

cocks which were plenty in the marshes about there, and returning in the evening would boast of the number that had bled that day. After a while he gave the creek the name of *Bloody Run*, which name it still bears. The name generally suggests to strangers the idea of some bloody battle having been fought there, and I have been frequently questioned as to the tradition relative to it, and a few years since the editor of our village paper had somewhere 'picked up the same romantic idea, and published a long traditionary account of a bloody battle pretended to have been fought there years ago. But the creek is indebted for its name to the hunting exploits of Major Martin Scott, when a lieutenant, and stationed at Fort Crawford.*

On the 16th of September, 1816, I arrived at Prairie du Chien, a traders' village of between twenty-five and thirty houses, situated on the banks of the Mississippi, on what, in high water, is an island. The houses were built by planting posts upright in the ground with grooves in them, so that the sides could be filled in with split timber or round poles, and then plastered over with clay, and white-washed with a white earth found in the vicinity, and then covered with bark, or clap-boards riven from oak.

This village, now called the old village of Prairie du Chien, was designated by Lyons as the main village, as it was so at the time he surveyed the private land claims of Prairie du Chien.—Tradition says the place took its name from an Indian Chief of the Fox tribe by the name of Chien, or *Dog*, who had a village somewhere on the Prairie near where Fort Crawford now stands.—Chien or *Dog* is a favorite name among the Indians of the North-West.

* Scott, at this date, was a young man, and had been but a few years in the army. He was a native of Bennington, Vermont, and was educated at West Point. In his youth, he was famous among the sharp-shooters of the Green Mountains, never shooting game in the body, but, at whatever height or distance, always striking the head. He would drive a nail into a board part way with a hammer, and then, taking the farthest distance at which his eye could distinctly see it, drive it home with his unerring bullet. He served with distinction in the Mexican war under Gen. Scott, and at nearly the close of that brilliant campaign, Brevet Lieut. Col. Martin Scott was killed at the sanguinary battle of Molino del Rey, Sept. 8th, 1847. He had seen much hard service, and always conducted himself with great skill, caution and intrepidity, and was respected and beloved for his integrity of character, and for his great kindness and benevolence of heart.