

shore. The unsuspecting Foxes were fired into from the ambuscade, and their best warriors lost their scalps.

After the fight the Monomonees and Sioux came up here, to have a dance over the scalps. The Indians presented a horrid appearance. They were painted for war, and had smeared themselves with blood, and carried the fresh scalps on poles. Some had cut off a head and thrust a stick in the throttle, and held it on high—some carried a hand, arm, leg or *some other portion of a body*, as trophies of their success. They commenced to dance near the mound over the Slough, but Col. Taylor soon stopped that by driving them across the main channel, on to the islands, where they danced until their own scalps went to grace the wigwams of the Sauks and Foxes.

In 1831, I think it was, that I was with a few men getting out stone near Barrette's lower ferry. We lived in a cabin on the west shore of Wisconsin River. One evening after we had gone to bed, two of the men who had been to town for liquor, came rushing into the cabin and told us to get up, for they said the world was *done!* We got up, and the awful grandeur of the sight that we witnessed, I shall never forget. The air was filled with a meteoric shower of phosphorescent light. It came down in flakes, and as thick and fast as hail. It continued for some time, presenting a brilliant spectacle, and giving us a pretty good idea of the judgment day. After the first surprise passed, I knew it was some natural phenomena, (although I had never before or since heard it accounted for,) but it appeared strange that the fire did not burn. In the morning no trace was left of the previous night's wonder.

In April of 1831, I was in the Hospital at Fort Crawford when through the influence of Col. Taylor and Dr. Beaumont, I got my discharge. When I was convalescent, which was about June, a war party of Sauk and Fox Indians came up from their part of the country, to the bluff north of Bloody Run, from where they watched the Monomonees, who were encamped on an island, opposite Prairie Du Chien, a little north of the Old Fort. One night the Monomonee camp was sur-