

and much attached to me, he particularly requested me to stay with him, saying the boys would kill him almost, if I were not along. Desirous to gratify him, I placed my company under command of my lieutenant, Matthew G. Fitch, and remained constantly with him. After having carried him in my arms through several creeks, we at length arrived on the top of the East Blue Mound, which is almost a mountain. The litter, by this time, had become so broken, by the horses, between two of which it was swung, having to wind and twist along the narrow and devious path by which we ascended the Mound, that it would no longer answer to carry him. Here was a dilemma; the litter was broken up, it was dark, and McNair declaring that he could not ride on horseback; and the company was far in advance, with all the provisions and necessary materials for camping. How we could best extricate ourselves from the difficulties besetting our situation, was a question of no easy solution, and yet it must be done. I at length said, "Boys, bring the horses and fragments of the litter to the foot of the Mound, and I will carry Mack down, and then we will mend up the litter so that it will carry him on to the encampment."

I took him up in my arms, although he weighed about one hundred pounds, and after going down the Mound, which was quite steep, I was compelled to lay him down. It seems that I either laid him on, or so near, a large yellow rattle-snake, as very much to disturb his snakeship's equilibrium, and he set up such a terrible rattling or whizzing as to frighten me much—the boys all fled precipitately, and I jumped back several paces. The poor fellow cried out in the most supplicating manner, "O, Captain, for God's sake don't leave me here to be devoured by these d—d snakes!"—for, by this time, there were evidently two of them; and from the noise, in the stillness of the night, and in the midst of a dense forest, there seemed to be legions of them giving their fearful notes of warning. Recovering from my momentary fright, and feeling the necessity of instant action, I "pitched in," as politicians say, caught the poor fellow by the heels, and dragged him