

any breastwork, the men of that corps were seized with a panic and began to retire in much disorder. Winchester came up and attempted to rally them behind a fence. Two companies of riflemen sallied from the village to their support, but were soon borne away in the general flight. Lewis and Allen joined Winchester and endeavoured to form the fugitives under the shelter of the river bank, calling upon them to incline to the centre and seek refuge in the enclosure. But the pursuit was keen, and their words were unheeded. The flight was continued across the river and through a narrow farm lane leading past Navarre's house to the main road. Many fell beneath a murderous cross fire or were overtaken by fleet footed runners. Others threw away their arms and ran frantically along the road. They were headed off by mounted Indians and sought concealment in the woods. When overtaken, most of these were ruthlessly shot down. The homeless Pottowatomies slaked their thirst for revenge and spared few. Fifteen men of the 17th United States Infantry, under Lieut. Garrett, threw down their arms in a body, but were all killed, except the officer. Of that regiment, one hundred and twenty were killed and only sixty taken prisoners. The Christianized Wyandots were more merciful. Winchester with his son, a lad of sixteen, and Colonel Lewis, after a pursuit of nearly three miles, surrendered to Roundhead, who stripped the general of his richly laced uniform coat and put it on himself. Among the officers slain were Colonel Allen and Captain Simpson, a member of Congress. A wounded officer and a few men ran down towards the lake and succeeded in concealing themselves until night fell, when they made their way back to the encampment at the Miami. Others shut themselves up in detached houses or barns, where they were surrounded and eventually killed or made prisoners. In storming one of these buildings, Lieut-Colonel St. George received four severe wounds which rendered him incapable of further active service during the war.

Meanwhile, the guns in the orchard were gradually advanced across the hollow until they were within fifty yards of the palisades, without effecting a breach or making much impression. The shells from the howitzers had failed to set fire to the snow-covered houses against which they were directed. The gunners and their escort, clearly silhouetted against the snowy surface of the ground, fell fast under the opposing rifle fire. The only sergeant and one private of the Royal Artillery were killed; Lieut. Troughton and seven rank and file were wounded, Bombardier Kitson, who had behaved so well in the last action, dying of his wounds soon after. One seaman was killed and three officers and thirteen seamen were wounded. Lieut. Rolette received a charge of buckshot in the side, and a musket ball spent its force in the folds of a handkerchief he had wound about his