Zink, one of the party, being young and athletic, outran his comrades, and when the

Indians discovered that they were separated, they devised a plan to shoot Zink. In crossing a ravine, one Indian secreted himself, while the other showed himself in plain view, within shooting distance. Zink stopped to shoot, but the secreted Indian fired first, giving him a mortal wound. Zink lay in his gore that rainy night; and was found by his companions next morning still alive, and brought to Ketcham's fort, where he was washed and comfortably clothed, and Dr. Lamb, of Salem, sent for. The Doctor arrived, drew a silk handkerchief through the wound, and started home. Zink died before they reached Valonia. The three large packs were opened, and found to consist of men, women and children's clothing. We knew then that some settlement has been destroyed, but at the time knew not what one.

About the last of September, 1812, Absalom Buskirk and brother-in-law took a two horse team to his field to get some corn and pumpkins. The Indians killed Buskirk and stole his two fine horses. The corpse was brought into Ketcham's fort, the same evening, and on the next morning, John Johnston, Robert Sturgeon and others came and hauled the corpse to Huff's fort for interment; after which Sturgeon started home, and was killed at the Half-mile branch, near Valonia. Although there were at Valonia a number of militia men, stationed, they were unwilling to risk their own scalps, and refused to go for the dead. After night the citizens, namely, Craigs, Rogers, Beems, &c. went with their dogs, and brought the corpse to the fort.

After the murder of Buskirk and Sturgeon, no other persons were killed during the Fall and Winter following, but many alarms were given and horses stolen. I will insert a few cases.

One night Daniel Stout, who now lives near Bloomington, and others, were at Ketcham's fort. After their sentinels were placed out in different directions round the fort, two heard and a third saw two Indians and fired at them, and then fled to the fort, expecting next morning to find a dead Indian, or a trail of blood; but a hard rain fell that night, and we found no Indian or blood.

At another time, about corn gathering, Capt. Hiram Boone, with twelve or fifteen men, were at Ketcham's fort. They tied their horses to stakes driven into the ground in the yard,

not far from the fort. A large poplar stump stood rather between two of the houses, not more than five steps from either. In that stump holes were bored and hooks driven in, and four or five horses fastened to them. The night was clear, but the moon did not rise until after night. While it was yet dark the Indians opened the yard fence into the corn field, and let down one bar on another square of the yard fence. The bars were within twelve or fifteen steps of the big stump. An Indian slipped through the bars, and got to the horses undiscovered, but while loosing his choice horse—a fine gelding, one of the guard fired at him, but he clung to the horse. Another guard fired on him, but he led the horse off through the gap, into the cornfield. By this time, Captain Boone and five or six of his men pursued the Indian having the horse. While the chase was going on, Ketcham was standing in the yard giving some directions when an Indian secreted near the bars, not more than twenty steps distant, fired at him. Boone halted and asked who had shot? I replied, an Indian. One of his men said, "Captain let us tree". He replied, "We don't know on which side of the tree to get, we will return to the fort". The party was composed of about sixteen Indians. We counted their trail next morning through a newly cut buckwheat patch, and at that time discovered what their policy had been. On each side of the gap opening into the cornfield there was placed a strong guard, also on each side of the bars; if an Indian had been closely pursued in either direction the guard would have shot down his pursuers.

Although it was believed that the Indians were continually prowling about some of our forts, the people got so hardened to danger that they seemed not to dread their enemy. One night Mr. Hutcherson and family, together with some of the militiamen, concluded to stay at his house, a short distance from Huff's fort. They felt safe and happy, and having a fiddle, concluded to have a dance, and enjoy themselves first rate; but in the morning when they awoke they found that their horses were all gone. While they were dancing, the Indians were catching their horses. Pursuit was made, and after following their trail a few miles they met David Sturgeon's old, ugly horse coming back with a leather tug tied so tightly around his throat that he could scarcely draw his breath. They did this, probably, to show their contempt for

the white man's old ugly horse. They recovered no more horses.

Long after that time the Indians stole two horses from Flinn's settlement. They were pursued by General Tipton, David and James Rogers, and others, who followed them for several days, when they found they were close on them, the water being muddy in their tracks. Tipton's plan was to follow them slowly and cautiously until night, then have fine sport tomahawking them. But his spies, Major Sparks and Mr. ———— disobeyed orders. The Indians had halted over the turn of a hill, dressing the horses' manes and tails. The Major and ———— got within thirty or forty steps of the Indians before they discovered them. The temptation was too great; they fired, but missed. When Tipton came up and saw what was done, he cried like a child, and was tempted to tomahawk the major. Their provisions were exhausted and they far from home. The rain had swelled the creeks until they were past fording; those who could swim had to do so. They came to a large creek in the north end of Monroe county. A man by the name of Bean Blossom, in attempting to swim the creek, came very near drowning, and Tipton named the creek Bean Blossom, after his name, and so it is called to this day.

At another time General Tipton and Captain Beam, with perhaps twenty men, made a scout to the West Fork of White River. Before they got to the river, they crossed a beautiful stream that empties into Bean Blossom near its mouth. A man by the name of Jack Storm, and another man named John Ketcham, in crossing the stream, got both of their horses mired and stuck fast in the mud. They then named the creek Jack's Defeat, and so it is called to this day.

No disturbance was made in the Winter of 1812. Perhaps the Indians thought they might be tracked in the snow. In March, 1813, they commenced again fiercer than ever. They made another descent on the Pigeon Roost country, killing old Mr. Huffman, wounding his wife and daughter, and taking his grandson, a small boy, son of Benjamin Huffman, prisoner. On their return they divided their company. One party stole Reed's horses, the other party went eight or ten miles from Reed's and stole Kimberlin's horses, and the same night made good their retreat.

After the war was over, Benjamin Huffman went North, perhaps to Detroit, in search of his lost son. He heard that his son had been sold to a Frenchman living in Canada. Huffman was poor; his means exhausted, he returned home discouraged, despairing of ever seeing his child again. Our kind and benevolent Representative in Congress, Jonathan Jennings, got an appropriation made to enable Huffman to seek further after his son. He hired a man to go with him. They went down the St. Lawrence into Canada and found his son. The child was so young when stolen, and had been gone so long, that he had forgotten his father's name. He recollected that he was called Ben, but had forgotten the balance of the name.

In the spring of 1813, the Pottawotamies made a descent on Flinn's settlement—now Leesville, killed Mr. Guthrie and took Martin Flinn prisoner. He remained a prisoner with them until the Fall of 1814. At that time a young warrior crossed the Tippecanoe river in a splendid canoe, on a courting expedition, and while enjoying himself with his beloved one, Flinn gathered his ax, which they had stolen when they captured him, and a few ears of corn, and quietly stepped into the lover's canoe, not asking any questions "for conscience sake", and with his beautiful paddle, rowed himself down stream all night. He secreted himself in daytime, and in this way spent several days and nights before he landed at Fort Harrison. When he landed, he was unable to get out of the canoe. He was helped out and cared for, and in a few days considered himself able to travel home. The rangers then at the Fort, and others, made up a pony purse, and bought him a horse to ride home on. In a few days he was able to ride, and carried his lost ax home. Oh! then, the happy meeting of friends and relations.

About the middle of March, 1813, John Ketcham and Geo. Doom, a Militia man from Harrison County, then on duty, went on an errand to Joshua Lindsey's,—Lindsey having during the winter of 1812 removed from Ketcham's fort to his farm some miles above. On their return home they were waylaid and fired on by the Indians. Doom was killed, and Ketcham badly wounded with two balls. When he reached the fort a messenger was sent to Valonia for a reinforcement. About twenty men, under command of Lieutenant _____,

proceeded to where Doom's corpse lay; after carrying it to Lindsey's, William Reddick, John Samuel and Frederick Funk were detailed to bury the dead, and remained at Lindsey's till next morning. The scout proceeded up the country for miles without making any discovery of Indian signs, and returned home. The fatigue party having completed the burial, the sun yet an hour high, concluded that the Indians, were all gone and they would return to the fort, they had proceeded about three hundred yards when the Indians lying in ambush near their path, fired on them, and wounded Reddick and Samuel, then retreated.

Shortly after this, General Tipton, Richard Beem, William Dyer and a number of Militia men from Harrison county, went on a scout up White River, some distance above Ketcham's fort, struck a fresh Indian trail. They eagerly and cautiously pursued the same, until they ascertained that the Indians had crossed over on drift timber into an island. Tipton stood ready with his gun presented, while Beem and others were crossing on the drifted logs. An Indian, who was secreted, raised his gun to shoot Beem, but Tipton touched trigger first. The Indian threw down his gun—it cocked, and retreated badly wounded. He was supposed to be their leader. Tipton and his men all crossed over into the island, except Dyer, who had charge of Tipton's horse. Several shots were exchanged between the parties. The Whites got one scalp, and tracked several of the enemy by the blood to the water, where they attempted to swim. Dyer being below the island had a fair view of the river. He saw a number bulge into the water with their blankets on. All sunk before they reached the opposite shore. It was believed that the whole party perished. This good licking caused the Redskins to treat us with more politeness.

In the spring of 1813, the General Government authorized the raising of four companies of mounted Rangers, to protect the Territorial frontier. Captain Shoultz, of Lawrenceburg, (I believe), raised a company; Captain Williamson Dunn of Madison, a company; Captain James Bigger, of Charlestown, a company, and Captain Andrew, of Vincennes, a company. Captain Bigger's company was principally made up of citizens of Clark county, ten or twelve of whom had been shut up in block houses and forts in the Forks for more than a year, mak-

ing nothing, concluded to join his company, and make a business of hunting Indians and guarding their own frontier, as in so doing they would get some pay for their services, otherwise they would not. The pay of a Ranger was a dollar a day, each man "finding himself"; that is each man furnishing his own horse, arms, ammunition and provision,—every man his own commissary.

The soldiers became much attached to each other during their service, and the kindest feeling towards each other seems ever to have existed between them all, except David Barnes and Samuel Ridge, who often fought each other. They were too full of spirits,—very spirited men sometimes. Others again did wrong because they had not spirit enough. Ensign Owen and Richard Lewis marred the good feelings of their comrades by desertion, on the Peoria campaign. It was said by Daniel Williams and others, as an apology for them, that they had caught the Kickapoo fever.

But few of Captain Bigger's company are now living. For the gratification of the few survivors, I publish the "Muster Roll" at whose call they so often answered.

After General Tipton had handled our Red Brethren so roughly on Tipton's Island, (so called,) they were more cautious and sly toward us. No more of our neighbors were killed by them, but occasionally they would ride off a horse that was not their own.

After the four companies of Rangers were organized, it was thought best to carry the war into Egypt. Arrangements were made for a campaign against the Indians, composed of Rangers and a few volunteer Militia. Captains Dunn and Bigger, with part of their companies, and some of Captain Payton's men, (of Kentucky,) together with General Bartholomew and volunteer Militia, were assigned to that duty. They rendezvoused at Valonia about the middle of June, then proceeded under the command of General Bartholomew to the upper towns on the West Fork of White River. The towns had mostly been destroyed before-we got there, probably by a company from White Water settlement. We then went down the river to towns not interrupted, and come to Strawtown late in the evening, and discovered fresh Indian signs. Early next morning, General Bartholomew, Captain Dunn, and Captain Shields, and about twenty Ran-

gers, went in pursuit of the Indians. When we had proceeded about three-fourths of a mile we discovered three horses; we surrounded and secured them,—two were hobbled. Following their back track, we came to their camp. General Bartholomew directed three mounted Rangers, namely, Severe Lewis, David Hays and ———, (that is John Ketcham,) to keep in the rear, but at the fire of the first gun to dash forward. Captain Dunn went on the right under cover of the river bank, Captain Shields on the left, and General Bartholomew brought up the center division. The directions were to surround their camp and take them prisoners. The Indians had a large brass kettle hanging over the fire with three deer heads boiling, and were sitting near to the fire. Captain Shields slipped carefully through the bushes, and when opposite the camp, at least one hundred yards distant, the Indians discovered us, jumped to their guns and fled. Shields fired his gun to notify the horsemen. One of Bigger's men, (to-wit, John Ketcham,) immediately started in pursuit, ran two or three hundred yards, when he got into the path the Indians had run on; he was within thirty steps of his game, and shot down the Indian. The other horsemen soon made up, but the other Indian was just out of sight. They were directed by (Ketcham) to where he was last seen. Hays got separated from the other two horsemen and unfortunately met with the secreted Indian, who gave him a mortal wound. The horses and brass kettle were sold to the highest bidder, on a credit, and the notes were given to Hays. His wounds were dressed by David Maxwell. He was carried on a horse litter to the mouth of Flat Rock, now Columbus, where we made two canoes and sent him and a guard by water to Valonia, where his wife and family were. He died in two or three days after they reached the fort.

This is the end of Mr. Ketcham's narrative of the Indian difficulties. He closes his account of his own public life in the following quaint and characteristic style:

In June I enlisted in the United States service, a mounted Ranger. In my first month's service I killed and scalped an Indian—was very proud of it—got leave to go to Kentucky to show it to my Daddy and Mamma—I guess they thought I had done about right. I continued in the service two whole years—saw some hard times—was eighty eight days from my

family on one campaign, and lived seventeen days on seven days' rations.

The war now being ended, Governor Harrison, hearing that I was a fellow of pluck and had killed an Indian, sent me a commission as Associate Judge. I never had much to do on the bench, but was "Judge Ketcham".

In April, 1818, I moved to Monroe county, and built a mill. While mill-building we ground our meal on a hand-mill, there being no other but hand mills in the county. After Bloomington was located, I was solicited to build the Court House, which I did, thirty or forty years ago. It still stands firm. Because I had built a good Court House, and had a sword and several pistols, the people thought I ought to be Colonel. I was so elected and served until I was forty-five years old. But my honors did not stop here. The people knew I had killed an Indian, and had decided three lawsuits in about forty minutes,—they said I must go to the Legislature. I agreed to it. My popularity not high enough yet,—my old friend, Dr. Foster, (God bless him,) who had done some service in defence of his country, knew I had been wounded by the Indians, and had killed and scalped an Indian, went to the Democratic Convention at Indianapolis, and told them what Ketcham had done, and said he must be appointed one of General Jackson's Electors. It was agreed to, and here I am yet, one of General Jackson's Electors.

MUSTER ROLL

Of a Company of U. S. Mounted Rangers, Commanded by
Captain James Bigger

Commissioned Officers

Captain, James Bigger	3d Lieutenant, Wm. Meredith
1st Lieutenant, John Carr	Ensign, Jack Owens
2d Lieutenant, James Curry	

Non Commissioned Officers

1st Sergt. John Ketcham	1st Corp. Basil Bowel
2d Sergt. Josiah Williams	2d Corp. William Patrick
3d Sergt. Wm. E. L. Collins	3d Corp. Samuel Herrod
4th Sergt. Jonathan Watkins	4th Corp. Robert Wardle
5th Sergt. John Herrod	5th Corp. Andrew B. Holland
	6th Corp. Jonathan Gibbons

Privates

Moses Allen	John Gibson
James Allison	John Gibson
Martin Adams	James Hay
George Armstrong	John D. Hay
Luther Beadle	William Hiler
Thomas Bernet	Aaron Holeman
Davis Kelly	Harvey Owen
William Lindsey	George W. Owen
Richard Lewis	Jeremiah Pierceall
John May	Adam Peck
John McNaught	Henry Pearcy
John McNight	Robert Pearcy
John Baldwin	Andrew Perry
John Blair	Charles F. Ross
John Bartholomew	George Ross
David Barnes	James Ross
George Bratton	Hugh Ross
Michael Beam	John Reed
John Cosner	Thomas Ryan
John Cowen	James Rogers
James Cowen	Isaac Rogers
Isaih Cooper	Lewis Rogers
James Collins	Samuel Ridge
John Cloak	Thomas Rose
John Clark	Stephen Shipman
Isaac Clark	William Stewart
John R. Clark	Robert Swany
John Craig	John Sage
Stephen Dunlap	George Ulmer
Moses Dunlap	Reece Williams
John Dunlap	Daniel Williams
Robert Evans	Thomas Weathers
John Evans	Martin Wilson
William N. Griffith	James Wilson
William Gainer	

New Recruits

Phillip Hart	Lewis Cutting
Isaac D. Huffman	John Flint
Hames Herrod	Samuel Haslett
Benjamin Noble	———— Jenkins

New Recruits—Continued.

Lewis Hankins	Levi Nugent
Esrarn Hutchins	James Mooney
Robert Jones	John Milton
Jonathan Johnston	Joseph Rawlins
Lewis Ketcham	David Studabaker
Abraham Kelly	John Storm
William Kelly	John Sands
Thomas F. Kelly	James Sands
James S. Kelly	Elam Whitley

MUSTER ROLL

Of Captain Williamson Dunn's Company of U. S. Rangers

Commissioned Officers

Captain Williamson Dunn	Lieutenant David Hillis
Lieutenant Henry Brinton	Ensign Green B. Field
Lieutenant Henry Ristine	

Non Commissioned Officers

Sergeant John Thorn	Corporal Joshua Deputy
Sergeant John Danolds	Corporal Joseph Strickland
Sergeant Joshua Wilkinson	Corporal Peter Ryker
Sergeant Ebenezer Hillis	Corporal Andrew J. Storm
Sergeant John Griffin	Corporal Matthew Cowley
	Corporal Willis Law

Privates

Alexander Anderson	Wiatt Coleman
John Adkison	John Colbert
Robert Anderson	Benjamin Combs
James Anderson	Isaac Crawford
John Barns	Elijah Collier
William Blankenship	Nathaniel Dunn
Maurice Baker	John Dunn
Isaiah Blankenship	Andrew Davidson
David Bigger	William Dickey
Henry Banta	John Davis
John Bandy	Hannibal Dougherty
Isaac Bergin	Thomas Davis
Nathan Chalfant	Charles Easton
George Craig	William Farley

Privates—Continued

Samuel T. Gray	David Patton
Henry Giles	John Peters
George Gunn	John Purcell
John Guthrie	John Ristine
William Gillmore	William Russell
William Hamblen	John Ramsey
Absalom Hankins	Peter H. Roberts
William Johnston	William Renis
Williamson Irwin	Gerardus Ryker
Thomas Jones	John G. Ryker
James Johnston Jr.	John Ryker
Samuel Long	Jacob Smock
Severe Lewis	William Sage
James Lewis	John Smith
Jacob Lewis	James Stevens
John Lee	Samuel Snodgrass
Peter Metz	David Stucker
David H. Maxwell	John Shank
James Monroe	Richie Smith
James McCartney	Isaac Short
James McCollough	Henry Salyers
John Maxwell	Peter Storm
James McKay	William D. Stuart
William McKay	Jacob Trumbo
George McKay	James Ventioneer
Robert McKay, 3d	Abraham Varvel
Robert McKay, 4th	William Wright
Thomas McConnell	Thomas Wise
John H. Newland	Daniel Whitaker
Brackett Owen	Thomas Wendsaw
Moses Overton	

CAMPBELL TO HARRISON

DAYTON 1st Janury 1813

Hor. Pa. 836-837

MY DEAR SIR

In my report to you of the 25th ulto. [see above] from Fort Greenville I omitted to notice some circumstances and individuals inadvertently which and who are as highly worthy of notice as most of those I have already detailed. I must there-

fore in the most especial manner, mention Mr. James Bradshaw, Capt. Lewis Hite and Mr. Silas McCullough, who tendered their services to me on the battle ground to carry intelligence to Greenville of our situation and request a reinforcement of men and a supply of provisions. This dangerous and fatiguing service they performed in the most prompt and expeditious manner. In twenty-two hours they travelled upwards of eighty miles without resting except a few minutes twice to feed their horses and reached Greenville worn down with fatigue and want of sleep. Mr. Bradshaw's activity at Greenville in assisting to forward supplies, merits the highest praise. I must also mention by name Lieut. [Matthew F.] Magee and Ensign Irwin of the Pittsburgh Blues whose cool, deliberate bravery was particularly observed, amidst the hottest fire of the enemy and I regret extremely that these young gentlemen who highly merited distinction, should have been pretermitted in my first report.

I made a mistake in stating that Capt. Smith was abandoned by half his guard, only one or two went in for some part of their arms, staid with their companies, and upon inquiry were found to have behaved well. Capt. Smith was aided in his excellent disposition at the redoubt he commanded by Lieut. Adams and Fishel, whose names and bravery are synonymous terms. Adjutant Guy and Quartermaster Hite, of the Kentucky Light Dragoons are two fine young men, and were actively employed on the morning of the Battle.

I am Sir with great respect your most obt. Servt.

JOHN B. CAMPBELL *Lt. Col. 19th U. S. Regt.*

His Excellency Genl. HARRISON

GENERAL ORDERS

FRANKLINTON, January 2, 1813

Niles' Register III, 351

The commanding general has received from lieut. col. [John B.] Campbell the official report of his late expedition against the Massassineway villages. The conduct of the col. and his gallant detachment has been in every respect such as the general had anticipated. They have deserved well of their country, and have shed a lustre on the Northwestern army. In no part of their duty have they failed. The officers vied