

other instruments of death could be had,—they mustered for this fight. As the woods and under-brush were very dense, they expected to have a hand-to-hand fight, and prepared for it. The company consisted of Gen. Cass, Judge Moran, Judge Conant, Capt. Francis Cicott, Jas. Cicott, Edward Cicott, George Cicott, Col. H. I. Hunt, Gen. Larned, Wm. Meldrum, John Meldrum, James Meldrum, James Riley, Peter Riley, John Riley, Lambert Beaubien, John B. Beaubien, Joseph Andre, Dit Clark, Louis Moran, Louis Dequindre, Lambert La Foy, Joseph Riopell, Joseph Visgar, Jack Smith, Ben Lucas, and John Ruland. I knew nearly every one of them personally, and a better lot of fellows, for the business they were on, could not well be got together. They were then young, and full of spirit.

After assembling, they rode up along the border of the river, to the Witherell farm, and rode through the lane to the woods. They soon came upon an Indian camp; the Indians had fled, leaving their meat roasting on sticks by the fire. Here they found Archy McMillan's hat, and were in hopes of finding him. The Rileys discovered the tracks of the enemy, and a hot pursuit commenced. They were overtaken on the back part of the Cass farm, and a hot fire was instantly opened, and kept up until the word was passed to *charge*; and on the whole body went, pell-mell. It was hot work for the Indians, and after a while they fled. Peter Riley, who was in advance when the firing commenced, suddenly reined up his horse *across* the trail, sprang off, and firing over the horse's back, brought a warrior to the ground, and in a twinkling, took off his scalp, and bore it away on a pole, in triumph. How many Indians were killed is unknown. A squaw came in with a white flag a few days afterwards, and reported that several of their people had been killed. Their Chief, Kishkaw-kee, was carried off in a blanket, but whether scared or wounded, was not ascertained. Ben Lucas had a personal encounter with an Indian, by the side of Gen. Cass.