

Branch, which stood south of where Lake street bridge is now located, which was nearly in front and in full view from the parlor windows of the Sauganash hotel. At that time this was the rival hotel to the Tremont, and stood upon the same ground lately occupied by the great Republican wigwam where Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the presidency—on the corner of Lake and Market streets. It was then a fashionable boarding house, and quite a number of young married people had rooms there. The parlor was in the second story fronting west, from the windows of which the best view of the dance was to be obtained, and these were filled with ladies so soon as the dance commenced. From this point of view my own observations were principally made. Although the din and clatter had been heard for a considerable time, they did not come into view from this point of observation till they had proceeded so far west as to come on a line with the house, which was before they had reached the North Branch bridge. From that time on, they were in full view all the way to the South Branch bridge, which was nearly before us, the wild band, which was in front as they came upon the bridge, redoubling their blows to increase the noise, closely followed by the warriors, who had now wrought themselves into a perfect frenzy.

The morning was very warm, and the perspiration was pouring from them almost in streams. Their eyes were wild and blood-shot. Their countenances had assumed an expression of all the worst passions which can find a place in the breast of a savage—fierce anger, terrible hate, dire revenge, remorseless cruelty—all were expressed in their terrible features. Their muscles stood out in great hard knots, as if wrought to a tension which must burst them. Their tomahawks and clubs were thrown and brandished about in every direction, with the most