

gun powder, kept his position in the water until the balls fell around him like hail, when he also concluded to *pugh-a shee*,\* and commenced to creep up the bank. But, he never reached the top, for Throckmorton had his eye on him, and drawing up his heavy rifle he sent a bullet through the ribs of the Indian, who sprung into the air with an *ugh!*—and fell dead. There was only one person killed of those who came up on the *Warrior*, and that was an Indian. The pilot was fired at many times, but escaped unharmed, though the pilot-house was riddled with balls.

One incident occurred during the battle that came under my observation, which I must not omit to relate. An old Indian brave and his five sons, all of whom I had seen on the Prairie and knew, had taken a stand behind a prostrate log, in a little ravine mid-way up the bluff; from whence they fired on the regulars with deadly aim. The old man loaded the guns as fast as his sons discharged them, and at each shot a man fell. They knew they could not expect quarter, and they sold their lives as dear as possible; making the best show of fight, and held their ground the firmest of any of the Indians. But, they could never withstand the men under Dodge, for as the volunteers poured over the bluff, they each shot a man, and in return, each of the braves was shot down and scalped by the wild volunteers, who out with their knives and cutting two parallel gashes down their backs, would strip the skin from the quivering flesh, to make razor straps of. In this manner I saw the old brave and his five sons treated, and afterward had a piece of their hide.

After the Indians had been completely routed on the east side, we carried Col. Taylor and his force across the river, to islands opposite, which we raked with grape and round shot. Taylor and his men charged through the islands to the right and left, but they only took a few prisoners; mostly women and children. I landed with the troops, and was moving along the shore to the north, when a little Indian boy, with one of

\* *Puck-a-shee—be off—escape*—is quite a common word with several of the Western Indian tribes. The Shawanoes used it.