

body, and fell dead; James Putney was killed before Capt. Craig, and perhaps one or two others. Before the Indians retired to the Sink-Hole, the fighting had become animated, the loading was done quick, and shots rapidly exchanged, and when one of our party was killed or wounded, it was announced aloud.

This Sink-Hole was about sixty feet in length, and about twelve to fifteen feet wide, and ten or twelve feet deep. Near the bottom on the south-east side, was a shelving rock, under which perhaps some fifty or sixty persons might have sheltered themselves. At the north-east end of the Sink-Hole, the descent was quite gradual, the other end much more abrupt, and the south-east side was nearly perpendicular, and the other side about like the steep roof of a house. On the south-east side, the Indians, as a further protection in case the whites should rush up, dug under the shelving rock with their knives. On the sides and in the bottom of the Sink-Hole were some bushes, which also served as something of a screen for the Indians.

Capt. Musick and his men took post on the north-east side of the Sink-Hole, and the others occupied other positions surrounding the enemy. As the trees approached close to the Sink-Hole, these served in part to protect our party. Finding we could not get a good opportunity to dislodge the enemy, as they were best protected, those of our men who had families at the ford gradually went there, not knowing but a large body of Indians might seize the favorable occasion to attack the fort, while the men were mostly away, engaged in the exciting contest.

The Indians in the Sink-Hole had a drum, made of a skin stretched over a section of hollow tree, on which they beat quite constantly; and some Indian would shake a rattle, called *she-shu-qui*, probably a dried bladder with pebbles within; and even, for a moment, would venture to thrust his head in view, with his hand elevated shaking his rattle, and calling out *peash! peash!* which was understood to be a sort of defiance, or as Black Hawk, who was one of the party, says in his account of that affair, a kind of bravado to come and fight them in the Sink-Hole. When