

mounted riflemen, commanded by Capt. Pittman marched to Vincennes for the defence of the western portion of the Territory.

About this time, we learned that Gen. Hull had disgracefully surrendered his gallant army to the British General as prisoners of war. The news of this event passed through the Territory like an electric shock, inspiring all with tearful forebodings of Indian depredations and indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants along the line of our frontier.

Our anticipations of impending evil were soon realized. A simultaneous attack was made by the Indians at many points of our frontier settlements. At sunset, about the first of August, some eight or ten Indians made an attack on what was called the Pigeon Roost settlement, fifteen miles from Charlestown, and in one brief hour killed about twenty-three persons, including men, women and children, some of whom were consumed in their homes where they were murdered. But one house was successfully defended. This was the house of Mr. Collings, the father of Zebulon Collings, Esq., who has written a more specific and enlarged account of this massacre.

One of the sons of Mr. Collings was at work in a field, and was mortally wounded before he could reach his father's dwelling. He was found in a day or two in a flax house, and died shortly afterwards.

After scalping and mangling their victims in a most horrible manner, the Indians then plundered and set fire to the houses and consumed them to ashes.

I heard the news of this mournful event about 10 o'clock in the morning of the next day after it had occurred, and having my rifle, powder and bullets in order in thirty minutes I was on my horse marching toward the Pigeon Roost. I was soon in company with many mounted riflemen whom I found on the road. We arrived at the ill-fated spot about 2 p. m., our company having increased to the number of two or three hundred mounted riflemen.

Oh, what a mournful scene of desolation, carnage and death met our vision, as we beheld the smoking ruins of log-cabins and the mangled bodies of men, and women, and children, their once happy inmates!! I had seen the Tippecanoe battle-fields strewn with dead and dying soldiers. They had fallen in deadly strife with a savage foe whom they had conquered. They had fallen in the soldier's costume,