

as they were in numbers, wounded, afflicted, and almost exhausted by fatigue, were still unsubdued in spirit, and being assembled in all their strength, men, women, and children, with an appearance of triumph, gave three hearty cheers, calling the Indians to come on again if they were fond of sport.

Thus ended this awful conflict, in which, out of nine men, two only escaped unhurt. Tucker and Kilpatric were killed on the spot, Storer was mortally wounded, and died on his arrival at Limestone, and all the rest, excepting Ray and Plascut, were severely wounded. The women and children were all uninjured, except a little son of Mr. Plascut, who, after the battle was over, came to the captain, and with great coolness requested him to take a ball out of his head. On examination it appeared that a bullet, which had passed through the side of the boat, had penetrated the forehead of this little hero, and remained under the skin. The captain took it out, and supposing this was all, as in good reason he might, was about to bestow his attention on some other momentous affair, when the little boy observed, "That is not *all*, captain," and raising his arm, exhibited a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off, and hung only by the skin. His mother, to whom the whole affair seems before to have been unknown, but being now present, exclaimed, "Why did you not tell me of this?" "Because," replied the son, "the captain ordered us to be silent during the fight, and I thought you would make a noise if I told you of it."

The boat made the best of its way down the river, and the object was to reach Limestone that night. The captain's arm had bled profusely, and he was compelled to close the sleeve of his coat in order to retain the blood and stop its effusion.

In this situation, tormented by excruciating pain, and faint through loss of blood, he was under the necessity of steering the boat with his left arm till about ten o'clock that night, when he was relieved by Mr. Wm. Brooks, who resided on the bank of the river, and who was induced by the calls of the suffering party to come out to their assistance. By his aid, and that of some other persons who were in the same manner brought to their relief, they were enabled to reach Limestone about twelve o'clock that night.

Immediately on the arrival of Mr. Brooks, Capt. Hubbell, relieved from labor and responsibility, sunk under the weight of pain and fatigue, and became for a while totally insensible. When the boat reached Limestone, he found himself unable to walk, and was obliged to be carried up to the tavern. Here