

ing that the entire mass of which it is composed was carried from below, up to the place of deposit.

One such mound, which stands in a group of them on the south-west angle of Prairie du Chien, has a base of some fifty feet, and is about ten feet high; but being on a natural elevation, it has the appearance, a short distance from it, of being twenty feet high; yet there is no evidence that the earth of which this mound is composed, though of the common soil of the prairie, was taken from the neighborhood of its present location. From the top of this mound can be seen to advantage the extensive low bottom lands and lakes which lie between the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, and were it not for the timber on the margin of the two rivers, their flowing currents could also be seen for some distance. This circumstance induces the belief that it was built for a kind of watch-tower or looking-out place, to watch the approach of enemies.

But the hand of civilization, the plough, the hoe, and the spade, are fast demolishing these monuments of antiquity. When they fall within an enclosure, and the plough breaks the sod, the action of the water in time of rain, and of the wind in time of drought, together with continued cultivation, contribute to level them rapidly with the surrounding earth; and but a few years will elapse before they will be lost in the oblivion of their builders, and will be forgotten, except as their memory will be preserved by the hand of intelligence on the page of the historian.

In reflecting upon the destiny of this people—a people once so numerous and intelligent as those must have been, who laid up, with skill and care, these evidences of their existence, taste and mental improvement,—we can hardly avoid feelings of melancholy. It amounts to annihilation, so far as this world is concerned. We have no trace as to who they were, where from, or where they are gone; we only know that they lived, and are dead.