

We set him up against a tree, and he was found there two months after, when Gen. Gaines sent a detachment to bury the bodies of our soldiers. All hands then commenced throwing up a small triangular breastwork of logs; but, just as we had raised it about two feet, the Indians returned and renewed the engagement. A part of our troops fought within the breastwork, and a part outside. I remained outside till I received a ball in my right arm, and another near my right temple, which came out at the top of my head. I next received a shot in my thigh, which brought me down on my side, and I then got into the breastwork. We gave them forty-nine discharges from the cannon; and while loading for the fiftieth, and the last shot we had, our match went out. The Indians chiefly levelled at the men who worked the cannon. In the mean time the main body of our troops kept up a general fire with musketry.

The loss of the enemy must have been very great, because we never fired until we fixed on our men; but the cannon was necessarily fired at random, as only two or three Indians appeared together. When the firing commenced, the van-guard wheeled, and, in returning to the main body, were entirely cut up. The battle lasted till about four in the afternoon, and I was about the last man who handled a gun, while lying on my side. At the close I received a shot in my right shoulder, which passed into my lungs; the blood gushed out of my mouth in a stream, and, dropping my musket, I rolled over on my face. The Indians then entered the breastwork, but found not one man standing to defend it. They secured the arms, ammunition, and the cannon, and despatched such of our fallen soldiers as they supposed still to be alive. Their negroes then came in to strip the dead. I had by this time somewhat revived, and a negro, observing that I was not dead, took up a musket, and shot me in the top of the shoulder, and the ball came out at my back. After firing, he said, "Dere, d—n you, take dat." He then stripped me of every thing but my shirt.

The enemy then disappeared to the left of the pond, and, through weakness and apprehension, I remained still, till about nine o'clock at night. I then commenced crawling on my knees and left hand. As I was crawling over the dead, I put my hand on one man who felt different from the rest; he was warm and limber. I roused him up, and found it was De Courcy, an Englishman, and the son of a British officer, resident in Canada. I told him that it was best for us to attempt to travel, as the danger appeared to be over, and we might fall in with assistance.

As he was only wounded in the side and arm, he could walk a little. We got along as well as we could that night, contin-