THE

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COVER: During World War II the poster served as a principal medium of mass communication for both the Allied and the Axis powers. This colorful poster entitled "Lend a Hand" exhorted Americans to support the war effort. From the collection of the Kentucky Military History Museum, Frankfort. Photography by Nathan Prichard.

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Kentucky at the Thames, 1813: A Rediscovered Narrative by William Greathouse.

Edited by John C. Fredriksen

The battle of the Thames figures prominently in the annals of the War of 1812 and the folklore of Kentucky because it marked the successful conclusion of sixteen months of harrowing and ofttimes disastrous campaigning in the Old Northwest. The Thames was also one of the few American victories in the war to harbor immediate and decisive effect, for in the span of fifty-five minutes a powerful Indian confederacy was totally shattered. So popular was the memory of this battle that being there was worth thousands of votes in the politics of postwar Kentucky. Governors, judges, senators, representatives and at least one vice-president owed their elections in part to this fight.[1] *There were laurels on the losing side as well. The tragic figure of Tecumseh garnered additional luster by dint of a hard fight once his British allies had surrendered tamely. And, like Hannibal, Tecumseh in death eluded the final fury of his antagonists, for his body was never recovered or his slayer positively ascertained. All these facts combine to make the Thames a dramatic, appropriate final act in the struggle for the Old Northwest. But while much attention has been focused upon the battle and its leaders, few narratives exist that articulate the experiences of the common soldier fighting in the ranks. Because the last such account was published two decades ago,*[2] *this article will shed new light on a little-known recital of Kentucky at the Thames.*

The Thames battle was part of the second phase of a concerted American plan launched in the fall of 1813 to regain control of territory lost to the British in the previous year. The first and perhaps more famous phase entailed securing control of Lake

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[1] John K. Mahon, *The War of 1812* (Gainesville, Fla., 1972), 185.

[2] Charles A. Wickliffe, "Tecumseh and the Battle of the Thames," *Register of the Kentucky Historical Society* 60 (1962): 45-49. Ironically, Wickliffe served in the same company as Greathouse.

Erie to facilitate transport of logistics and communications necessary for offensive operations in that region. This effort was accomplished by Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's signal victory of September 10, 1813.[3] *Seventeen days later a large American force under the command of William Henry Harrison*[4] *embarked on a second invasion of western Canada. Approximately 3,500 men, including a large proportion of Kentuckians, loaded onto the battered but victorious remnants of Perry's fleet at Sandusky, Ohio. Simultaneously, a roving column of mounted riflemen under Colonel Richard M. Johnson*[5] *made a circuitous end run around Lake Erie's western shore to recapture Detroit. Enemy resistance was not encountered, and the two commands united at Amherstburg, Ontario, on October 1, in preparation for the final drive inland. The Americans were greatly assisted by the enemy commander Colonel Henry A. Proctor, who conducted such a disorderly and dilatory retreat that he was later courtmartialed. Owing to the British failure to destroy several bridges in the path of their pursuers, Harrison's force caught up with Proctor's red coats and Indian allies on the fateful morning of October 5.*[6]

The ensuing battle of the Thames is something of a tactical novelty in American military history, for Harrison's unorthodox tactics with citizen-soldiers greatly expedited the victory over his more veteran opponents. Proctor's force consisted of roughly eight hundred men of the 41st Regiment, who were deployed in single file across a wooded enclave between the river Thames and a narrow swamp. A much larger contingent of Indians under the celebrated Tecumseh was strongly posted in the fringes of a swamp to the right of the British line and at a slightly obtuse angle in advance. Arrayed against this strong position was Harrison's army of 3,500 men, which included Johnson's crack mounted regiment. Although he outnumbered the enemy, Harrison first planned a conventional attack with his infantry, fol-

[3]Oliver Hazard Perry, 1785-1817. Perry later joined General Harrison's entourage and was present at the Thames as an aide-de-camp.

[4]William Henry Harrison, 1773-1840.

[5]Richard M. Johnson, 1781-1850.

[6]A detailed treatment of this controversial withdrawal is C.O. Ermatinger, "The Retreat of Proctor and Tecumseh," *Ontario Historical Society Papers and Records* 17 (1919): 11-21.

lowed up by a mounted pursuit. But upon learning the exact tactical disposition of the British, he reversed his decision. Because the main striking force of his army, Johnson's cavalry, would be at a disadvantage fighting the Indians in the swamp, he ordered the Kentuckians to charge full tilt at the more exposed British. As anticipated, Johnson's charge caught the red coats unprepared to receive cavalry, and they capitulated after a short struggle.[7] *However, when Johnson regrouped his victorious troopers against the Indian forces to their left, they put up such a stout fight that his regiment was temporarily checked and the commander himself seriously wounded. Fortunately for Johnson, Tecumseh was killed in action, and his brethren lost heart and yielded the field to the triumphant Americans. After a year of disasters, from Frenchtown to the Fort Meigs sortie, Kentucky's fallen had been avenged and its fighting men vindicated in the course of a single action.*

The memoirs of William Greathouse were originally published in 1927 but slipped into obscurity.[8] *He had enlisted in Martin H. Wickliffe's*[9] *company of mounted riflemen and was present throughout all phases of the Thames campaign — pursuit, battle, and homecoming. As expected, his account is replete with details of martial prowess, but he also spends considerable time relating the discomfort, sacrifice, and comradeship akin to all soldiers in the field. But what makes Greathouse's story interesting is his singular determination, despite youthful inexperience and recurring illness, to come to grips with the enemy so long as he, in his own words, "could lift one leg past the other."*[10] *Far from unique, this attitude is indicative of the bellicosity which characterized his native state during the war. Most relevant is historian Thomas D. Clark's observation that "the first generation of Kentuckians after the pioneers felt a need to prove itself worthy of its descent; it would open the way into a new western*

[7]This was one of only two American cavalry charges during the entire war, and the only success. The one at Chrysler's Farm, November 11, 1813, was repulsed. Johnson's charge did much to revive the fortunes of the mounted arm. See Fletcher Pratt, "Richard Mentor Johnson: Father of the American Cavalry," *Cavalry Journal* 43 (1934): 5-9.

[8]Margaret Shotwell, *Stories of 1812; Prize Winning Reminiscences* (Omaha, Neb., 1927), 11-17.

[9]Martin H. Wickliffe was captain of a company in the 5th Kentucky Regiment, commanded by Col. Henry Renick. He subsequently represented Nelson County in the state senate.

[10]Shotwell, *Stories of 1812*, 12.

frontier. Where their fathers had opened the Kentucky country at high costs of hardship and sacrifice, the younger men would push the rim of Indian and British occupation farther and farther back.'"[11] *So, by engaging in such extremes, Greathouse was consciously seeking to emulate the heroic image of the Kentuckian: stoic, inured to hardship, and contemptuous of Indians. This last note should not be lost on the reader, for the author's animosity, as evinced by his digression on the Crawford battle and inference Americans must never forget, is indeed deep-seated. But discounting this bias, Greathouse's story is vital to historians for shedding fresh perspective on the hardships to and from the Thames, as well as on the battle itself. It is a tale of struggle and personal victory, punctuated by incidents of humor and sorrow which enhance our appreciation of fighting Kentuckians in the War of 1812.*

I entered the service as a volunteer, the 24th of August in Bardstown, Nelson county, Kentucky, for the purpose of exterminating the savage foe and the British armies that were committing woeful depredations on the frontiers of Ohio and Michigan in the northwest, and to reinforce General Harrison. We rendezvoused at Newport opposite Cincinnati, crossed the Ohio river, then marched north until we struck the Miami river; kept up that stream to the mouth of the Mad river to a small town called Dayton, then through a densely heavy timbered country to a little town called Urbana, then northeast to the Sandusky river to the bay that empties into Lake Erie. On the west of the bay one mile and a half empties a river by the name of Carion river into the lake. There we built a fence out of poles from river to river, fencing and enclosing about ten thousand acres, and made use of that as pasture for our horses.[12]

After we left upper Sandusky fort about ten miles, we passed through General Crawford's battle ground where General Crawford perhaps fought the severest and most bloody contest

[11]Thomas D. Clark, "Kentucky in the Northwest Campaign," in Philip D. Mason, ed., *After Tippecanoe* (East Lansing, Mich., 1963), 92.

[12]In their enthusiasm to join Harrison's army, the majority of Kentucky volunteers came mounted. However, owing to an extreme shortage of transport, Harrison had to leave all his horses behind, and the Kentuckians were forced to continue their invasions of Canada on foot. This was the reason Harrison's only mounted force, Johnson's riflemen, proceeded to Detroit overland rather than by the fleet.

The Northwest theater.

Courtesy University Press of Kentucky

with the Indians that was ever fought in the United States.[13] General Crawford had four hundred mounted volunteers, the Indians had fourteen hundred. They fought for days and nights, hand to hand. The Americans were completely defeated. On the fourth night Crawford gave orders for every man for himself. My father was in that desperate battle. He and about sixty men reached home, traveling seven days without food. My Grandfather Greathouse was a prisoner at that time seven years with the Indians.

At that time, General Crawford was taken prisoner and burned at the stake. Dr. Night,[14] whom I was well acquainted with, informed me some years later that he was in that most bloody contest with General Crawford and was taken prisoner with him, and was to have been burned the same day at a little Indian village with a guard of two very large Indians. The mosquitoes were very bad and they built a good fire. The Dr. was a very small man and as the mosquitoes were so very bad the Dr. prevailed on the Indians to untie him so he could knock the mosquitoes off. So when the fire burned down, the Dr. seized hold of the fire end of a stick that had been burned in two and knocked one of the Indians in the head. The other Indian ran off and left the Doctor to himself. He traveled for sixteen days without food except two little birds he took out of the nest of their mother and she complained most desperately so that he gave her back one and ate the other raw. He reached within four miles of home and could go no further — perfectly given out. Four hunters came across him. He could not walk and they tied a blanket to a pole and put him in it and carried him home. He lived in Shelby county, Kentucky, raised a respected family of sons and daughters.

When I reached home, I was telling my father that I passed through General Crawford's battleground that he had with the Indians. He told me all the particulars in relation to the battle. I digressed a little in relating Crawford's defeat with the Indians.

[13]William Crawford, 1732-1782. A standard treatment is Consul W. Butterfield, *A Historical Account of the Expedition Against Sandusky Under Col. William Crawford in 1782* (Cincinnati, 1873).

[14]John Knight, d. 1838. His ordeal is related in Hugh M. Breckinridge, *Indian Atrocities: Narratives of the Perils and Sufferings of Dr. Knight and John Slover Among the Indians* (Cincinnati, 1867).

I do think it should never be lost from the American people.[15] When we left Sandusky bay we embarked in small bateau boats that would hold about seventy five men. What the boats could not take, Commodore Perry's fleet took the balance.[16] There were about eleven thousand. Our first landing was on Put-in-Bay Island about twenty five miles from our horse pasture. We left about five hundred men to [take] care of our horses. We staid two or three days on the Island, then our next move was at the Three Sisters Island. Stayed there two days. From this Island we could see Moulden [*sic*]. The British burned the fort and all their military stores that they could not take. Our next move was to Fort Moulden. We found it vacant and stayed there one night and pursued the enemy with a forced march. There were about seventy five or perhaps a hundred of those bateau boats to take the sick and the baggage up the Detroit river to Detroit where Hull[17] surrendered to the British. I was very sick at Fort Moulden. I was unable to march in the morning. By twelve o'clock I felt very much better and felt very willing to stay there in the midst of the enemies of my country. I walked down to the bay at the mouth of the Detroit river to see if all the small boats were gone. To my joy, I found two just ready to push off. I asked the privilege of going on one of the boats, the first refused me. Then I called on the second and last one. They also refused me. I then remonstrated with them, telling them that I was very sick and thought they were very unkind and ungrateful to a brother soldier who was not able to help himself. By this time they were a good rod from shore. He said to me if I would wade in, I might go.

[15]Greathouse would be pleased to learn that this battle continues to attract the attention of historians. The most recent account is Parker B. Brown, "The Fate of the Crawford Volunteers Captured by Indians Following the Battle of Sandusky in 1782," *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine* 65 (1982): 379-405.

[16]Apparently, the majesty of the American flotilla, which was comprised of Perry's fleet and sixty lesser vessels, was totally lost on the author. One participant was moved to record in his diary: "September 26, Hail Columbia hail, the morn burst forth in the most singular beauty this morning reveille, the long roll the bugle and the trumpet, gives the signal to strike our tents. The Elements slumbered and were in death like stillness, the glory of the morn, rising from its watery bed in great splendor and shadowing forth its golden rays on the American arms that were soon to be wafted on an enemy shore." Stanton Sholes, "Narrative of the Northwest Campaign of 1813," *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* 15 (1929): 522.

[17]William Hull, 1753-1825. He had surrendered the previous August, 1812.

A man stood in the bow, cursed the fellow and told him to push the boat to shore and I got in and laid down as the sight of the water made me deathly sick. I moaned terribly and the man who stood at the bow of the boat said to them, that man, poor fellow, was very sick. I lay there till in the evening. I suppose we had gone some fifteen or twenty miles and there we had a little scrimmage with the rear guard of the British army.

The boats all landed on a sand beach. I had an occasion to crawl out on the beach and lay down with my head on my knapsack. We lay there perhaps some two hours and when the men were returning to their boats, an old friend of my Father's and also my friend saw me lying on the beach. He came to me and asked me what was the matter. I told him. He picked me up in his arms and took me to his boat and took the best care of me he possibly could.

That night we landed in shallow water so that our boat could not get near the shore. My friend took me up on his back, knapsack, gun and all of his own luggage and packed me to the shore and made me as comfortable as he could. That night there was an alarm gun fired so that all the camp was called to arms and I was left solitary and alone. Some time in the night an old cow hauled my knapsack out from under my head, waked me and I thought I was gone, that I would be scalped in a little time. But I thank my God that it was nothing but an old cow, perhaps wanted a little salt instead of my scalp.

So the next morning I was carried by my friend to the boat and the next night we landed at a little Canadian town called Sandwich opposite Detroit. By this time I had recovered from my sickness and felt able to perform my duty as a soldier.[18] Here the officers held a council of war and were determined to pursue the enemy. Here my friends tried to prevail on me to stay

[18]Perhaps Greathouse's preoccupation with illness caused him to miss a humorous incident in the occupation of Sandwich: "In passing a point of land on the American side where stood a two story house, that had been vacated at Hull's surrender, some keen eyed [person] on board the shipping espied a moove [ment] in the house. it was pointed out to the captain who let slip an eighteen pounder into the front door. it made a tremendous sweep through the house. Such a flight of Indians poured out of the windows some head and some feet foremost like bees as soon as [they were] on their feet they steerd for the wood, their blankets streeming out behind them. they were soon out of sight but a more frightened set of Devils never stood on two feet." Sholes, "Narrative," 323.

Courtesy Library of Congress

A highly stylized, romantic rendering of the Thames battle, erroneous in its depiction of serried ranks of dismounted cavalrymen charging through the woods.

at Fort Detroit. We left something like 1,000 men here that professed to be sick. But I told them I was determined to go so long as I could lift one leg past the other. So, the next morning we took a forced march after the enemy upon the Canadian side of the Detroit river to the head and struck Lake Sinclair, around it until we came to the river Thames which is very deep and quite crooked. The British ran up several small ships loaded with military goods, seeing the ships sailing in full sail, looking across a farm you would think the ships were moving on dry land, for you would not see or know that there was any river there until you came upon it. We had several skrimmages while going up the Thames. Whenever we would get too close to the ships they would set fire to them, leaving bombs on board so that we never dared attempt to go on board.[19] We marched a forced march all

[19]Captain Robert B. McAfee was quick to observe in his diary: "Every eight or ten minutes a bomb would burst which the enemy supposed with injury [to] us, but they were mistaken for our caution was equal to their craft and evil designs." "The McAfee Papers: Book and Journal of Robert B. McAfee's Mounted Company," *Register of the Kentucky Historical Society* 26 (1928): 124.

the time in a good dog trot. Sometimes we would be a mile or two in the rear, and we would hear the bombs booming at considerable rate. I often thought that when we could come up that we would have some tall fighting, but when we came up we found to our satisfaction that there was no fighting. The British one day in a forced march, came up on a barge, [and] landed on the opposite of the river. The soldiers were unloading. Our adjutant was present with us. He ordered us to take a deliberate aim and try to kill several of them. I took a good rest and had one fair fire at a red coat, but my ball fell some distance between me and the object I shot at. I shot up the river and saw the ball strike the water, so they were taken prisoner without killing any. On the second day we crossed the river Thames at a large flour mill and went up on the west side of the river Thames. That day about three or four o'clock we brought the enemy to a halt. We came up to an old field which seemed to have been cleared a long time and well set in blue grass. At the upper edge of this field we came to a large bottom, very heavily timbered, but very little undergrowth in this timber, the British and Indians were formed for battle. There was a range of mountains about half a mile from the river. Under this mountain was a swamp. The Indians were formed running from the river to the mountains. Our men were formed in three divisions running from the river towards the mountain.[20] [Johnson's Regiment] was commanded to charge on the British lines and form in their rear, but their horses revolted and none but Colonel Johnson and two or three were able to make their horses stand the fire of the enemy, and in their retreat back Johnson received five wounds. I passed over his feet or legs. He seemed to be in great pain and calling for water. I saw close by some men running with a hat full of water for him. His gray

[20]Here commences a lengthy gap in Greathouse's narrative, for no mention is made of Harrison's tactical repositioning which so assisted him in the victory. His aide Charles S. Todd relates what happened: "The British troops occupied the left of the allied army, resting upon an unfavorable view, with its right extending into swamps filled with Indians under Tecumseh. To undertake to turn the Indians right would have been hazardous and certainly attended with great loss of life. The British line was then regarded as the weakest point of the enemy. In the first instance the charge was intended to be made by the infantry, the first of which was commanded by Trotter; but the fortunately discovered error committed by Proctor in opening his files led to the brilliant conception of charging with the mounted troops of Colonel Johnson. The result is known to the world." G.S. Griffin, ed., *Memoir of Col. Charles S. Todd* (Philadelphia, 1874), 25.

Courtesy Library of Congress

A steel engraving of the battle, depicting Richard M. Johnson's slaying of Tecumseh, a fact that has never been proven conclusively.

mare was close by badly wounded and was very bloody and died that night.

The British made but one fire and surrendered.[21] They marched their prisoners down by divisions. An officer called on my Captain for a file of men to take charge of the prisoners. The Captain ordered me to take a file of men and take charge of the prisoners. I begged to be excused as the Indians were firing very sharply and I wanted to have a hand in it. My Captain ordered me to obey. I took the file of men and went about fifty yards and I handed the prisoners over to one of my men and told him to take good care of them and I returned to my Captain and by that time the Indians had outflanked my company and we wheeled to the left and passed the Indians. By that time their Chief fell and they gave the loudest yells I ever heard from human beings and that ended the fight. The first division fought the

[21]Greathouse is somewhat confused on this point. Johnson was wounded while fighting the Indians, not the British. He also fails to convey the excitement of that decisive charge: "General Harrison exclaimed charge them my brave Kentuckians and the Indian yell was raised and we rushed upon them like a storm and receaved a heavy fire by the whole British line when at the distance of twenty steps, but it only inspired us with fresh courage and before they could reload we broke their lines . . . and completely surrounded the British who immediately surrendered as fast as they could throw down their arms." "The McAfee Papers," 127.

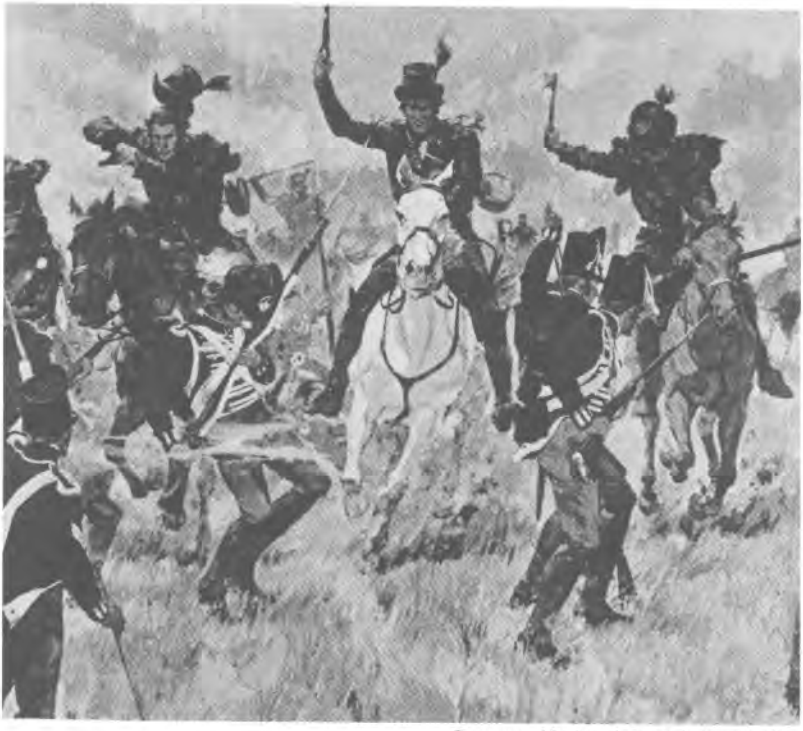
British; the second division fought the Indians; the third had no hand in the fight. Tecumseh fell by some man, but it was not known by whom. It was thought he fell by the hand of an old man. We called him Colonel Weekley. They lay close together. Weekley that day shot an Indian on the other side of the river Thames, swam over and scalped him and swam back. He was one of the advance guards. He was a brave old man.[22] After the battle I went to see who and how many were killed. I think the British killed none and wounded seven. I found General Harrison in person ordering and providing for the poor fellows that were wounded. I intended visiting Tecumseh but learned that the boys had taken several razor strops from his person, so I did not go where he lay.[23]

That night the drum and fife were beating around for volunteers to go up the river about two miles to a Moravian town.[24] It was said or thought the Indians and what British were left would be in that little town. Our company had about one hundred and fifty men. I was the only man that turned out and I was chosen for the advance guard. About dark we marched. We went but a little ways before I tumbled over a dead Indian. I passed on and in about half a mile I stumbled over, I thought, a second, but it happened to be a large leather valise well packed with clothing which turned out to my interest very much as I had my clothing stolen from me. There was everything that a man wanted, but money there was none.

[22]William Whitley, 1749-1813. Greathouse is correct on this point. "About 2 ock Capt Whitley overtook Col. Young Ewing & myself and remarked to Col. Ewing with whom he was well acquainted, pulling out of his shot pouch a scalp, calling him by his given name 'See here Young this is [the] thirteenth scalp I have taken and I'll have another before night or lose my own.' He stated that he had shot the Indians on the opposite side of the river, swam his horse across and took the scalp. His horse was then wet with water." Wickliffe, "Tecumseh and the Battle of the Thames," 46. For additional information consult Charles G. Talbert, "William Whitley, 1749-1813," *Filson Club History Quarterly* 25 (1951): 300-316.

[23]Legend has it, of course, that Tecumseh was slain by Johnson, but others maintain he was slain by neither Johnson nor Whitley, but rather bayonetted by a soldier in Captain Fairfield's company named King. See "Early Recollections of John P. Hodges," *Indiana Magazine of History* 8 (1912): 171-73, and "Letter to Benjamin Drake," *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* 41 (1917): 251-52.

[24]This was founded by the Moravian Church for the benefit of the Indians and was subsequently burned by the Americans. See O.R. Watson, "Moraviantown," *Ontario Historical Society Papers and Records* 28 (1932): 125-34.



Courtesy National Guard Association

How the West was won! An accurate portrayal of the decisive American charge against the British line.

We marched up to the town and found several hundred Indian women and children — the soldier's wives. In the morning I and one of our soldiers took a little ramble to see what we could spy out. I found a silver coin that an Indian had worn in his nose. It had a small hole in it and there was a large leather string about three foot in it. It had caught in a brush and torn out. It had the lion and unicorn on one side and the King and Queen on the other side. In the morning we marched the women and children down to the camp. The advance with several men pursued Proctor,[25] the British general, and made him leave his carriage

[25]Henry A. Proctor, 1787-1859. A sympathetic treatment of the British commander is Victor Lauriston, "The Case for General Proctor," *Kent Historical Society Papers* 7 (1951): 7-17.

and take the brush. They brought the carriage into camp.[26] We then made a move for our homes. Just before the main army made a move, myself, lieutenant and three other men jumped into a canoe and started down the little Thames to the mouth, then in the Lake Sinclair. We made tolerable progress. About dark a considerable gale of wind arose so high that we had to abandon our canoe and take it afoot. I took the lead. It rained intolerable. The sand was very soft, so much so, that we sunk shoe mouth deep every step we made, not knowing what minute we might receive a tomahawk from an Indian. The country was full of them. We traveled with undeviating zeal. In the course of an hour's hard marching, one of my men passed me, and after some time the second passed me. At this time the Lieutenant was behind me. I thought my time was close at hand for I felt like I would certainly give out and if the Lieutenant should pass me, I should slip out in the brush and camp for the night. When the Lieutenant came up to my side I said to him, "Don't leave me, I am giving out." He responded, "I am giving out and felt like I could not go much further." So we slacked our gait and took our time to get into the settlement. We found our companions waiting our arrival. We spent a comfortable night. In the morning my companions took it afoot to Detroit and I mingled my fate with six men, all strangers, but brother soldiers. We jumped into an elm bark canoe and put out for Detroit which was not more than six or eight miles. We had not progressed a great ways before a gale of wind sprung up and threw us on an island right at the head of Detroit river. There we lay two days and one night and the wind blew very strong and quite cold. The second day a Frenchman came across us. He was hunting ducks and took us over the little neck of the Detroit river for $1.50 each, which took him about an hour to make two trips. I thought in crossing we should all be cast in the deep, but the Frenchman called out never fear, we would reach the shore safely. By dark we had all landed safely with our conductor at his home, tarried with him all night. In the morning we marched down to Detroit.[27] We found

[26]This was immediately pressed into service by the foot-weary Americans: "I must say to the reader I had a very pleasant ride to Detroit in Procter's [*sic*] beautiful carriage. I found in it a hat, a sword, and a trunk, the trunk was partly filled with letters and mostly wrote by Proctor's wife to her darling Henry." Sholes, "Narrative," 525.

[27]Detroit at this time was the scene of considerable rejoicing as McAfee indicates:

the army all in motion. Picking the sick from the able-bodied men who were able to wade creeks, lakes and rivers to their chins, many times, the sick were piled into vessels thick as three in a bed, suffering much with cold, landed where our horses were late in the evening the second day and found our horses doing very well. We lay there two or three days and marched home. We marched in good order until we reached Maysville, Kentucky, on the Ohio river. There we were turned loose to go home the best way we could, without money or provisions. Our uniforms were blue trimmed with red. Our arms, American rifles, caliber from 16 to 25 to the pound, belt with tomahawk and butcher knife buckled around us. William Greathouse

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"Detroit, when we entered it on the 30th of September was desolate & exhibited every mark of distress and decay — Now everything is in motion. Life and activity pervades every countenance & the vacant houses fast filling up, even improvements are beginning to be made and a constant bustle of business every where & various articles of the country appear at the market at the river side, a glorious change in a few days!" "The McAfee Papers," 131.