

fectly well, that having been the native language of their parents.

Hamilton's Diggings presented not nearly as handsome or pleasing a prospect as Gratiot's Grove. The hills were nearly bare of trees, having been cut down to feed the furnaces; and although the mound at Belmont, the Platte Mound, and the Blue Mound formed the frame of the panorama, yet the view was not so extended and charming as from Gratiot's. It is true there were more settlements and cultivated fields in view, but the prairie was cut up by numerous mineral holes, piles of dirt, and windlasses, which marred the beauty of the landscape, but showed great activity and industry.

It is to this fort that the settlers and miners fled for protection during the Black Hawk War. It is from here that Henry Dodge started with his little band of volunteers to fight the battle of Peckatonica on the 16th day of June, 1832, in which every one of the savages was killed in a hand-to-hand fight. The settlers lost three killed and one wounded. With many of the survivors I was intimately acquainted.

At the time of my visit, the blockhouse and defence created two years before had disappeared; only the dwelling part remained, being neither better nor worse than any other log cabin. No traveler would have suspected that any military camp or fort had, such a short time before, occupied the place. All the romance or pomp of war had vanished as by enchantment, and the mineral holes, the windlasses, log furnaces, and ox teams reminded us that the only war now carried on was one of work—labor and industry against nature—for the purpose of raising the hidden treasure of mother earth.

The next few days, having been joined by Hamilton, we extended our explorations in all directions, hunting for a place suitable to make a settlement. About four or five miles southwest of Fort Hamilton, an old man named Lot, and his son Haman, had settled on the bank of the Peckatonica River some years ago, before the land had been sur-