

Passing on to the left, I mounted the natural embankment, and found myself in the midst of the Indians; after discharging my gun, I turned the breech, and struck at a warrior I saw lying under the bank before me; but seeing another very industriously snapping at me, I fell back and re-loaded. As soon as my gun was charged, I advanced with the brave but unfortunate Wells on my left, and Wm. Carns, of Dodgeville, on my right. On coming up, hand-to-hand with the Indians, Wells fell, mortally wounded. Carns first shot, and then bayoneted the warrior that gave Wells his death wound, and I put another in a condition to lose his scalp. At the same time, the only surviving Indian attempted to save himself by flight. He plunged into the pond, and was shot as he got out of the water on the opposite side.

Thus ended the battle; the enemy were completely exterminated. Not one was left to tell Black Hawk and his warriors, how "*Old Hairy Face*" (the Indian name of Gen. Dodge), and his warriors fought. Our trophies were seventeen scalps. Our loss was three men—Black, Wells and Morris, mortally, and Thomas Jenkins, severely wounded.

The annals of border warfare furnish no parallel to this battle. Never before was an entire war party exterminated with so small a loss on the part of the whites, when the numbers engaged were so nearly equal. Although on our advance into the thicket, we outnumbered the Indians some five men, yet, the advantage of their position, and ours having to receive their fire, equalized our numbers.

None of us, from the General down, had ever heard a hostile gun, or burned powder at a foe. The men had been promiscuously assembled, and were untrained soldiers. They, however, proved by their gallant conduct, that American volunteers, when individually brave, will collectively follow to their death, a brave and determined leader, in whom they have confidence.

There were individual acts of devotion and desperate bravery performed, which ought to have immortalized the actors. Our