

tion. The detachment was immediately brought to the right about, marched up the river, and formed in line of battle.

Gen. Lewis landed, and came to the field, viewed our position, gave some directions, and returned to his boat. I pushed forward with Capt. Selden's dragoons to reconnoitre the enemy—he opened his artillery, our line advanced, skirmished, and the enemy retired.

After a long, harrassing and stormy day, the troops were directed by an order *from* Gen. Lewis to return and take post for the night (which was inclemently stormy) so as to cover the flotilla. Late in the evening I waited on Gen. W. on board his boat, to report the events of the day, to receive orders for the night, and to *ascertain* who commanded. The general was so indisposed that I was not permitted to see him, and was directed to call on general Lewis, whose boat I boarded and received orders to defend my position and the flotilla. Early the next morning, (11th) general Lewis sent an aid ordering us to move down the river. The troops were put in motion, the commander in chief arrested their march. At 10 o'clock the enemy's gun boats turned a point and commenced a cannonade on our boats, without any effect on either side. During the fore part of the day a variety of verbal orders were received, but countermanded before executed, occasioned, as I understood, by the want of information from general Brown. At 12 o'clock, impatient for some *decisive* or *discretionary* orders, the troops having been nearly 48 hours under arms, exposed to *incessant* rains, I rode to the bank of the river, requested and obtained a specific order, written by pencil, "that the flotilla would be put off in 20 minutes—4 pieces of artillery would be landed to reinforce the rear guard, which would follow the boats—should the enemy harrass the rear, turn and beat him back." While expecting the signal for moving, report from the rear announced the approach of the enemy in the woods which intersected the fields and were flanking our right. Gen. Swartout was directed to disperse them, Gen. Covington to support him. Swartout dashed into the woods and drove the advance back to the main body. Here he was joined by Covington. The enemy had judiciously chosen his ground among deep ravines of an extensive plain beyond the woods, and discharged a heavy and destructive fire on our advance columns. No opposition could check the invincible ardor of our troops.—By resolute and repeated charges, the enemy were driven more than a mile, disputing every inch of ground. Colonel Coles with a detachment of Boyd's brigade came up, and was immediately directed to turn the enemy's left flank, which was promptly executed amidst a shower of musketry and shrapnell shells. Two pieces of artillery under Capt. Irvine now arrived in the field, which had been delayed by a circuitous rout; the four other pieces which were landed, reached the field soon after, and had their effect. The squadron of dragoons, under Major Woodford, were early in the field, but the nature of the ground did not admit of successful charges. The enemy had now been driven under the protection of their gun boats, which supported their right, and enfladed by their numerous and heavy artillery the field in front—their left rested on the woods, obliquely to the rear, supported by light artillery, Indians and incorporated militia. Many of our troops beginning to break, and I vainly endeavored to rally them, it became necessary for the whole to fall back, and re-form out of the range of the enemy's beating batteries, which was executed without inducing

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