

dians on the left. The infantry, with some of colonel R. M. Johnson's troops mixed up promiscuously with them, continued the battle for half an hour after colonel Johnson was disabled and had ceased to command his men."* Doctor S. Theobald, of Lexington, Kentucky, one of the surgeons to the mounted regiment, says, "colonel Johnson was wounded in the onset of the battle. I had the honor to compose one of his "forlorn hope," and followed him in the charge. It is impossible, under such circumstances, to estimate time with precision; but I know the period was a very brief one from the firing of the first guns, which indeed was tremendously heavy, till colonel Johnson approached me covered with wounds, but still mounted. I think he said to me, I am severely wounded, which way shall I go? That I replied, follow me, which he did: and I conducted him directly across the swamp, on the margin of which we had charged, and to the point where doctor Mitchell, surgeon-general of Shelby's corps, was stationed. Some one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in the rear, colonel Johnson was taken from his horse. He appeared faint and much exhausted. I asked him if he would have water, to which he answered, yes. I cast about immediately for some, but there was none at hand, nor any thing that I could see to bring it in, better than a common funnel, which I saw lying on the ground, and which I seized and ran to the river, (Thames) a distance probably of one hundred yards or more; and closing the extremity of the funnel with my finger, made use of it as a cup, from which I gave him drink. In a few minutes after this, Garret Wall, who also composed one of the "forlorn hope," and was thrown from his horse in the charge, came and solicited me to return with him to the ground on which we had charged, to aid him in recovering his lost saddle-bags. I assented. We crossed the narrow swamp, to which I have before alluded, and had not progressed far, before we came to the body of one of our men who had been killed, and who I recognized as Mansfield, of captain Stucker's company: a little fur-

* See Cincinnati Republican, 30th September, 1840.