

with this warfare were observed by the early settlers of Wisconsin, one of which I witnessed, and will relate.

In the month of May, 1830, with my family, I visited Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi; we were guests of the late Joseph Rolette, then a trader, and agent of the American Fur Company. One evening, a few days after our arrival, we were startled by hearing the continual and successive reports of fire-arms, apparently on the Mississippi below. The firing continued for an hour or more, and was succeeded by sounds of Indian drums and savage yells, with an occasional discharge of guns.

The family having retired at the usual time, were aroused from their slumbers about midnight, by hearing footsteps on the piazza, conversation in the Indian language, and finally by knocking on the door and window shutters. Mr. Rolette immediately arose and went out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, when he was informed that a bloody battle had been fought, and the visitors were the victors, and had called up their trader to inform him of their victory, and to obtain the necessary *spirit water* to celebrate the glorious event in regular savage style. Their wants were supplied, of course, when they took their leave, but not to sleep; neither could we sleep as the warriors kept up through the night a most horrible pow-wow, enlivened by savage yells—all plainly within our hearing.

In the morning, we heard the particulars of the savage fight, and during the day witnessed one of the most disgusting and revolting exhibitions that human beings could display.

On the day before the battle, or rather massacre, a war party of some twenty or twenty-five Sioux encamped on an island opposite Prairie du Chien. They were there joined by a few Menomonees, who volunteered to assist their friends, the Sioux. It appears that the latter had previously received information that on that day a party of Sacs and Foxes, their inveterate enemies, would leave their village, situated on the Mississippi, some distance below Prairie du Chien—intending to visit the latter place; and that they would encamp for the night at a regular camping ground, near the mouth of the Wisconsin River.

In the afternoon of that day, the Sioux war party embarked in