

I stood, and with my full weight I aided their exit from further service, pressing them as deeply into the mud as possible; then stepping towards where the prisoners were being collected, the first man I met with whom I was acquainted was old Mr. Bradburn, but he could give me no information as to the whereabouts of any of our messmates, as I was then the only acquaintance he had met since the surrender. The sad fact was that but few of our particular mess were left to meet again upon earth, and soon, very soon, even his blood and brains were destined to bespatter me and others, as the enraged savages tomahawked him in our midst. Now too late, we saw the error of surrendering to such a foe, and every soldier keenly felt the difference between dying in the heat of battle, contending for right, and the cold-blooded massacre that now plainly awaited him. For the few British who were with the Indians had no power to control them, being in almost as bad a situation as ourselves, the savages threatening to exterminate them if they offered any resistance to their inhuman desire to butcher the prisoners, and did kill one of them in my presence for begging the life of one prisoner, who had thrown himself under his protection. Consequently the British aided by some of the Indians hurried us on as rapidly as they could down the river to an old deserted fort where they assured us that we could and should be protected. But the bloody tomahawk was busy along the whole route, leaving behind us a path of blood and scalped comrades. Matters growing worse and worse at every step, the savages becoming more and more enraged and bloodthirsty as we neared the fort, shortly before reaching which I was halted by some Indians and a sprightly stripling of some sixteen summers hastily proceeded to search my pockets; feeling much resentment, I suppose I must have exhibited some, for instantly two paint-be-daubed warriors, with uplifted tomahawks made a rush towards me, and would, perhaps, have instantly buried them deep in my brain, but just then their attention was arrested by the glittering appearance of a brass inkstand the young savage had extracted from my pocket, where in marching it had rubbed to a glittering brightness equal to gold. The few silver dollars I had left soon shared the same fate of the inkstand, and amid the forward pressure I soon passed out of sight of my Indian boy and his captured goods which it seemed put him and his companions wild with delight. But getting rid of them could afford no joy or feeling of relief; for lifting my eyes, there stood a few hundred yards off the old deserted fort,

with thick lines of savages extending from either side of its entrance to the very spot where I stood, clubbing and tomahawking all they could of the terror-stricken prisoners as they made their wild, panic-race for its entrance, where they foolishly hoped to find protection and safety. Each one as he reached the head of the savage lines comprehended at a glance the nature of his situation. To hesitate was instant death, and without further orders each made his individual dash for life through the yelling savage lines with superhuman speed and agility. Many who were knocked down gained the entrance upon all-fours with astonishing speed. The prisoner in front of me received a deep gash in the shoulder as he ran, but succeeded in entering the fort. And now it was my time. The way was slippery with human blood and blocked in places by the slain. No time for thought or preparation. The loose, warm jean roundabout which I before mentioned and which had done me so much good service through the long, cold, wet marches, was buttoned to the throat, and with a strength and speed that astonished me I made a bolt, but ere I had reached the prized entry, I felt a sudden jerk at the back of my head, saw a button strike the ground some feet in front, my arms were forcibly jerked back, and the precious gift of my dear old mother was lost forever, without my having time to say, good-bye, dear old friend roundabout. A few more bounds landed me in the fort, or rather slaughter-pen; and here we seemed to be in, if possible, a worse situation than ever; for the savages rudely shoved the British sentinels aside, and with unearthly yells poured in upon us, killing and scalping as fast as their own crowded ranks would admit, while we, like terror-stricken sheep hemmed in by dogs, or a parcel of hogs in a butcher's pen, were piled one upon another in one corner. Those at the bottom were being smothered, while those upon the top were being drenched with blood and brains. Just then, suddenly as the lightning's flash, the yelling ceased, the uplifted war clubs descended harmlessly by the side of the now shamed warriors, and above the groans of the dying, and the prayers of the living, is heard the brave Tecumseh putting a stop to the massacre, shaming his warriors for behaving like squaws. The few now left are saved from death, but the little band or remnant of the once proud regiment of 800 brave Kentuckians are still destined to undergo much suffering for nakedness, cold, hunger and death still waited upon and thinned their ranks; and the exposure while being taken prisoners down the Maumee to the lakes or place of exchange, proved too great for almost all of us, and many per-

ished from the most recovering. water in open nights we had horse-beef to for more. were turned to keep u nothing to a General H more for u From that home as be friendless ous route Indians, ca a different another, f some of th party. O was comp Carter, Ge lin. On a travel ver unable to weak much for me to 5 feet could by occasio rest, living elm bark, advanced sometimes as we ne and the ride. M led horse coming se river put that they