

down the hollow we had ascended, and I turned westwardly up the ridge overlooking the east Pekatonica, keeping out of gunshot, but watching the enemy closely. They descended the hill to the creek, turned up it a short distance and commenced crossing at some willows, a short distance below where the bridge now stands.

At this moment I advanced within gunshot. With the report of my gun, I sent forth a shout that told the General, and my comrades yet in the rear, that I had secured the first scalp; at the same time I received the fire of the Indians without injury.

The General and the principal part of our men having come up by the time the Indians had fairly crossed the creek, a running fight took place; the enemy being on one side of the creek, and we on the other, until they reached the thicket in the bend of the creek. Having effected a crossing at the Old Indian Ford, which is near Williams' Mill, and marching thence up the stream, we formed on the open ground to the north-east of the thicket, so as to hem the enemy in the bend of the creek. Parties were then, by order of the General, thrown out on the hills to give the alarm, if the Indians should attempt to escape from the thicket, when we entered it. The men were then told off in sections of seven, number *four* remaining on horse-back and holding the horses of the rest of the section, whose bridles were linked together. When dismounted and formed in front of the horses, our numbers were twenty-one men, including the General. They were Gen. Henry Dodge, commanding; Lieutenants Charles Bracken, Paschal Bequette and — Porter; Surgeon Allen Hill; Privates, Peter Parkinson, Dominick McGraw, Samuel Black, Thomas H. Price, Levin Leach, R. H. Kirkpatrick, Asa Duncan, William Carns, John Hood, Thomas Jenkins, John Messersmith, Jr., Samuel Patrick, Morris, Wells, Rankin and Van Waggoner.

We were then ordered to renew our flints, reprime our guns, unbutton our shirt collars, and tighten our belts. All being ready, the General then addressed us: He said, "Within that thicket are the foe, whose hands are yet reeking with the blood of our