

hurt; I said "No, help me up the bank!" Lewis Moore and Thompson lay down on the ground, reached their hands down and pulled me up with my gun.

Rallying them now, I had Davis fall back fifty or sixty feet with one squad and take a new position; I with the rest covered his movement. Then we fell back about the same distance beyond them; they covered our retreat; and so we continued, stand and retreating alternately, till we got several hundred yards to an open bottom. The trees were elm, about six inches in diameter, and the balls of the Indians kept striking them. My left reached the bank of the gully into which we had first descended. There was a big thicket on the opposite side. The Indians now charged us with great fury and yells, and we could not be blamed for seeking shelter. Seeing Indians dashing toward us on the right, McLochlan and I took to a big tree, and McLochlan presented his gun to shoot, but could not. I had mine loaded, took good aim at a bunch of Indians close by, but had no time to note the effect of my shot. McLochlan and I ran to another thicket, while the Indians, who still kept up their terrific yelling, got between us and the other men. Fifteen or twenty steps more and we reached the ravine that went square up from the creek, and here we found the wounded Clark who said something to us about fighting to the last or we would all be killed. McLochlan said he had nothing to fight with, as his gun was broken. Clark told him to take his, but he did not, but went on up the gulley and found the other men. I stayed a little longer with Clark, who was then sinking, but went on when I saw a half dozen Indians coming. I reached a different prong of the gully. After going two or three hundred yards more I got to open ground, reloaded my gun, and, seeing some of my men on ahead among the elm trees, called to them, and they waited for me.

The Indians no longer advanced; they went back. Some of them found Clark around whom they yelled and whom they butchered up. But they did not find Frank Childers, who had sat down by a tree, leaned his gun upright against it, and died there within twenty-five steps of the thickest of the fighting. I collected my men, found one missing, who we rightly supposed got out of the way uninjured. We heard the Indians turn their noise from a yell to a howl. I thought then that they would not stay long in the place, and that we might remain around and later in the day go back to look after our dead men, but I cannot blame my men for rejecting my proposition to do so. Several of them informed me that they would never have gone into the affair except for the possibility of being impeached for cowardice or disobedience to authority.