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was such, and the character of the Adversary so subtle and intangible, that had he been required to run all the snakes out of the country in a given time, it would have been equally impossible, and to hold him responsible for the failure to do so, quite as unjust. It was not to be wondered at that, under the circumstances, he was irritable and at times testy.

These complaints unreasonable as they were, found a ready echo in Washington, whence they may have originated, and finally culminated in the General's being suspended in command by Gen. Jesup. It was in carrying this order, that an accident befell me the consequences of which, I shall probably carry to my grave, and from its effects at this late day, I was compelled by a singular coincidence to suspend this narrative, just as I reached the Creek War, my second of many campaigns. But, for this circumstance, the accident, unimportant as it was to any one except myself, would probably never have been mentioned. My horse, going at speed, fell into a gopher hole and rolled over me, burying in my left knee the sharp point of a pine knot. I remounted, and went on my errand, but in a few days I was laid up, and threatened with lock-jaw, even now, after forty years have elapsed, whenever Rheumatism assails me, that unfortunate knee is the favorite point of attack.

The Indians, friendly and hostile were marshalled in bands of 1500 or 2000, and sent to their new homes West of Arkansas,