

demanding it; and knew, furthermore, that some of us would probably be killed. I must confess, it was not the most pleasant subject for me to meditate upon, though I did not think I would be killed myself; and so expressed myself to my companion and mess-mate, Black, to which he replied, "Well, if we get into a battle I know I shall be killed; I feel it now—and am confident that it will be so." He was so earnest and confident about it, that it frightened me, until I came almost to realize it also, and then told him if I really felt as he did, I should make some excuse to keep out of any battle until that feeling left me. He said, "No, Peter, I would rather be killed than have the word go home to my dear mother that I was a coward." At the end of this conversation we arrived at Wiota. I said no more to him on the subject, for it oppressed me, and he said nothing further to me.

After Col. Dodge had made his brief and fitting address to his little band of followers, we then immediately commenced the pursuit, and the Indians were soon overtaken, and sure enough Col. Dodge did charge them "sword in hand," and sure enough the unfortunate Black, true to his sad presentiment, was mortally wounded.

I had the solicitude of a brother for this boy—for nothing but a boy was he. He was my junior in age one year. We were mess-mates, and had galloped side by side in hot pursuit after the Indians, and went together into the engagement, and he was shot down beside me by a ball just burying itself through the skin, just above the ear, but so fractured the skull as to prove fatal, while I only lost a small lock of my hair. I took charge of him, and took him to Fort Defiance, where my father's family were forted. For a few days we had hopes of his recovery. On the eighth day after he was shot, we learned that Dr. Philleo, an eminent surgeon from Galena, was in Wiota, to see the other two young men—Wells and Morris—who were wounded in the same battle. I mounted my horse and galloped to Wiota, and brought Dr. Philleo to see my dear boy friend; but when he saw him he assured me there was no hope for him—that the skull bone was so fractured that death must ensue in a few days, perhaps in twenty-four hours. On the second night after-