

murdered friend! That it was his intention to enter it; in doing so, some of us must fall; that it might be his own fate; but that his mind was made up to whip the enemy or die in the attempt. If any feared to follow him, he wanted them to fall back then, and not when they encountered the Indians." The word was then given to advance, and in that little band none were found who did not fear dishonor more than death! None faltered or wavered, as with a coolness becoming veterans they followed the footsteps of their gallant leader, resolved with him to conquer or die.

After advancing some distance into the thicket the trail of the enemy was found. Here the detachment was joined by Daniel M. Parkinson, who was on horseback. The centre was ordered to keep on the trail. We then continued our advance slowly but firmly towards our hidden foe. The Indians had selected a most advantageous position for defence, had we fought them at long shot. It was the bank of a pond, once the bed of the creek.—On the edge of the bank was a natural breast work nearly three feet high, formed by one of those tumuli so numerous on our prairies; under this they awaited our approach.

When they fired on us, our position represented two sides of a triangle, they forming the base and we the hypotenuse; although we were close upon them, so dense was the thicket that we could not see the smoke of their guns. The General, who was on the right of the centre, and in front of the line, exclaimed, "Where are the Indians?" He was answered from the left, "This way!" The order was given, "*Charge 'em, boys, d—n them, charge 'em!*" My position was on the extreme right; in the charge we obliques considerably to the left; when I got to the pond, I found no enemy before me, and at the same moment I heard the General, who was a little to my left, say, "There's an Indian, kill him!" I turned toward him, and heard a shot; as I came up, he said, "There, by G—d! I've killed him myself!" This was the Indian commander.