

THE SAUKS
AND THE
BLACK HAWK WAR

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H. A. Armstrong

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DEDICATORY.

TO THE EARLY SETTLERS OF ILLINOIS, with whose dangers and fears, toils, turmoils, privations and tribulations, we participated over fifty years ago,—

When these prairies and woodlands, rivers and lea,
Alike to the savage and wild beasts were free,—

Whose brave hearts, strong arms and willing hands, coupled with habits of industry, economy, integrity and perseverance, converted the wilderness of broad, bleak prairies into smiling farms, happy homes and a noble State, is this work dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Over fifty eventful years have come and gone since the Black Hawk War occurred, with no general history of those stirring events. Although there was really no war worthy the name, the excitement and terror caused thereby were far more intense and widespread than any other Indian War of the then Northwest. In compliance with a promise made to the late Judge Dickey and Dean Terry years ago, we have been diligently collecting data with a view of giving an exhaustive history, not only of these events, but the causes which led to the Black Hawk War of 1831-2, and the lives of the celebrated Sauk Chiefs, Black Hawk and Keokuk, Powesheik, the Fox Chief and Shaubenee, the celebrated Pottawattamie Chief, whose names and deeds are a part of the history of that war. In collecting material for our history, we have consulted every authority within our reach having any bearing upon our subject,—chief among which are Edward's, Ford's, Brown's, Davidson and Stuvé's "Histories of Illinois," Reynold's "My own Times," "Black Hawk's Autobiography, and the Black Hawk War of 1832," by Col. John B. Patterson; "The Book of Indians," by Prof. S. G. Drake; "Waubun or Early Days," by Mrs. John H. Kenzie; "Indian Races of North America," by Prof. Bowen; "The North American Indians," by Geo. Catlin; "Our Wild Indians," by Col. R. J. Dodge; "Origin of the North American Indians," by John McIntosh; "Black Hawk and Mexican War Records," by Adjutant-Gen. I. H. Elliott; "The Indian Tribes of the Northwest," by McKinney and Hall; "Recollections of the Black Hawk War," by Gen. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumpter fame, who was Inspector General of the Illinois volunteers during the Black Hawk War. "The Black Hawk War," by W. Preston Johnston, compiled from the field notes of his late father, Albert Sidney Johnston, while acting as Adjutant General on General Henry Atkinson's staff. "The Book of Indian Treaties," "President Jackson's Messages and

Proclamations," "Home-lives, Laws and Customs of the Aborigines of America," by L. H. Morgan, and numerous other writers upon Indian character, habits, customs, etc.; the public press of 1831-2, and the recollections of many old settlers of Illinois who participated in those exciting events. To Hon. Bailey Davenport, of the city of Rock Island, son of Col. George Davenport, who located on Rock Island May 12, 1816, and was robbed and murdered there by what were known as the Prairie Bandits,—Fox, Birch, Baxter and the Long brothers, July 4, 1845,—are we indebted for more new matter of fact and circumstances pertinent to our subject, than all other unpublished sources combined. A man of fine natural ability, coupled with a good education and tenacious memory, he was raised among the Sauks and Foxes, and therefore perfectly familiar with their characteristics, as well as the events of 1831-2. In the collection of facts we have spared neither time or expense. Several trips have been made to Rock Island, (which was the central location of the events we have narrated), Kansas and the Indian Territory, in search of needed information, while our correspondence has been large. Regretting that our biographies of those celebrated Indian Chiefs, Black Hawk and Keokuk of the Sauks, and Shabonee of the Pottawattamies, are so meagre, yet we have given all the reliable facts we have been able to obtain in relation to their lives and deeds. Neither of them kept a record of their acts, nor did they understand or speak any written language, hence the impossibility of giving their every day life and conduct.

In compiling our history we have endeavored to be fair to all—partial to none—yet unsparing in our censure of men and measures whenever and wherever their action deserved it. If, therefore, we have inadvertently done injustice to the dead, or wounded the feelings of the living, such has been unintentional. Our aim and object have been "to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," regardless alike of "fear, favor or affection;" and if our effort shall meet the approbation of the early settlers of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri, who, with us, passed through those trying days, then will we feel satisfied with our long and tedious labor in writing this, our first book.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

The Osaukie or Sauk Nation of Indians—A Short Sketch of their Migrations, Locations, Allies, Customs, Religious Beliefs, Laws and Numerical Strength.

"I love the wigwam home,
Its brands so cheerful burning,
Wherever I may roam.
I love the sweet returning,
And when this life shall end,
When calls the Great So-wan-a,*
Southwestern shall I wend
To roam the broad Savana."—LEVI BISHOP.

As the cautious sportsman, before placing his bets upon any contest of skill, strength or endurance, carefully investigates the previous achievements and record of the contestants, so should the historian, before giving the great events of his history, first introduce to his readers the heroes of his story. To do so in our case, with any degree of satisfaction, is a difficult, indeed, impossible, thing, so far at least, as one of the contesting parties is concerned, for the Indians kept no records, and did not speak any written language. Hence we are remitted to their legends and traditions, which are always more or less mythical, extravagant, and unreal. Indeed an Indian can be nothing if not mysterious, stoical and superstitious. We shall, therefore, endeavor to give facts and circumstances clearly, truthfully, and faithfully; and from those facts and circumstances endeavor to trace their intentions, as well as their acts. In doing this we ask the indulgent reader to accompany us in drawing conclusions, and censure us when, in their judgment, censure is our due. On the other side, we shall give the facts as we find them of record, and when erroneous we shall criticise them unsparingly and fearlessly. From all the authorities we can find, the Osaukies, or men from the White Earth, or clay, so-called, when first found by the French Voyageurs in Northern Canada, in 1668, on account of the snow upon the ground where they lived, were a powerful

*The Indian term for God over all.

nation, numerically and physically. The French, being unable to pronounce the word Osaukie, omitted the first and latter syllables, and to further harmonize the sound of the word to their language, changed the sound from Sauk to Sac. By this latter name have they almost universally, but erroneously, been known, a few writers even spelling the word Sock. We shall adhere to the name Sauk in these pages. In stature these Indians were above the average of other northern tribes of the aborigines. Though bold, war-like and aggressive, they were very intelligent, hospitable and humane. In their knowledge of the arts sciences, and agriculture, they were the foremost nation of the North American Indians, and the absolute wonder of the age. Nor were they deficient in mechanism and engineering. Quick to perceive and apt in copying everything of utility, they were the leading Indian nation in point of wisdom, skill and useful information. In language, habits, customs and religious beliefs they were closely allied to the Pottawattamies, Ottawas, and Chippawas, from whom they undoubtedly sprang, and with whom they were grouped under the generic term—Peuotomies. They were ever friendly with these nations as well as the Musquawkies, or Foxes.

With the latter they were especially cordial, and, so far as we have been able to trace the history of these five nations, they were nearly always on terms of peace and good will, and not infrequently, allies,—notably so in their long sanguinary war against the Illini or Illinois, culminating in the siege of Starved Rock, about the year 1760, of which many legends have been written—one by us in 1872, and published in a local paper. Whether the Sauks voluntarily left their northern home, and migrated to the bay in Michigan, which bears their name,—Saganaw or Saganau,—or were driven from Canada, by their hereditary enemies, the Osages, or the more powerful Iroquois, who invaded and conquered all the Indian tribes in Canada, about the time when the Sauks left it and came to the United States, we have not been able to definitely ascertain. But they did leave Canada, and locate in what is now the State of Michigan, along the banks of Sauginaw Bay, which was then called Saukenuk, or Saukietown, but since they left it has been called Sauginaw Bay.

Here they did not remain but a short time before migrating to what is now the State of Wisconsin, and located on the banks of "Sauk river," so named for them. While here they formed an

alliance with the Musquawkies, or Ottagamies, as called by many early writers, the former being correct, and meaning "men from the red earth or clay." The French traders, finding these Indians too shrewd, wary and cunning to be gulled and deceived, called or dubbed them "Les Renards,"—or in plain English,—Foxes, by which name they have been very generally known, and will be so called by us. The Foxes then were in possession of the country about Green Bay, and along Fox river of the Wisconsin, which was named for them. These Indians remained at this point in Wisconsin, until about the year 1730, during which time they had frequently descended the Mississippi in their canoes, and taken a strong liking to the magnificent country at, and surrounding the beautiful island of Rock Island, then in possession of the Santeaux*, who were a branch of the Chippewa, or Ojibway Nation, with their principal village where the large city of Rock Island now stands. Whether the Sauks and Foxes purchased these lands from the Santeaux, or took them by force, is not known. But since they spoke the same language and afterwards lived as neighbors with them, the strong presumption is, that they obtained them by purchase. The Santeaux moved farther down the Mississippi, making their principal village where the city of Quincy now stands. The Sauks and the Foxes left their homes in Wisconsin, and migrated to, and took possession of, these lands at and near Rock Island. The Sauks located their principal village at the foot of the promontory, on the north bank of Rock river, on the peninsula, some three miles south of the island of Rock Island, and named it Sauk-e-nuk or Saukietown, while the Foxes located their principal village on the north bank of the Mississippi, where the splendid city of Davenport now stands.

The Mississippi at this point runs almost due east and west. Although these two Indian tribes were allies, they were never united, but were separate and distinct in their governments and possessions. Soon after their migration to this point, they levied war against the Aiouz or Ioway Indians, partially subjugating them and driving them back from their lands, which embraced the entire territory of the present State of Iowa, and that part of the present State of Missouri lying east of the Missouri river, and took possession thereof. Thus did their joint possessions embrace all the territory, commencing on the Mississippi at the mouth of the Illinois river, running thence up the Illinois to where

*Pronounced San-toes.

the city of Peoria now stands, thence in a direct line to a point on the Wisconsin river, seventy miles above its mouth; thence down that river to the Mississippi, and down the Mississippi to the place of beginning, besides the entire State of Iowa and north-eastern Missouri, containing, in the aggregate, about fifty millions of acres of the finest agricultural lands in the United States—territory of sufficient size to build and support an empire. The Sauks had a small village near the mouth of the Des Moines river, in Iowa, and the Foxes a similar one on the south side of the Mississippi, where that fine city of Moline now stands. To the north and east of their possessions were the territories of the Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes, and adjoining them were the lands of the Chippewas and Ottawas, while to the south laid the lands of the Kickapoos. With all of these tribes the Sauks and Foxes were uniformly on terms of peace, and united by ties of blood and intermarriage, and with whom they were frequently confederated in repelling the aggressions of their common enemies, the Sioux. These seven tribes spoke substantially the same language. But the ties of friendship existing between the Sauks and Foxes were far stronger than those entertained by them for these other tribes. Yet they were never consolidated together as “the united bands or nations of Sacs and Foxes,” as is erroneously supposed, and inserted in the treaties of St. Louis of Nov. 3, 1804, and again in 1815, and others. The lands upon the peninsula, lying between the Mississippi and Rock rivers, had probably been cultivated by the Santeaux for a century or more prior to the advent of the Sauks to that locality. The Santeaux were a numerous and belligerent nation, else they could not have held this Indian Garden of Eden so many long years against their avaricious, savage neighbors. With the Ioways on their west, who were also a powerful and war-like nation, they had an almost incessant guerrilla kind of warfare for many years prior to their surrendering possession to the Sauks and Foxes. The similarity existing between the latter tribes was so striking that they may be well-termed the same in general characteristics. And as history teaches us that the great men of every nation run or appear but once during its lifetime, and then in numbers, so with these two nations, and the period of time when their great men appeared, was that of which we are writing. Black Hawk and Keo'uk, of the Sauks, Black Thunder and Powesheik, of the Foxes, were their greatest. But since the Foxes, as a nation,

took no part or lot in the so-called Black Hawk wars of 1831-2, we shall confine our history as closely as practicable to the Sauks; yet for a century or more the history of one would be the history of both, saving and excepting as to their rulers and the strength of their respective nations, the Sauks having double the number of the Foxes.

The origin of the Sauk Nation as a government was not dissimilar to that of all other nations and peoples of the earth. It was of the common type, known as the Gentile organization—the oldest and most widely spread institution among men on earth, and the vehicle or instrumentality through and by which society has been organized and held together from the lowest grade of savagery up through the various stages of barbarism, to civilization and refinement. It is through and by means of the *gens*, or kin, *phratry*, or brotherhood, tribe and confederacy. Like the Grecian gens and phratry, the Roman gens and *curia*, the Irish sept, the Scottish *clan* and Albanian *phrara*, this form of organization seems to have run through the cycle of all human society from time immemorial. The word gens implies not only kin, but a body of kindred persons, or consanguinity, or as being descended from the same common ancestor, distinguished by a gentile name, and cemented together by the ties of blood or consanguinity. Nearly every ethnologist who has written upon the American aborigines, whom we call Indians, has used the word *tribe*, *band*, or clan, instead of the more apt, significant and comprehensive words *gens*, *gentes*, or *phratries*.

With the Sauks, like all other Indian nations, the gens ran in the female line, and were based upon three cardinal principles—first, the bond of kin; second, a pure lineage through descent, and third, non-intermarriage in the same gens. Thus the males of one gens must marry a female of another, and vice versa. Hence the gens must of necessity increase. The gens resting on the bond of kinship had a strong, cohesive principle for protecting each individual member, which could not have had existence in any other way. As the gens increased in number, other organizations became imperative, and produced the *gentes* and then the phratry, or subdivisions of the tribe. The natural increase of the phratry produced still another organization known as the tribe, or nation, and from surrounding danger and oppressions another organization ensued in the form of a confederation of two or more tribes, or nations, for purposes offensive and defensive. The gens

ran into gentes, composed of a number of gens, each assuming a totem representing some animal or bird, the more notable of which were the bear, wolf, fox, tortoise, eagle, hawk and crane. These gentes were run into phratries, or brotherhoods, of the same tribe, or nation. The organization of the phratries was constantly kept up, and exerted a powerful influence in the decision of all tribal questions, as each phratry cast their votes as a unit. Hence they stood in the same relation to their tribe that a well organized political club does in our political contests. Under the Sauk law inter-marriages seldom took place between members of the same phratry, for they, as a general rule, were at least cousins, whose inter-marriage was strongly condemned by the tribe as tending to deteriorate their offspring. Quoting from the pen of the late Judge Hall,* who spent much time among the Sauks about the time of which we are writing, we find that "the office of Chief of the Sauks is partly elective and partly hereditary. The son is usually chosen as the successor of the father, if worthy, but if he be passed over, the most meritorious of the family is selected. There are several of these dignitaries, and in describing their relative rank they narrate a tradition, which we suppose to be merely figurative. They say that a great while ago their fathers had a long lodge, in the center of which were ranged four fires. By the first stood two chiefs, one on the right hand, who was called the Great Bear, and one on the left hand, who was called the Little Bear. These were the Peace, or Village Chiefs. They were the rulers of the band, and held the authority that we should describe as that of Chief Magistrate, but not in equal degree, for the Great Bear was Chief and the other next in authority. At the second fire stood two chiefs, one on the right called the Great Fox, and one on the left called Little Fox. These were their War Chiefs, or Generals.

"At the third fire stood two braves, who were called, respectively, the Wolf and the Owl, and at the fourth fire stood two others, who were the Eagle and the Tortoise. The last four were not chiefs, but braves of high reputation, who occupied honorable places in the council, and were persons of influence in peace or war. The lodge of four fires may have existed in fact, or the tradition may be merely metaphorical. The chiefs actually rank in the order presented in this legend, and the nation is divided into families, or clans, each of which is distinguished by the name of

*Once State Treasurer of Illinois.

an animal or bird. Instead of there being but eight there are now twelve (chiefs). The place of Peace Chief, or Head-man, confers honor rather than power, and is by no means a desirable situation, unless the incumbent be a person of popular talents. He is nominally the first man in the tribe, and presides at the councils. All acts of importance are done in his name, and he is saluted by the patriarchal title of Father. But his power and influence depend entirely on his personal weight of character; and when he happens to be a weak man, the authority is virtually exercised by the War Chief. He is usually poor, whatever may be his skill or success as a hunter; he is compelled to give away his property in hospitality or benevolence. He is expected to be affable and generous, and must entertain his people occasionally with feasts, and be liberal in giving presents. He must practice the arts of gaining popularity, which are much the same in every state of society, and among which a prodigal hospitality is not the least successful. If any one requires to borrow or beg a horse on an emergency, he applies to this chief, who cannot refuse without subjecting himself to the charge of meanness. Not unfrequently the young men take his ponies or other property without leave, when he is probably the only individual in the tribe with whom such a liberty could be taken with impunity. He is the father who must regard with an indulgent eye the misdeeds of his children, when he himself is the injured party, but who must administer inflexible justice when others are aggrieved. A person of energetic character may maintain a high degree of influence in this station, and some who have held it have been little less than despotic. But when a man of small capacity succeeds to the hereditary chieftaincy, he is a mere tool in the hands of the War Chief, who, having command of the braves and young men, controls the elements of power, and readily obtains the sway in a community essentially martial, where there is little law and less wealth.

“The principal War Chief is often, therefore, the person whose name is most widely known, and he is frequently confounded with the Head-man. The station of War Chief is not hereditary, nor can it properly be said to be elective, for although in some cases of emergency, a leader is formally chosen, they usually acquire reputation by success, and rise gradually into confidence and command. The most distinguished warrior, especially if he be a man of popular address, becomes, by tacit consent, the War Chief.”

One of the established customs among the Sauks, as well as the Foxes, was, upon the birth of a son, to paint his face with white or yellow paint. If the first born son was painted white, the second was in turn painted yellow, thus alternating, the mother being careful that she made no mistake in rotation. Thus, if her sons were of an even number, they were equally divided into two classes, the one known as whites or white faces, the other as yellows, and this classification adhered to the children through life. In painting themselves ever after upon any occasion, or for any purpose, each class used its characteristic color, mixed with such other colors as they might select in addition,—all other colors being free to their use. The object of this custom was to form, or create, two competitive classes, and thus inspire a continuous emulation and rivalry between the two parties who were always pitted against each other, at public ball playing and other tests of skill or endurance. Also at their dances and in their hunting, fishing and even war parties, they vied with each other in a manly emulation to take more scalps than those of the opposing color, and on their return from either a hunting expedition or the war path, the trophies of both parties were placed side by side until it had been ascertained whether the yellows or the whites were the victors.

Their emulation, however, was never permitted to extend beyond the limits of a fair, honorable and generous strife to excel each other. Hence, in its effect, it worked beautifully and beneficially. The Sauks had but few laws. They seldom contracted debts, and had no modes to enforce their collection when contracted, save that of public scorn to him who refused to pay that which he agreed to. His obligation, therefore, was merely one of honor, and he prized that too highly to lose it for trivial causes, hence, debts were promptly paid or arranged. Civil injuries were settled by the old men who were familiar with the injury and the parties. In case of murder in their own tribe, the relatives of the murdered person had the right to take the life of the murderer on sight, but unless there were no mitigating circumstances connected with the murder, they seldom did so, but compromised with the murderer for a property consideration, for they neither had or used money. The usual currency in murder compromises were, so many ponies, blankets and peltries. Black Hawk says, in his autobiography: "The only means with us for saving a person who killed another, was by paying for the person

killed, thus covering the blood and satisfying the relatives of the murdered man." If the parties could not agree upon the amount or value of the ransom to be paid for the murderer's life, the old men interfered as arbiters, and never failed in effecting an adjustment. They had no treason except aiding their enemies, or a failure to perform military duty, both of which received prompt and contemptuous rebuke. As for instance, a sentinel who neglected his duty, was publicly flogged with rods in the hands of the squaws.

In point of honesty, the Sauks stood so high that the traders among them did not lock their doors by day or night. Hon. Bailey Davenport, of Rock Island, assures us that such was the confidence of his father,—who kept a store or trading house on Rock Island, from 1816 up to near the time of his death,—in the honesty of these Indians, that no matter how many of them might be in his store, he never hesitated to go to his meals without having them vacate the building, or leaving any one to guard against thefts, and never lost a cent's worth to his knowledge. Not even would they take a common clay pipe, though a box of them were temptingly open and in reach, and many of them were inveterate smokers.

Wonderfully like the ancient Jewish nation in their religious rites and ceremonies, they offered up to the Great Jehovah, under the name of the Great Spirit, burnt offerings, and celebrated the Passover in their Crane Dance, which they held annually upon the completion of their corn planting. What, between feasting, dancing and love-making, this was their most noted holiday. Black Hawk's description of this feast is as follows: "Our women plant the corn, and as soon as they are done we make a feast at which we dance the crane dance, in which they join us, dressed in their most gaudy attire, and decorated with feathers. At this feast the young men select the women they wish to have for wives. He then informs his mother, who calls on the mother of the girl, when the necessary arrangements are made, and the time appointed for him to come. He goes to the lodge when all are asleep, or pretend to be, and with his flint and steel strikes a light and soon finds where his intended sleeps. He then awakes her, holds the light close to his face that she may know him, after which he places the light close to hers. If she blows it out the ceremony is ended, and he appears in the lodge next morning as one of the family. If she does not blow out the light, but leaves it burning,

he retires from the lodge. The next day he places himself in full view of it, and plays his flute. The young women go out one by one to see who he is playing for. The tune changes to let them know he is not playing for them. When his intended makes her appearance at the door, he continues his courting tune until she returns to the lodge. He then quits playing and makes another trial at night, which usually turns out favorable. During the first year they ascertain whether they can agree with each other and be happy; if not, they separate, and each looks for another companion. If we were to live together and disagree, we would be as foolish as the whites. No indiscretion can banish a woman from her parental lodge,—no difference how many children she may bring home, the kettle is over the fire to feed them." This feast and dance lasted several days, and was generally followed by another, which Black Hawk calls their National feast and dance, and describes it thus: "The large square in the village is swept and prepared for the purpose. The chiefs and old warriors take seats on mats, which have been spread on the upper end of the square; next come the drummers and singers, the braves and women form the sides, leaving a large space in the middle. The drums beat and the singing commences. A warrior enters the square keeping time with the music. He shows the manner he started on a war party; how he approached the enemy. He strikes, and shows how he killed him. All join in the applause, and he leaves the square and another takes his place. Such of our young men as have not been out in war parties and killed an enemy, stand back ashamed, not being allowed to enter the square. I remember that I was ashamed to look where our young men stood before I could take my stand in the ring as a warrior. What pleasure it is to an old warrior to see his son come forward and relate his exploits. It makes him feel young, and induces him to enter the square and fight his battles over again. This national dance makes our warriors."

If Black Hawk wished to convey the idea that this dance was special to the Sauks, then was he mistaken, as it is the dance known as "Big Indian" among all tribes of aborigines of this country, and is but a training school. It will be seen that he makes the word warrior mean he who has killed an enemy, instead of the word brave. We believe this to be a mistake of his interpreter, Antoin Le Clair, the universal rule among Indians being that a brave is one who is known to have killed one or more

enemies, while he who may have participated in a dozen pitched battles is but a warrior until it is known that he has killed and scalped an enemy. They had many other public feast days, notably the Big Medicine Feast—once a year—devoted to the dead of the year, when the relations of the deceased gave all their personal effects away, and reduced themselves to poverty to show their humility to the Great Spirit, and implore His pity. Their war dance will appear in a subsequent chapter. As a tribe or nation they were essentially religious in their beliefs, all believing in the existence of one Divine Being, who ruled and governed the heavens and the earth. Quite a large number—indeed, nearly the entire tribe—believed in the existence of two Great Spirits, one good, the other bad. The Good Spirit ruled and governed the day, and was their special friend and protector, while the Bad Spirit dominated over the night, causing darkness and death, and to placate and appease him they offered feasts and burnt offerings. Naturally superstitious—like other Indians—great, indeed, must have been the necessity which could induce them to travel at night, while such a thing as making an attack in the darkness of the night was never thought of by them, much less practiced. All Indian tribes, even in the lower plane of savagery, have been noted for their hospitality to strangers. It is, and ever has been, one of their cardinal virtues. At the landing of Columbus, the first act of the aborigines was to offer him food. With the Sauk's, hospitality to strangers was a leading characteristic, while charity was only limited by their means of giving. If they had two blankets and their neighbor had none, he who had the two divided with him who had none; and this they did to a stranger as readily as to a neighbor. As a general rule, they thanked the Good Spirit for everything which they prized and enjoyed. "For myself," says Black Hawk, "I never take a drink of water from a spring without being mindful of His goodness."

In 1831 they, as a nation, had emerged from the dark cloud of savagery, passed through the earlier stages of barbarism, and were hovering upon the outer edge of civilization. In mechanism and agriculture they were well advanced for their period. They wove belts and twisted ropes from the filaments of bark, plaited flags and grasses into mats, tanned the skins of animals into soft and pliable leather, more especially those of the deer, moose and elk, from which they made moccasins, leggings, hunting-shirts and

other garments for wearing apparel. They well understood how to cure and prepare the hides of the buffalo and bear, and then utilize them for blankets or bed-covering, and to prepare the fur-bearing peltries of the otter, beaver, mink, coon and muskrat for market, and estimate their relative values. In ornamental feather adornments their women were well skilled. They cultivated thousands of acres of corn, beans, pumpkins and squashes, with small lots of tobacco, artichokes, etc. They had learned the use of the plow as a means of preparing their lands for their crops. Their fields were enclosed with post and rail fences. They were familiar with the use of fire arms, and experts in handling them. Their government was purely Democratic, with universal suffrage to all who were of proper age, male or female. This government was administered upon the broadest principles of even-handed justice and human rights. Justice to all, favoritism to none. Station or place afforded no immunity to crime or oppression. Inexpensive and simple in form, yet forcible and efficacious in its operations. Under it individual liberty and personal freedom of restraint were inviolate, while the rights of property were secure.

Theft and robbery seldom occurred among their people, and when they did, they were speedily ferreted out, and the culprit submitted to such a storm of ridicule that he seldom repeated the experiment. Each brave and warrior was ever ready to defend, not only his own, but the liberty of every member of his nation, high or low, old or young. Liberty, equality and fraternity were the cardinal principles of their government. These fundamental principles tended to strengthen the natural independence and stoical dignity of these Indians. The most grateful compliment to their ears was to call them "a true Sauk." It sounded to them like "I am a Roman citizen" to the Roman, and the equally proud title to us of being "an American citizen." In what may be termed political economy they had reached the third period, which is a government of the people and by the people, through a council and assembly, with a general or military commander. It is, however, true that their council was not purely elective, though practically so. This council was composed exclusively of their chiefs—twelve in number. In this council must originate every public measure or proposition affecting the interests of the nation. It was, to all intents and purposes, a close communion institution, and held its sittings with closed doors, beyond the reach of treacherous eaves-droppers. Here they discussed, amended, and

perfected the question or proposition which, if passed by them, must be unanimously adopted. When so adopted, they caused public proclamation of the proposition to be made by the village crier, who passed from lodge to lodge through the entire village, proclaiming, in a loud voice, the purport of the proposition which was to be submitted to the people, in general assembly, upon the plaza, or public square, for approval or rejection, and the time when it would be submitted. When the people were assembled, the council, with the Head-man, or Peace Chief, as presiding officer, entered the square, and were seated on mats at the upper end of the plaza. At a sign from the Head-man, all became silent, when, with bowed head, he offered up a petition to the Great Spirit for wisdom and guidance in the business in hand. This done, he rose to his feet and stated the proposition which the assembly were called together to consider and vote upon, giving, in *extenso*, the reasons why the council had adopted and recommended it to them for approval. He then invited discussions; and not infrequently an animated and very able debate ensued, and continued from day to day before a final vote was taken. Their mode of ascertaining the true vote was by the appointment of tellers, who passed through the assembly, one set counting the affirmative and another the negative votes. When the tellers were through, they reported to the Head-man, who announced the result to the assembly. If the proposition be ever so faulty, the assembly must vote on it without power to amend. If defeated, that ended the matter, as they had no rule by which they could reconsider a vote once taken. If the majority of the votes cast, or taken, were in favor of the proposition, it then became the law upon the proclamation of the Head-man. Though ignorant of the meshes and labyrinths of parliamentary law, they had a far more simple, expeditious and satisfactory method of arriving at conclusions than have our ablest statesmen and law-makers, with all their knowledge and skill in the use of parliamentary tactics,—previous questions and multifarious dilatory motions. At one time there were over eleven thousand souls belonging to the Sauk Nation. Saukenuk alone contained that number, while their villages on the Des Moines and at Prophetstown would increase the grand total to the neighborhood of fifteen thousand. But their almost constant warfare with the Osages, who seem to have been their natural and hereditary enemy, Sioux, Cherokees and other Indian Nations, had decimated their number about two-thirds, so

that in 1831-2 there were about six thousand Sauks, all told. Of these, about two-thirds followed the standard of Keokuk, and one-third that of Black Hawk.

It is a singular fact that when an Indian Nation contains more than about two thousand people its increase of population decreases its cohesive power. This originates from the multiplicity of the gens, gentes, and phratries, who become jealous of each other, and commence to intrigue and plot for the advancement of their own special gens, gentes, or phratry, which lead to numerous combinations and results, in dividing their nation into two or more segments, each selecting and electing chiefs from their own gentes or phratry, to whom alone they acknowledge fealty and duty. By thus dividing their original nation into fractions, with each fraction organized as an independent tribe, they fall an easy prey to the rapacity of every nation more powerful than they, or of equal numerical strength under older and more experienced chieftains. This fallacious and suicidal custom has done more toward the utter extinction of the Indian races than any one other cause, whisky excepted. But in the division of the Sauks, which occurred with the late war between Great Britain and the United States, this custom or weakness was not a factor. That division grew out and was a part of the war of 1812-14. For more than forty years Mucketeer-Meshe-Kiah-Kiah, (literally meaning in our language Black Sparrow Hawk, but always called Black Hawk), prior to that war had been the universally acknowledged first or head War Chief of the Sauk Nation. He was a lineal descendant of Nanamakee or Thunder, the founder of the nation. (See his biography). A born leader of his people and Indian patriot, he was as fond of a fight as the fellow who is so eager to find the traditional "man who struck Billy Patterson" or "Pat at Donnybrook Fair, with a chip on his shoulder." Living at Saukenuk, near Rock Island, and "out of a job," as he had no immediate fight on his hands, but eager to have, on learning that war had been declared, hastened to offer his services with two hundred picked braves, to our Government to fight against the British. But from the well established rule, be it said to the honor and humanity of the American people, we never have, and doubtless never will, employ *Indians* to slaughter *white people*. This is a fundamental principle of our Government, and one of our grievances against our mother country—Great Britain—in the glorious Declaration of Independence. "He has endeavored

to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions," is its language. On being refused, he at once tendered his services to the British, and was accepted, and went to Green Bay, where he was assigned to duty with the rank of Colonel. During his absence, a rumor reached Saukenuk that a large force of United States troops had left Peoria, Illinois, for an attack upon Saukenuk, which created great alarm among the Sauks, who, as a mass, sympathized with the people of the United States in this war. A council of chiefs was convened, and a proposition submitted in favor of abandoning Saukenuk and crossing to the west side of the Mississippi to escape what appeared to be danger. This proposition was advocated by a number of the older chiefs, and would probably have been adopted but for the impassioned eloquence of Keokuk, (meaning the Watchful Fox) who was then but a Chief of the Eagle, or fourth grade. He had already gained much renown, both as a brave and an orator. The proposition was defeated, and Keokuk appointed War Chief of the tribe, although then comparatively young.

He at once organized a small army, sent out spies, and went in person at the head of a little band of trailers, towards Peoria, and satisfied himself that the whole story was a canard. He manifested so much skill and knowledge of warfare in this, that he was at once elected War Chief of the Nation. When Black Hawk and his 200 braves returned from the war, he found Keokuk fully installed in his place as the War Chief of the Nation, and a division of the tribe ensued. Those braves and warrior's who had accompanied him to the war and back, with a few others, followed Black Hawk's banner, while the rest followed the banner of Keokuk. The former were known as the British or Black Hawk's band; the latter as the Peace or Keokuk's band. The breach which then occurred has never been healed, and these two factions are more widely separated now than ever before. Keokuk, and Black Hawk have long since gone upon the "long trail," and have been gathered to their fathers. Appanoose, (meaning a born chief) the eldest son of Keokuk, succeeded his father, and is still the great Chief of the Peace band of Sauks, which are located upon their own reservation in Franklin Co., Kansas, while the British or Black Hawk's band, are located in the Indian Territory, with a lineal descendant of the old chief

at their head. Many efforts were made by the United States officials to reunite the Sauks into one nation, with Keokuk at its head, but in vain. They were partially united from and after the treaty at Fort Armstrong, of September 21, 1832 to 1839, but it proved abortive. They could no more adhere and coalesce than oil and water.

The rivalry which had been so long and so sharp between Black Hawk and Keokuk, extended through the entire Nation, the gentes and phratries taking sides and fomenting the natural enmities of their favorite Chiefs. Both were great men in every sense of the term,—orators, warriors, patriots and statesmen. Saukenuk being located near the Mississippi, while their corn lands extended to the south bank of that great highway of travel, these Indians were brought in almost daily contact with the white people, who passed up and down in all manner of water craft, long before the building of Fort Armstrong, in 1816; and after that time, friendly relations existed between these Indians and the officers and soldiers of the Fort, more especially with Col. Davenport, who opened a trading house on the Island, near the Fort. Hence their opportunity to learn the “white man’s path” were good, and being naturally quick of perception, they soon copied and adopted the white man’s way of doing everything, except to speak our language, in this they were deficient. Their tenacity in adhering to their own language was more from prejudice than lack of ability to speak it. In the arts of husbandry or agriculture they made rapid progress, as well as in many other respects. These facts are the solution of their near approach to actual civilization.

CHAPTER II.

Location and Extent of their Farm-Lands, and the Tenure by which they were Held.—How their Lands were Allotted, Fenced and Cultivated.—Their Legend about the Origin of Corn, Beans and Tobacco.

Of late where yonder forest green
Now stands in beauties' form,
Three thousand acres might be seen
In silk and tasseled corn;
No stick or twig, no bush or tree
Stood on that rich plateau,
Of grass and weeds it then was free,
Some fifty years ago.

The Sauks cultivated in corn, beans, pumpkins, squashes, tobacco, etc., nearly, if not fully, three thousand acres of table lands upon the peninsula lying between the Mississippi and Rock rivers. These rivers at this point run nearly parallel for many miles, forming a peninsula, which is from two to six or eight miles in width. At the point where their farms were located, the peninsula is about three miles across. Commencing at a point some three miles above the mouth of Rock river is an elevated plateau of land, which may be called a promontory. Starting at the bank of Rock river, in a narrow point, this promontory rises abruptly some sixty or seventy feet, and runs almost in a direct northeasterly direction, to within about one-half mile of the Mississippi. After leaving the Rock river bank the elevation drops off, forming a plateau of beautiful table-land, embracing several thousand acres, all sloping from southeast to northwest. Upon these tablelands were the cultivated farms of these Indians,—all of which, but a little over fifty short years ago, were enclosed, and over three thousand acres in one body under cultivation by the Sauks and Foxes.

There were but few Foxes living on the peninsula, their principal village being on the Iowa side of the Mississippi. These two tribes not only joined territories but fences at this point, so that starting on the north bank of Rock river, they ran a line of post and rail (more properly pole) fence from thence to the south bank

of the Mississippi, near the foot of the island of Rock Island, a distance of about four miles in the line built upon. The high bank of Rock river running east from the south end of their fence, formed the south fence, while the Mississippi formed the north one, and the high promontory to the northeast formed the other fence. Immediately west of and following the west line of fence, was a well beaten and extensively traveled road, leading from Saukenuk to the Mississippi, or the island, where Fort Armstrong (built in 1816, and named in honor of Gen. John Armstrong, then Secretary of War,) and the trading house of Col. George Davenport stood. West of this road, and fence, extending to the mouth of Rock river, the land is low and flat. Here was their pasture land, upon which hundreds, yea, thousands of their hardy little ponies grazed. It was thoroughly sodded to blue grass, furnishing pasture equal to the finest blue grass fields of Kentucky. The construction of their fences was decidedly pristine, and when completed they were neither safe nor durable. Their only tools were the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Their posts were made by cutting down small saplings and haggling them off to the proper length, then sharpening one end, in a rather rough way, and driving the sharpened end into the ground, at about eight feet apart, along the line where they wished to build. Then cutting down smaller sapplings, they split them in two, as nearly equal parts as practicable, and lashed them with strips of bark or hickory withes to the posts (flat side to the post), putting on about five split poles to the panel. What, between the heavy dews, and pouring rains, succeeded by scorching suns and arid winds, these barken nails, or fastenings, were like the modern Boards of Trade and Bucket Shops,—subject to sudden expansion and contraction, which, like the bulls and bears of trade, played havoc with their corn. For, with their expansion and contraction, the rails were permitted to slide down the posts, thus forming gaps through which their horses and hogs entered their fields to forage on the growing crops. Hence their fences were not unlike cheap clocks—constantly out of repair. They neither had nails or knew their use, nor would they have used them if they had. They were conscientiously opposed to innovation, or change, and religiously believed in doing ast heir fathers had done before them. The lower rails, or poles, were placed comparatively close together, to prevent their knife-blade-shaped hogs from sliding through into their cornfields. To guard against depreddations of

their ponies was not difficult, because the little brutes, though naturally treacherous and vicious, were not hard on fences, or breachy. They were well contented with munching the succulent blue grass, or bucking their unsuspecting riders into some pond or ditch, kicking their heels high into the air, and galloping back to join the heard, occasionally looking back to fully enjoy the discomfiture of their late riders.

But with the advent of the white settlers in that locality, whose horses and cattle partook of the avaricious and breachy nature of their owners, the sapling fences of these Indians were merely cobwebs in their road to their growing cornfields. These pioneer white people began settling near Saukenuk as early as the spring of 1829. In the latter part of June, in that year, when the Indian corn was about knee-high, the stock of these white people were making nightly raids upon it, when Keokuk personally visited every white settler in the vicinity, and begged of them to keep their stock confined of night, saying that by day the Indian squaws and papposes would keep watch and ward over their fields. To this reasonable request, all except Rinnah Wells readily assented, but he flatly refused so to do. Now, he had jumped the claim of an Indian and planted quite a field of corn, and inclosed his field with a substantial rail fence. His corn was growing finely, and bid fair to produce a heavy yield. He was also the owner and possessor of several horses and quite a heard of cattle, which were, on the evening of the day when Keokuk had made the request, as usual, all turned loose to forage on the fine blue grass or growing Indian corn, as they might prefer, but liked corn the better. On the morrow, when Mr. Wells sought to find his stock, he discovered that they had made a mistake—a serious mistake; for, instead of making their usual raid upon the Indians' cornfields, they had litterly devoured some five or six acres of his own. By some unknown cause, the bars entering his field had been opened or let down, and left in that condition. Mr. Wells accused the Indians of doing it. His suspicions were probably correct, with the verdict in favor of the Indians that they "served him right." The stock of Rinnah Wells, thenceforward, were restrained of their liberty at night.

Nearly all of the farming lands of the Sauks, near Saukenuk, were enclosed in one vast common field, which embraced about three thousand acres of tilled table lands, lying along the western and northern slopes of the promontory, from which the timber

had been completely removed, even to the stumps, and subdivided into small lots, to suit its occupants. Their cross-fences, as a rule, however, were constructed of brush, while in some instances the dividing lines were merely stakes. While the great majority of those who worked these cornfields lived in Sankenuk, some had their lodges built upon their cornfields. The size of their fields varied in proportion to the number in the family or gens. Their title to the land they individually cultivated, was merely possessory. The fee was vested in the nation, and could not be divested, except upon recommendation of their council and vote of the assembly. In dividing up these farm lands among the families, the council of their chiefs had supreme control, without submitting their action to the assembly for approval. Ten acres to one family was a large allotment. When once allotted, a possessory title attached, which lasted year after year, or until voluntarily abandoned. Their principal crop was corn, of which they raised three distinct kinds, to-wit: First, a small kind of sweet corn, which matured very early. This was raised for roasting-ears. Secondly, a larger kind of flinty, hard-kernelled corn, for hominy; and, thirdly, a still later, large-eared corn, whose kernels were comparatively soft. This was their meal corn.

They also raised pumpkins and squashes in abundance, with smaller quantities of tobacco, artichokes, and more recently, potatoes. The beautiful island of Rock Island, lying slightly above the city of Rock Island, embracing nearly one thousand acres of magnificent bottom land, was their garden and orchard, where they dug artichokes and gathered plums, strawberries, gooseberries, blackberries, raspberries, choke cherries, crab apples, etc. To the northeast of their farm lands were those of the Foxes, located on the south bank of the Mississippi. But the farm lands of the latter were small, as compared with those of the Sauks. The fee to their lands being vested in the nation, the individual holdings were in the nature of an estate in joint tenancy rather than as tenants in common. Hence, individual ownership in fee, with power of alienation, did not, nor could not exist. They had no conception of title to land in severalty, with power to sell and convey the fee to other persons. Each and every family, gens or phratry, had the undisputed right to select, and apply to the council for the assignment or allotment of such unoccupied land belonging to the nation as they desired. Of course, two or more

claimants might, and often did, select the same land. In such cases the council investigated the matter and decided in accordance with the right, and from their decision no appeal would lie. Upon such allotment being made, the allottee became seized and possessed of a possessory title or dower interest in the land so allotted. This interest was held sacred and inviolable by all the tribe, so long as the allottee continued its cultivation.

Continuous occupancy, in our sense of the word, was neither indispensable or essential, to maintain this possessory right, nor need the claimants build their lodges upon it, in order to hold title. But to confirm the allotment, the allottee must define the boundaries of the land claimed, by fences or stakes, and make some improvements, by way of breaking the soil or planting some part of it to crop. This done, the allottee might go off and remain absent for months without in the least jeopardizing his rights, but the fee to the allotted land still vested in the nation. This possessory right was, therefore, but a usufruct title,—good only during occupancy. Yet it had certain other qualifications, which changed the holdings into a qualified usufruct title, which qualifications were in favor of the allottee. They were these—the right of decent and power of sale. But the latter only extended to the improvements or betterments, and did not affect the fee. Under their rules of descent, the heir is the nearest of blood kin. Thus, the property of the husband descended to his children in equal parts, but if he left no children, it descended to his parents, brothers and sisters. The widow was absolutely disinherited in such cases. This qualified usufruct title, descended from generation to generation, and could only be terminated by the voluntary abandonment of the allottee and his heirs, but could not be assigned to a stranger. Upon a determination to abandon the land so allotted, the allottee could sell and transfer the betterments or improvements, but not the right of possession, except by the consent of the council, manifested by a new allotment. Hence, this possessory right was analogous to a dower interest, as the improvements thereon made by the allottee could only be sold to the successor in possession. Thus, there could not arise a conflict between the owner of the improvements, and a new allottee of the possessory right. It, therefore, followed as a natural sequence, that since there could be no individual ownership in fee in their real estate, they had no land owners or landlords and tenants.

Not being permitted to own lands in fee, there could exist no desire to obtain even a possessory right to any considerable quantities of land. Nor, indeed, did they have any inducement to strive for wealth of any kind. Hence, they were relieved from the presence of Shylocks, money-lenders, note-shavers and corporations for pecuniary gain. Though exempt from the baleful influence of what has been aptly termed the "root of all evil"—the love of money—let it not be understood that they were wanting in ambition and rivalry. On the contrary, a sharp, and not infrequently bitter, rivalry existed continuously. It appeared in their national games and sports, in contests of strength, skill and endurance, in the chase and on the war-path, in love, music, dancing, rowing, swimming, shooting, throwing the tomahawk and spear, in casting a heavy stone, foot and horse racing, and in everything they did. Natural born gamblers, they strove to excel in all the games of chance within their knowledge. Fond of applause and inordinately vain, their whole lives were but one incessant strife to win the plaudits of their tribe. They knew nothing of the relations of employer and employé, and therefore were strangers to labor strikes and demands for increase of wages or short day's work. Their manual labor was performed by their squaws and papposes, while the husband and father did the hunting and fishing. Their annuities from the United States, from sales of their lands, were divided per capita and pro rata, the child being entitled to the same share that the parent received. To this rule there was an exception in favor of their chiefs. They were entitled each to five shares, and when paid in goods, they had the first choice in the order of their rank as such chief, and out of the first payment, after the nation made a sale, a reasonable compensation was taken from the gross amount received, and equitably distributed among those who had made and owned the improvements upon their allotments of improved lands. In the purchase of Indian lands our Government has always recognized and adhered to the rule, established under James the II. in colonial days, which is, that the right to acquire land by a government is vested in the sovereign as an exclusive prerogative. Even where special reservations have been made in treaties of purchase and cession to individual members of the tribe making the sale, as in the treaty of Prairie Du Chien of July 29, 1829, with the Pottawattamies, Ottawas and Chippewas, in which many reservations to individual Indians and half-breeds

were made, such reservations were held by our Government to be merely usufruct and the title vested in the United States when the reservee abandoned its actual possession. A hard and cruel rule, under which the noble old Shaubenee was robbed of his beautiful home at Shaubenee's grove, in Dekalb County, Illinois, on his going west of the Mississippi merely on a short visit after an occupancy of twenty years. Under that treaty the Pottawattamie Nation specially reserved from their deed of cession two sections of fine timber land for a home for Shaubenee, their Head-man, and in 1849, during his temporary absence, the Commissioner of the General Land Office decided that he forfeited his right by abandonment, and therefore sold these 1,280 acres to white men at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, and converted the money into the United States Treasury to the credit of the public land sales' account. Such shameful and oppressive acts as this have been the fruitful source of many cold-blooded murders upon innocent persons, as will be more fully illustrated in subsequent chapters.

The Indian rule prohibiting individual ownership in their public domain has therefore been applied by our government, as against Indians; hence, no individual ownership by them has ever been sanctioned or recognized by our government. It will, therefore, be seen that the advantage is all on the side of the white man, and the law, as defined, is to the white man—all turkey; to the Indian—rank turkey buzzard, and a downright, unmitigated robbery of the latter; for under this rule our government took possession of lands it never bought, or even agreed to buy; lands that were specially reserved in and by the terms and conditions of their deeds of cession, and sold them to her own citizens, even withholding the money received therefor from its legal owners. And this they did in direct violation of their own fundamental law, which declares that "private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation." In robbing these Indian reservees of their lands, our government has not even taken the usual course of condemnation proceedings required by law when the private property of the citizen is taken for the use of the public. Against this robbery the poor reservee has no remedy. Indeed, the Indian is utterly incapable of meeting white men with any safety in the field of trade and barter. The latter always have overreached and completely vanquished the former in business transactions.

The Indian has no standard of values, and no means of fixing any kind of relative values upon his lands, or of the utility or importance of their possession to him and his tribe as a home. Did he own the title in fee and in severalty with unrestricted power of sale and alienation, six hours would afford the scheming Yankee ample time to trade him out of house and home. A jug of whisky, with a few gew-gaws, were all the capital required to make the purchase and obtain the title. Hence, in this respect it was well that the Indian could not sell and convey his individual land. As applicable to the Sauk Nation their title in real estate may be summed up under the following brief statement:

First—The fee was vested in the entire nation, who alone could sell and convey it through the recommendation of their council of chiefs, and a majority vote of the people through their assembly, duly convened for that purpose, and upon a careful consideration of the subject.

Secondly—They knew no such thing as individual ownership in fee, their highest individual title being merely possessory or a qualified usufruct, which was the subject of descent, but not of sale or barter with conveyance or alienation, while their improvements were held as a kind of dower interest and subject to sale to the allottee, but to none other.

Thirdly—Individuals, whether chiefs or otherwise, without exception, held but the right to use certain defined lots for their sustenance, which was hereditary in the male line after being allotted by the council, subject to conditions of cultivation by or in their own names, but could not be sublet by them.

In speaking of the manner in which his tribe held title to their lands, Black Hawk uses this language: "My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon and cultivate as far as necessary for their subsistence, and so long as they occupy and cultivate it they have the right to the soil; but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle on it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away."

The celebrated Couchant Tiger—Tecumseh—in a speech delivered to Gen. Harrison and associates at Vincennes, Indiana, Aug. 12, 1810, said: "The being within, communing with the past ages, tells me that once, nor until lately, there was no white men on this continent. That it then belonged to the red men,

children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit that made them, to keep it, to traverse it, to enjoy its productions and fill it with the same race. Once a happy race, since made miserable by the white people, who are never contented, but always encroaching. The way, and the only way, to check and stop this evil is, for all the red men to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land as it was at first and should be yet, for it never was divided, but belongs to *all* for the use of *each*. That no part has a right to *sell*, even to *each other*, much less to *strangers*. Those who want all will not do with less. The white people have no right to take the land from the Indians, because they had it first—it is theirs. *They may sell, but all must join. Any sale not made by all is void.* * * * *It requires all to make a bargain for all. All red men have equal rights to the unoccupied land.* The right of occupancy is as good in one place as another. There cannot be two occupancies in the same place. The first excludes all others. It is not so in hunting or traveling, for then the same ground will serve many, as they may follow each other all day, but the camp is stationary, and that is occupancy. It belongs to the first who sits down on his blanket, or skins, which he has thrown on the ground, and till he leaves it no other has a right."

From this speech of Tecumseh it would seem that an Indian had the right to select any unoccupied land of his nation, and take possession without having it allotted him by the council. In this only did the laws of the Shawanees differ from those of the Sauks, with the preference in favor of the latter, which gave a much clearer title than those of the former, in this,—under the laws of the Sauks, the claimant of this possessory right to a part of the land of the tribe must first apply to the council for an allotment, the size of which is governed by the number of the family or gens of the applicant. If small in number, the allotment is correspondingly small—if large, then the quantity is allotted correspondingly large. This allotment must be clearly defined by the allottee by fences or stakes, and in addition to all this, public announcement was made thereof by the village crier,—thus making the highest record of it known to the nation.

The principal farm lands of the Sauks were located on the western slope of the promontory, and extended from Rock river in a northeasterly direction until it touched or joined those of the Foxes. The latter embraced in the neighborhood of five hundred acres, leaving about two thousand and five

hundred acres belonging to the Sauks in one body. But, in addition to these lands lying upon the uplands, they cultivated small fields upon the two small islands in Rock river, lying south of Saukenuk, known as Vandruff's and Big Islands. These fields added to the main field aggregated well up towards three thousand acres of land under actual cultivation by the Sauk tribe near Saukenuk. If we add to this the lands under cultivation at Quashquamme's village on the Des Moines river, Iowa, and the Prophet's village on Rock river, the total number of acres under actual cultivation by this nation may be safely stated at not less than three thousand acres. This appears to be an extravagant statement, but is fully corroborated by the facts. Even to-day the lines of these cultivated fields upon the western slope of the promontory, between the Rock and Mississippi rivers, are clearly defined by their corn hills, notwithstanding the lapse of over fifty years since they were cultivated, and the heavy growth of timber now there, where at that time scarcely a bush or twig could be found.

Two causes have combined in preserving these land-marks of Indian agriculture. First, they always planted in the same hill from year to year, and generation to generation, hoeing around the hill to renew the soil and strengthen the growth, thus forming hillocks surrounded by ditches. Secondly, the bottom land lying immediately west of these cornfields had been pastured by their large herds of ponies for a century or more, and thoroughly set to blue grass, which, upon the exit of the Indians, June 26, 1831, went to seed, and the seed was blown upon and completely seeded the broken-up corn land, so that the whole surface became a mat of tough blue grass sod, which preserved these elevated corn hills from washing down. Hence they have been preserved and are still very clearly defined. These corn hills are about three and a half feet apart, and run in straight lines. In their earlier days at farming, their farming tools or implements were few, and crude in the extreme. But as they gradually became acquainted with the white people and their farming implements, they adopted them and utilized their knowledge in their use. Thus during the last dozen years or more before their removal from Illinois, they used the plow in preparing their soil to some extent, and also in cultivating their corn, of which they not only raised a sufficient quantity for their own use, but for sale and barter. At one time they contracted, sold and delivered to Col. Davenport three thousand bushels of corn, which he bought for the use of the soldiers'

horses at Prairie Du Chien, whither he shipped it. It seems like a strange story to say that any tribe of the American Indians was ever found as far back as 1816 cultivating large fields of maize, or Indian corn, and that, too, successfully--raising more than they could consume, and selling large quantities of it to our Government. Yet the statement is true, and can be substantiated as to the sales by the record; and as to the number of acres under cultivation on the western slope of the promontory near Rock Island, by the corn hills before described.

Their legend as to the origin of corn, beans and tobacco, as given by Black Hawk, is as follows: "According to tradition, handed down to our people, a beautiful woman was seen to descend from the clouds and alight upon the earth, by two of our ancestors, who had killed a deer and were sitting by a fire roasting a part of it to eat. They were astonished at seeing her, and concluded that she was hungry and had smelt the meat. They immediately went to her, taking with them a piece of the roasted venison. They presented it to her. She ate it, telling them to return to the spot where she was then sitting at the end of one year, and they would find a reward for their kindness and generosity. She then ascended to the clouds and disappeared. The men returned to their village and explained to the tribe what they had seen, done and heard, but were laughed at by their people. When the period had arrived for them to visit the consecrated ground where they were to find a reward for their attention to the beautiful woman of the clouds, they went with a large party, and found where her right hand had rested on the ground, corn growing, where her left hand had rested beans, and immediately where she had been seated, tobacco. The two first have ever since been cultivated by our people as our principal provisions, and the last is used for smoking. The white people have since found out the latter, and seem to relish it as much as we do, as they use it in different ways, namely, smoking, snuffing, and chewing." How they obtained pumpkins and squashes and the knowledge of cultivating or using them, he fails to state. Nor does he mention more than one kind of corn as being found where this nymph from the clouds rested her right hand upon the earth. He seems to have been delighted at the thought of the white men being greater fools than the red men in using the noxious weed in different ways from the Indian, by adding snuffing and chewing to smoking.

That the Sauks as a nation were both numerous and industrious are self-proven propositions, or they could not and would not have cultivated, by means of the rude hoe, three thousand acres of land. In agriculture, as well as oratory and intelligence, they were the foremost Indian tribe in North America. They were brave and chivalric, yet naturally humane and always kind to their captives. Never, indeed, did they torture with fire, or make their prisoners run the gauntlet, yet they adhered as a rule to the savage custom of scalping those whom they killed. This was a part of their religion, upon the theory that the soul of the deceased, if the scalp-lock is taken, can never reach the happy hunting ground, any more than can the soul of him who is strangulated.

We may safely say that all nations of the American Indian believe that there are at least two ways by which the soul of the dead may be barred of the spirit land. One is by being scalped, the other hung. Both of these were considered imprisonment of the soul. Hence, it was an unpardonable sin to kill an enemy on earth and suffer his soul to pass to the happy hunting grounds, where the fight might be renewed when the slayer's soul should follow it thither. Thus, the Indian is ever eager to scalp his enemy and careful to protect his own scalp. The most daring and reckless charges are made by the Indian to bear off from the battlefield the bodies of their slain before they are scalped. And since they believe the soul passes out at the mouth with the last gasp for breath of the dying body, death by strangulation or hanging prevents its escape. But, as they are all firm believers in the immortality as well as the indestructibility of the soul, their theory is that the soul of him who is scalped or hung,—ever conscious of its position,—is held captive in or close by the dead body, and ever remains there, even after the entire decomposition of the body. This, then, is their lowermost hell. To stand like Moses upon the mount and view the happy hunting grounds, but not permitted to enter there.

The Sauks, like other Indian tribes and all primitive peoples, were full of superstition, and saw signs from on high in the flight of the birds through the air, the courses of snakes in the grass, the yelpings of the wolf or motioning of the ears of their horses, and interpreted them satisfactorily to themselves. Many a time and oft would an entire war party start on a foray and hastily

return without striking a blow because something occurred which they interpreted as a bad sign, notwithstanding they had met with flattering omens of success up to that point.

Every Indian brave or warrior selected and compounded his Big Medicine or charm before he went upon the war-path. In the combination of various incongruous substances, one ingredient at least must be peculiar to himself. What that special ingredient should be, was the subject of serious thought and many dreams. He fasted and labored in solving this, to him, the most important problem of his life, until he sank into a semi-conscious condition, during which he saw, or thought he saw, in a vision the ingredient specially intended by the Good Spirit for his medicine bag, and, upon being restored from his trance to consciousness, he at once adopted it. Having procured it, he placed it in a small buckskin pouch, then securely sewed it up and suspended it on a chord, so it would rest upon his breast, where it ever after reposed and was buried with him. This special ingredient was kept a profound secret, even from his wife. Once revealed, its charm was gone. It was, to his mind, the pledge between himself and the Great Spirit, and too sacred to be revealed. Once selected, this special ingredient became his special charm, never to be changed unless its possessor met with a series of misfortunes and accidents. In that event, he went into a second trance in search of another vision and charm.

Their medicine bag was a very different thing from their *totem*, which is their individual coat-of-arms, and is displayed to the gaze of all, and ever subject to inspection. Their belief in the existence of a Good and a Bad Spirit coincides very closely with that of the Christian world, who also believe the same. The one they call God—the other devil—the latter having tenfold more power over human actions and conduct than God Himself. These Indians could not reconcile in their minds and reasons how the all-good and all-powerful God could suffer or permit the all-bad god to commit so many evil deeds, and still control and win so many souls. The nice distinctness of the Christians' belief were too metaphysical for their understanding; hence, they preferred the faith of their ancestors, and Christianity found no lodgment in their Nation. Their belief as to Heaven was a Land of Dreams, located in the far distant West beneath the evening star. Upon the death of a member of their tribe, their High Priest or Big Medicine sprinkled the grave with holy tobacco to drive away

evil spirits. He also placed some of it in the coffin, accompanying the act with incantations to the spirit of the departed for its kindly intercession with the Great Sowana to prepare the living for an entrance to the Happy Hunting Grounds when the Panguk* should call for them to depart hence.

*God of Death.

CHAPTER III.

Sauk-e-nuk, the Ancient City of the Sauks—Its Location, Construction, Population, Government, Antiquity, Home-Life—Black Hawk's Watch Tower and Lover's Tomb.

“Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave;
Its temples and grottoes and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hung over their wave.”—LALLA ROOKH.

Saukenuk or Saukietown nestled at the foot of the promontory, on the peninsula, upon the north bank of the Rock river, some three and a half miles south of the present city of Rock Island, in Rock Island county, in the State of Illinois. This city,—for it was such in every sense of the word,—stood at the foot of the rapids of the lovely Rock river, which comes from the northeast, winding its course,—down through one of the most fertile countries in the world,—like a silver thread in a ground-work of embossed green, beneath the shady boughs of giant forest trees. Its banks were carpeted with wild roses, lillies and a multitude of other wild-flowers, whose sweet fragrance perfumed each passing breeze and zephyr. Chiefly fed by springs, the waters of this river are pure, bright and sparkling, and come jumping, tumbling and bounding over the well-worn rocks of the rapids, rushing on, with a musical laugh to join the “Father of Waters” some two and a half miles below.

From the frozen regions of the North came the majestic Mississippi with its world of waters, at race-horse speed. Her banks, on either side, fringed and sheltered by lofty trees and towering mountains and bluffs, upon whose brows enormous, rocks and ledges hang frowningly over, as if ready at every moment to break loose from restraint, and come tumbling down like an avalanche upon the place beneath. Grand old rocks that rested there from the time when Adam was *created*, and Eve was made for his help-mate. Rocks, whose size, grandeur and position, bear witness, that no hand save that of Omnipotence could have made and placed them there, and a glory to Him who made them. This peninsula is a wonder land. Its diversity of soil, topography, vegetation, rocks, minerals, metals and water courses are such as

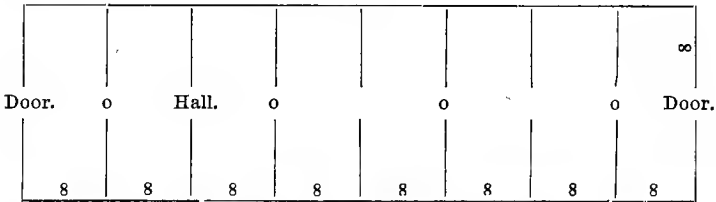
around which cluster the keenest interests of the geologist, mineralogist, metallist and student of nature, independent of the great events which have transpired here during the last three centuries. Here, in this valley, rivaling in beauty the Vale of Cashmere, and the shores of Lake Como, stood this ancient city of the Sauks, which at one time contained, by actual enumeration, eleven thousand active, energetic, industrious and intelligent people. And here it had withstood the visitations of time and seasons, and every attack from enemies without and dissensions and plots within, for a century or more immediately preceding its destruction in 1831; during all of which long period it was doubtless the Queen City of the West, and most populous one this side the Allegheny Mountains.

It was regularly laid off into lots, blocks, streets and alleys, with a square or esplanade, and fortified by a brush palisade, with gates for entrance. It was a right angle in shape, with its point to the southeast, the east line being the longer, extending north and south along the base of the promontory. The point of the angle resting on the bank of Rock river, with the shorter line running down that river, and the longer one toward the Mississippi. At the point of the angle, or southeast corner of the city, stood the lodge, or hodenosote of the old chief, Black Hawk. Saukenuk was not a mere aggregation of wigwams and tepees, but a permanent Indian abode, composed of the large bark-covered long houses known as ho-deno-so-tes, ranging from 30 to 100 feet in length and 16 to 40 feet in width. Many of them were the home of an entire gens, comprising the families of the grand parents, children and grand children, their husbands, wives and children. They were built and constructed of poles for framework and bark for covering. In shape they resembled our arbors. Selecting sapplings of proper size and length, they felled, trimmed and sharpened the lower ends and sunk them into the ground in two straight rows, equidistant apart. The distance between these lines or rows of poles was regulated according to the taste of the builders and length of their poles. The size of the hodenosote was governed by the number of persons it was intended to shelter and accommodate. Having firmly imbedded the lower ends of these sapplings or poles in two lines at interims of about four feet, their tops were inclined to the center, meeting and lapping at the desired height. They were securely lashed together with strips of strong, tough bark or hickory withes. When this

was completed, other sapplings or poles were cut and split into equal halves and laid transversely upon these upright poles, commencing near the ground and upward at about three feet apart, lashing them fast at each intersection with thongs of deer skin or bark until the center or top was reached. This being done, they had a substantial framework upon which to rest their bark casing or weather boarding. For this purpose they obtained large blocks of bark—usually from elm trees—cutting it to the proper length and straightening the edges so they should meet and leave little or no cracks. These pieces of bark were laid upon the framework and securely bound to it by cutting small holes in the bark and running thongs of buckskin through them, and tying them around a perpendicular or horizontal pole in the framework. At both ends of the framework poles were set in the ground, extending up to its intersection with the end arch and securely fastened thereto, and placing poles horizontally thereon for the bark covering, leaving a doorway of about three feet in width in the center at each end, lashing a cross-piece at a distance of about six feet above the ground and covering the framework of the ends with bark, thus leaving an open doorway at each end of the hodenosote open. This was supplied by hanging the well-tanned skin of the buffalo from the cross-piece above extending down to the ground.

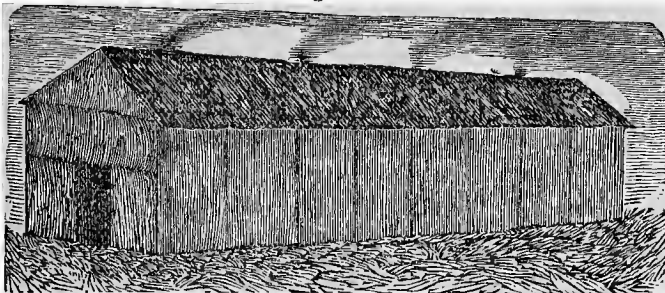
The following sketches will more fully illustrate the Hodenosote as we now remember them :

Figure 1.



INTERNAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE HODENOSOTE.

Figure 2.



EXTERNAL APPEARANCE OF THE INDIAN LOG HOUSE OR HODENOSOTE.

Figure 1, represents the internal arrangement of a hodenosote 64 feet long, by 22 feet wide, and is divided into 16 compartments, which would accommodate that number of families. The hall leading through the center of the building is their general living room, while the apartments 8 feet square were their sleeping rooms,—not being encumbered with chairs or tables, they had all the room they needed. The Indian always sits upon a mat or skin, flat on the ground. The mark o is their fire pits. Each fire served four families, a hole being left through the roof for the smoke to escape, as shown in figure 2, which represents the entire building. The hodenosote thus completed, afforded a good shelter from the winds and storms, but were by no means warm. As they only used them for their spring, summer and fall residences, they served the purpose for which they were designed comparatively well. These Indians spent the later fall and winter months at their hunting grounds in Northeastern Missouri, usually erecting their snug little wigwams in the heavy timber on the two rivers. As a general thing, all the side compartments were not used as living or sleeping rooms, but were utilized as store rooms for their clothing, saddles, bridles, weapons, etc.

Their beds were spread upon elastic poles, whose ends rested upon cross-pieces, and consisted of the soft skins of the bear, panther, wolf, lynx, or catamount. Upon these soft, elastic beds they could repose their weary bodies and sleep "on downey beds of ease," the envy of kings. Hence, the Indian was the original inventor of the spring bed, which has of late become so popular with us. But as he failed to apply for a patent, some cute Yankee has utilized this Indian discovery, and coined money out of his patent.

As a general rule, an entire gens or kin occupied a single hodenosote. All provisions, whether derived from the field or chase, were taken to the long house and held in common for the use of its occupants, and free to every member of the hodenosote. All had the perfect right to use from the common store what they needed to eat, but could not sell or give it or any part thereof to an outsider. To this there was but one exception, and that exception was in favor of a hungry stranger applying for food. It was considered a crime to refuse food to a stranger. Jonathan Carver visited the Sauks at Saukenuk as far back as 1776, and speaks of their hospitality as follows: "No people are more hospitable, kind and free than these Indians. They will readily

share, with any of their own tribe, the last part of their provisions, and even with those of a different nation, if they chance to come in when they are eating." James Adair, whose work was published in 1775, says: "They are so hospitable, kind-hearted and free that they would share with those of their own tribe the last part of their own provisions, even to a single ear of corn, and to others, if they called when they were eating, for they have no stated meal time. An open, generous temper is a standing virtue among them; to be narrow-hearted, especially to those in want, or to any of their own family, is accounted a great crime, and to reflect scandal on the rest of the tribe. Such wretched misers they brand with bad characters."

A Sauk, when traveling in his own country, if but to another village than his own, inquired for a hodenosote of his own gens. If he did not find it, he inquired for one of his own gentes or phratry, and finding it, he was kindly received, though he had never seen a single member of the household. He was welcome to all he needed in the way of refreshments and rest. They had their State House, or Sanedrian, corresponding with the Jewish Sanhedrim, where the head men and chiefs convened to consider public affairs, and where, at other times, the people met to sing, dance, feast and rejoice in the presence of the Good Spirit. If a stranger called there, he received a hearty welcome and kind treatment. Communism entered into and formed their plan of life, as well as determined the character of their houses. It was a union of effort to procure the means of subsistence, as well as safety. A desire for the accumulation of individual wealth or property had little or no existence, because there were no inducements, as before shown. The women governed the hodenosote, and, while their stores were in common, each adult was expected to contribute their labor and skill towards keeping the hodenosote in supply of food, and "woe to the luckless husband or lover who was too shiftless to do his share of the providing. No matter how many children or whatever goods he might have in the house, he might, at any time, be ordered to pick up his blanket and budge, and, after such orders, it would not be healthful for him to attempt to disobey. The house would soon become too hot for him, and unless saved by the intercession of some aunt or grandmother, he must retreat to his own clan, or, as was often done, go and start a new matrimonial alliance in some other."

If the reader has been under the impression that the Indian squaws were the drudge and obedient slaves of their lazy louts of husbands, let him at once abandon it. They were essentially the controlling power among the gens and petty tyrants over the hodenosotes, as well as among the entire nation, and never hesitated to exercise this power whenever and wherever the facts and circumstances warranted. In defeating a chief for cowardice or other unworthy conduct, and relegating him to the ranks as a brave or warrior, then nominating and electing his successor they took special delight. This is what they called "knocking the horns from the head of the chief." It matters not how high the rank, nor how many daring and noble deeds he may have performed, if in an evil hour he should commit an egregious blunder, he was doomed, and from that doom he could not well escape. Theirs was the exclusive prerogative to nominate his successor, and rare, indeed, was the occasion when they did not succeed in obtaining votes sufficient to elect him of their choice to be the successor. Hence, to him who would be a chief, it became important to make friends of the women, and, therefore, gallantry was a virtue much cultivated by the ambitious warrior, as well as the headmen and chiefs.

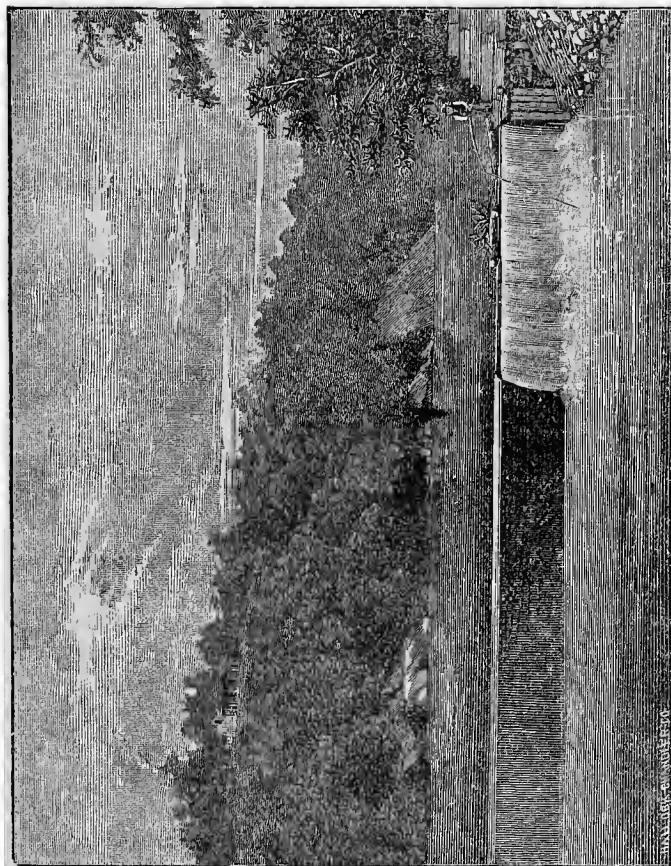
The Sauks belonged to that class known as village Indians, and always lived in or near their villages. The hodenosote, or long house, is the distinguishing characteristic of their principal village, and always means settlement or permanence, while the wigwam, or tepee, is equally characteristic of a hunting or migratory party, and therefore a mere temporary abode. Their hodenosotes were built, as a general rule, facing or fronting upon the public square, or other street, and in straight lines, and at equidistance from each other. Saukenuk, being in the shape of a right-angle, had two public squares, or esplanades, running at right-angles with the intersection at the southeast corner. The broader, and therefore the Broadway of the city, extended north and south along the base of the promontory. This was their principal public square, at the southern end of which stood their Council Chamber, or Sanedrian, an immense long house without partitions. This was used by their council of chiefs, for the secret consideration of matters of state, and by the young people as their dancing hall, etc. But the public square was the arena for the assembly of the people on all great events of a public nature. Here were held their mass meetings and national feasts.

Here, too, were their braves and warriors drilled and instructed in the arts of Indian warfare. Here their younger warriors and would-be braves tested their skill in the manly arts, and feats of strength and endurance. Here, too, were held their war-dances, scalp-dances and more terrible sun-dance, and here were held their simple religious services, when they offered up to the Great Spirit their burnt offerings. Here were their war parties organized for the war-path, and received upon their return with shouts from the people, beating of tom-toms and singing of the wawanaisas, or whippoorwills, as their singing women were called. Here, too, the ambitious youth, eager to select his medicine bag and adopt his totem, "told o'er his hair-breadth 'scapes" and deeds of toil and daring, while on the war-path or in the chase, in the most extravagant language, and if they were deemed worthy, he was received and acknowledged as a brave, with all the rights, privileges and benefits it conferred, together with the congratulations of his loved ones; if rejected, he bore the great disappointment with all the stoicism peculiar to the Indian character, suffering it,—like the youthful spartan's stolen fox,—to gnaw away at his very vitals without sign or signal of distress, and bided his time to try, try again, for the dearly coveted boon. It was here their old men expatiated in extravagant similes, on their wisdom and experience, of what they had seen and done in their youth. Here their prophets declared their visions and prophecies, and their sooth-sayers, their auguries, and their Big Medicine proclaimed their triumphs over death, and of snatching his victims from his very teeth. Here, too, were held their courts of justice, with their aged Head-man as their Judge, and their most gifted orators as counsel and advocate, full of precedents and eloquence, some of them gifted with that overwhelming eloquence that carried everything before them,—eloquence that partook of the nature and power of absolute enchantment,—now rousing into fury, then softening and soothing into tears of compassion.

The natural scenery surrounding this ancient city was of such a wild, weird beauty as to captivate the senses and hold us spell-bound in admiration. Scenery of that ravishing kind which drives the poet mad in search of apt terms of description,—a second Eden,—prepared by God himself for a special and perpetual admonition to His children, of the primal eldest curse of Adam and Eve and the enduring penalty therefor, inflicted upon their

descendents. As the beautiful Rock river approaches the site of ancient Saukenuk from the east, it divides into three branches, and forms two small islands. The eastern one is the somewhat celebrated Vandruff's Island,—notorious as being the place where Joshua Vandruff located his whiskey shop in 1829, which, as will appear in a subsequent chapter, led to the so-called Black Hawk War of 1831,—while the middle branch divides Vandruff's from Big Island. The lower end of Vandruff's Island drops below the upper end of Saukenuk, while the upper end of Big Island laps on the lower end of Vandruff's Island. The latter contains an area of some two hundred acres, the general surface of which is flat as a pancake, and was originally studded with trees, brush and briars. Gov. Ford, although one of Gen. Whiteside's Spy Battalion, in his celebrated charge upon this island, hereafter described, was clearly mistaken when he says "it rose up abruptly so that Gen. Gaines' cannon was ineffective a hundred yards from the shore." Big Island is larger and more irregular in surface than Vandruff's. The main branch of Rock river, however, is the more northern channel, which passes along near the site of this ancient city, and is about three hundred feet wide at this point, and too deep to ford at ordinary stages of water. Neither of these islands is subject to overflows because this river is chiefly fed by springs, and therefore, seldom overflows." On the south bank of the south branch of Rock river stands the beautiful village of Milan, late Camden, nestling beneath the shadows of the grand old bluff of the Mississippi, for at this point the south bluff of the Mississippi extends beyond the peninsula and takes Rock river in its folds. These two islands in Rock river are studded with buildings and other improvements, and traversed by a railroad and horse-car track at the present time. Milan is connected with the lovely city of Rock Island, some four miles north, by a horse-car railway and the Rock Island and Peoria railroad, the former making hourly trips. Both of the railroads pass through the site of ancient Saukenuk, running parallel and only a few rods apart at this point, each having their respective bridges across the three branches of the Rock river. At Searsville, a small village located upon a portion of the site of Saukenuk about a quarter of a mile north of the north branch of the Rock river, a branch of the horse railroad, but operated by a small steam engine or dummy, connects with the main track and leads up a ravine in the promontory, thence to—

BLACK HAWK'S WATCH-TOWER,



BLACK HAWK'S WATCH-TOWER.

HARRIS & SONS ENGRAVERS

which stands immediately on the north bank of Rock river and about half a mile up that river from the upper end of ancient Saukenuk, a fine engraving of which is above presented. At the lower end of the promontory, near the north bank of Rock river and close to the upper end of Saukenuk, the Chippionnock, or Silent City of the dead of the Sauks, was located. Unlike the greater number of Indian nations of their time they buried their dead in the ground. The spot where these burial-grounds were located is the lower point of the promontory, and some eighty feet above the level where Saukenuk stood. Then denuded of timber, it is now thickly studded with trees, many of whose varieties are

never found elsewhere, except in bottom land. Here upon this ridge, for such it is, as a deep ravine passes up through the promontory some four hundred yards north and runs parallel with the river entirely through the promontory, may be seen to-day honey locust, black walnut, hackberry, black cherry, basswood, or linden, box alder, elm, sycamore, and other kinds of river bottom timber. Thousands upon thousands of their dead repose here without stake or stone to mark the spot where their lives ended and their eternity began.

In this ravine, running through the promontory, two separate veins of bituminous coal are found, the lower one being about fifty feet from the upper. Both veins furnish good coal, but the upper one is too thin to pay for mining, while the lower one is fully four feet thick and overlaid with a firm rock or slate roof, which renders its mining both safe and profitable. Here Bailey Davenport, having run a branch of the Horse Railroad—leading from the city of Rock Island to the village of Milan—up this ravine to the coal mine, is utilizing this fine deposit to advantage, shipping coal therefrom to the city of Rock Island.

Below these beds of coal, lead and iron ores have been found, but not in paying quantities. A singular fact in connection with this ridge is the great varieties of stone formations found therein, and in its vicinity. The ridge may be called a hog's back, and extends up Rock river nearly a mile. At about midway of this ridge the surface rises up some forty feet for about twenty rods, and then drops back to its usual elevation of one hundred feet above the surface of the river. The body of this elevation is St. Peter's Sandstone, whose surface is covered with well-sodded rich loam, and originally was covered with monster old white oak trees. This elevation or peak stands immediately at the water's edge, and is known as Black Hawk's Watch-Tower. Extending east for a distance of some dozen miles, Rock river comes down in nearly a straight line, but on leaving the promontory on the west, its course bends northerly, so as to obstruct the view in that direction.

Among the many wonders of this truly wonder land, this grand old tower is among the most wonderful. With the exception of this tower, and extending up some four hundred yards above, there are no sandstone within many miles. Add to this the fact that it is located on a peninsula, whose soil was largely formed from the drifting and deposit of vegetable matter of these two rivers,

and the promontory of which the tower is a part, was formed, and created in the same way, whose soil is rich as rich can be, the great query is how came these sandstone and mineral deposits there? By what freak of mother nature was this hoary old rock deposited on this peninsula? It is one of nature's secrets to be guessed at, but never satisfactorily solved, unless we assume that this land, with its rich mineral and rock deposits, was there before the birth of the mighty Mississippi, whose waters played antics with its surface, and left it in its present form and shape. It is at least a subject of wonder and speculation. The apex of this watch-tower is but a higher elevation of the promontory, and accessible by horse rail road, and embraces an area of about a quarter of an acre. The fine trees which formerly grew here could not withstand the incessant tramping of the feet of the multitude of visitors hither, and gradually died and fell into decay, and have finally been removed, leaving not even a stump or root to show where they stood. Though used by the Sauks as their signal and lookout station for over a century prior to their expulsion from Illinois, their soft moccasined feet did not affect these trees, and when the Indians left, in 1831, this tower was well studded with the monarchs of the forest, in whose tops the Indians had constructed platforms for the accommodation of their sentinels,—one or more of whom was ever on duty. These platforms were constructed of poles laid from one large horizontal limb to another, closely beside each other, so as to make a substantial platform. Perched up among the higher branches of these oak trees, about 200 feet above the river's surface at their feet, their faithful lynx-eyed sentinel held his station from early dawn to dewey eve, and from dewey eve to early morn, his eagle eye ever on the alert to note everything that transpired within the scope of his vision. To the east he could trace Rock River for twelve miles, to the south his vision extended over the bluffs away over the prairies. West of the lookout stood Saukenuk, which extended north nearly to the Mississippi. Up and down Rock river, away over the tree tops, hill and bluff, far over the wide-spread prairies and valley, his vision took in every moving object, ready to signal the city everything of interest or danger, as well as the return of their hunting and war parties, and the approach of friends.

They had a regular system of telegraphy. The watch tower was their battery and machine,—signal lights their electric wires.

This is no fiction, but an absolute fact. By the use of fire and smoke upon this elevated spot, which could be seen, especially at night, for a hundred miles on either side, these Indians communicated news with the rapidity of electricity. Black Hawk's description of this singular rock and its location is as follows: "Our village was situated on the north side of Rock river, at the foot of the rapids, on the point of land between Rock river and the Mississippi. In front, a prairie extended to the Mississippi, and in the rear a continued bluff gently ascended from the prairie. On its highest peak our watch-tower was situated, from which we had a fine view for many miles up and down Rock river and in every direction. * * This tower, to which my name had been applied, was a favorite resort, and was frequently visited by me, where I could sit and smoke my pipe and look with wonder and pleasure at the grand scenes that were presented by the sun's rays, even across the mighty water. On one occasion a Frenchman, who had been making his home in our village, brought his violin with him to the tower to play and dance for the amusement of a number of our people, who had assembled there, and while dancing with his back to the cliff, accidentally fell over it and was killed by the fall. The Indians say that always, at the same time of the year, soft strains of the violin can be heard near that spot. On either side of the bluff we had our cornfields, extending about two miles up, parallel with the larger river, where they joined those of the Foxes, whose village was on the same stream opposite the lower end of Rock Island, and three miles distant from ours. We had eight hundred acres in cultivation, including what we had on the islands in Rock river. The land around our village which remained unbroken, was covered with blue-grass, which furnished excellent pasture for our horses. Several springs poured out of the bluff near by, from which we were well supplied with good water. The rapids of Rock river furnished us with an abundance of excellent fish, and the land being fertile, never failed to produce good crops of corn, beans, pumpkins and squashes. We always had plenty. Our children never cried from hunger, neither were our people in want. Here our village had stood more than a hundred years, during all of which time we were the undisputed possessors of the Mississippi Valley, from Wisconsin to the Portage des Sioux, near the mouth of the Missouri, being about seven hundred miles in length."

It will be observed that while Black Hawk says they cultivated eight hundred acres of land including that on Vandruff's and Big Islands, he says their cultivated lands were two miles up parallel with the Mississippi and three miles long, which make six square miles. Each square mile containing 640 acres, would make the aggregate 3,840 acres of tilled lands. But all of the lands embraced in the two by three miles described by the old chief were not suitable for corn lands, and the actual amount cultivated was but about 3,000 acres. Hon. Bailey Davenport, of the city of Rock Island, is the owner of the greater portion of the land whereon Saukenuk stood, including Black Hawk's Watch-Tower, and has constructed a horse railway leading from the city of Rock Island to Black Hawk's Watch-Tower, on which he has erected a neat building on the Swiss cottage plan, with porches on the north and south sides for the accommodation of visitors to this historic place, where they who would, for a short time withdraw from the dust, smoke and noise of the crowded, busy streets of the city to seek rest and repose beneath the green shade of God's umbrellas—the trees—can inhale the fresh, pure air of heaven, laden with the perfumes of the meadows and glades. He has named this building "Black Hawk's Watch-Tower Pavillion." Surrounding it long tables and rustic seats are spread over the lawn to accommodate picnic and family parties, and on which ice cream and other refreshments, except ardent spirits, are served,—the latter being strictly prohibited from the tower. The pavilion is well kept. Its rooms are large and nicely furnished, and it can be made a very agreeable home, and that too at reasonable prices. It is a quiet retreat, away from the busy haunts, where you can enjoy the pure air and beautiful scenery to your hearts content. It is indeed the most lovely summer resort in the State.

Standing upon this tower by the pavillion on a pleasant Sabbath in September, 1883, and, for the first time, drinking in and absorbing the glorious landscape here presented, and at the same time thinking of the many thousand human beings who had preceded us hither,—of its antiquity as a place of resort,—of the great city which stood near by, but now no more,—we were filled with a sad kind of solemn awe, which seemed to say: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." A holy halo surrounded us on all sides, filling us with admiration and wonder. An undefinable sense that God Himself was near us, and all around us, showing some of His

most beautiful works, yet tinged with a melancholly reflection over the departed greatness of a once highly favored nation, who, perhaps, had violated His commandments and broken His laws, and were therefor driven forth from this Eden to seek shelter and build up a new home in the wilds west of the Mississippi. Like silver threads, ran ripplingly along at our feet the three branches of the Rock river, while side by side slumbered the two small islands. Beyond² them, nestled like a bird in her nest, the neat buildings and lofty church spires of Milan, whose sweet-toned Sabbath bells called His people to His holy alter, and forcibly recalled us from our reverie to the solemn fact that that was God's holy day,⁶ while we felt that we were then standing upon His "holy mountain, where God commanded the blessing even life everlasting." Away to the east, as far as our vision could extend, we beheld the beautiful waters and valley of Rock river; to the south, and as it were, beneath our feet, large herds of horses and cattle were lazily grazing the succulent grass upon Vandruff's Island; beyond we saw growing fields of corn, and farm residences, upon Big Island; beyond that the village of Milan, flanked by the south bluff of the Mississippi; away over this bluff, —over the trees upon its brow,—we beheld the prairies, dotted with farms like a checker board—the happy homes of Rock Island's princes—the honest and independent tillers of the soil; to the west we saw large mills and factories, railroad bridges and cars, moving like things of life and beauty under the mysterious power of steam.

While standing thus we realized the truth of the aphorism,

"Some feelings are to mortals given
With more of earth in them than heaven."

for the irreverent thought kept pressing upon our mind that if *this* had been the mount to which the devil led our Savior, and *this* the country he offered as the bribe to fall down and worship him instead of the barren hills and impoverished vales of Palestine, the Christian world of to-day would have been Jews. Yet, with all the beauty of this locality, together with its intensely interesting history, its once powerful inhabitants and large city, the ocular evidence of which is still here to be seen, all lying within a few minutes' travel by rail from the three cities—Davenport, Rock Island and Moline—we venture the assertion that not to exceed five per cent. of the 60,000 or more inhabitants of these cities have visited the site of ancient Saukenuk, or Black Hawk's

Watch-Tower, and probably not more than ten per cent. of these inhabitants have ever heard of their existence, and if they have, were unaware that they are located so near by and can be examined and enjoyed for the small sum of twenty cents horse-car fare there and return. On the north bank of the Rock River, at a point some four hundred yards east of Black Hawk's Watch-Tower, was a grotto or cave extending back from the water's edge into the promontory. This grotto was doubtless cut out by the current of the river, fretting away the soft sandstone rock. At its outer edge it was considerably lower than at the rear. From the brow of this grotto the high promontory ran up to a hundred or more feet at an angle of about 45 degrees. Through this grotto a beautiful little streamlet of bright, pure spring water came, percolating through the rock, and formed a pretty little pool near the outer edge. With this grotto were several Indian legends connected, two of which we deem of sufficient interest to insert. The first is from the Santeaux when they had possession of this peninsula, the latter by the Sauks, which occurred as late as 1827. We give the latter, in the language of Black Hawk, first. He says: "In 1827 a young Sioux Indian got lost on the prairie in a snowstorm, and found his way into a camp of the Sauks. According to Indian customs, although he was an enemy, he was safe while accepting their hospitality. He remained there for some time on account of the severity of the storm. Becoming well acquainted, he fell in love with the daughter of the Sauk at whose village he had been entertained, and before leaving for his own country, promised to come back to the Sauk village for her at a certain time during the approaching summer. In July he made his way to the Rock river village, secreting himself in the woods until he met the object of his love, who came out to the field with her mother to assist her in hoeing corn. Late in the afternoon her mother left her and went to the village. No sooner had she got out of hearing than he gave a loud whistle, which assured the maiden that he had returned. She continued hoeing leisurely to the end of the row, when her lover came to her, and she promised to come to him as soon as she could go to the lodge and get her blanket, and together they would flee to his country. But, unfortunately for the lovers, the girl's two brothers had seen the meeting, and after procuring their guns, started in pursuit. A heavy thunderstorm was coming on at the time. The lovers hastened to and took shelter under a cliff of rocks at Black

Hawk's Watch-Tower. Soon after a peal of thunder was heard, the cliff of rocks was shattered in a thousand pieces, and the lovers buried beneath, while in full view of her pursuing brothers. Thus their unexpected tomb still remains undisturbed."

That this statement of Black Hawk may be true, is corroborated and partially established by the unmistakable evidence of an extensive land-slide still very distinctly marked at this spot, and when Black Hawk said the thunder peal shattered the cliff of rocks into a thousand pieces he stated the truth more directly than would at first thought appear. Though it is the lightning which destroys instead of the thunder, yet in this case it was the concussion or thunder which produced the effect. The frail rock-shelf, already crumbling under its thousands of ton's weight of earth and trees, upon the side of the promontory, constantly pressing on it, was ready to break like a pipe-stem at any moment, and when the thunder peal vibrated against the promontory, causing it to tremble and shake, the shelving rock gave way, and down came an avalanche of rock, earth and trees, submerging the grotto and the lovers many fathoms beneath, and left them there entombed where their mortal remains still slumber.

Thus was the union of the Sauks and the Sioux,—who, like the Capulets and Montagues, were hereditary enemies,—through the inter-marriage of this Romeo and Juliet defeated by death. The Santeaux legend, though not of love, is also of death and special horror. In point of time, it is much older than the Sauk legend, and is as follows: During the occupancy by their nation of this peninsula, their young, but brave and popular war chief, was missing, and no one knew whither he had gone. Neither his wife or any one else had the slightest knowledge of his whereabouts, or the cause of his absence. The keenest anxiety was felt by the entire tribe for his safety. Thus matters continued for several days without tidings from him, when the people were assembled on the public square by the village crier and public announcement made that their beloved chief had been absent several days, and the gravest fears were entertained for his safety. No one knew anything as to where he had gone. Thereupon searching parties were despatched in all directions, who returned at night without tidings. On the morrow the entire village turned out to renew the search. A small party started up Rock river in canoes, and as they passed by this grotto one of the canoes was run up to the cave to enable its occupants to strike a

light for their pipes. As the first Indian alighted from the canoe upon the outer edge of the cave, the sight presented to his startled view was such as to curdle his blood, and render him speechless with horror. His trembling limbs refused to bear up his body and he fell prone upon his face, and as his companions rushed forward to learn the cause, a chorus of loud wails from their palid lips called a multitude of horrified Santeaux thither to gaze upon the horrid sight. There laid the dead body of their lost chief upon his back, with his glassy eyes staring at the shelving rock above, his scalp-lock gone, his brains strewn over the rocks, his heart taken from his body and placed upon his naked breast. This they believed to have been done by the Manitou in punishment of some secret, and, to them, unknown crime, hence, this place, above all others, was from thence forward the home of the Bad Spirit, and shunned as the most horrid of horrors. The very bravest of their braves ever afterward passed up the farther side of the stream, when compelled to ascend or descend Rock river.

But Dove Eye, the favorite daughter of their Head-man, although, she had often heard the horrid legend of the death of one of the chiefs of her tribe at this cave of death many years before, and fully aware of the superstitions of her people with regard to it, frequently sought this lonely retreat solitary and alone, (for indeed she could not have induced a living soul to accompany her thither,) although it was located over three miles from the lodge of her parents. Here would she spend hours, musing and communing with her own feelings, dressing her raven locks, using the placid water of the little basin as her mirror. This legend was used as the basis for an illustration of a fine album nearly a half century ago, which contained the engraving of a beautiful Indian maiden, in the act of dressing her hair by its reflection from a rivulet or basin as her mirror. As this engraving was upon the first leaf, many efforts at poetry were made in dedicating these albums. The finest effort was made by the late George H. Kiersted, for many years a public officer of Grundy County, Illinois, which, though written by him in the album of Mrs. Dinwiddie over forty years ago, has never appeared in print. It is as follows:

Half pleased, half pensive, forrest born;
Why at the cave at early morn,
Ere in the vale the God of day,
With glittering beam has shed his ray,

Com'st thou to look upon the wave,
 And in its flood thy form to lave?
 Why seek the cave, whose glassy breast,
 By winds unruffled ever rest?
 And where the startled fawn its bed,
 At thy approach hath frightened fled?
 And where the moss and waters meet,
 Why resteth thou thy buskined feet?
 And in its mirrored surface seek,
 Reflection of thy olive cheek?
 Why deck thy hair with flowers of morn,
 That from the parent stem just torn,
 Upon the boquets foilage bright,
 Still sleep the dewey tears of night?
 Is this thy toilet, Indian maid,
 The brook the glass, thy hair to braid,
 The cave, which hunters feet ne'r grace
 For years long gone, thy dressing place?
 'Tis here tradition marks the ground,
 A chieftian's mangled form was found,
 Each rock and stone was dyed in red
 Around the spot whereon he bled;
 His scalp-lock from his head was torn,
 And o'er the rocks his brains were strewn,
 Upon his breast his heart lay bare,
 And throbb'd not when they found it there.
 The legend says 'twas for a crime
 And punishment of wrath divine;
 No human foot-step since that time
 Hath sought that dark retreat save thine.
 The pure soul beaming in thy face
 Shows crime hath there no resting place.
 Then why should'st thou forbear to tread,
 The spot thy bravest warriors dread.
 But more those thoughtful lines express,
 Than will thy modesty confess.
 They tell thy heart is far away
 Where thy young lover's footsteps stray.
 Thy spirit hov'ring round his heart,
 Will turn the ambushed foeman's dart;
 Thy spirit's self the guide shall be
 To lead him home to love and thee.

This immediate locality seems to have been the accursed of the peninsula, for shortly after the land-slide in 1827, it became the den and winter quarters of numerous and various kinds of snakes, which are not entirely eradicated to this day, as we can verify from ocular demonstration, but those which still seek their winter quarters there are few and harmless. It is a singular fact, not generally known, that every variety of serpent of the same locality consort and den together during the winter. The large yellow rattler may be found coiled around the harmless garter or blue racer. Like the promised time when "the lamb and the lion shall lie down together," they pass away the long tedious winter months in each others embrace. While inspecting this

old ruin (in the fall of 1883) we came suddenly upon a couple of our old acquaintances,—streaked fellows,—who caused us to step quick, high and careful. Yet we knew they were harmless; still we have no special liking for a snake, even though he be but a garter.

The story told by Mr. Davenport's quarryman, a few years since, who, while taking out stone at this place in the fall, being constitutionally lazy, he concluded, rather than walk back to Rock Island one pleasant evening, he would lie down and sleep in the quarry. Scarcely had he reached that blissful period of forgetfulness in slumber ere he felt something cold and chilly crawling over him, which brought him from a dead level to a living perpendicular in short meter, when, to his horror, he discovered a regular army of snakes, wriggling their way towards the bed of rocks from which he had been quarrying stone, seeking their den. Quickly arming himself with a club "he smote the enemy hip and thigh." If he told the truth, Sampson with his celebrated jawbone among the Philistines was eclipsed by this quarryman among the snakes. But since this slaughter took place since the manufacture of strychnine whiskey, the quarryman's snakes were probably located in his boots, the usual result of bad whiskey and troubled dreams. He claimed to have killed a barrel full of snakes in one night. In closing this article we suggest the name "Lover's Tomb" in place of the Cave of Death, to this submerged grotto.

CHAPTER IV.

The Origin of the Black Hawk War as given by the Sauke and Confirmed by their Agent was: A Dance and a Drunk, an Insulted Indian Maiden, followed by a Knock-down, Drag-out and Murder; and then came the Quashquamme Treaty of Nov. 3, 1804, by which the Sauks lost about 50,000,000 acres of Land, including Saukenuk.—This Treaty Given and Criticised.

Fiddle a little, dance a little, and drink a little rum;
Scold a little, fight a little,—the mischief then is done.

As the skilled and prudent physician when summoned to the sick bed of his patient, first makes a careful diagnosis of the disease before ministering to the relief of the sufferer, so should he who would write the history of any important event, first carefully study the causes which brought into existence the events he would describe. Following this principle as our rule of action in writing up the Black Hawk War, we have given the subject thorough investigation and patient research,—the more so because the primary or antecedent causes leading to such loss of life and treasure date back over eighty years, and have never been fully written up in anything like connected form.

Henry the IV. is credited with saying that “wine and women are the primary causes of every misfortune.” While we do not indorse this statement, and enter a protest against uniting the demon of intoxicating spirits with the softening and enobling influence of woman upon human weal and woe, we are compelled to admit that in this case the two were united in producing the evil, but whiskey was the primary, woman the secondary cause, or in other words, the former was the actual, the latter the accidental, cause of the trouble.

Away back in the early spring of 1804, there was located on the west bank of the Mississippi, near where Louisiana now stands, at the mouth of the Cuvier or Copper river, a small settlement of semi-savage white people, known as the “Cuvier Settlement.” Whether any copper ore was found there or not we are unable to state, but presume there was, from the fact that the small river which empties into the Mississippi at that point was named

"Cuvier River," that being the French word for copper. In this settlement women were few. Its inhabitants were chiefly Frenchmen, who lived by hunting, fishing and farming small patches of land. Though immured in the frontier upon the extreme border of civilization at that time, whisky had found its way thither, and had captured as its patrons and admirers nearly, if not quite, all of the inhabitants of this little settlement.

It is a singular fact that the devil usually steals a march upon our Maker in all new settlements. To this general rule Cuvier's Settlement was no exception, for whisky was there in abundance. The French are the finest of dancers as a rule, and always ready to "shake the light fantastic toe," although lady partners were few of their own color. But, to supply the deficit, they had a ready remedy. Indian maidens were plenty, and easy and graceful dancers, while the Indian took more solid pleasure in becoming *esquaby*.* This they could generally accomplish in proper short time. Thus, while the young squaws enjoyed the dance, poor *Lo* enjoyed the whisky. These two causes always drew a fair attendance of dusky maidens and drunken Indians to their cabin dances, which were many. It was at one of these dances where the trouble began. A dance took place at the log cabin of one of the white settlers of this place, at which, among others, were a relative of Quashquamme,† the then Head-man of the Sauks, with one of his daughters, a queenly beauty of the forest. She was a superb dancer and highly accomplished for an Indian belle, and enjoyed dancing to the sweet music of the violin very highly. While she was enjoying the dancing, her father paid his devotion to the whisky-jug, and became decidedly muddled. As the dance went on and whisky circulated among the crowd, the male portion of the dancers also became exhilarated, when an imprudent young white man, while dancing with this Indian belle, attempted undue familiarities with her, which was resented instantaneously by her leaving the floor. The drunken father noticed the act and at once staggered up to the offending youth, and in a threatening way and tone demanded an apology, when the white man knocked him down with his fist, and seized him by the scalp-lock, dragged him to the door and thrust him over its threshold with a vigorous kick, as he would an offending dog. This was an insult and wrong never to be atoned except by death. On gaining his feet the Indian found the door of the cabin closed

*Drunk. †Junping Fish.

against his re-entry. Hence all he could do was to wait and watch his opportunity. This came in due time. When, as the offending youth opened the door to step out, the Indian's tomahawk went crashing through his skull, where he dropped dead at the feet of his slayer. This done the Indian, with his daughter, entered his canoe and returned up the Mississippi to their home at Saukenuk.

This transaction occurred while negotiations were pending between our government and Napolian for the purchase of what was known as the Louisiana Territory, which was effected April 30, 1804, and Capt. Amos Stoddard was, temporarily, the Governor of this vast territorial purchase, with headquarters at St. Louis, Mo. His territory included all the country lying north of Chickasaw Bluffs, on the Mississippi, including the territory now within the jurisdiction of the States of Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa and a large portion of Minnesota, with all the vast regions of territory to the West, extending to the Pacific Ocean, south of the 49th degree of north latitude. Hence, the so-called murder was committed in the territory of Upper Louisiana, and reported to Major Stoddard, then in command. He at once sent a detachment of United States troops, with a demand upon the Head-men and Chiefs of the Sauks, to demand his surrender to be tried for murder. Upon their arrival at Saukenuk, he was immediately surrendered up to the military authority by the Indian Chiefs, and by them taken to St. Louis, where he was turned over to the civil authorities and lodged in jail, to await the slow processs of the law for killing a brute—a deed, the perpetration of which, under the antecedent circumstances, would entitle the Indian who did it to the approval and commendations of the people of the present time. But he was an Indian, and had killed a white man; therefore, he must suffer the penalties of the law.

After the departure of the soldiers with their prisoner from Saukenuk, Black Hawk says: "We held a council at our village to see what could be done for him, and determined that Quashquamme, Pashepaho, Ouchequaha and Huxequaxhiqua should go down to St. Louis, see our American Father and do all they could to have our friend released by paying for the person killed, thus covering the blood and satisfying the relatives of the murdered man, this being the only means with us for saving a person who had killed another, and we then thought it was the same way with the whites. The party started, with the good wishes of the

whole Nation, who had high hopes that the emissaries would accomplish the object of their mission. The relatives of the prisoner blacked their faces and fasted, hoping the Great Spirit would take pity on them, and return the husband and father to his sorrowing wife and weeping children."

This delegation reached St. Louis some time in October, 1804, and were, doubtless, surprised at finding out that the crime of murder, under the white man's law, could not, as under the Indian law, be compromised by the payment of a money or property consideration. Here they fell in with Pierre Choteau, Sr., who, as a member of the American Fur Company, knew the Sauk Nation well, that they were numerous, intelligent and reliable, and at once not only supplied the emissaries with food and clothing, but absolutely pressed his goods upon them until his bill, at Indian prices, reached the enormous sum (for those times) of \$2,234.50. To secure the payment of this bill, he proposed to General Harrison, the recently appointed Governor of Upper Louisiana, embracing the territory of Illinois, the purchase of the lands of the Sauks and Foxes, which eventuated in the so-called treaty of November 3, 1804. In effecting this treaty, Choteau had two powerful levers upon Quashquamme and his associates, viz: the liberation from prison and saving the life of his friend and relative, the Sauk murderer, and his indebtedness for goods, clothes, &c., which he had furnished these emissaries. When this treaty was concluded, the Indian prisoner was liberated, but shot down like a dog in the street before he had gone three hundred yards.

Having briefly stated the cause that led to this treaty, which was the bone of contention, we shall give the views of parties then living and well qualified to understand both sides of the question.

The whole controversy hinges upon this treaty, and both sides depend entirely upon it for their justification in all subsequent matters of dispute and misunderstanding. If that treaty was valid then was Black Hawk and his band intruders, trespassers and aggressors; if on the other hand it was invalid, then was Black Hawk a patriot and hero, and the action of our government, both National and State, indefensible and oppressive in the extreme, and an outrage not only upon the leaders, but upon those who represented them.

Thus far, although half a century has elapsed since the close of this war, no historian has been found with the moral courage

to give both sides of this question. To do this will be one if not the chief object of these pages. Truth should never be concealed, even though it may wound the sensibilities of the living or cast odium upon the dead. Adjutant-General Elliott in his recently published "Record of the services of Illinois Soldiers in the Black Hawk war of 1831-2" has done much toward showing up the real facts connected therewith, but falls far short of giving all the facts. He, of necessity, gives but a partial sketch on one side—that of the whites. Be ours the task to give, as far as possible, a full, fair and unbiased history of this war, taken from the histories already published thereon and the public press of those days, together with our recollections of the event, for we were in it, and although we did no fighting, we stood guard and did some rapid running to escape imaginary danger from the terrible Black Hawk.

The late Thomas Forsyth, of St. Louis, Mo., who was Indian Agent to the Sauks and Foxes from 1804 to 1830, and therefore knew whereof he spoke, left a manuscript among his papers, which was written by him in 1832, while Black Hawk was in prison at Jefferson Barracks (*see* Appendix to Waubun by the late Mrs. John H. Kenzie), as follows :

"The United States troops, under command of Maj. Stoddard, arrived here (St. Louis) and took possession of this country in the month of February, 1804. In the spring of that year a white person (a man or boy) was killed in Cuvier Settlement by a Sauk Indian. Some time in the Summer following a party of United States soldiers were sent up to the Sauk village, on Rocky river, and a demand made of the Sauk Chiefs for the murderer. The Sauk Chiefs did not hesitate a moment, but delivered him up to the commander, who brought him and delivered him over to the civil authorities in this place (St. Louis).

"Some time in the ensuing autumn some Sauk and Fox Indians came to this place and had a conversation with General Harrison (then Governor of Indian Territory and acting Governor of this State, then Territory of Louisiana), on the subject of liberating their relative, then in prison for the above murder. Quash-quamme, a Sauk chief, who was the Head-man of this party, has repeatedly said: 'Mr. Choteau, Sr., came several times to my camp, offering that if I would sell the lands on the east side of the Mississippi river Governor Harrison would liberate my relation, (meaning the Sauk Indian then in prison as above related),

to which I at last agreed, and sold the lands from the mouth of the Illinois river up the Mississippi river as high as the mouth of Rocky river, (now Rock river) and east to the ridge that divides the waters of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, but I never sold any more lands.' Quasquamme also said to Governor Edwards, Governor Clark and Mr. Anguste Choteau, Commissioners appointed to treat with the Chippewas, Ottowas and Pottawattamies of Illinois, in the summer of 1816, for lands on the west side of Illinois river. 'You white men may put on paper what you please, but again I tell you I never sold any lands higher up the Mississippi than the mouth of Rocky river.'

"In the treaty just mentioned, the line commences opposite to the mouth of Gasconade river, and running in a direct line to the head waters of Jefferson* river, thence down that river to the Mississippi river—thence up the Mississippi river to the mouth of the Wisconsin river—thence up that river thirty-six miles—thence in a direct line to a little lake in Fox river of Illinois, down Fox river to Illinois river to its mouth—thence down the Mississippi river to the mouth of the Missouri river—thence up that river to the place of beginning. (See treaty given herein, dated at St. Louis, Nov. 3, 1804). The Sauk and Fox Nations were never consulted, nor had any hand in this treaty, nor knew anything about it. It was made and signed by two Sauk Chiefs, one Fox Chief and one warrior. When the annuities were delivered to the Sauk and Fox Nation of Indians, according to the treaty above referred to, (amounting to \$1,000 per annum) the Indians always thought they were presents, (as the annuity for the past twenty years was always paid in goods, sent on from Georgetown, District of Columbia, and poor articles of merchandise they were—very often damaged and not suitable for Indians) until I, as their agent, convinced them of the contrary in the summer of 1818. When the Indians heard that the goods delivered to them were annuities for land sold by them to the United States, they were astonished, and refused to accept the goods, denying that they ever sold the lands, as stated by me, their agent. The Black Hawk in particular, who was present at the time, made a great noise about this land, and would never receive any part of the annuities from that time forward. He always denied the authority of Quashquamme and others to sell any part of these lands, and

*There is no such river in this country, therefore this treaty is null and void—of no effect in law or equity. Such was the opinion of the late Gov. Howard.

told the Indians not to receive any presents or annuities from any American—otherwise their lands would be claimed at some future day. As the United States do insist and retain the lands according to the treaty of Nov. 3, 1804, why do they not fulfill their part of that treaty as equity demands? The Sauk and Fox Nations are allowed, according to this treaty, 'to live and hunt on the lands ceded, as long as the aforesaid lands belong to the United States.'

"In the spring of the year 1827, about twelve or fifteen families of squatters arrived and took possession of the Sauk village, near the mouth of the Rock river. They immediately commenced destroying the Indian bark boats. Some were burned, others were torn to pieces; and when the Indians arrived at the village and found fault with the destruction of their property, they were beaten and abused by the squatters. The Indians made complaint to me as their agent. I wrote to Gen. Clark, (Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis,) stating to him from time to time what happened, and giving a minute detail of every thing that passed between the whites (squatters) and the Indians.* The squatters insisted that the Indians should be removed from their village, saying that as soon as the land was brought into market they (the squatters) would buy it. It became needless for me to show them the treaty and the right the Indians had to remain on these lands. They tried every method to annoy the Indians, by shooting their dogs, claiming their horses, complaining that the Indians' horses broke into their cornfields, selling them whiskey for the most trifling articles, contrary to the wishes and requests of the chiefs, particularly, the Black Hawk, who both solicited and threatened them on the subject, but all to no purpose.

"The President directed those lands to be sold at the Land Office in Springfield, Illinois. Accordingly, when the time came that they were to be offered for sale (in the autumn of 1829) there were about twenty families of squatters at and in the vicinity of the old Sauk village, most of whom attended the sale, and but one of them could purchase a quarter section, (if we except George Davenport, a trader, who resided on Rocky Island); therefore, all the lands not sold still belonged to the United States, and the Indians had still a right, by treaty, to hunt and live on those lands. This right, however, was not allowed them—they must move off.

*See Black Hawk's statement; Chap. V.

“In 1830 the principal chiefs and others of the Sauk and Fox Indians, who resided at the old village, near Rocky river, acquainted me that they would remove to their village on Ithoway river. These chiefs advised me to write to Governor Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at this place (St. Louis), to send up a few militia—that the Black Hawk and his followers would then see that everything was in earnest, and they would remove to the west side of the Mississippi to their own lands. The letter, as requested by the chiefs, was written and sent by me to Governor Clark, but he did not think proper to answer it; therefore, everything remained as formerly, and as a matter of course, Black Hawk and his party thought the whole matter of removing from the old village had blown over. In the spring of 1831 the Black Hawk and his party were augmented by many Indians from Ithoway river. The augmentation of forces made the Black Hawk very proud, and he supposed nothing would be done about removing him and his party. General Gaines visited the Black Hawk and his party this season with a force of regulars and militia, and compelled them to remove to the west side of the Mississippi river on their own lands. When the Black Hawk re-crossed to the east side of the Mississippi river in 1832, they numbered three hundred and sixty-eight men. They were hampered with many women and children, and had no intention to make war. When attacked by General Stillman’s detachment, they defended themselves like men, and I would ask who would not do so likewise. Thus the war commenced. * * It is very well known by all who know the Black Hawk, that he has always been considered a friend to the whites. Often has he taken into his lodge a wearied white man, given him good food to eat and a good blanket to sleep on before the fire. Many a good meal has the Prophet given to people traveling past his village, and very many stray horses has he recovered from the Indians and restored to their rightful owners without asking any recompense whatever.

* * “What right have we to tell any people: ‘You shall not cross the Mississippi river on any pretext whatever?’ When the Sauk and Fox Indians wish to cross the Mississippi to visit their relations among the Pottawattamies, of Fox river, Illinois, they are prevented by us because we have the power.”

These are the statements of Mr. Forsythe, a white man, who speaks of what he knew, and is, therefore, entitled to entire credit.*

These statements confirm Black Hawk’s; Chap. V.

As this treaty of 1804 is the basis and ground-work of the whole difficulty, it is here given, viz :

“A treaty between the United States of America and the united tribes of Sac and Fox Indians.

“Articles of treaty made at St. Louis, in the District of Louisiana, between William Henry Harrison, Governor of the Indian Territory, and of the District of Louisiana, superintendent of Indian affairs for the said Territory and District, and commissioner plenipotentiary of the United States for concluding any treaty or treaties which may be found necessary with any of the Northwestern tribes of Indians, of the one part, and the Chiefs and Head-men of the united Sac and Fox tribes, of the other part.

“Article 1. The United States receive the united Sac and Fox tribes into their friendship and protection, and the said tribes agree to consider themselves under the protection of the United States and of no other power whatsoever.

“ART. 2. The general boundary line between the lands of the United States and the said Indian tribes shall be as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point on the Missouri river, opposite the mouth of the Gasconade river; thence in a direct course so as to strike the river Jefferson at the distance of thirty miles from its mouth, and down the said Jefferson to the Mississippi; thence up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Ouisconsin river, and up the same to a point which shall be thirty-six miles in a direct line from the mouth of the said river; thence by a direct line to the point where the Fox river (a branch of the Illinois) leaves the small lake called Lakegan; thence down the Fox river to the Illinois river, and down the same to the Mississippi. And the said tribes, for and in consideration of the friendship and protection of the United States, which is now extended to them, of the goods (to the value of two thousand two hundred and thirty-four dollars and fifty cents), which are now delivered, and of the annuity hereinafter stipulated to be paid, do hereby relinquish forever to the United States all the lands included within the above described boundary.

“Article 3. In consideration of the cession and relinquishment of land made in the preceding article, the United States will deliver to the said tribes at the town of St. Louis, or some other convenient place on the Mississippi, yearly, and every year, goods suited to the circumstances of the Indians, of the value of one

thousand dollars (six hundred of which are intended for the Sacs and four hundred for the Foxes), reckoning the value, at the first cost, of the goods in the city or place in the United States where they shall be procured. And if the said tribes shall hereafter, at an annual delivery of the goods aforesaid, desire that a part of their annuity should be furnished in domestic animals, implements of husbandry and other utensils convenient for them, or in compensation to useful artificers, who may reside with or near them, and be employed for their benefit, the same shall, at the subsequent annual delivery, be furnished accordingly.

“Article 4. The United States will never interrupt the said tribes in the possession of the lands which they rightfully claim, but will, on the contrary, protect them in the quiet enjoyment of the same against their own citizens, and against all other white persons who may intrude upon them. And the said tribes do hereby engage, that they will never sell their lands, or any part thereof to any sovereign power but the United States, nor to the citizens or subjects of any other sovereign power, nor the citizens of the United States.

“Article 5. Lest the friendship which is now established between the United States and the said Indian tribes should be interrupted by the misconduct of individuals, it is hereby agreed, that for injuries done by individuals, no private revenge or retaliation shall take place, but instead thereof, complaints shall be made by the party injured to the other—by the said tribes, or either of them, to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, or one of his deputies, and by the superintendent or other persons appointed by the President, to the chiefs of the said tribes. And it shall be the duty of the said chiefs upon complaint being made as aforesaid, to deliver up the person or persons against whom the complaint is made, to the end that he or they may be punished agreeably to the laws of the State or Territory where the offense may have been committed; and in like manner, if any robbery, violence or murder shall be committed on any Indian or Indians—belonging to the said tribes or either of them, the person or persons offending shall be tried, and if found guilty, punished in the like manner, as if the injury had been done to a white man. And it is further agreed, that the chiefs of the said tribes shall, to the utmost of their power, exert themselves to recover horses or other property which may be stolen from any citizen, or citizens of the United States, by any individual or individuals of

their tribes, and the property so recovered shall, forthwith, be delivered to the superintendent or other person authorized to receive it, that it may be restored to the proper owner; and in case where the exertions of the chiefs shall be inefficient in recovering the property stolen, as aforesaid, if sufficient proof can be obtained that such property was actually stolen by any Indian, or Indians, belonging to the said tribes, or either of them, the United States may deduct from the annuity of the said tribes, a sum equal to the value of the property which has been stolen. And the United States hereby guarantee to any Indian, or Indians of the said tribes, a full indemnification for any horses or other property which may be stolen from them by any of their citizens: *Provided*, that the property so stolen cannot be recovered, and that sufficient proof is produced that it was actually stolen by a citizen of the United States.

“Article 6. If any citizen of the United States or other white person should form a settlement upon lands which were the property of the Sac and Fox tribe, upon complaint being made thereof to the Superintendent or other person having charge of the affairs of the Indians, such intruder shall forthwith be removed.

“Article 7. As long as the lands which are now ceded to the United States remain their property, the Indians belonging to the said tribe shall enjoy the privilege of living and hunting upon them.

“Article 8. As the laws of the United States regulating trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes are already extended to the country inhabited by the Sauks and Foxes, and as it is provided by those laws that no person shall reside as a trader in the Indian country without a license under the hand and seal of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs or other person appointed for the purpose by the President, the said tribes do promise and agree, that they will not suffer any trader to reside amongst them without such license; and that they will from time to time give notice to the Superintendent or the agent for their tribes of all the traders that may be in the country.

“Article 9. In order to put a stop to the abuses and impositions which are practiced upon the said tribes by private traders, the United States will, at a convenient time establish, a trading house or factory where the individuals of said tribes can be supplied with goods at a more reasonable rate than they have been accustomed to procure them.

“Article 10. In order to evince the sincerity of their friendship and affection for the United States, and a respectful deference for their advice by an act which will not only be acceptable to them, but to the common Father of all Nations of the earth, the said tribes do hereby solemnly promise and agree that they will put an end to the bloody war which has heretofore raged between their tribes and that of the Great and Little Osages. And for the purpose of burying the tomahawk and renewing the friendly intercourse between themselves and the Osages, a meeting of their respective Chiefs shall take place, at which, under the direction of the above-named commission or the agent of Indian affairs residing at St. Louis, an adjustment of all their differences shall be made and peace established upon a firm and lasting basis.

“Article 11. As it is probable that the Government of the United States will establish a military post at or near the mouth of the Ouisconsin river, and as the land on the lower side of the river may not be suitable for that purpose, the said tribes hereby agree that a fort may be built either on the upper side of the Ouisconsin or on the right bank of the Mississippi, as the one or the other may be found most convenient, and a tract of land not exceeding two miles square shall be given for that purpose. And the said tribes do further agree that they will at all times allow traders and other persons traveling through the country under the authority of the United States, a free and safe passage for themselves and their property of every description. And that for such passage they shall at no time and on no account whatever be subject to any toll or exaction.

“In testimony whereof, the said William Henry Harrison and the Chiefs and Head-men of the Sac and Fox tribes have hereunto set their hands and affixed their seals. Done at St. Louis, in the District of Louisiana, on the third day of November, one thousand eight hundred and four and of the Independence of the United States the twenty-ninth.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,
QUASHQUAMME OR JUMPING FISH,
OUTCHEQUAHA OR SUN FISH,
PASHEPAHO OR THE STABBER,
HASHEQUAHEQUA OR THE BEAR,
LAYOVOIS OR LAYNUWA.”

The Indian names are signed with their X.

Upon some matters of fact Mr. Forsythe was in error,—notably so with regard to the quantity of their lands actually sold by our Government to individuals, which will be found in a subsequent chapter. But they were surveyed at the special request of Col. Geo. Davenport, who purchased some three thousand acres, and nearly all that were sold for the sole purpose of protecting these Indians, he having purchased all the land upon which Saukenuk was located. His object in so doing will more fully be explained hereafter.

CHAPTER V.

Black Hawk's Statement of the Causes which led to the Execution of the Quashquamme Treaty of 1804, and subsequent events up to 1831, collected from his Autobiography, interpreted by Antoine LeClair, and recently republished by J. B. Patterson, of Oquawka, Illinois.

A warrior he of skill and tact,
Quick to perceive, and prompt to act;
Brave as a lion in the fight,
Yet courteous as a plumed knight.

Though, as a general rule, the Indian is treacherous and naturally vengeful, he is not untruthful. Cunning and skillful to obtain an advantage over his enemy, he prizes his integrity as dearly as life. After his return from Washington City, and visiting New York, Boston and other large cities, Black Hawk, by the aid of Mr. LeClair, dictated, and Col. J. B. Patterson wrote down and published in 1833, his autobiography. The original edition being exhausted and out of print, Mr. Patterson, who still lives, made a reprint in 1882 of this book, which is a very interesting one, because it gives the Indian side of the whole matter in dispute. In this chapter we give that portion which precedes his removal west of the Mississippi, in 1831. His views of this treaty are as follows: "One of our people killed an American, was taken prisoner and confined in prison at St. Louis for the offence. We had a council, etc., (See statement in preceding chapter). Quashquamme and party remained a long time absent. They at length returned and encamped near the village, a short distance below it, and did not come up that day, nor did any one approach their camp. They appeared to be dressed in fine coats, and had medals. From their circumstances, we were in hopes that they brought good news. Early next morning the Council Lodge was crowded. Quashquamme and party came up and gave us the following account of their mission: 'On our arrival at St. Louis we met our American father (Gen. Harrison) and explained to him our business, urging the release of our friend. The American chief told us he wanted land. We agreed to give him some on the

west side of the Mississippi, likewise more on the Illinois side opposite Jefferson. When the business was all arranged we expected to have our friend released to come home with us. About the time we were ready to start, our brother was let out of prison. He started and ran a short distance, when he was shot dead.' This was all they could remember of what had been said and done. It subsequently appeared that they had been drunk the greater part of the time while at St. Louis.

"This was all myself and nation knew of the treaty of 1804. It has since been explained to me. I found by that treaty, that all of the country east of the Mississippi and south of Jefferson was ceded to the United States for one thousand dollars a year. I will leave it to the people of the United States to say whether our nation was properly represented in this treaty; or whether we received a fair compensation for the extent of country ceded by these four individuals. I could say much now respecting this treaty, but will not at this time. It has been the origin of all our serious difficulties with the whites." * * * In speaking of the effort of Tecumseh and his brother, the Shawanee's prophet, to induce his tribe to join in his proposed great scheme of a confederation of Indians to expel the whites in 1812, he says: "I remember well his (the Prophet Ellskwatawa, or a door opened) saying 'If you do not join your friends on the Wabash, the Americans will take this very village from you.'" * * * "Little thought I then that his words would come true, supposing that he used these arguments merely to encourage us to join him, which we concluded not to do. * * * Why did the Great Spirit ever send the whites to this island, to drive us from our homes and introduce among us poisonous liquors, disease and death? They should have remained in the land the Great Spirit allotted them. * * * Several of our chiefs were called upon to go to Washington. * * * When they returned they reported what had been said to them. Their Great Father (the President) told them that in the event of war taking place with England, not to interfere on either side, but remain neutral. He did not want our help, but wished us to hunt and supply our families, and remain in peace. He said that British traders would not be allowed to come on the Mississippi to furnish us goods, but we would be well supplied by an American trader. Our chiefs then told him that the British traders always gave us

*How prophetic this proved to be in 1831.

credit in the Fall for guns, powder and goods to enable us to hunt and clothe our families. He replied that the trader at Fort Madison would have plenty of goods and would supply us on credit in the fall."

But it turned out that the trader at Fort Madison refused to sell them goods and supplies without receiving his pay on the spot. With this they were sadly dissatisfied, and left the fort in a bad humor. Indeed, they were in a sad dilemma. Without ammunition and guns they could not hunt, and money or peltries they did not have and could not get.

At this juncture La Gutrie, a British trader, arrived at Rock Island with plenty of goods, and treated the Indians to tobacco, pipes and wampum. This decided Black Hawk to espouse the British cause in the war of 1812. He says: "Here ended all hopes of our remaining at peace, having been forced into war by being deceived. * * * La Gutrie gave us a number of presents, among which was a large silk flag and a keg of rum. * *

While our people were dividing the goods he took me aside and informed me that Colonel Dixon was at Green Bay with twelve boats loaded with goods, guns and ammunition. He wished me to raise a party immediately and go to him. * * * I communicated that information to my braves, and a party of two hundred warriors were soon collected and ready to depart. * * * On our arrival there (Green Bay), we found a large encampment. We were well received. * * * Colonel Dixon gave us plenty of provisions, tobacco and pipes. I found in the encampment a great number of Kickapoos, Ottawas, and Winnebagoes. * * * They had all received new guns, ammunition and a variety of clothing. * * * Colonel Dixon said: 'General Black Hawk, * * * our friend La Gutrie informs us of what has lately taken place. You will now have to hold us fast by the hand. Your English Father has found out that the Americans want to take your country from you, and has sent me and my braves to drive them back to their own country. He has likewise sent a large quantity of arms and ammunition, and we want all your warriors to join us.'"

Is it to be wondered that such blandishments, coupled with such slights, should make Black Hawk espouse the British cause? If, under the circumstances, he had declined, he would truly have shown that he was above our mortal plane.

But he did not remain long in the British service. He says: "I was now tired of being with them, our success being had and having got no plunder. I determined on leaving them and returning to Rock river. * * * That night I took about twenty of my braves and left the British camp for home. * * * When near our village on Rock river, I was surprised to find that a party of Americans had followed us from the British camp*. * * On my arrival at the village I was met by the chiefs and braves and conducted to the lodge, which was prepared for me. * * * I explained to my people the manner in which the British and Americans fought. Instead of stealing upon each other, and taking every advantage to kill the enemy and save their own people as we do, * * * they march out in open daylight and fight regardless of the number of warriors they may lose. * * * They all fought like braves, but would not do to lead a party with us. Our maxim is 'kill the enemy and save our own men.' Their chiefs will do to paddle a canoe but not to steer it. The Americans shot better than the British, but their soldiers were not so well clothed, nor so well provided for." But although interesting to trace the causes that induced Black Hawk to fight with the English in the war of 1812, it is foreign to the subject under consideration, viz., the Quashquamme treaty of 1804. In the spring of 1815, Black Hawk admits that his band were requested to meet the Commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States, Clark, Edwards and Choteau, at Portage De Sioux, and that he, with the principal chiefs of his tribe, started to attend, but Nomite, the principal civil chief of the band, sickened and died soon after they started, and considering this a bad omen they returned to their homes at Rock Island. * * * When the Foxes returned they said: "We have smoked the pipe of peace with our enemies, and expect that the Americans will send a war party against you if you do not go down. * * * La Gutrie told us that we must go down and make peace, as this was the will of our English father. * * * The Great Chief (Gov. Clark) at St. Louis, having sent word for us to come down and confirm the treaty, we did not hesitate, but started immediately, that we might smoke the peace pipe with him. On our arrival we met the Great Chiefs in council. They explained to us the words of our Great Father at Washington, accusing us of heinous crimes and many misdemeanors, particularly in not coming down when first invited. We knew very well that our Great

*Elijah Kilbourn and eleven others. (See life of Black Hawk.)

Father had deceived us, and thereby forced us to join the British, and could not believe that he had put this speech into the mouths of those chiefs to deliver to us. I was not a civil chief, and consequently made no reply, but our civil chief told the Commissioners that 'what you say is a lie. Our Great Father sent us no such speech. He knew that the situation in which we had been placed was caused by him.' The white chiefs appeared very angry at this reply, and said: 'We will break off the treaty and make war against you, as you have grossly insulted us.' Our chiefs had no intention of insulting them, and told them so, saying 'we merely wish to explain that you have told us a lie, without any desire to make you angry, in the same manner that you whites do when you do not believe what is told you.' The council then proceeded and the pipe of peace was smoked. Here, for the first time, I touched the goose quill to the treaty, not knowing, however, that by that act I consented to give away my village. Had that been explained to me I should have opposed it, and never would have signed their treaty, as my recent conduct will clearly prove. What do we know of the manners, the laws and the customs of the white people? They might buy our bodies for dissection, and we touch the goose quill to confirm it, and not know what we are doing. This was the case with me and my people in touching the goose quill the first time.

"We can only judge of what is right and wrong by our standard of what is right and wrong, which differs widely from the whites. If I have been correctly informed, the whites may do wrong all their lives, and then, if they are sorry for it when about to die, all is well. But with us it is different—we must continue to do good throughout our lives. If we have corn and meat and know of a family that have none, we divide with them. If we have more blankets than we absolutely need, and others have not enough, we must give to them who are in want. We were treated friendly by the whites, and started on our return to our village on Rock river. When we arrived we found troops had come to build a fort on Rock Island. This, in our opinion, was a contradiction to what we had done. "To prepare for war in time of peace.' We did not object, however, to their building their fort on the island, but were very sorry, as this was the best one on the Mississippi, and had long been the resort of our young people during the summer. It was our garden, like the white people have near their big villages, which supplied us with strawberries,

blackberries, gooseberries, plums, apples and nuts of different kinds. Being situated at the foot of the rapids, its waters supplied us with the finest fish.

"In my early life I spent many happy days on this island. A good spirit had charge of it, which lived in a cave in the rocks, immediately under the place where the fort now stands.* This guardian spirit has often been seen by our people. It was white, with large wings like a swan's, but ten times larger. We were particular not to make much noise in that part of the island which it inhabited, for fear of disturbing it. But the noise at the fort has since driven it away, and no doubt a bad spirit has taken its place. * * * If a prophet had come to our village in those days and told us that the things were to take place which have since come to pass, none of our people would have believed him. What! to be driven from our village, and our hunting grounds, and not even be permitted to visit the graves of our forefathers, and relations, and our friends. * * * How different is our situation now. Then we were as happy as the buffalo on the plains, but now we are as miserable as the hungry wolf on the prairie. * * * Our people got more liquor from the small traders than customary. I used all my influence to prevent drunkenness, but without effect. As the settlements progressed towards us, we became worse off and more unhappy. Many of our people, instead of going to the old hunting grounds where game was plenty, would go near the settlements to hunt, and instead of saving their skins to pay the trader for goods furnished them in the fall, would sell them to the settler for whiskey, and return in the spring with their families almost naked, and without the means of getting anything for them. * * * I was out hunting one day in a bottom and met three white men. They accused me of killing their hogs. I denied it, but they would not listen to me. One of them took my gun out of my hand and fired it off, then took out the flint, gave it back to me, and commenced beating me with sticks, ordering me at the same time to be off. I was so much bruised that I could not sleep for several nights. Some time after this occurrence one of my camp cut a bee tree and carried the honey to his lodge. A party of white men soon followed him and told him the bee tree was theirs, and he had no right to cut it. He pointed to the honey and told them to take it. They were not satisfied with this, but took all the packs of skins

*Old Fort Armstrong, pulled down in 1845.

that he had collected during the winter to pay his trader, and clothe his family with in the spring, and carried them off. How could we like a people who treated us so unjustly. * * * This summer* our agent† came to live at Rock Island, and then for the first time, I heard talk of our having to leave our village.

“The trader (Col. George Davenport) who spoke our language explained to me the terms of the treaty that had been made, and said we would be obliged to leave the Illinois side of the Mississippi, and advised us to select a good place for our village and remove to it in the spring. He pointed out the difficulties we would have to encounter if we remained at our village on Rock river. He had great influence with the principal Fox chief,‡ the adopted brother of Keokuk. He persuaded him to leave his village and go to the west side of the Mississippi and build another, which he did the spring following. Nothing was talked of but leaving our village. Keokuk had been persuaded to consent to go, and was using all his influence, backed by the war chiefs§ at Fort Armstrong, and our agent and trader at Rock Island, to induce others to go with him. He sent the crier through our village to inform our people that it was the wish of our Great Father that we should remove to the west side of the Mississippi, and recommended the Iowa river as a good place for the new village. * * * He wished his party to make such arrangements before they started on their winter’s hunt as to preclude the necessity of their returning to the village in the spring. The party opposed to surrendering called on me for my opinion. I gave it freely, and after questioning Quashquamme about the sale of our lands, he assured me that he ‘never had consented to the sale of our village.’ I now promised this party to be their leader, and raised the standard of opposition to Keokuk, with a full determination not to leave our village. I had an interview with Keokuk to see if the difficulty could not be settled with our Great Father, and told him to propose to give any other land that our Great Father might choose, even our lead mines, to be peaceably permitted to keep the small part of land on which our village was situated. I was of the opinion that the white people had plenty of land, and would never take our village from us. Keokuk promised to make an exchange, if possible, and applied to our agent and the Great Chief,|| at St. Louis, who had charge of all the agents, for permission to go to Washington for that purpose.

*1829. †Felix St. Vrain. ‡Wapello. §Major John Bliss. ||Gov. Clark.

This satisfied us for a time. We started to our hunting grounds with good hopes that something would be done for us. During the winter, I received information that three families of whites* had come to our village and destroyed some of our lodges, were making fences and dividing our cornfields for their own use. They were quarreling among themselves about their lines of division. I started for Rock river immediately (a distance of ten days' travel), and on my arrival I found the report true. I went to my lodge and saw a family† occupying it. I wished to talk to them, but they could not understand me. I then went to Rock Island; the agent being absent, I told the interpreter‡ what I wanted to say to these people, viz: 'Not to settle on our lands, nor trouble our fences, that there was plenty of land in the country for them to settle upon, and that they must leave our village, as we were coming back to it in the spring.' The interpreter wrote me a paper; I went back to the village and showed it to the intruders, but could not understand their reply. I presumed, however, that they would remove, as I expected them to. I returned to Rock Island, passed the night there, and had a long conversation with the trader. He advised me to give up and make my village with Keokuk on the Iowa river. I told him that I would not. The next morning I crossed the Mississippi on very bad ice, but the Great Spirit made it strong that I might pass over safe. I traveled three days further to see the Winnebago sub-agent,§ and converse with him about our difficulties. He gave no better news than the trader had done. I then started by way of Rock river to see the Prophet,|| believing that he was a man of great knowledge. When we met, I explained to him everything as it was. He at once agreed that I was right, and advised me never to give up our village for the whites to plow up the bones of our people. He said that if we remained at our village the whites would not trouble us, and advised me to get Keokuk and the party that consented to go with him to the Iowa in the spring, to return and remain at our village. I returned to my hunting ground after an absence of one moon and related what I had done. In a short time we came up to our village and found that the whites had not left it, but that others had come, and that the greater part of our cornfields had been enclosed. When we landed, the whites appeared displeased because we had come back. We repaired the lodges that had been left standing, and built others.

*Joshua Vandruff's, Rinnah Wells' and Hackley Sam's.

†Vandruff's. ‡LeClair. §M. Gratiot. ||Winneshiek, or White Cloud.

"Keokuk came to the village, but his object was to persuade others to follow him to the Iowa. He had accomplished nothing towards making arrangements for us to remain, or to exchange other lands for our village. There was no more friendship between us. I looked upon him as a coward and no brave, to abandon his village to be occupied by strangers. What right had these people to our village and our fields, which the Great Spirit had given us to live upon? My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to His children to live upon and cultivate as far as necessary for their subsistence, and so long as they occupy and cultivate it they have the right to the soil, but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle on it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away.

"In consequence of the improvements of the intruders on our fields, we found considerable difficulty to get ground to plant a little corn. Some of the whites permitted us to plant small patches in the fields they had fenced, keeping all the best ground for themselves. Our women had great difficulty in climbing their fences, being unaccustomed to the kind, and were ill-treated if they left a rail down. One of my old friends thought he was safe. His cornfield was on a small island on the Rock river. He planted his corn, it came up well, but the white man saw it, he wanted it, and took his team over, ploughed up the crop and replanted it for himself. The old man shed tears, not for himself, but on account of the distress his family would be in if they raised no corn. The white people brought whiskey to our village, made our people drunk and cheated them out of their horses, guns and traps. This fraudulent system was carried to such an extent that I apprehended serious difficulties might occur, unless a stop was put to it. Consequently, I visited all the whites and begged them not to sell my people whiskey. One of them continued this practice openly. I took a party of my young men, went to his house, took out his barrels, broke in the heads and poured out the whiskey. I did this for fear some of the whites might get killed by my people when they were drunk.

"Our people were treated very badly by the whites on several occasions. At one time a white man beat one of our women cruelly for pulling a few suckers of corn out of his field to suck when she was hungry. At another time one of our young men was beaten with clubs by two white men, for opening a fence

which crossed our road to take his horse through. His shoulder blade was broken and his body badly bruised, from the effects of which he soon after died. Bad and cruel as our people were treated by the whites, not one of them was hurt or molested by our band. I hope this will prove that we are peaceable people—having permitted ten men to take possession of our cornfields, preventing us from planting corn, burning down our lodges, ill-treating our women and beating to death our men without offering resistance to their barbarous cruelties. This is a lesson worthy for the white man to learn to use forbearance when injured. We acquainted our agent daily with our situation, and through him the Great Chief (Gov. Wm. Clark) at St. Louis, and hoped that something would be done for us. The whites were complaining at the same time that we were intruding upon their rights. They made it appear that they were the injured party and we the intruders. They called loudly to the Great War Chief, in command of Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, to protect their property.

How smooth must be the language of the whites when they can make right look wrong, and wrong look right. During the summer Governor Cole and Judge James Hall visited Rock Island, when Black Hawk laid the grievances of his tribe before them. He says: "The Great Chief, however, did not seem disposed to counsel with me. He said he was no longer the chief of Illinois, (Ninian Edwards having succeeded Gov. Cole in 1826,) that his children had selected another father in his stead, and that he now only ranked as they did. I was surprised at this talk, I had always heard that he was a good brave and great chief. But the white people appear to never be satisfied. When they get a good father, they hold councils at the suggestion of some bad, ambitious man who wants the place himself, and conclude among themselves that this man or some other equally ambitious one, would make a better father than they have, and nine times out of ten they don't get as good a one again. I insisted on explaining to this chief the true situation of my people. They gave their assent. I arose and made a speech, in which I explained to them the treaty made by Quashquamme and three of our braves, according to the manner the trader (George Davenport) and others had explained it to me. I then told them that Quashquamme and his party positively denied having ever sold my village, and that

as I had never known them to lie I was determined to keep it in my possession. I told them that the white people had already entered our village, burned our lodges, destroyed our fences, plowed up our corn and beaten our people. They had brought whiskey into our country, made our people drunk and taken from them their horses, guns and traps, and that I had borne all this injury without suffering any of my braves to raise a hand against the whites. My object in holding this council was to get the opinion of the two chiefs as to the best course for me to pursue. I had appealed in vain, time and time again, to our agent, who regularly represented our situation to the Chief (Gov. Clark, Superintendent of Indian affairs,) at St. Louis, whose duty it was to call upon the Great Father, (the President of the U. S.) to have justice done to us,* but instead of this we were told that the white people wanted our country, and we must leave it for them.

"I did not think it possible that our Great Father (the President) wished us to leave our village, where we had lived so long, and where the bones of so many of our people had been laid away. The Great Chief (Gov. Cole) said that as he no longer had any authority, he could do nothing for us, and felt sorry that it was not in his power to aid us; nor did he know how to advise us. Neither of them could do anything for us, but both evidently were very sorry. * * * That fall (1829) I paid a visit to the agent before we started to our hunting grounds, to hear if he had any good news for me. He had no news.* He said that the land on which our village now stood was ordered to be sold to individuals, and that when sold our right to remain by treaty would be at an end, and that if we returned next spring we would be forced to remove. We learned during the winter that part of the land where our village stood had been sold to individuals and that the trader of Rock Island, Colonel Davenport, had bought the greater part that had been sold. The reason was now plain to me why he urged us to remain. His object, we thought, was to get our lands. We held several councils that winter, to determine what we should do. We resolved in one of them to return to our village as usual, in the spring. We concluded that if we were removed by force, that the trader, agent and others must be the cause, and that if they were found guilty of having driven us from our villages, they must be killed. The

*Mr. Forsyth said Governor Clark did not see fit to even answer his letters.

*In this statement Black Hawk is sustained by Mr. Forsyth.

trader stood foremost on the list. He had purchased the land on which my lodge stood, and that of our graveyard also. We therefore proposed to kill him and the agent (St. Vrain), the interpreter (Antoine Le Clair), the Great Chief (Clark) at St. Louis, the War Chief at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island (Major Bliss) and Keokuk, these being the principal persons to blame for endeavoring to remove us.

Our women received bad accounts from the women who had been raising corn at the new village, and of the difficulty of breaking the raw prairie with hoes and the small quantity of corn raised. * * * I prevailed upon some of Keokuk's band to return this spring (1831) to the Rock river village, but Keokuk himself would not come. I hoped that he would get permission to go to Washington to settle our affairs with our Great Father (the President). I visited the agent at Rock Island. He was displeased because we had returned to our village, and told me that we must return to the west of the Mississippi. I told him plainly that we would not.* I visited the interpreter at his home, who advised me to do as the agent had directed me. I then went to see the trader (Davenport) and upbraided him for buying our lands. He said that if he had not purchased them some person else would, and that if our Great Father would make an exchange with us, he would willingly give up the land he had purchased to the Government. This I thought was fair, and began to think that he had not acted so badly as I had suspected. We again repaired our lodges and built others, as most of our village had been burned and destroyed. Our women selected small patches to plant corn, where the whites had not taken them in their fences, and worked hard to raise something for our children to subsist upon. I was told that according to the treaty, we had no right to remain on the lands sold, and that the Government would force us to leave them. There was but a small portion, however, that had been sold, the balance remaining in the hands of the Government. We claimed the right, if we had no other, to live and hunt upon it as long as it remained the property of the Government, by a stipulation in the treaty that required us to evacuate it after it had been sold. This was the land we wished to inhabit and thought we had a right to occupy.

"I heard there was a great chief on the Wabash, and sent a party to get his advice. They informed him that we had not sold our

*The accessions from Keokuk's band, Mr. Forsyth said, made Black Hawk proud.

village. He assured them that if we had not sold the land on which our village stood, our Great Father would not disturb us. I started to Malden to see the chief of my British Father, and told him my story. He gave me the same reply that the chief on the Wabash gave, and advised me to apply to our American Father, who he said would do us justice. I next called on the great chief at Detroit, and made the same statement to him that I had to the chief of our British Father. He gave me the same reply. He said that if we had not sold our lands, and would remain peaceably on them, that we would not be disturbed. This assured me that I was right, and determined me to hold out as I had promised my people. I returned from Malden late in the fall. My people were gone to their hunting ground whither I followed. Here I learned that they had been badly treated all summer by the whites, and a treaty had been held at Prairie Du Chien. Keokuk and some of our people had attended it and found that our Great Father had exchanged a small strip of the land that had been ceded by Quashquamme and his party, with the Pottawattamies for a portion of their land near Chicago. That the object of this treaty was to get it back again, and that the United States had agreed to give them sixteen thousand dollars a year forever, for this small strip of land, it being less than a twentieth part of that taken from our nation for one thousand dollars a year bears evidence* of something I cannot explain. This land, they say, belonged to the United States. What reason then could have induced them to exchange it with the Pottawattamies, if it was so valuable. Why not keep it? Or if they found they had made a bad bargain with the Pottawattamies, why not take back their land at a fair proportion of what they gave our nation for it. If this small portion of the land they took from us for one thousand dollars a year, be worth sixteen thousand dollars a year to the Pottawattamies, the whole tract of country taken from us ought to be worth to our nation, twenty times as much as this small fraction.

"Here I was puzzled to find out how the white people reasoned, and began to doubt whether they had any standard of right and wrong. * * * We were a divided people, forming two parties. Keokuk being at the head of one, willing to barter our rights merely for the good opinion of the whites, and cowardly enough to desert our village to them. I was at the head of the other

*Barefaced swindling was perhaps what he would have called it, had he been familiar with our language.

division, and was determined to hold on to my village, although I had been ordered to leave it. But I considered, as myself and band had no agency in selling our country, and that, as provision had been made in the treaty for us all to remain on it as long as it remained the property of the United States, that we could not be forced away. I refused, therefore, to quit my village. It was here that I was born, and here lie the bones of many friends and relations. For this spot I felt a sacred reverence, and never could consent to leave it without being forced therefrom. * * * The winter (1830-1) passed off in gloom. We made a bad hunt, for want of guns, traps and other necessaries, which the whites had taken from our people for whiskey. I fasted and called upon the Great Spirit to direct my steps to the right path. I was in great sorrow, because all the whites with whom I was acquainted, and had been on terms of intimacy, advised me contrary to my wishes, that I began to doubt whether I had a friend among them. Keokuk, who has a smooth tongue, and is a great speaker, was busy in persuading my band that I was wrong, and thereby making many of them dissatisfied with me. I had one consolation, for all the women were on my side on account of their cornfields. * * *

“I visited Rock Island, and the agent again ordered me to quit my village. He said that if we did not, troops would be sent to drive us off. He reasoned with me, and told me it would be better for us to be with the rest of our people, so we might avoid difficulty, and live in peace. The interpreter joined with him, and gave me so many good reasons, that I almost wished I had not undertaken the difficult task I had pledged myself to my brave band to perform. In this mood, I called upon the trader, who is fond of talking, and had long been my friend, but now amongst those who advised me to give up my village. He received me very friendly, and went on to defend Keokuk in what he had done, endeavoring to show me that I was bringing distress on our women and children. He inquired if some terms could not be made that would be honorable to me, and satisfactory to my braves, for us to remove to the west side of the Mississippi. I replied, that if our Great Father would do us justice, and make the propositions, I could then give up honorably. He asked me if the Great Chief at St. Louis would give us six thousand dollars to purchase provisions and other articles, I would give up peaceably, and remove to the west side of the Mississippi. After

thinking some time, I agreed that I could peaceably give up, being paid for it, according to our custom, but told him that I could not make the proposal myself, even if I wished, because it would be dishonorable in me to do so. He said he would do it by sending word to the Great Chief at St. Louis; that he could remove us peaceably for the amount stated, to the west side of the Mississippi. * * * I did not let my people know what had taken place, for fear they would be displeased. We now (1831) resumed our games and pastimes, having been assured by the Prophet* that we would not be removed. But in a little while it was ascertained that a Great War Chief (Gen. Gaines) was on his way to Rock Island with a great number of soldiers. I again called upon the Prophet, who requested a little time to see into the matter. Early next morning he came to me and said he had been dreaming; that he saw nothing bad in the coming of the Great War Chief who was now near Rock river; that his object was merely to frighten us from our village, that the white people might get our land for nothing. He assured us that this Great War Chief dare not, and would not hurt any of us; that the Americans were at peace with the British, and when they made peace the British required, and the Americans agreed to it, that they should never interrupt any nation of Indians that was at peace, and all that we had to do to retain our village, was to refuse any and every effort that might be made by this War Chief. The War Chief arrived and convened a council at the agency. Keokuk and Wapello were sent for, and, with a number of their band were present. The Council house was opened and all were admitted, and I did not much like what had been done myself and tried to banish it from my mind. * * * The answer returned from 'the Great Chief at St. Louis would give us nothing, and that if we did not remove immediately we would be driven off.' * * * I now resolved to remain in my village and make no resistance if the military came, but submit to my fate. I impressed the importance of this course on all my band, and directed them, in case the military came, not to raise an arm against them.

"About this time our agent was put out of office—for what reason I could never ascertain. I then thought it was for wanting to make us leave our village, and if so, it was right, because I was tired of hearing him talk about it. * * * The young

*Winnesheik, or White Cloud, of Prophetstown—Sauk Prophet.

man who took the place of our agent told the same story over about removing us. * * * Our women had planted a few patches of corn, which were growing finely and promised a subsistence for our children, but the white people again commenced ploughing it up. I now determined to put a stop to it by clearing our country of the intruders. I went to their principal men and told them that they should and must leave our country, giving them until the middle of the next day to remove. The worst of them left within the time appointed, but one who remained, represented that his family, which was large, would be in a starving condition if he went and left his crop. Myself and band were sent for to attend the council. When we arrived at the door, singing a war song, and armed with lances, spears, war-clubs, bows and arrows, as if going to battle, I halted and refused to enter, as I could see no necessity or propriety in having the room crowded with those who were already there. If the council was convened for us, why then have others in our room? The War Chief having sent all out except Keokuk, Wapello, and a few of their chiefs and braves, we entered the council in this war-like appearance, being desirous of showing the War Chief that we were not afraid. He then rose and made a speech. He said: 'The President is very sorry to be put to the trouble and expense of sending so large a body of soldiers here to remove you from the lands you have long since ceded to the United States. Your Great Father has already warned you repeatedly, through your agent, to leave the country, and he is very sorry to find that you have disobeyed his orders. Your Great Father wishes you well and asks nothing from you but what is reasonable and right. I hope you will consult your own interests, and leave the country you are occupying and go to the other side of the Mississippi.' I replied: 'We have never sold our country; we never received any annuities from our American father, and we are determined to hold on to our village.'

"The War Chief, apparently angry, rose and said: 'Who is Black Hawk? Who is Black Hawk?' I replied: 'I am a Sac; my forefather was a Sac, and all nations call me Sac.'" The War Chief said: 'I came not here neither to beg nor hire you to leave your village. My business is to remove you, peaceably, if I can; forcibly, if I must. I will now give you two days in which to remove, and if you do not cross the Mississippi by that time, I will adopt measures to force you away.' I told him I

never would consent to leave my village, and was determined not to leave it. The council broke up and the War Chief retired to his post. I consulted the Prophet again. He said he had been dreaming, and that the Great Spirit had directed that a woman, the daughter of Mattatas, the old chief of the village, should take a stick in her hand and go before the War Chief and tell him that she is the daughter of Mattatas, and that he had always been the white man's friend; that he had fought their battles, been wounded in their service, and had always spoken well of them, and she had never heard him say that he had sold their village. The whites are numerous and can take it from us if they choose, but she hoped they would not be so unfriendly. If they were, she had one favor to ask. She wished her people to be allowed to remain long enough to gather their provisions now growing in their fields; that she was a woman and had worked hard to raise something to support her children. And now, if we are driven from our village without being allowed to save our corn, many of our little children must perish with hunger. Accordingly, Mattatas' daughter was sent to the fort, accompanied by several young men, and was admitted. She went before the War Chief and told the story of the Prophet. The War Chief said that the President did not send him here to make treaties with the women, nor to hold council with them; that our young men must leave the fort, but she might remain if she wished.

"All our plans were defeated. We must cross the river or return to the village and await the coming of the War Chief with his soldiers. We determined on the latter; but finding that our agent, interpreter, trader, and Keokuk, were determined on breaking my ranks, and had induced several of my warriors to cross the Mississippi, I sent a deputation to the agent, at the request of my band, pledging myself to leave the country in the fall, provided permission was given us to remain and secure our crop of corn, then growing, as we would be in a starving situation if we were driven off without the means of subsistence. The deputation returned with an answer from the War Chief: 'That no further time would be given than that specified, and if we were not then gone, he would remove us.

I directed my village crier to proclaim that my orders were, in the event of the War Chief coming to our village to remove us, that not a gun should be fired, or any resistance offered; that if he determined to fight, for them to remain quietly in their lodges,

and let him kill them if he chose. I felt conscious that this great War Chief would not hurt our people and my object was not war; had it been, we would have attacked and killed the War Chief and his braves when in council with us, as they were completely in our power. But his manly conduct and soldierly deportment, his mild, yet energetic manner, which proved his bravery, forbade it.

Some of our young men, who had been out as spies, came in and reported that they had discovered a large body of mounted men coming toward our village, who looked like a war party. They arrived and took a position below Rock river for their encampment. * * * The great war chief, General Gaines, entered Rock river in a steamboat, with his soldiers and one big gun. They passed and returned close to our village, but excited no alarm among my braves. No attention was paid to the boat; even our little children, who were playing on the bank of the river as usual, continued their amusements. The water being shallow, the boat got aground, which gave the whites some trouble. If they had asked for assistance, there was not a brave in my band who would not willingly have aided them. Their people were permitted to pass and repass through our village and were treated with friendship by our people. The war chief appointed the next day to remove us. I would have remained and been taken prisoner by the regulars, but was afraid of the multitude of pale faced militia, who were on horseback, as they were under no restraint of their chiefs. We crossed the river during the night* and encamped some distance below Rock Island. The great war chief convened another council for the purpose of making a treaty with us. In this treaty he agreed to give us corn in place of that we had left growing in our fields. I touched the goose quill to this treaty and was determined to live in peace.

The corn that had been given us was soon found to be inadequate to our wants, when loud lamentations were heard in the camp by the women and children for their roasting ears, beans and squashes. To satisfy them a small party of braves went over in the night to take corn from their own fields. They were discovered by the whites and fired upon. Complaints were again made of the depredations committed by some of my people on their own cornfields."

Such is the statement of Black Hawk, who gives, in his own somewhat rambling but really forcible manner, his side of the difficulties leading to the so-called treaty of June 30, 1831.

*Early in the morning of June 26, 1831.

CHAPTER VI.

The Treaty of 1804 Construed by our three earliest Historians, Governors Edwards, Reynolds and Ford, together with the other treaties referred to by them.

These three ex-Gov'nors all have said
 Without a reason why,
 That Black Hawk every year was paid
 By England as her spy.

In Chapter IV will be found the so-called Treaty of St. Louis, better known by the name of the Quashquamme Treaty, of Nov. 3, 1804, which is the foundation of every claim the United States ever had to the lands of the Sauks in Illinois, since, as will be seen upon examination of all the subsequent treaties, they are merely re-affirmative of that of 1804. If our facts be true, and of that there can be no ground of doubt, then our Government never obtained any legal or equitable title to these fifty million acres of God's heritage.

Our only *right* being that of *might*, which is a *forcible* one, even though justice, equity, and fair-dealing are outraged thereby. When carefully considered in the full light of the law and the facts, we feel assured that every fair-minded and honest-hearted reader must arrive at the definite conclusion, as we have, that our possession of these lands is a clear case of bare-faced and unmitigated robbery upon the most enlightened, intelligent and noble-hearted Indian Nation of North America,—that, too, without an excuse or a single palliating circumstance. For at the time of this so-called treaty and purchase, our Government had no need of more lands, and had no thought of making it, and neither the President nor any member of his Cabinet knew aught about it until after its consummation. The whole transaction was probably engineered and effected by that cunning Frenchman, Pierre Choteau, of St. Louis, Mo., and had not even the merit of the Mormon mode of acquiring additional territory, which embraces two elements, viz: Necessity, and Divine command through a vision. In our case neither of them existed. When Joseph Smith, the great apostle and founder of the latter-day Saints, needed more

lands for cultivation he obtained them in very short order by a raid upon the possessions of his Gentile neighbors; not by means of purchase or war,—he simply took them without as much as saying, “by your leave, sir,” and when his right to do so was questioned, his answer was, “I needed this land, and the Lord appeared to me in a vision and ordered me to take them.”

The following actual facts, as related by Hon. Bailey Davenport, will more clearly illustrate the Mormon method of obtaining land from the Gentiles. In 1843, his father, the late Col. George Davenport, being the owner in fee by Government patent of a certain tract of fine prairie land lying in the neighborhood of the “Holy City of Nauvoo,” which was and had been for several years prior, vacant, or unoccupied, sent Bailey to Carthage, the County Seat of Hancock County, Ill., to pay the taxes, with directions, to go on to the land and examine it. On reaching Carthage, Bailey found the taxes of 1842, then due, had been paid by the Prophet, and on reaching the land he found it enclosed and in crop. He, thereupon, proceeded to Nauvoo to ascertain the meaning of all this from the lips of the Apostle. On reaching Nauvoo and enquiring for the residence, or office, of the Prophet, he was directed to the “Mansion House,” located on the bank of the Mississippi, then kept by him. He found this hotel well filled with guests, and had some difficulty in obtaining a room, but finally succeeded. This being in the fall, and the weather cold, he asked for a fire in his room, which was soon built by a very aged lady, whom he ascertained to be the mother of the Prophet, who, though bowed by the weight of some four score years, still adhered to the belief of her early days, that “an idler is a cumberer of the earth,” and made herself generally useful. The Apostle was very busy, so young Davenport was compelled to bide his time for a private interview with him. When supper was announced the Prophet took his seat at the head of a long table, and invoked a blessing upon his guests and the food, and then, in a reverential tone of voice, added, “We will now be waited upon by angels,” when a side door swung open and some two dozen bright and pretty little misses, dressed in white, entered the dining-room and waited upon the table. After supper he succeeded in meeting the Prophet face to face in the hall, and commenced to explain to him the object of his visit, but was cut short by the Prophet, who said, “I know your business. You were sent here by your father to pay the taxes on the quarter section of land I

have lately fenced and planted, and on finding the taxes paid and the land improved you desire to know by what authority I have done so. I will tell you. I know your father has a patent to this land from the President, but I have a much higher and better title than his,—I derive title to this land direct from the Almighty. I needed more land and appealed to the Throne of Grace for directions how and where I should obtain it, and He appeared to me in a vision saying, 'Behold, thy people need more land whereon to grow their crops for food. Before thee lies the inheritance of the Gentile, who need it not; arise and go thou, Joseph, my servant, and possess thyself thereof, use and enjoy it.' Thus you see, my young friend, my title is much stronger than yours."

This Mormon mode of obtaining land has this merit,—besides being impudent and cheeky, a humbug can be endured better than a robbery, though the result be the same. The former leaves us in doubt as to a criminal intent, while the latter strongly suggests the total depravity of human nature.

Starting out with Governor Edwards, who wrote the first history of Illinois, followed by Governors Reynolds and Ford, and every other writer upon the history of Illinois who has alluded to the treaty of November 3, 1804, all have treated it as being a valid and binding contract, not only upon the parties who executed it, but those whose rights and interests might be affected thereby. This treaty was confirmed by the President and the United States Senate and proclamation thereof made January 5, 1805, which act rendered it valid as to the United States. But Quashquamme and his four associates, having no power or authority delegated them by either the Sauk or Fox Nation, to make a cession of the lands of these nations or any part or portion thereof, the treaty or cession was void *ab initio* as to these nations, unless the act was confirmed and ratified by them, which they nor either of them ever did. Nor has any writer upon this question so claimed, so far as we have been able to find, unless by implication in receiving the annuity of one thousand dollars per year in goods at St. Louis by them was a ratification. But, as stated by Black Hawk and Governor Edwards, he refused to accept any part of these annuity goods. Nor is it charged, much less proven, that any part or portion of his band ever received a dollar's worth of annuities under said treaty.

Quashquamme and his associates received the advance payment of the two thousand two hundred and thirty-four dollars

and fifty cents in "wet groceries and gewgaws" from Mr. Choteau, and had a big drunk, which proved to these poor descendents of Shem as costly as that to Ham, when Noah pronounced the anathema, "Cursed be Canaan: a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. * * * God shall enlarge Japheth and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant." Governor Ford says, p. 108 *et seq.*, of his history of Illinois: "It appears that a treaty had been made by General Harrison, at St. Louis, in November, 1804, with the chiefs of the Sac and Fox nations of Indians, by which those Indians had ceded to the United States all their land on Rock river and much more elsewhere. This treaty was confirmed by a part of the tribe in a treaty with Governor Edwards and Auguste Choteau, in September, 1815, and by another part in a treaty with the same commissioners, in May, 1816. The United States had caused some of these lands, situated at the mouth of Rock river, to be surveyed and sold. These lands included the great town of the Nation, near the mouth of the river. The purchasers from the Government moved onto their lands, built houses, made fences and fields, and thus took possession of the ancient metropolis of the Indian Nation. This metropolis consisted of about two or three hundred lodges, made of small poles set upright in the ground, upon which other poles were tied transversely with bark at the top, so as to hold a covering of bark peeled from the neighboring trees, and secured with other strips of bark with which they were sewed to the transverse poles. The sides of the lodges were secured in the same manner. The principal part of these Indians had long since moved from their town to the west of the Mississippi.

But there was an old Chief of the Sacs called Mucata-Muhicatah, or Black Hawk, who always denied the validity of these treaties. Black Hawk was an old man. He had been a warrior from his youth. He had led many a war party on the trail of an enemy, and had never been defeated. He had been in the service of England in the war of 1812, and had been aid-de-camp to the great Tecumseh.* He was distinguished for courage and for clemency to the vanquished. He was an Indian patriot, a kind husband and father, and was noted for his integrity in all his dealings with his tribe and with the Indian traders. He was firmly attached to the British and cordially hated the Americans.†

*This is erroneous—Black Hawk was never with Tecumseh.

†This is not warranted in fact.

At the close of the war of 1812 he had never joined in making peace with the United States, but he and his band still kept up their connection with Canada, and were ready for war with our people. He was, in his personal deportment, grave and melancholy, with a disposition to cherish and brood over the wrongs he supposed he had received from the Americans. He was thirsting for revenge upon his enemies, and at the same time his piety constrained him to devote a day in the year to visit the grave of a favorite daughter buried on the Mississippi river, not far from Oquawka. Here he came on his yearly visits and spent a day by the grave lamenting and bewailing the death of one who had been the pride of his family and of his Indian home. With these feelings was mingled the certain and melancholy prospect of the extinction of his tribe and the transfer of his country with its many silvery rivers, rolling and green prairies and dark forests, the haunts of his youth, to the possession of a hated enemy, whilst he and his people were to be driven, as he supposed, into a strange country, far from the graves of his fathers and his children."

He then hastily gives Black Hawk's construction of the treaty of 1804, adding: "It may be well here to mention that some historians of the Black Hawk war have taken much of the matter of their histories from a life of Black Hawk written at Rock Island in 1833 or 1834, purporting to have been his own statements written down on the spot. This work has misled many. Black Hawk knew but little, if anything, about it. In point of fact, it was gotten up from the statements of Mr. Antoine Le Clare and Colonel Davenport, and was written by a printer,* and was never intended for anything but a catch-penny publication. Mr. Le Clare was a half-breed Indian interpreter, and Colonel Davenport, an old Indian trader, whose sympathies were strongly enlisted in favor of the Indians, and whose interest it was to retain the Indians in the country for the purposes of trade; hence the gross perversion of facts in that book attributing this war to the border white people, when in point of fact these border white people had bought and paid for the land on which they lived, from the government, which had a title to it, by these different

*Governor Ford was led into an error. That printer is the venerable editor of the *Oquawka Spectator*, Colonel John B. Patterson, who still survives, and is a man of marked ability and unquestioned integrity. Though an octogenarian his mind and pen are yet vigorous. He is the oldest living editor in Illinois, and was a candidate for Public Printer under Jackson's administration.

treaties. They were quietly and peaceably living upon their lands when the Indians, under Black Hawk, attempted to dispossess them.

“As yet I have seen no excuse for Black Hawk’s second invasion of the State in breach of his own treaty with General Gaines in 1831; but the sympathisers with the Indians skip over and take no notice of that treaty, so determined have they been to please their own countrymen at all hazards. * * * Under the pretense that this treaty was void he resisted the orders of the government for the removal of his tribe west of the Mississippi. In the spring of 1831 he recrossed the river with his women and children and three hundred warriors of the British band, together with some allies from the Pottawattamie and Kickapoo Nations, to establish himself upon his ancient hunting-grounds and in the village of his nation. He ordered the white settlers away, threw down their fences, unroofed their houses, cut up their grain, drove off and killed their cattle, and threatened the people with death if they remained. The settlers made their complaints to Governor Reynolds. These acts of the Indians were considered by the Governor to be an invasion of the State. He immediately addressed letters to General Gaines of the United States army, and to Governor Clark, the Superintendent of Indian affairs, calling upon them to use the influence of the government to procure the peaceful removal of the Indians, if possible; at all events to defend and protect the American citizens who had purchased those lands from the United States, and were now about to be ejected by the Indians.

“General Gaines repaired to Rock Island with a few companies of regular soldiers and soon ascertained that the Indians were bent on war. He immediately called upon Governor Reynolds for seven hundred mounted volunteers. The Governor obeyed the requisition. A call was made upon some of the northern and central counties, in obedience to which fifteen hundred volunteers rushed to his standard at Beardstown, and about the 10th of June were organized and ready to march to the seat of war.”*

In August, 1826, Ninian Edwards was elected Governor of Illinois. Born in the “dark and bloody ground”—Kentucky—

*Governor Ford’s charges that Black Hawk’s autobiography was a mere catch-penny, and that Colonel Davenport’s sympathies warped his judgment, to the Indian side, are untrue and ill-advised. Colonel Davenport was the soul of honor and a gallant soldier, while Colonel Patterson, the publisher, still lives, and is an honorable and thoroughly reliable citizen.

where Daniel Boone and his compatriots had so long and so desperately contended with the Indians, he imbibed from his infancy a strong prejudice against the red man. Immediately after his inauguration he directed his powerful intellect and influence, as a citizen, as well as Governor of the State, towards driving every Indian across the Mississippi and out of the State. He first wrote a letter to the Secretary of War strongly urging their removal as a necessity to the peace and welfare of the white people of the State, and that their presence in the State was a constant menace to the peace and safety of the citizens of Illinois, urging in the strongest language that they had no sort of right to remain upon the lands they had ceded to the United States; that they were committing depredations upon the white settlers by stealing their horses, killing their cattle and other outrageous conduct, and demanded that the war department take immediate steps for their forcible removal. In response to these pressing appeals the Secretary of War instructed General Cass, in 1827, to take measures with a view to their immediate removal to the west side of the Mississippi. But farther than a little inquiry no action was taken in the matter by General Cass. In May, 1828, Governor Edwards wrote Governor William Clark, then Superintendent of Indian affairs, with headquarters at St. Louis, urging and demanding immediate action on the part of the government of the United States in the matter of the removal of all the Indian tribes within the State of Illinois. Following up this matter, he again wrote to the Secretary of War in June, 1828, in which, among other caustic words, were the following: "The grievance still continuing, and aggravated as it is by recent occurrences, of which I am bound to presume you are informed, I feel it my duty to ask you what farther in regard to this matter may be expected from the general government?" In response to this last appeal an order was issued by the war department for the removal of the Indians to the west side of the Mississippi. On the receipt of this order the Indians begged and plead for time to mature and gather their crops and prepare for their departure, and another year was given them for that purpose. With this action of the government of the United States in granting a year's extension of time for their removal from the State, Governor Edwards was very indignant, and wrote Governor Clark, a strongly-worded letter, closing with: "If any act of hostility shall be committed on the frontiers, I will not hesitate to

remove them on my own responsibility as Governor of the State." Governor Edwards says: "In 1829 was the land sale, and on July 15, 1830, another treaty was made with the Sacs and Foxes by the provisions of which they were to remove peaceably from the Illinois country. A portion of the Sacs, with their principal Chief, Keokuk, at their head, quietly returned across the Mississippi. With those who remained in the village at the mouth of Rock river, an arrangement was made by the Americans, who had purchased the land, by which they were to live together as neighbors, the Indians still cultivating their old fields as formerly.

"Black Hawk, however, a restless and uneasy spirit, who had ceased to recognize Keokuk as chief, and who was known to be still under the pay of the British, emphatically refused either to remove from the lands or respect the rights of the Americans to them. He insisted that Keokuk had no authority for making such a treaty, and he proceeded to gather around him a large number of his warriors and young men of the tribe who were anxious to distinguish themselves as braves, and, placing himself at their head, he determined to dispute with the whites the possession of the ancient seat of his nation. He had conceived the gigantic scheme, as appears by his own admission, of uniting all the Indians from Rock river to the Gulf of Mexico in a war against the United States, and he made use of every pretext for gaining accessions to his party."

Governor John Reynolds succeeded Governor Edwards in 1830, beating Lieutenant-Governor William Kinney by a large majority. A native of Pennsylvania, but raised in Tennessee, he came to Illinois while it was but a territory, and had served in several campaigns against the Indians. At the time of the election Kinney was Lieutenant-Governor under Edwards, and Reynolds had been one of the Circuit Judges of the State Court. Both were Democrats. Kinney was a Baptist preacher,—Reynolds inclined to Methodism, but too much of a politician for a christian. Kinney, though not blessed with a scholastic education, was possessed of fine native ability and personal character. They both took the stump, and while Kinney spoke of the needed legislation, Reynolds declared that every last Indian must go. Having made "the removal of the Indians from the State" his platform, Governor Reynolds was ever eager for the opportunity to fulfill his publicly made pledge. Now, it is a well

established fact, that pioneer settlements along an Indian boundary line have but little to lose and much to gain by a small Indian war, because it is sure to eventuate in driving the Indians further back and opening up desirable locations for the pioneer. In this case the fine lands of the Sauks, lying on the peninsula between the Mississippi and Rock rivers, had been broken up and cultivated for many years; some of them indeed, for centuries, as before shown. Such being true, it was an easy matter to provoke a dispute or formulate false charges against the Indians. The temptation was too strong, false charges were prepared and forwarded to Governor Reynolds, who says in his anomalous work, "My Own Times": "At the time I saw Black Hawk he seemed more inclined to counsel than action. He would not receive annuities from the United States, but went to Canada every year for presents from his British father. * * * B. F. Pike states on oath: 'That the number of warriors is about three hundred; that the Indians have, in various instances, done much damage to the said white inhabitants, by throwing down their fences, destroying their fall grain, pulling off the roofs of houses, and positively asserting, that if they did not go away, their warriors would kill them.'

Governors Ford and Edwards both rely upon the treaties of 1815 and 1816, while Edwards states there was another treaty of July 15, 1830. Before showing the errors and misstatements of fact contained in each of the foregoing statements of the ex-Governors, we will give these three so-called treaties to the end, that the reader may fully comprehend all the real facts in the case, and be governed accordingly. But a little retrospection is probably advisable to fully comprehend the meaning of these treaties. It should be remembered that in the war 1812-14, between the United States and Great Britain, Black Hawk having first tendered his services, with two hundred braves, to the United States, and, being refused, he then made the same tender to the British and was received by them. That at this point commenced the cause which culminated in a division of the Sauk Nation, which has never been healed to the present day. This division, which took place in 1812 or 1813, and resulted in the formation of two separate bands in the same tribe or nation,—the one known as the Black Hawk or British band, because they had espoused the British cause, and the other as the Peace or Missouri band. The former comprised about one-third of the

entire nation, with Black Hawk at their head; the latter contained the remainder of the tribe, with Keokuk at their head, who was always the white man's friend. It was asserted by some writers that a portion of the Fox tribe joined Black Hawk's band in the war of 1812-14. But such was not true, for a wonder, since Muckete-Nanamakee, or Black Thunder, their greatest chief, and others were seized and imprisoned on mere suspicion and held captive at Prairie du Chien until after the close of that war.

Other Indian tribes of the then Northwest, like Black Hawk's band, had fought on the British side in that war. A treaty of peace was concluded and executed at Ghent on the 24th of December, 1814, between the United States and Great Britain. Under the provisions of Article IX of this treaty, both of the contracting parties stipulated and agreed to put an end to Indian hostilities, and for the purpose of fully carrying into full force and effect this stipulation on the part of the United States, William Clark, Governor of the Territory of Missouri; Ninian Edwards, Governor of the Territory of Illinois, and Auguste Choteau, merchant and Indian trader, of St. Louis, Mo., Territory, were appointed, under the provisions of an act of Congress, by the President of the United States, and confirmed by the Senate March 11, 1815, "*Commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States to harmonize and pacify all the various tribes of Indians inhabiting the North-Western Territory.*"

These commissioners proceeded to meet the numerous Indian tribes, and rapidly effected what they invariably called "Treaties of Peace and Friendship." With this preliminary explanation, we here give, in their order of date, the singular documents prepared by these Commissioners "*to harmonize and pacify the various tribes,*" etc. The first of these is that of September 13, 1815, with the Quashquamme branch of the Peace band, residing then in the Territory of Missouri, none of whom had taken any part in the war of 1812-14. This instrument will be found in the official volume of "Indian Treaties," page 134, and is as follows:

"PORTAGE DES SIOUX, September 13, 1815.

"A treaty of peace and friendship made and concluded between William Clark, Ninian Edwards and Auguste Choteau, Commissioners Plenipotentiary, of the United States, of America, on the part and behalf of the said States, of the one part, and the undersigned Chiefs and warriors of that portion of the Sac Nation of Indians now residing on the Mississippi river, of the other part.

“WHEREAS, The undersigned Chiefs and warriors, as well as that portion of the nation which they represent, have at all times been desirous of fulfilling their treaty with the United States with perfect good faith, and for that purpose found themselves compelled, since the commencement of the late war, to separate themselves from the rest of their nation and move to the Mississippi river, where they have continued to give proofs of their friendship and fidelity; and,

WHEREAS, The United States justly appreciating the conduct of said Indians, are disposed to do them the most ample justice that is possible,—the said parties have agreed to the following Articles:

“Article 1. The undersigned Chiefs and warriors for themselves, and that portion of the Sacs which they represent, do hereby assent to the treaty between the United States of America and the United tribes of Sacs and Foxes which was concluded at St. Louis, on the third day of November, 1804, and they moreover promise to do all in their power to establish and enforce the same.

“Article 2. The Chiefs and warriors for themselves and those they represent, do further promise to remain distinct and separate from the Sacs of Rock river, giving them no aid or assistance whatever until peace shall also be concluded between the United States and the said Sacs of Rock river.

“Article 3. The United States on their part promise to allow the said Sacs of the Mississippi river all the rights and privileges secured to them by the treaty of St. Louis, before mentioned, and, also as soon as practicable, furnish them with a just proportion of the annuities stipulated to be paid by that treaty: *Provided*, they shall continue to comply with this and their former treaty.

“WILLIAM CLARK.

NINIAN EDWARDS,

AUGUSTE CHOTEAU.

“SHAMAGO, the lance; KATAKA, or sturgeon; WEE-SAKA, the devil; MECAITA, the eagle; CATCHE-MA-CHINEO, the big eagle; NESHATA, the twin; QUASHQUAMME, the jumping fish; CAICKAQUA, he that stands by the big tree; CHAGOSANT, the blue's son; POCUMA, the plumb; NANOCHOLOOSA, the brave by hazard; NANE-CHWAUN, the Sioux.”

The next so-called treaty is with the Fox Nation, of September 14, 1815, p. 135, Book of United States Treaties, at Portage Des Sioux, is as follows, omitting the caption:

“The parties being desirable of re-establishing peace and friendship between the United States and the said tribe or nation, and of being placed in all things and in every respect on the same footing upon which they stood before the war, have agreed to the following articles :

“Article 1. Every injury or act of hostility by one or either of the contracting parties against the other shall be mutually forgiven and forgotten.

“Article 2. There shall be perpetual peace and friendship between the citizens of the United States of America and all the individuals comprising the said Fox tribe or nation.

“Article 3. The contracting parties do hereby agree, promise, and obligate themselves reciprocally to deliver up all the prisoners now in their hands (by whatever means soever the same may have come into their possession) to the officer commanding at Fort Clark*, on the Illinois river, to be by him restored to their respective nations, as soon as it may be practicable.

“Article 4. The said Fox tribe or nation, do hereby assent to recognize, re-establish and confirm the treaty of St. Louis, of November 3, 1804, to the full extent of their interest in the same, as well as all other contracts and agreements between the parties, and the United States promises to fulfill all the stipulations contained in the said treaty in favor of the said Fox tribe or nation.

“WILLIAM CLARK,
NINIAN EDWARDS,
AUGUSTE CHOTEAU.

“PIEREE MASKIN, the fox who walks crooked; MUCKETE-WAGUIT, black cloud; NANIA-SA-SUN-A-MET, he who surpasses others; WAOPACA; MUCKETE-NANA-MAKEE, the black thunder; PASHE-CHE-NE-NE, the liar; CATCHEE-CAW-MEE, big lake; MALA-SUO-KA-MEE, the war chief; KE-CHUO-WA, the sun; MA-TA-QUA, the medical woman; PA-TAU-QUA, the bear that sits; AQUR-QUA, the kettle; NE-MAS-QUA; MACHE-NA-MA, the bad fish; PESO-TOKEE, the flying fish; MISHE-CA-QUA, the hairy legs; CAPUN-TWA, all at once; MOWHININ, the wolf; ORIGON; WO-NA-KA-SA, the quick river; NANA-TOW-AKA, the scenting fox.”

The next so-called treaty is with the Sauks, of Rock river, which was concluded at St. Louis, May 13, 1816. These Indians had been notified by the Commissioners Plenipotentiary to meet them at Portage Des Sioux the year or fall before, but after

*At Peoria, Ill.

starting thither, and while on their way, Nomite, their principal peace chief and Head-man, was taken suddenly ill and died at a small Sauk village, then on Henderson river. Nomite's brother became Head-man upon the death, and considering the death of Nomite as a bad omen, said that if he started he would be taken sick and die as his brother had done, flatly refused to go any further on this ill-starred expedition. These august commissioners, whose authority extended only to notifying the various Indian nations of the Northwestern Territory of the conclusion of *peace* between the United States and Great Britain, sent them a peremptory order to come down to St. Louis and execute a treaty (See Black Hawk's statement of the matter). This treaty is called the "Second Treaty of St. Louis with the Sacs of Rock River," and (omitting the caption) is as follows:

"WHEREAS, By the ninth article of the treaty of peace, which was concluded on the 24th day of November, 1814, between the United States and Great Britain, at Ghent, and ratified by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, on the 17th of February, 1815, it was stipulated that said parties should severally put an end to all hostilities with the Indian tribes with whom they might be at war at the time of the ratification of said treaty, and to place the said tribes inhabiting their respective territories on the same footing upon which they stood before the war: *Provided*, they should agree to desist from all hostilities against said parties, their citizens or subjects, respectively, upon the ratification of the said treaty being notified to them, and should so desist accordingly.

AND WHEREAS, The United States being determined to execute every article of the treaty with perfect good faith, and wishing to be particularly exact in the execution of the article above referred to, relating to the Indian tribes, the President, in consequence thereof, for that purpose, on the 11th of March, 1815, appointed the undersigned: William Clark, Governor of Missouri Territory; Ninian Edwards, Governor of Illinois Territory, and Auguste Choteau, Esquire, of the Missouri Territory Commissioners, with full power to conclude a treaty of peace and amity with all the tribes of Indians conformably to the stipulations contained in the said article on the part of the United States in relation to such tribes.

AND WHEREAS, The Commissioners, in conformity with their instructions, in the early part of last year, notified the Sacs, of

Rock river and the adjacent country, of the time of the ratification; of the stipulations it contained in relation to them; of the disposition of the American Government to fulfill those stipulations by entering into a treaty with them conformably thereto, and invited the said Sacs, of Rock river and adjacent country, to send forward a deputation of their chiefs to meet the said Commissioners at Portage Des Sioux, for the purpose of concluding such a treaty as aforesaid, between the United States and the said Indians; and the Sacs of Rock river having not only declined that friendly overture, but having continued their hostilities, and committed many depredations thereafter which would have justified the infliction of the severest chastisement upon them, but having earnestly repented of their conduct, now imploring mercy, and being anxious to return to the habits of peace and friendship with the United States, and the latter being always disposed to pursue the most liberal and humane policy towards the Indian tribes within their territory, preferring their reclamation by peaceful means to their punishment by the application of the military force of the nation. Now, therefore, the said William Clark, Ninian Edwards and Auguste Choteau, Commissioners as aforesaid, and the undersigned chiefs and warriors as aforesaid, for the purpose of restoring peace and friendship between the parties, do agree to the following articles :

“Article 1. The Sacs of Rock river and the adjacent country do hereby unconditionally assent to recognize, re-establish and confirm the treaty between the United States of America and the united tribes of Sacs and Foxes, which was concluded at St. Louis on the 2d day of November, 1804, as well as all other contracts and agreements heretofore made between the Sac tribe or nation and the United States.

“Article 2. The United States agree to place the aforesaid Sacs of Rock river on the same footing upon which they stood before the war: *Provided*, they shall, on or before the first day of July, next, deliver up to the officers commanding at Cantonment Davis, on the Mississippi, all the property they, or any part of their tribes, have plundered or stolen from citizens of the United States since they were notified, as aforesaid, of the time of the ratification of the late treaty between the United States and Great Britain.

“Article 3. If the said tribes shall fail or neglect to deliver up the property aforesaid, or any part thereof, on or before the first day

of July, aforesaid, they shall forfeit to the United States all right and title to their proportion of the annuities which, by the treaty of St. Louis, were covenanted to be paid to the Sac tribe, and the United States shall forever afterwards be exonerated from the payment of so much annuities as upon distribution would fall to the share of that portion of the Sacs who are represented by the undersigned chiefs and warriors :

“Article 4. Provides that this treaty shall take effect from and after its confirmation by the President and the United States Senate, and in the meantime all hostilities shall cease.

WILLIAM CLARK,
NINIAN EDWARDS,
AUGUSTE CHOTEAU.

ANOWORT, or the man who speaks ; NAMAWENAM, or sturgeon man ; NASUWARKEE, or the fork ; NAMUTCHESSEE, or jumping sturgeon ; MACHEQUAWA, or the bad axe ; MASHCO, or young eagle ; AQUASSA, a lion coming out of the water ; MUCKETEEMESHEKIAHKIAH, Black Hawk ; PAINAKETA, the cloud that does not stop ; MEALESTA, bad weather ; ANAWASHQUETH, the bad root ; WASSEKEQUA, sharp-faced bear ; SOKEETOO, the thunder that frightens ; WAPAMUKQUA, the white bear ; WARPALAKUS, the rumbling thunder ; KEMALASHA, the swan that flies in the rain ; PASHKOMASK, the swan that flies low ; KEMALASHEE, the running partridge ; WAPULAMO, the white wolf ; CASKUPEWA, the swan whose wings crack when he flies ; NAPITAKU, he who has a swan's throat about his neck ; MASHASHE, the fox.”

The treaty of July, 15, 1830, alluded to by Gov. Edwards, will be found on page 328, Book of United States Treaties, and is as follows :

“ PRAIRIE DU CHEIN, July 15, 1830.

Omitting the caption and first article, which applies to other Indian nations.

“Article 2. The confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes cede and relinquish to the United States forever, a tract of country twenty miles in width, from the Mississippi to the Des Moines, situated south and adjoining the line between the said confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes and the Sioux, as established by the second article of the treaty of Prairie Du Chein, of the 19th of August, 1825.”

Under article 4, the United States agree to pay to the Sacs and Foxes, each, for the land ceded in Article 2, ten thousand dollars per annum for ten years, and to the Sauks, of the Missouri river, five thousand dollars per annum.

WILLIAM CLARK,

Supt. of Indian Affairs.

WILLOUGHBY MORGAN,

Col. 1st Infantry, U. S. A.

Sacs—MASHQUTAIPAW, or red head; SHECOCALAWKA, or turtle shell; KEEOCKUCK, the watchful fox; PAITOHIT, one that has no heart; OAHOYSKEE, ridge; SHESHUQUAMIE, little gourd; OSAW-WISHCONAC, yellow bird; IONIN, am away; NINIWAWQUASOUT, he that fears mankind; CHOOKEEMMITON, the little spirit; MOSOINN, the scalp; WAPAWCHECAMUCK, fish of the White Marsh; MESSICOJIC.

Foxes—WAPELLO, the prince; TOWEEMENI, strawberry; PASHASAKAY, son of Piemanchie; KEEWAUSETTE, he who climbs every-where; NAWMEE; APPENIOCE, the grandchild; WAYTEEMENS; NAWAY AWKIOSO; MANQUOPEWAN, the bear's hip (Morgan); KAWKAWKEE, the crow; MAWCAWTAYEEQUAIQUENAKIE, black neck; WATEEPAW-NAUCH; MESHAWNUPATAY, the large teeth; KAWKEEKANOCK, always fish,"

The names of all Indians to each treaty are signed by an X.

CHAPTER VII.

The expressed views of Governors Edwards, Reynolds and Ford, Reviewed and Criticised by the Light of the Law and the so-called Treaties of 1804, 1815, 1816 and 1830 together with the 9th Article of the Treaty of Ghent of December 24, 1814.

"If circumstances lead me I will find
Where Truth is hid though it were hid, indeed,
Within the centre."

—SHAKESPEARE.

The old adage says, "truth was hidden in a well," but in this case it was hidden in the center of a mountain of concealment, misrepresentation, ignorance and prejudice, whose prevailing material, was an unwarranted hatred of the British government. In this chapter we propose to dig deeply into the mountain and bring forth the bright angel—Truth, and present her all-radiant to the gaze of the world as she is and should be. By the light of truth we shall be able to show the so-called Black Hawk war of 1831-2 was simply a cold-blooded series of murders without cause or justification on the part of the American people. These are bold words but easily proven. Governor Ford's version of these transactions covers and embraces that of the other ex-Governors, hence we shall consider his first. That the gallant little Governor, Thomas Ford, should, under any circumstances, have suffered himself to be misled by Governors Edwards and Reynolds in their highly-colored, one-sided statements of the facts and circumstances connected with the so-called treaty of November 3, 1804, and subsequent events growing therefrom, is to us, who knew him intimately and long, inexplicable and strange. Although a capital hater of those he disliked, and warm friend to those he liked, he was eminently fair-minded and the very soul of honor. But notwithstanding all this his statement of these transactions, while meagre, is honey-combed with errors. Starting out, he calls the contract of November 3, 1804, a treaty. There were no differences then existing between the people of the United States and these Indian nations to form a treaty upon unless it be the release of the Sauk prisoner, incarcerated on the charge of murder. But we apprehend that neither of these Governors would

have been willing to admit that as the subject of barter and foundation for a treaty. It was, if anything, an agreement to sell their lands. A treaty is an agreement between two or more nations formally signed by commissioners purposely authorized, and solemnly ratified by the sovereign or supreme power of the nations interested.

No public writer has ever assumed that the Sauk Chiefs, Quashquamme, Pashepaho and Hashequaxhiqua, with the two braves, Layonvois and Outchuquaha, were delegated by the Sauk and Fox Nations, or either of them as Commissioners Plenipotentiary, to sell and convey their lands, or any part thereof, to the United States, and certainly not to make a treaty when there were no grievances or national disagreements to be adjusted, and since the Fox Nation had no representation in the matter, their rights were not and could not have been affected thereby, whether the instrument were a treaty, sale and cession or contract of sale. Nor did it make but little difference to the Foxes in any event, as they were not the owners in fee of any of the lands affected by the so-called treaty of 1804.

They were permitted by the Sauks to occupy a small portion of their lands along the south bank of the Mississippi, extending from Moline to Rock Island, where they had a small village and cultivated a field of corn. When these two nations went to that locality as the successors or grantees of the Santeaux, the Foxes located their principal village on the Iowa and the Sauks on the Illinois side of the Mississippi. This instrument of writing, called the treaty of St. Louis, not being in any sense of the meaning of that word a treaty, the next question is, what was it? We confess, frankly, that it was a nondescript, and may be called a contract of sale, perhaps, or an act of cession. In any event it was largely turkey for the United States and buzzard for the Indians; for the price to be paid by the former for these fifty million acres was a mere bagatelle—if intended as the full compensation. If, by the execution of this instrument by these five Indians, the title of the Sauk and Fox Nations passed thereby *eo instanti* to the United States, then it was a sale and conveyance or cession of the lands described in the instrument, if there were no other obstacles in the way. But there were insuperable objections in the way besides the incompetency of Quashquamme and his associates to make such a contract as would bind their nation. Among these obstacles were these: The consideration

for the lands ceded was not paid at or before the execution of the instrument, but, on the contrary, was strung out in annual payments "of a thousand dollars in goods yearly and every year," *ad infinitum*, or "to the crack of doom." Nor was the possession of these lands delivered to the United States, but on the contrary article 7 reads thus: "As long as the lands which are now ceded to the United States remain their property the Indians belonging to the said tribes shall enjoy the privilege of living and hunting upon them." Nor do its boundary lines close within many miles, rendering it void for uncertainty or want of definite description. It starts "at a point on the Missouri river, opposite the Gasconade river, and runs to strike the *Jefferson* river (no such river known) thirty miles from its mouth, then down that river to the Mississippi, up the Mississippi to the mouth of Wisconsin river; up that river thirty-six miles in a direct line from its mouth; thence to where Fox river of Illinois leaves Lakegan; down Fox river to Illinois, and down that river to the Mississippi," and here it stops square off, opposite where Alton now stands. Hence, it is neither a treaty nor conveyance. Then what is it? Simply a contract to purchase and agreement to sell.

In view of the wording of the latter part of article 4 of this so-called treaty, it is even doubtful if General Harrison considered this instrument a cession of the lands of the Indians. If so, why insert these words: "And the said tribe do hereby engage that they will never sell their lands, or any part thereof, to any sovereign power but the United States, nor to the citizens or subjects of any other sovereign power nor to the citizens of the United States." "This treaty," says Governor Ford, "was confirmed by a part of the tribe in a treaty with Governor Edwards and Auguste Choteau, in September, 1815, and by another part in a treaty with same Commissioners in May, 1816." These instruments appear in chapter VI.

From an inadvertence of Gov. Ford, or a mistake of the printer, the name of the third and leading commissioner is omitted, that of Gov. William Clark,* of Missouri. He was a man of fine judgment and masterly ability.

To fully comprehend the purport and meaning of the appointment of this commission, and the scope and extent of their power and authority, a few antecedent facts are necessary, which are

*Younger brother of Col. Geo. Roger Clark.

these: In the summer of 1814, President Madison, with the advice and consent of the United States Senate, in obedience to a request from his Britanic majesty, sent Messers. Adams, Bayard, Clay, Russell and Gallatin as commissioners plenipotentiary on the part of the United States to the city of Ghent, in Belgium, to meet Lord Gambier, Sir Henry Goulburne and Hon. William Adams, who had been appointed by the King of England to represent the British government in a like capacity, to negotiate a treaty of peace between the two governments. On the 12th of August our commissioners communicated with the President several propositions submitted to them by the British commissioners which they insisted should form a part and portion of the treaty they were negotiating. The language used, as well as the propositions submitted, were of such character as to give offense to our commissioners. Hence, they reported them to the President, who laid them before Congress in a special message, October 10, 1814, where they were referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. One of these propositions was called the *sine quanon*, meaning: "Without which no negotiations—no treaty," which referred to their late Indian allies in the following words:

"The Indian allies of Great Britain, to be included in the pacification, and a definite boundary to be settled for their territories." They asserted that "an arrangement on this point was a *sine quanon*—that they were not authorized to conclude a treaty of peace which did not embrace the Indians as allies of his Britanic majesty, and that the establishment of a definite boundary of the Indian territory was necessary to a permanent peace, not only with the Indians, but also between the United States and Great Britain." At a subsequent meeting of the commissioners, explanations were solicited and given. Our commissioners, with John Quincy Adams as the leader, told the British commissioners "that no nation observed a policy more liberal and humane towards the Indians than that performed by the United States; that our object had been, by all practical means, to introduce civilization among them; that their possessions were secured by well defined boundaries; that their persons, lands and property were now more effectually protected against violence or frauds from any quarter than they had been under any former government; that even our citizens were not allowed to purchase their lands; that when they gave up their title to any portion of their country to the United States, it was by voluntary treaty with our government

ment, who gave them a satisfactory equivalent; and that through these means the United States had succeeded in preserving, since the treaty of Greenville, of 1795, an uninterrupted peace of sixteen years with all the tribes—a period of tranquility much longer than they were known to have enjoyed heretofore.” It was then expressly stated on our part “that the proposition respecting the Indians was not distinctly understood. We asked whether the pacification and the settlement of a boundary for them were both made a *sine quanon*, which was answered in the affirmative.” To this the British commissioners laid before the American commission the following protocol in writing :

“That the peace be extended to the Indian allies of Great Britain, and that the boundary of their territory be definitely marked out as a permanent barrier between the dominions of the United States and Great Britain. Arrangements on this subject to be regarded a *sine quanon* of a treaty of peace.” Our commissioners resisted these claims and demands. Every communication from the commissioners was sent to their respective governments, and replies awaited by them. These claims were finally modified and the difficulty compromised as set forth in the 9th article of the treaty of December 24, 1814, known as the Treaty of Ghent. This article is as follows :

RATIFICATION OF THE INDIAN TREATY.

“Article the Ninth. The United States of America engage to put an end, immediately after the ratification of the present treaty, to hostilities with all the tribes or nations of Indians with whom they may be at war at the time of such ratification; and forthwith to restore to such tribes or nations, respectively, all the possessions, rights and privileges which they may have enjoyed or been entitled to in one thousand eight hundred and eleven, previous to such hostilities. *Provided, always,* that such tribes or nations shall agree to desist from all hostilities against the United States of America, their citizens and subjects, upon the ratification of the present treaty being notified to such tribes or nations, and shall so desist accordingly. And his Britanic Majesty engages on his part to put an end immediately after the ratification of the present treaty, to hostilities with all the tribes or nations of Indians with whom he may be at war at the time of such ratification, and forthwith to restore to such tribes or nations, respectively, all the possessions, rights and privileges which

they may have enjoyed or been entitled to in one thousand eight hundred and eleven, previous to such hostilities. *Provided, always*, that such tribes or nations shall agree to desist from all hostilities against his Britanic Majesty, and his subjects, upon the ratification of the present treaty being notified to such tribes or nations, and shall so desist accordingly."

This stubborn demand of the English that their late allies, a portion of the Indian tribes of the Northwestern Territory, should be included in the treaty, and be protected against punishment by the American government for the offense of taking up arms against them in this war, has been severely censured by many American writers, but certainly unjustly so. It would have been the basest ingratitude — aye, perfidy in the British to have made peace for themselves, and left the Indians to the tender mercy of the outraged American people, who would have literally flayed them had they not have been protected under the treaty. Upon the ratification of the treaty of Ghent, which occurred by both governments about the middle of February, 1815, it became the supreme law of our land, under Section 2, Article 6, of the Federal Constitution, and was binding upon officers and citizens, and not subject to alteration or amendment, except by mutual agreement of the contracting parties. Article 9 was inserted for the purpose of shielding and protecting the life, liberty and property of those Indians who had espoused the English cause in the war. Its language is clear and explicit, and not susceptible of double construction. The intention of the parties was to put an end to all further hostilities, either against or from the Indian allies of Great Britain, and that, too, without inflicting pains, penalties, or conditions, beyond simply notifying them that the White Winged Angel of Peace had spread her pinions over the late scenes of contention and death, wiping out the blood-stains left by the red dogs of war, and extending over the land the nepenthe of forgiveness for the past, and offering the olive branch of good will for the future. Welcome news even to the savage, with all his supposed brutality of nature, for he truthfully said that the Indian makes a poor soldier for hire. He has but little knowledge of the value of money or goods, but is a first class hater of those whom he feels and knows have done him an injury, and fights like a demon; but for gain, very indifferently. In this case it was white men on both sides, in which he took but little interest in the fight between the parties to it. The British fed and

clothed him, with which he was content, and seldom permitted his stoical nature to become aroused to the fighting pitch. To fully carry into effect the provisions of this treaty, President Madison nominated the commission named in the foregoing chapter. Of this commission, Mr. Choteau was an Indian trader, and spoke the Indian language fluently.

The scope or extent of their instructions we have not been able to ascertain, but it matters not what they were, since they could not change or alter Article IX of this treaty, which was the law and could not be altered by executive instructions, or legislative enactments. Hence, if the instructions given these Commissioners in any manner contravened the provisions of the treaty, such instructions, so far as they were in conflict therewith, were null and void. Nor could they legally do or perform any act or thing, which might affect the rights, interests, or standing of these Indians, by virtue of their appointment. With the official notification of the conclusion of peace and restoration of the various Indian nations to the same footing they occupied before the war, their duties were performed, and all acts of theirs in their capacity of Commissioners and assumed capacity of having plenary or potential powers *to make treaties*, etc., were extra official and *ultra vires*. Having clearly shown the law, the facts prove beyond a doubt that these self-styled Commissioners plenipotentiary had neither power or authority to impose penalties, fines, or conditions, of any kind whatever, upon the Indian tribes, collectively or individually, and had no sort of right, power or authority to represent the Government or people of the United States in regulating or making treaties with these Indian nations. Nor could they bind the United States Government to the payment of anything valuable, as a consideration to secure a peace with these Indians, who were the late allies of Great Britain, since the treaty of Ghent had been ratified and become the fundamental law by which that peace had already been established. All additional consideration would have been in the nature of an amendment to that treaty, which could not be done. Yet these Commissioners, from some unexplained cause, arrogated to themselves the power and authority of entering into what they and the historians have termed "treaties of peace and friendship," with dozens of Indian nations, not one in ten of whom had taken any part in the late war; imposing penalties and condition with

perfect *abandon* and granting immunities with a liberal hand, whereby they fully illustrated Shakspeare's idea of the insolence of office:

"O, but man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

Like the three tailors who met in Tooley street and "Resolved, That we the people of England," these Commissioners met at the village of St. Louis, (for it was then but a small village,) and resolved that since they represented the people of the United States they would make these Indians come to them, and Mohammed-like, said to the mountain, "Come thou to me!" Hence, they sent out messengers to the various Indian tribes, ordering them to assemble at the little village of Portage Des Sioux, on the west bank of the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Missouri, for the purpose of entering into treaties of peace with the United States.

To awe and intimidate these wild sons of the forest, or, in their own language, "to prevent any collision or surprise," they made a requisition on the commander at Jefferson barracks for a military escort for their mission of peace and friendship, who detached "Brigadier-General Henry Dodge* with a strong military force" for that purpose. Thus did these Commissioners,—instead of personally visiting the various Indian nations and officially and personally informing them that the war between the United States and England was over and peace concluded, as was clearly contemplated and expected by the President when appointing them, and what they might have easily done, because the principal villages of all these Indian nations were located upon or near to some water course, and accessible by water craft,—order these descendents of Shem, whose homes were scattered over a territory large enough for an empire, and whose inhabitants were numbered by the tens of thousands, of half-clad, half-starved people, with no means of support save from the chase, and the brook, and without adequate means of transportation, to dance attendance upon the will and pleasure of these three Commissioners, at the Portage Des Sioux. There are so many matters connected with the action and movements of these Commissioners, so much of the pompous and ludicrous, that they

*Afterwards Governor etc., of Wisconsin.

would form the plot for an improved Pinafore. Take as an example the instrument in writing which they term "a treaty of peace and friendship between the United States and that portion of the Sac nation now residing on the Mississippi river," which starts out by admitting that these Indians "have at all times been desirous of fulfilling their treaty with the United States with perfect good faith, and for that purpose found themselves compelled, since the commencement of the late war, to separate themselves from the rest of their nation and move to the Missouri river, where they have continued to give proofs of their friendship and fidelity." If these admissions were true, why the necessity of making a new treaty? Was it because they loved the people and the laws of the United States, and even withdrew from their own people, kindred and color, to follow after the white people, declaring, like Ruth: "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge," that these Commissioners required them "to swear again that they loved" the white people? Which the Jonathan and which the David, in this new covenant? These Indians being on terms of perfect peace and accord with the people of the United States, what treaty of peace could they make when there had been no war or trouble? In addition to injecting the bogus treaty of 1804 into this so-called treaty, they make these Indians reaffirm it and add a condition requiring them to keep separate from the balance of their nation. But, in consideration therefor, they neither give or offer any consideration or compensation to these Indians. The assertion contained in this instrument that this portion of the Sauks were compelled to separate themselves from the rest of the tribe, in order to maintain their fidelity to the Quashquamme treaty is mere bosh. Quashquamme was a poltroon and coward of the first water, and fled from Saukenuk, in 1812, to save his worthless scalp, on hearing a rumor of an approaching army of white soldiers from Fort Clark, followed by his gentes and a few other cowards, who fled when no one pursued. This is explained by Black Hawk in chapter V, and occurred at the time Keokuk was made war chief, while Black Hawk was in Ohio, with his two hundred picked braves, in the service of England. It is, however, true that from and after the return of Quashquamme and his four associates from St. Louis, late in the fall of 1804, laden and bedecked in the trinkets

and gew-gaws of the French trader, which, with the whisky they had purchased while at St. Louis, made up the sum total of the advance payment of two thousand, two hundred and thirty-four dollars and fifty cents,—the price of the heritage and birth-right of his nation, he ceased to be a favorite. But then, nor until twenty-five years after, did his nation learn of the extent of his duplicity in attempting to sell and convey not only all the lands of his nation, but a large portion of the inheritance of the Pottawattamies, lying between Peoria and Fox river, which never belonged to the Sauks.

By referring to the statement of Black Hawk it will be seen that Quashquamme and his four associates had been drunk the greater part of the time they were at St. Louis, and could give no definite account of what they did, or attempted to do. "The American chief," he says, "wanted more land. We agreed to give him some on the west side of the Mississippi, likewise more on the Illinois side, opposite Jefferson. When the business was all arranged we expected to have our friend released to come home with us. About the time we were ready to start our brother was let out of prison. He started and ran a short distance, when he was shot dead."

This statement of Quashquamme, so far as it affected the prisoner's release and sudden taking off, are true to the letter. Black Hawk adds: "This was all they could remember of what had been said and done, and was all myself and nation knew of the the treaty of 1804." Having conducted himself in this shameful manner, Quashquamme found Saukenuk a decidedly cool place for him to inhabit, hence he "folded his tent and silently stole away" west of the Mississippi.

We neither assert nor believe that the noble old "Tippecanoe," as Gen. Harrison was called, had any knowledge of or connivance in the release from prison of the Sauk prisoner, under indictment for murder, as a part and portion of the so-called treaty, but assert that his discharge was not only one, but by far the most important considerations offered to these five Indians as an inducement to their execution of the so-called treaty. But the shrewd trader who managed the whole business, to secure his bill of \$2,234.50, not daring to mention this matter to Gov. Harrison, arranged it with the jailer, and took special care that he should not escape, and thereupon had a trusty rifle, well loaded and in steady hands, to relieve the prisoner of life as well as imprisonment.

On the 14th of September, 1815, these Commissioners made what they termed a treaty of peace and friendship with the Musquawkies or Foxes, who were the firm friends of the United States during the late war, and had tendered their services to our Government, but not being permitted to unite in the war, they moved up the Mississippi and located above Prairie Du Chien, and remained there until the close of the war, when they returned to their old village, Musquawkienuk, where the city of Davenport now stands. Backed by several hundred Federal bayonets, these Commissioners were not afraid of a "collision or a surprise," and one of them, being decidedly handy with his tongue, accused the sons of the forest with breaking their treaties, and aiding and assisting the public enemies of the United States in the late war. To this unjust and outrageous assault Pahechunene, or the Liar, essayed a reply, neither admitting or denying the charges, but speaking in a quivering voice. He was followed by Muc'etenan-amakee, or Black Thunder, the patriarch of his tribe, and head chief. Though very old, he was by all odds the greatest orator and most intelligent Indian, his nation ever produced, and had always been a warm friend of the white people, with whom he spent much of his time, picking up and absorbing useful and historical knowledge, which he utilized. At this time he had just been released from imprisonment at Prairie Du Chien, where he had been incarcerated and held upon the false charge of aiding and assisting the public enemy of the United States. He began: "My father, restrain your feelings, and hear calmly what I shall say. I shall say it plainly. I shall not speak with fear and trembling. I have never injured you, and innocence can feel no fear. I turn to you all, red skins and white skins,—where is the man who will appear as my accuser? Father, I understand not clearly how things are working. I have just been set at liberty. Am I again to be plunged into bondage? Frowns are all around me; but I am incapable of change. You, perhaps, may be ignorant of what I tell you; but it is a truth which I call heaven and earth to witness. It is a fact which can easily be proved, that I have been assailed in almost every possible way, that pride, fear feeling or interest could touch me,—that I have been pushed to the last, to raise the tomahawk against you; but all in vain. I never could be made to feel that you were my enemy. If this be the conduct of an enemy I shall never be your friend. You are acquainted with my removal above Prairie Du Chien. I went

and founded a settlement, and called my warriors around me. We took counsel, and from that counsel we never have departed. We smoked and resolved to make common cause with the United States. I sent you the pipe—it resembles this—and I sent it by the Missouri, that the Indians of the Mississippi might not know what we were doing. You received it. I then told you that your friends should be my friends, that your enemies should be my enemies,* and that I only awaited your signal to make war. Why do I tell you this? Because it is a truth, and a melancholly truth that the good things which men do are often buried in the ground, while their evil deeds are stript naked, and exposed to the world†. When I came here, I came to you in friendship. I little thought I should have to defend myself. I have no defense to make. If I were guilty I should have come prepared; but I have ever held you by the hand, and I come without excuses. If I had fought against you I would have told you so. * * * My lands can never be surrendered; I was cheated, and basely cheated, in the contract. I will not surrender my country but with my life. * * * When this pipe touches your lips may it operate as a blessing upon all my tribe. May the smoke rise as a cloud, and carry away with it all the animosities which have arisen between us.”

Notwithstanding these Indians then were, and always had been, on terms of peace and good will with the people and Government of the United States, these Commissioners, to say the least, were guilty of a solecism of an aggravated character, and perpetrated an insult alike upon the Government of the United States and this kindly hearted and very intelligent Indian Nation, when they asserted the contrary to have been true. Not content with virtually accusing these Indians of treaty-breaking and rendering aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States, even after that statement was contradicted and proven to be untrue by the grand old patriarch, Black Thunder, they start out by saying: “The parties being desirous of *re-estab-*

*“Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.”—Book of Ruth, § 1, 14. This wonderful speech was published in 1817, in the Philadelphia Literary Gazette.

†This is an improvement on Shakspear's

“The evil men do lives after them,
The good is often interred with the bones;”

Yet he could not read or speak the English language.

ishing peace and friendship," etc., when that peace and friendship had never been interrupted. It would seem from one sentence in Black Thunder's speech that these Commissioners demanded more of the lands of these Indians, as the price of that peace which had been unbroken,—“I will not surrender my country but with my life.” Although well guarded by the military forces under General Dodge, these doughty peace Commissioners, though pompous, were hardly prepared to make war then and there—hence they dropped the land question. Whether the severe rebuke administered to them in the closing sentence of this great speech, “may the smoke rise like a cloud and carry with it all the animosities which have arisen between us,” was the means of calling the attention of these Commissioners to the object of their appointment and duty or not, we can only surmise.

True it is, that they did, from accident or intent, inject the following legitimate sentence in this *suigeneris* document: “Every injury or act of hostility by one or either of the contracting parties against the other, shall be mutually forgiven and forgotten.”

Article 4, of this so-called treaty, makes these Indians “assent to recognize, re-establish and confirm the treaty of November 3, 1804, to the full extent of their interest in the same,” and offer in consideration therefor—*nothing*. Now since that so-called Quashquamme treaty had never been called in question, and these Commissioners were appointed for an entirely different purpose, the reader will be puzzled to comprehend the relevancy or object of the insertion of this article in the mission of these Commissioners to the Indians, notifying them of the conclusion of peace between the United States and Great Britain, which also included peace between the Indians, who were lately engaged in the war as allies of either party, to the treaty of Ghent, and by the terms of said treaty, every Indian Nation was restored to “all the possessions, rights and privileges which they may have enjoyed, or been entitled to in 1811,” previous to the war of 1812. Clearly these Commissioners, nor the United States government, had the right or authority to impose any fines, penalties or conditions upon any of the Indian nations, whether allies of Great Britain or not, for any act, deed or thing, committed by them, or any of them, growing out of the late war. This fact was clearly recognized by these commissioners in their first so-called treaty,

after their appointment, which was with the Pottawattamies, who had taken an active part in the late war, including the terrible massacre of Chicago, August 15, 1812, which was organized and perpetrated by Se-noge-wone, or Rock in the Water, (universally but most erroneously called Snachwine, the War Chief of that tribe, and whose grand-son Hen-nes-see, or Scar-face, is now head chief of this once powerful nation,) and fought desperately under Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames, Oct. 5, 1813. In this so-called treaty it is provided that "every injury, or act of hostility by either party against the other, shall be mutually forgiven, and all prisoners delivered up to the respective parties."

The so-called treaty of St. Louis of May 13, 1816, is anomalous. We explained the reason why the Sauks of Rock river failed to obey the summons of these Commissioners to appear before them in September, 1815, at the Portage Des Sioux, and of the threats of war made by the Commissioners, as sent them by the Foxes.

This instrument charges these Indians with various misdemeanors, the most serious of which was in their declining their friendly overture to meet them at the time and place designated, to conclude a treaty of peace, &c. They also assert in the preamble that these Indians "continued their hostilities and committed many depredations thereafter, which would have justified the infliction of the severest chastisement upon them, but having earnestly repented of their conduct, now imploring mercy," etc. But they do not deign to enlighten the world upon the important question as to whom they continued their hostilities against, and since there were no white settlements at that time within hundreds of miles of Saukenuk, their home, we are remitted to a strong suspicion that these hostilities were nothing but myths, originating from hallucinations of mind, resulting from their insulted dignity at being called liars by these savages of the forest. Black Hawk says that these Indians replied to these charges by telling the Commissioners that, "what you say is a lie!" and thereupon they told the Indians, "we will break off the treaty and make war against you, as you have grossly insulted us." Then these Indians attempted to explain what they meant by telling them they were liars, but made the matter more explicit by saying, "we merely wish to explain that you have told a lie, without any desire to make you angry." It was not on

account of injuries committed, real or imaginary, that these dignified Commissioners threatened to make war against these Indians, but because they had the effrontery to tell them to their faces they were liars. Having grossly maligned and purposely insulted these Indians, and provoked a reply from them, that reply was too decidedly a home thrust, whereupon they threatened war. After concluding their preamble, these Commissioners parade their *sine quanon*,—the worthless Quasquamme treaty of 1804, for unconditional approval and reaffirmation—

"This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with crumpled horn."

which seemed to be the all-important subject they had in view, although not thought of by Congress or the Executive in ratifying and carrying out the provisions of Article IX of the treaty of Ghent. When they had insisted upon these terms and conditions, to their satisfaction, they add other fines, penalties, and conditions, coupled with the most offensive charges, by implication, requiring these Indians to deliver up to the officer in command at Cantonment Davis, on the Mississippi, all the property they or any part of them have purloined or stolen from citizens of the United States, on or before July 1, 1816, in default of which they should be punished, by cutting off their annuities, under the so-called treaty of St. Louis, of November 3, 1804.

This instrument in writing was the only one to which the signature of Black Hawk was obtained prior to 1831. Since none of these Indians could speak, much less write, our language, their signatures were attached with a mark, and Black Hawk says: "I touched the goosequill to the treaty, not knowing, however, that by that act I consented to give away my village. Had that been explained to me I should have opposed it, and never would have signed their treaty, as my recent conduct will clearly prove. What do we know of the manners, the laws and the customs of the white people? They might buy our bodies for dissection and we touch the goosequill to confirm it, and not know what we were doing." None of these Indians could write, read or speak our language, hence every business transaction was effected through a white interpreter, who, as a general rule, was not above suspicion in point of integrity and fidelity, and not infrequently did they fail to fully explain to the Indians the full and true meaning of the instruments in writing to which their names were written by the white mens' clerk, and the Indian required to touch the pen or

make his mark. So often and so grievous were they deceived by these treacherous or careless interpreters, that they named all written documents "the white man's lying paper." While it is true, as a rule, a written contract contains all the conditions and agreements between the parties, and therefore explains itself and cannot be altered, amended, or even explained by parol testimony or extraneous matters, yet there are several exceptions to this rule, among which are fraud and collusion in procuring the making, undue influence, ambiguity and uncertainty of description, and when executed by an agent or attorney, the nature and extent of the powers delegated by the principal to the agent, become subjects of investigation under parol proofs and antecedent circumstances; and in order to bind the principal the agent's authority must be clearly established as a condition precedent to the admission of the written contract. Should the agent transcend the power and authority delegated, his acts will not bind his principal.

The Quashquamme treaty of 1804, if it be entitled to that dignified title, was obnoxious to each and every one of the above enumerated exceptions. Conceived in avarice, the off-spring of deception, ill-shapen and deformed at its birth, ushered into the world without organs of real life, nursed and nurtured by fraud, it never saw the full light of day. For a full quarter of a century after its accouchment, this monstrosity was maintained by Federal bayonets to the ruination and almost total annihilation of a powerful, intelligent and humane nation. Void from its beginning, because it originated in crime, a compromise of a felony, had no boundaries, covered hundreds of thousands of acres which never belonged to the Sauks and Foxes, or either of them, Quashquamme and his associates claiming to act for the Sauk and Fox Nations, without any power or authority from them, or either of them, to make such a treaty, sale or cession of lands; and barred by limitation of over twenty-one years, and, lastly, under section 7 thereof, these Indians reserved to themselves the right to live and hunt upon the lands until they were sold to individuals, and up to the time of their expulsion, June 26, 1831, less than three thousand acres of the fifty odd millions had even been surveyed and sold, as will be shown in a subsequent chapter. Nor were they sold until the fall of 1829, and then, chiefly, to Col. George Davenport and his partner, Russell Farnham. This so-called treaty of November 3, 1804, having no vitality, the so-called

treaties of 1815-1816, by these peace commissioners, Clark, Edwards and Choteau, who, as we have already clearly shown, had no power or authority delegated them under their appointment by the United States government, to do or perform any act or thing, by virtue of their appointment, other than that contained in the 9th article of the treaty of Ghent, which was to officially notify the Indians lately participating in the war between the United States and Great Britain that peace had been concluded between these nations, and that they were included in the terms of said treaty, and thereby "restored to all their possessions, rights and privileges which they may have enjoyed or been entitled to in 1811." Thus have we found where truth was hidden, even in the center of the mountain of misrepresentation and concealment.

CHAPTER VIII.

A few Cobwebs Brushed Aside and Errors Corrected—The Wood-Sawing Governor and his Economy Saves the State from Repudiation.

We find but few historians of all ages who have been diligent enough in their search for truth. It is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the public; by which means a falsehood once received from a famed writer became traditional to posterity.—COTTON.

A history which is based on prejudice instead of truth is far more pernicious and baleful than fiction. We have clearly shown in the foregoing chapter that Gov. Edwards was in error when he published to the world that the so-called treaty of 1804 had been confirmed by the Sauks in subsequent treaties, yet all subsequent writers on this subject have taken Governor Edwards' statement as a fixed and unquestioned truth, and therefore copied his views, without stopping to investigate for themselves, hence this fallacy has pervaded through every history upon the so-called Black Hawk war. Another error of fact is the assertion that "the purchasers from the government moved on to their lands, built homes, made fences and fields, and thus took possession of the ancient metropolis of the Indian nation."

True, that some three thousand acres of land, lying upon the peninsula, were surveyed at the special instance and request of Col. George Davenport, in 1829, and offered for sale at Springfield, October 19, 1829. Why Col. Davenport desired this to be done appears in Chapter IX. He and his partner, Russell Farnham, became the purchasers of about 2,400 acres of it. Col. Davenport, however, purchased a considerable portion of these 2,400 acres in his own name. These purchases were strung out from October 19, 1829, to November 21, 1830. In addition to these purchasers, W. T. Brasher purchased 320 acres, William Carr, 106, and Henry Robley, 80 acres—total, 2,906 acres. Davenport & Farnham were merchants, or as then termed, traders, doing business and residing on Rock Island, and neither Brasher, Carr, nor Robley lived on the lands they had purchased.

Nor had they made any improvements thereon prior to the difficulty of 1831, between Joshua Vandruff and Black Hawk, which precipitated the so-called Black Hawk war of 1831, as will be shown in a subsequent chapter. The ownership of the land had nothing whatever to do with the causes, leading up to June 26, 1831, when Black Hawk and his band fled before the armies of Generals Gaines and Duncan.

Section 14, and the south half of section 11, in township 17, range 2, on which Saukenuk was built, were entered by Col. George Davenport, except the south half of section 14, which was entered by Col. Davenport and Russell Farnham, his partner, who were Indian traders and members of the American Fur Company. Hence, the Indians, who had occupied these lands for a century before, were the tenants of Davenport & Farnham. Of these men, whom Col. Forsyth calls "squatters," who crowded themselves into the hodosotes of the Indians, and took forcible possession of a part of their farm-lands in 1830 and 1832, which indirectly led to all the difficulty and trouble in 1831, not one of them was the owner of a foot of land in that territory; nor were they even tenants by agreement with the owners of the fee, yet they tore down and changed the fences of the Indians to suit their will and caprice.

The next error is that "Black Hawk was firmly attached to the British and cordially hated the Americans, and had never joined in making peace with the United States after the close of the war of 1812, but he and his band still kept up their connection with Canada, and were ready for war with our people." That, after tendering his services with his band to the United States, in the war of 1812, and being refused, and after applying to the government trader, at Fort Madison, for guns, ammunition and blankets, in the fall of 1812, to enable him to go to the hunting-grounds of his nation, in Missouri, and, being refused because he wanted them on credit, as he had formerly done, to be paid for in furs and peltries in the following spring, on his return to Saukenuk,—he applied to the French trader, La Gutrie, who was an English subject, and received what he needed on credit, and by whom he was persuaded to join the British, who certainly had befriended him, he did take some two hundred picked braves and lead them to Green Bay, and was assigned to duty with the rank of Colonel under the English Colonel Dixon,—is true. One of the inducements offered by the British was in the language of

Colonel Dixon: "You will now have to hold us fast by the hand. Your English father has found out that the Americans want to take your country from you, and has sent me and my braves to drive them back to their own country. He has likewise sent a large quantity of arms and ammunition, and we want all your warriors to join us." This was irresistible. Colonel Dixon, with his Indian allies, went to Detroit via Chicago, after its massacre and evacuation. Black Hawk and his band participated in two or three engagements, in each of which, except one, the British and their allies were defeated, when, to use his own words: "I was now tired of being with them, our success being bad, and, having got no plunder, I determined on leaving them and returning to Rock river. That night I took about twenty of my braves and left the British camp for home."

"The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more."

This short campaign was the only one in which either he or his band were ever engaged against the people of the United States prior to 1832. Upon his return to Saukenuk, in 1813, he found Keokuk had supplanted him as war chief of his nation, who continued as such absolutely until 1830, when the question of surrendering up their village and farm lands, adjacent thereto, came up, and Keokuk, with fully two-thirds of the nation, determined to surrender up their lands in Illinois, and make their home on the Iowa river. From the time of Black Hawk's return from the British army, in 1813 to 1830, he was but a subaltern chief, though treated and acknowledged as the war chief by his own gentes and some others. Keokuk was, in fact, the head Chief of the nation, and Black Hawk, like a loyal Indian, acquiesced and spent much of his time in religious services, withdrawing from Saukenuk and erecting his lodge upon an eminence in a cornfield where he cultivated corn, beans and squashes, taking no active part in the affairs of his tribe. Having lost his oldest son and youngest daughter by death, he blackened his face and lived on one meal a day, of boiled corn, for about two years, as penance for his sins. But, when in the spring of 1830, Keokuk determined to surrender up all the lands of the nation in Illinois, and remove to Iowa, he was again elected war Chief by those who, like him, had always denied the validity of the Qushquamme treaty.

Thus it is clear that he neither made or attempted to make war on the American people between the years 1813 and 1830. Always

courteous and kind-hearted, no white man ever went away from his lodge hungry, that too, without questioning him to ascertain if he was an American or Englishman. But say these three ex-Governors, "He and his band still kept up their connection with Canada." What connection do they mean? Would they have their readers understand that during all these long years, from 1812 to 1831, a war was carried on between Canada and the United States? With the ratification of the treaty of Ghent, in 1814, all hostilities between the United States and Great Britain, including her dependencies, ceased, and as we have reason to hope and believe, forever.

Between the people of the United States and those of our near neighbor, Canada, perfect peace and good will prevailed. Their people and our people kept up a close connection, which was strengthened and cemented by numerous intermarriages and solidified by intimate commercial relations. Their people spoke the same language and worshipped the same God that ours did. Canada was to the Sauks what Prussia is to the Germans,—a fatherland. Was it a crime, or even an offense, against the people or Government of the United States, for these Indians to make pilgrimages to their mecca or fatherland, and perform their simple, yet devout, religious services at the graves of their ancestors?

Governor Ford,—though as a general rule copied the views expressed by Governor Edwards with regard to the history of the Black Hawk war,—could not quite believe that "Black Hawk was known to be still* under pay of the British Government as a spy." Among the most foolish, unreasonable and nonsensical assertions to be found in any history, this stands pre-eminently at the head and front. That during nearly a score of years of profound peace and good will between the mother country, England and her dependencies, and her daughter, America, the aged mother was so strongly under the potent influences of the "green-eyed monster, jealousy," of the charms and wiles of her daughter, that she was impelled to keep a hired spy upon the actions of her daughter. And such a spy and such a place,—an untutored, half-naked son of the forest, who neither could read, write or speak the English language; the place, beyond civilization on the west line of the then territory of Illinois, at a distance of thousands of miles from the seat of Government of either nation, and without means of

*In 1831.

sending news, if he had any to send. A safe spy and in a safe place—to the American Government. “In ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,” these early historians were peculiar.

In making this statement, the dignified Governor Edwards suffered his prejudice to control his language without reflection. Governor Ford’s fierce onslaught upon Black Hawk’s Autobiography is as unjust as it is inconsiderate. Had he even stopped to read it over before in print, he never would have suffered the following sentence to have been sent forth for the world’s inspection, viz: “Black Hawk knew but little, if anything, about it. In point of fact, it was got up from the statement of Antoine Le Clare and Colonel Davenport, and was written by a printer,” etc. If there ever lived a human being who had reason and opportunity to know, and did know, about the causes which led to the Black Hawk war, that human being’s name was Black Hawk, and next to him the late Col. George Davenport knew and understood the matter better than any other. While Black Hawk’s story of this matter is rambling and disjointed, and gives his side without being qualified and toned down by the other, we may safely challenge a contradiction of any of his material statements. That there are inaccuracies in it, is true, but a misstatement of any material matter cannot be found. Truth with him was a cardinal virtue, and no man can truthfully say Black Hawk was a liar, although he withheld some facts that were essential. Gov. Ford’s next error is in asserting that “these border white people had bought and paid for these lands, and were quietly living on them when the Indians tried to dispossess them.” We give a statement from the land records, in another chapter, which proves conclusively that the assertion of Gov. Ford is erroneous. On the contrary, not one of the white settlers at or near Saukenuk, prior to June, 1831, except Brasher, was the owner in fee of the land they occupied. They were simply trespassers upon the possessions of these Indians, or, as termed here in an earlier day, “claim jumpers.” The two most obnoxious of these were Joshua Vandruff and Rinnah Wells. Each of them had a large family, and engaged in that soul-damning trade of selling, bartering and giving away liquid sure-pop on Indians, which will be more fully stated hereafter.

The next error is “that in the spring of 1831, Black Hawk, with his women and children, and three hundred warriors of the British band, together with some allies from the Pottawattamies

and Kickapoos, recrossed the Mississippi, to establish himself upon his ancient hunting grounds and in the principal vantage of his nation." There can be no excuse for this baseless assertion, which was copied by Gov. Ford from Governors Edwards and Reynolds.

Keokuk, at the head of about two-thirds of the Sauk Nation, left Saukenuk in the spring of 1830, and made their principal village on the Iowa river, but Black Hawk, with the remainder of the nation, declined to leave, or surrender to the white settlers their villages and farm-lands on the peninsula. This action eventuated in an absolute division of the Sauk Nation into two separate, distinct bands. The one known as the Keokuk, the other the Black Hawk band, each having a full set of chiefs of their own, Keokuk being at the head of the former, and Black Hawk, the latter. This division has been kept up to the present day. Black Hawk had been recognized as the war chief since his return from the British service, in 1813, by only a segment of the tribe. Keokuk being in reality such, but when the question of surrendering up Saukenuk and their farms came up in 1830, Black Hawk opposed the surrender, and was elected head chief of those who determined to remain there. These facts were so patent that the assertion that he and his band recrossed the Mississippi, in 1831, is inexcusable and positively untrue, for they had not gone to the west side of that river, except to hunt, as usual. Keokuk was always the friend of the white people, and so highly esteemed by the government officials that he procured a large tract of land, to be broken up for him and his band at their new village on the Iowa river, by the United States, free of expense to him and his band.

The statement that Black Hawk had as allies, on his return from the west of the Mississippi, some of the Pottawattamies and Kickapoos is doubly contradicted by the facts. Besides being untrue, because he had never gone west of the Mississippi, the territory of the Pottawattamies at that time was along the Illinois river extending from Peoria to Chicago, while that of the Kickapoos laid south of the territory of the Pottawattamies; hence there were none of these tribes west of the Mississippi to have accompanied him, if the other part of the statement were true.

Another gross error is that of charging that the Sauks and Foxes were united together. Even the so-called treaty of 1804 contradicts the assertion of its preamble by dividing the one

thousand dollars annuity, between these Indians, as separate and distinct nations [by providing to pay to the Sauks six hundred dollars and the Foxes four hundred dollars thereof. They were friends and sometimes allies, but united under the same government, or even confederated together as Sauks and Foxes, they never were. And the latter as a tribe or nation had nothing to do with and took no lot or part in the Black Hawk war of 1831-2, whatever. The charge by Governor Ford and his predecessors that the Sauks "threw down the fences, unroofed the houses, cut up the grain, drove off and killed their cattle and threatened the lives of the white settlers if they remained," is as groundless as a morning dream, while the proofs to support it are as silent as the tomb. They simply "put the shoe on the wrong foot." It was the white settlers who were the aggressors, and pulled down the fences, unroofed the bark houses, and turned loose their breachy horses and cattle to forage on the growing corn of the Indians who had no rights which they were willing to respect. Nor was this all they did to these peaceably inclined and kindly-hearted people. They shamefully beat and otherwise maltreated their squaws and papooses for the most trivial offences, committed or imagined, and frequently threatened to take their lives. They even cruelly beat the aged Black Hawk with a rod, and that, too, without the the least cause, whatever. Even the horses and cattle of these white settlers seemed to imbibe the spirit of their owners, and held the miserable fences of the Indians in as much contempt as their owners held the Indians, and manifested as strong a passion for their succulent growing crops as their owners did for the lands whereon they were growing. It was a clear case of love at sight and contempt from the lay-off—love for the lands and growing corn, contempt for the Indians and their fences—and a strong argument in favor of the adage, "like master, like man" modified to like master, like beast.

These three early historians of Illinois agree substantially on the above enumerated outrages as having been perpetrated by these Indians upon the early white settlers of Rock river, near Rock Island, and the action thereon taken by Governor Reynolds, with this exception,—Governor Reynolds admits that he called out the seven hundred mounted militia of his own volition before he informed either General Gaines, then in command of the western army of the United States, with headquarters at

Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, or Governor Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, with his office at St. Louis. This he could not deny, because his official correspondence with these officials, at the time, is preserved. His call for the seven hundred mounted volunteers was issued on the 27th of May, 1831, and on that day he wrote Governor Clark as follows: "I have called out seven hundred militia to protect the citizens near Rock Island from Indian depredations. I consider it due to the general Government, to state that in about fifteen days a sufficient force will appear before the hostile Indians to remove them, dead or alive, west of the Mississippi; but, perhaps, a request from you would induce them to leave without the necessity of resorting to arms." From this self-sufficient, pompous document the old Ranger shows that in dealing with Indians he had but a word and a blow—but the blow came first. On the following day, May 28, 1831, he wrote General Gaines, at Jefferson Barracks, as follows: "I have received undoubted information that the section of the State near Rock Island is actually invaded by hostile bands of Indians, headed by Black Hawk, and in order to repel the invasion and protect the citizens of the State, I have, under the provisions of the Constitution of the United States and the laws of this State, called out the militia to the number of seven hundred men, who will be mounted and ready for service in a very short time. I consider it my duty to lay before you the above information, that you may adopt such measures as you deem just and proper." Thus it is shown that Governor Reynolds took the entire responsibility of "removing these Indians across the Mississippi, dead or alive," without consulting the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, or as much as saying "by your leave" to the General Government of the United States, and certainly without asking their aid and assistance in the performance. It is self-evident that Joshua Vandruff, whose exploits are given in Chapter X, had succeeded "in getting his work in" on the old ranger.

General Gaines was in almost daily communication with Major Bliss' commandant at Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, and had heard nothing of Indian depredations or hostile invasions in that locality, and had but little faith in the ill-timed prudence of Governor Reynolds. Neither did Governor Clark believe there were any causes of alarm in connection with these Indians. But General Gaines determined to go in person up to Rock Island and investigate the matter, and on the second of June, 1831, he wrote

Governor Reynolds that he had ordered ten companies of United States regulars to Rock Island, and would go with them to investigate the matter, and that this force was all he should need to crush Black Hawk and his band. That if, after looking over the situation of affairs in that locality, he should deem it best to have a stronger force than was already under his command, he would call upon his Excellency for his mounted volunteers. Thus is the whole statement of Governors Edwards and Ford proven to be erroneous and false, almost in toto. As to that part of their statement that General Gaines made a requisition on Governor Reynolds for 700 mounted volunteers there is no truth in whatever. Nor had it a shadow of foundation in truth. That errors, mistakes of fact, repetitions and false coloring, as well as omissions of important facts and circumstances, will, and of necessity do, creep into and form a part of every history to a greater or lesser degree, we know is true, be the writer ever so fair and painstaking. Governor Ninian Edwards was a native of the dark and bloody ground of Boone, and by nature a nobleman, but a hard and persistent hater of the Indians as a rule, and in all matters with which they were concerned he took it for granted they were wrong without investigation. From his great dignity of character and splendid abilities, both legal and scholastic, he was the foremost man of Illinois during his time, and undoubtedly he did not intend to misrepresent these affairs. His statements were given under several misapprehensions as to the facts and surrounding circumstances, and decidedly *ex parte*,—he therefore mislead those who followed him in writing up the Black Hawk War.

From Governor Reynolds, who was illiterate and vain as a peacock, we, of course, should not expect much else than ebullitions of prejudice and error. But when we find that to this rule of errors and mistakes the high-toned, noble-hearted Governor Ford was no exception, and that so many errors should be crowded into so small a space as to time and matter as appear in his history of these transactions, we are surprised, for his very soul revolted at any and everything that even squinted at duplicity, dishonesty, deceit, prevarication, falsehood, fraud or oppression. An able and just judge, he was one of the finest Governors the noble State of Illinois ever had. Indeed, we may say, and truthfully, too, he left the imprint of his pure character and honesty upon our present proud escutcheon. For by his strict integrity

of character and conduct, economy of living and personal industry, together with his masterly familiarity with the financial condition of our then debt-burdened young giant State, handicapped and groaning under an indebtedness of fourteen millions through foolish legislation, did he save us from hopeless bankruptcy and black repudiation. Without solicitation on his part, upon the death of Colonel Adam W. Snyder, the Democratic nominee for Governor, he was placed upon the ticket by the State Central Committee to fill the vacancy. At that time he was one of the Judges of the Circuit Court, and living in Northern Illinois. He was elected Governor in August, 1842, by a large majority. When called to the helm of the ship of State he found it tossed upon the waves of insolvency, beating its way slowly along between the Scylla of bankruptcy and Charybdis of repudiation, rushing headlong direct for Hell-Gate. Laying a firm hand upon the tiller; fixing his eye upon the beacon light of honor, big with hope, he shifted her course from the southwest of extravagance to the northeast of economy and landed her in the haven of financial confidence. With the expense of the Mormon war of 1846, Governor Ford reduced the State's indebtedness during his four years' administration about three hundred thousand dollars. When he was inaugurated, auditor's warrants were worth but fifty cents to the dollar; when he retired from the office, they were worth ninety cents.

In 1844, the non-resident and foreign bondholders, who held a large amount of our State bonds, became uneasy over their investments, because neither principal nor interest were being paid, employed U. S. Senator John Davis, of Massachusetts, to visit Illinois and investigate the matter, and report to them the true financial condition of the State, and ascertain the pulse of public feeling upon a rumor that there was a growing feeling among the people of Illinois in favor of repudiating the State debt. But, be it said to the credit of our people, repudiation never had "a habitation or a home" among them. He proceeded to Springfield, and the Executive office in the old State House, but found it closed. A small card hung on the door with these words: "At my residence—Thomas Ford." Only this and nothing more.

Mr. Davis made inquiry for the Executive residence and was directed to proceed east so many blocks, then south so many blocks, and the first house on his left was the place he sought. Following the directions to the letter he brought up in front of a

small story and a half wood-colored frame house with a kitchen thereto. The door was closed, and neither name, number or door-bell were in sight. Supposing he had gone wrong,—never for a moment thinking that miserable little hovel of a house could be the residence and home of a Governor,—he approached the front door and gently rapped thereon. In a moment the door was opened by a fine-looking, matronly lady, dressed in a plain but neatly fitting calico dress, wearing a checkered apron, with her hair combed back and secured by a plain, old-fashioned horn tuck comb, to whom this United States Senator and ex-Governor bowed gracefully, and in very respectful language asked if she “would be kind enough to direct him to the residence of Governor Ford.” Imagine his surprise when told, “this is his home;” to which he replied, “is the Governor in?” “No, sir, he is back of the kitchen sawing wood.” Was he sleeping or waking, or did he rightly hear,—the Governor sawing his own wood! Mrs. Ford, for the lady was none other than Mrs. Ford, wife of the noblest little man ever in the Executive Chair of our State, said: “Please walk in and be seated, and I will call the Governor in.” Desirous of seeing the novel sight of a wood-sawing Executive he replied: “I will step out myself and see the Governor.” Suiting the action to the words he immediately proceeded to the rear of the kitchen, where he beheld the small-framed, large-headed Governor in his shirt sleeves running a buck-saw across a well-seasoned shell-bark hickory stick. His saw was dull and required a good deal of hard work to make it do its duty. So busily engaged was he that he did not observe the approach of Senator Davis, and the latter awaited with curiosity and pleasure until the stick was in two, when the Governor looked up in a kind of half-surprised and half-bewildered way, to be addressed: “This is Governor Ford, is it not?” Being answered in the affirmative, Mr. Davis extended his hand, saying: “My name is Davis, my home is in Massachusetts, and my object in visiting you is to make some inquiries relative to the financial condition of your State in the interest of the holders of a large amount of your State bonds.” The Governor dropped his buck-saw, picked up and put on his coat, saying: “I will take pleasure in giving you all the information within my reach. Please accompany me to my office.” Side by side walked these two of the noblest works of God—two honest men. Both were giants in intellect. Davis was very tall, Ford very short. Davis was richly, though plainly, attired.

Ford wore his inevitable Kentucky blue jeans suit,—coat, vest and pants. The contrast in the personnel and dress was great, but in integrity and intellect they were nearly identical. By his sterling integrity Davis was known as “honest John Davis.” On reaching the Governor’s office, the little Governor, who acted as his own private secretary, opened a large, well-bound record book and turned to a number of entries thereon, made in his own hand writing, handing Mr. Davis a pencil and paper, desired him to note down items as he should read them from his record book before him. He then gave the total amount of liabilities of the State and how witnessed, with the amount of interest-bearing bonds, the amount of annual interest, when and where payable, and when the bonds would mature, respectively, the amount of money then in the State Treasury, etc. He then gave the total number of acres of taxable land and lots in the State as returned by the assessors, and the aggregate valuation thereof; the rate of State taxes levied for that year, which he said amounted to such a sum,—from which he deducted such a per cent for collections, forfeitures and erroneous descriptions, realizing so much net revenue from the lands. He then gave the number of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and their value, as returned by the assessors, together with moneys, stocks and unenumerated property, as returned, and casting the ratio of State tax thereon amounting to so much, then deducting for commissioners, insolvencies and removals such a per cent. would realize so much net revenue, which, added to the net tax on the lands and lots, would realize so much. He then gave an estimate of the necessary expenses of the State government, which, deducted from the net revenue of the State, would leave so much, showing a sufficient sum to pay all the interest and create quite a sinking fund to apply towards paying the principal indebtedness of the State.

To say that Governor Davis was pleased with this exhibit would be—like Pecksniff—“putting it too mild.” He was delighted. He then said: “Permit me, Governor, to ask you if there is any talk among your people of repudiation?”—at which the little Governor burst out in a good hearty laugh, and said: “Bless you, no. There is not, so far as I have been able to ascertain, a solitary public newspaper published within the length and breadth of the State of Illinois, which dares to even hint at so disgraceful and dastardly a thing. No, Mr. Davis, the people of the State of Illinois are honest, and will pay every dollar of their

State debt with interest, and would laugh to scorn him who would even suggest the bare thought of repudiation." Mr. Davis left Springfield fully assured that the State of Illinois would not only pay her interest-bearing bonds, dollar for dollar and cent for cent, but all her other financial obligations, and in his report to his employers he said: "Any State whose people have the good sense to elect such a man as Thomas Ford Governor,—a man whose character is an example of simplicity and economy of living,—who resides in a small frame house, devoid of all the luxuries of life, and saws his own wood, will pay their debts in full with interest, and this you can depend upon. As to repudiation, I am happy to report no such feeling exists among the press or the people of Illinois."

. It is useless for us to say this was the turning point in our financial history. From that day our credit grew, our bonds appreciated, and to-day, notwithstanding that white elephant—the new State House, costing over three millions—our noble State is out of debt, our State taxes light, and our people justly proud. In 1848, by a Constitutional provision, a two-mill tax was established, the proceeds of which were set apart for the payment of our State debt. This was continued in force until the adoption of the present State Constitution in 1870, at which time the debt was paid. Although a fine financier in the management of State affairs, Governor Ford was a poor manager of his private finances, and died poor, very poor. Indeed, he would have suffered for the ordinary comforts of life had it not been for the kindness of personal friends, who had to contribute their donations to his wife, who never advised him of the fact. His proud spirit could never brook the idea of receiving donations. He would rather have starved than to be considered a beggar. Dire consumption slowly but surely sapped the foundations of life. He lingered along from month to month and year to year, before the "golden bowl was broken and the silver chord was loosened." He left only his widow to mourn his loss. While erecting monuments to the memory of her truly great men, let not the State of Illinois forget the deeds of her noblest Governor, Thomas Ford, who spent the greater portion of his life in her active service for a paltry and inadequate salary, and died poor, because he was honest and never concerned in any official speculations or peculations. A rare example that should be honored.

CHAPTER IX.

The Lands at and adjacent to Saukenuk were Surveyed and brought into Market in 1829, at the special instance of Colonel George Davenport, for the sole purpose of Securing a Home for the Sauk Nation.

"Around this ancient Indian village
In artless form was Indian tillage,
Where in their season might be seen
The corn, the vine, the squash and bean.
And here laborious bending low,
Was gentler sex with rustic hoe;
Nor haughty brave from cabin shade,
Would condescend to lend his aid."—BISHOP.

In May, 1816, Colonel William Lawrence, with the Eighth Regiment of rifles of the regular army of the United States, reached the island of Rock Island, for the purpose of building a fort. With him came Colonel George Davenport*, who had served ten years in the regular army and fought beside Old Hickory at the battle of New Orleans. He now held the position of Commissary to Colonel Lawrence's command. At that time there were no white settlers anywhere near Rock Island. The whole country in that vicinity was full of Indians. Saukenuk contained over ten thousand souls, while Musqawkenuk or Musquawketon, where Davenport stands, was quite a large Indian village. The Foxes or Musquawkies had also a smaller village where Moline is now located.

When Colonel Lawrence came to Rock Island and began the erection of Fort Armstrong, May 12, 1816, not only the Sauks,—as shown by Black Hawk's statement in the former chapter,—but all the Indian tribes of that vicinity were alarmed at the action of our Government in thus building a fort on Rock Island, and were ready to resent this action. The feeling of reverence for the Good Spirit, which Black Hawk says inhabited the cave under Fort Armstrong, which "was white, with long wings like a swan's, but ten times larger," extended alike to the Foxes, Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes. Following the ancient Israelites, of whom these Indians were a prototype, this cave was holy ground, whereon

*See biographical sketch, post.

they dare not tread with shodden feet, nor approach in unclean garments. To their untutored minds this Spirit of the Cave was more than a mere gibbering, chattering, sightless ghost. It had a real, corporeal, tangible existence. Hence, they were very indignant at what they deemed a species of sacrilege manifested by the whites in building their fort over the cave. To the Sauks it was the more surprising because work thereon had been commenced while their chiefs were at St. Louis executing the so-called treaty of peace and friendship of May 13, 1816. Under this condition of affairs it is manifest that there could have existed, between the soldiers of Colonel Lawrence and these Indians, but little intercourse or friendly feeling, but on the contrary their intercourse was of that restrained character which may be presumed to exist between the victim and his robber,—restrained from throttling the villain by the cold steel bar with a hole in it, in his hands, pointed at the victim's head. The well-armed, strong body of soldiers alone prevented the Indians from tearing down at night what the soldiers had built up each day. To avoid collision between his men and these Indians, Colonel Lawrence was compelled to be ever on his guard. He fully appreciated the trying and dangerous position he occupied, with all its responsibilities. Surrounded by hordes of suspicious and vengeful barbarians, (for these Indians had passed from savagery to barbarism, in its third stage, and were upon the verge of civilization) the greatest care was required to allay their suspicions of double-dealing on his part, and gain their confidence and respect. To that end he bent his fine ability and energy, answering all their questions carefully and intelligently,—always shaking hands with them,—purchasing from them whatever they offered to sell, and paying fair prices therefor. In this way he slowly but surely won their good will, and finally their confidence and respect, and succeeded in prosecuting his work to completion. This fort was located at the lower end of the island, immediately over the cave mentioned by Black Hawk, and was four hundred feet square. The lower part, or foundation, was constructed of stone, the rest of huge hewed logs. (A more full description of Fort Armstrong will be given hereafter.) That no murders were committed, or serious collisions occurred between Colonel Lawrence and these wildly incensed Indians, is a wonder, and reflects much credit to both parties.

Col. Davenport was the right man in the right place, to materially aid and assist Col. Lawrence in pacifying these Indians.

Firm and talented, courteous and affable, he was a born leader of men, without seeming to desire it. Possessed of a commanding presence, fair education and intuitive knowledge of men and measures, coupled with great physical strength, all under perfect subjection to his wonderful will-power, he was in every respect a powerful man, and as kindly-hearted as he was strong. He erected a log house on the island some half a mile northeast of where the fort was located, for a trading house. Here he opened a large trade with the Indians, selling them such articles as they needed, taking furs and peltries in exchange. Dealing with these Indians fairly, he soon won their confidence and respect.

The confidence of an Indian, like that of a child, is easily won by kindness. Col. Davenport did not get his house ready for occupancy by his family until about the ides of August. When they arrived the season was too late to raise vegetables, but owing to the kindly relations already established between him and these Indians, he was supplied daily, and rather mysteriously, with roasting ears, beans and squashes in abundance by his Indian friends; that, too, in strict accordance with the Divine commands—"but when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" and "see that ye have and give alms, provide yourselves bags which wax not old." At about 10 A. M. as regular as the day came, an Indian with a bag, well filled with green corn, beans and squashes, on his shoulder, walked into the house and deposited them on the floor in the center of the room, and without uttering a word, stalked out, returned to his canoe and paddled over to the Illinois side of the Mississippi. To all questions he appeared deaf,—and such was the fact,—he was a deaf mute, and purposely selected by Che-chau-quose, the Little Crane, so that his alms might be given in secret,—so secretly, that not until late that fall did Col. Davenport learn the name of his benefactor.

In a very short time Colonel Davenport was on terms of warm personal friendship with the chiefs, and, indeed, the entire Sauk Nation, each of whom seemed to vie with each other in their manifestations of personal regard to him. Did they kill a fine buffalo, elk, moose, or deer, a choice part thereof was reserved for and sent to adorn his table. If a bee-tree was cut, he was remembered. Indeed, all their delicacies paid tribute to the table of Colonel Davenport. From him they purchased their blankets and other goods, including hunting apparatus and fishing tackle,

for many consecutive years, and sold him all their furs, peltries and large quantities of corn, without having the least misunderstanding or disagreement. Their winters, however, were spent on their hunting grounds in Missouri, generally making their winter homes in the dense forests on the Two Rivers, returning in the spring to Saukenuk, in time to prepare and plant their summer crops. Before leaving Saukenuk in the fall, they *cached* or deposited in the ground whatever of corn or other provisions they did not need for winter use, or could not conveniently carry with them. These *caches* were generally dug in the side of a hill, and their deposits were snugly wrapped in skins, so as to protect them from damp or other injury. Guns, traps, knives, spears, ammunition, and blankets were needed before going to their hunting grounds, but they had neither money, furs, or peltries to give in exchange for them. But Colonel Davenport having unbounded confidence in their honesty and integrity, furnished them all these things on credit, to be paid for, on their return from their winter's hunt, in furs and peltries. Thus matters stood from 1816 to 1824, when Russell Farnham entered into copartnership with the Colonel in the Indian trade, under the firm name of Davenport & Farnham, who continued to sell them goods on the same terms and conditions that Colonel Davenport had when alone in business. Not infrequently did this firm purchase as high as three thousand fur-bearing skins from these Indians at a single bargain. Dealing with the Indians on the square, they soon had what would be called now-a-days "a corner on the trade" with the Indians. They purchased from the Sauks and Foxes and sold to the American Fur Company so many elegant furs that it attracted the attention and aroused the cupidity of that great financial concern, with John Jacob Astor at its head, when Davenport & Farnham were taken into membership in that most gigantic company.

The trade carried on by Davenport & Farnham with these Indians, whose hunting grounds in Missouri abounded in buffalo, elk, moose, deer, fox, otter, beaver, wild-cat or lynx, catamount, mink, coon, etc., was both large and remunerative to the purchaser, and too highly appreciated by them to part with. The trade they carried on with the Indians was not confined to these two nations, but extended to the Pottawattamies, Winnebagoes and other Indians of the surrounding country. Thus matters passed along smoothly until the Spring of 1829, when pioneer

white people began to wend their way to that locality and trench upon the farm-lands of these Indians. Colonel Davenport readily foresaw that the irrepressible white man would soon take possession of the splendid lands upon the peninsula and crowd the Indians across the Mississippi; that, too, whether the Quashquamme treaty of 1804, and the second treaty of St. Louis of May 13, 1816, were valid or not. In the meantime, as shown in chapter VI, Governor Edwards, immediately upon his inauguration as Governor of the State of Illinois, bent his energies towards the removal of these Indians from the State of Illinois. In response to these urgent appeals of Governor Edwards, the Secretary of War referred the matter to General Lewis Cass, then Governor of the Territory of Michigan. This was in 1827. General Cass conferred by letter with the military commander of Fort Armstrong, whom he knew must be familiar with the facts, since he was in that immediate locality and must have known what was transpiring within three miles of his fort. In this letter General Cass sent a copy of Governor Edwards' charges, as set forth in chapter VI. In answer to this letter he was informed that the Governor was clearly mistaken as to the true condition of the affairs at and near Saukenuk; that there were no white settlers within many leagues of that place. Hence, these Indians could not possibly have committed the depredations complained of, or any other; and that these Indians were on terms of perfect peace and good-will with the officers and men at Fort Armstrong and with Messrs. Davenport and Farnham, who were the only white people in that locality. On receipt of this information Governor Cass communicated its contents to the War Department, where the matter rested until 1828, when Governor Edwards wrote to Governor William Clark, again demanding their removal, as shown in the preceding chapter, and by persistent effort Governor Edwards succeeded in obtaining an order from President Jackson for their removal across the Mississippi, in 1829.

To be summarily driven from their homes and growing crops would have been a great hardship, indeed, an outrage upon these poor unfortunate people. Col. Davenport fully appreciating the great injustice of such an arbitrary and oppressive act, and believing the Quashquamme treaty of 1804 was void, and being appealed to by Black Hawk, at his own expense went to Washington City to lay the matter before his late commander and companion in arms, General Jackson, who had but recently been

inaugurated President of the United States. On his arrival there he called first upon the Secretary of War, and then upon the Secretary of State, both of whom accorded him a respectful hearing, and to both of them he gave his reasons why the treaty of 1804 was void, relying chiefly upon the absolute want of power and authority on the part of Quashquamme and his four associates to make such treaty in behalf of their nation. Both of these officers seemed to be deeply impressed with his arguments, and expressed themselves as being favorably inclined to carry out his views upon that subject. He left these officers big with hope in the success of his trip, and had but little doubt of being entirely successful at the Executive office. Thus far he had gotten along nicely and felt quite sure that President Jackson, with whom he was intimately acquainted, would not refuse to give him a hearing, and grant his request. But on reaching the Executive office his hopes met with "a chilling frost, and were nipped in the bud." The President, while listening to his entire statement with respectful attention, seemed to be on the rampage against the whole Indian race, and the British band of the Sauks in particular, and claimed that the Quashquamme treaty of 1804 was perfectly regular, and had been confirmed by the Sank Nation in the second treaty of St. Louis, of May 13, 1816, under and by virtue of which that nation had ceded to the United States all the lands lying below Fox river of Illinois, and between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. It was in vain that Col. Davenport endeavored to convince him that the Sauks and Foxes combined never owned, or claimed to own, all of those lands, and that by that boundary line the entire possessions of the Pottawattamies and a large portion of the lands of the Winnebagoes were included, and that the United States had in and by several treaties with the latter Indians, after the execution of the Quashquamme treaty, acknowledged this to be true, notably, that of the 24th of August, 1816, with the Pottawattamies, under and by virtue of which, they ceded to the United States all the land contained in the cession of the Sauks and Foxes of Nov. 3, 1804, which lies south of a due west line from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river.

Again in the treaty of Prairie Du Chien with the same tribe, they ceded to the United States, beginning at the Winnebago village on Rock river, forty miles from its mouth, running down Rock river to a line which runs due west from the most southerly

bend of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, and then with that line to the Mississippi opposite Rock Island; then up that river to the United States reservation at the mouth of the Wisconsin; then with the south and east lines of said reservation to the Wisconsin river; thence southerly, passing the heads of the small streams emptying into the Mississippi, to Rock river at the place of beginning. Also beginning on the western shore of Lake Michigan at the northeast corner of the field of Antoine Ouilmette,* near Gross Point, twelve miles north of Chicago; thence west to Rock river; thence down that river to where a line drawn due west from the most southern bend of Lake Michigan crosses said river; thence east along said line to Fox river of Illinois; thence along the northwestern boundary line of the cession of 1816 to Lake Michigan; thence northwesterly along the western shore of said lake to the place of beginning. This line struck the Mississippi where the city of Moline now stands, while that under the treaty of 1813 struck it below, where the city of Rock Island now stands. The consideration paid by the United States for the cession of 1829 was sixteen thousand dollars per year for ever, and for that in the cession of 1816 one thousand dollars per year for twenty years. Thus the United States repurchased from the Pottawattamies, Chippawas and Ottawas a considerable portion of the lands contained in the Quashquamme treaty of 1804, and paid sixteen times as much for this strip of land as they paid the Sauks and Foxes for fifty million acres. Besides these lands contained in the Quashquamme treaty, the Winnebagoes owned a considerable portion, thereof, and their claim and ownership was admitted and recognized by the United States under the treaty of Prairie Du Chien, of Aug. 16, 1825, as follows: Bounded, southeasterly by the Rock river from its source near Winnebago Lake to the Winnebago village, about fifty miles above the mouth of Rock river, westerly by the east line of the tract lying upon the Mississippi herein secured to the Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawattamies,"—meaning the boundary line fixed in the treaty of 1829. By these treaties it will be seen that all that portion of country lying north of a straight line from the southern bend of Lake Michigan to Rock Island, embraced in the Quashquamme treaty, was subsequently purchased by the United States from other Indian tribes, which would seem to say, the United States had but little faith in the Quashquamme humbug of 1804. It mattered

*Pronounced Wilmett.

not that Col. Davenport presented all these things to "Old Hickory." He could only remember the stubborn fact that Black Hawk and his band fought with the British in the late war, and thereby, in his opinion, "they had no standing in court." Turning his sharp eyes upon Col. Davenport, Gen. Jackson said: "If I remember aright this Indian Chief, Black Hawk, and his band fought against us in the late war. Am I correct?" On being answered in the affirmative, he then said, rising from his seat to give emphasis to his words, "by the Eternal, every last one of them shall cross the Mississippi, or be killed." Explanations of the causes which led Black Hawk into the British army were out of the question. The naked fact still remained, and by that act he had forfeited all rights, in the opinion of the hero of New Orleans.

Though defeated, Colonel Davenport was not cast down. He was in real earnest in securing to these Indians their lands on the peninsula. Black Hawk and his tribe had won his confidence and respect by their honesty, kindness and sterling integrity, and he in turn had secured their confidence by fair dealing and strict integrity. This friendship, therefore, was of that generous kind which abolished distrust and established entire confidence. While this friendship was neither of the Pythias and Damon, nor yet the Johathan and David character, it was that kind of confidence and respect which always exists between honest men, whose souls revolt at any evidence of double-dealing, trickery or chicanery.

Though defeated in the main object, Colonel Davenport did not despair of being able to do something for the relief of these Indians. He appealed to the good, sound, practical sense of the President, whether it would be right, just or humane to drive these poor people from their homes and growing crops, to suffer from hunger a whole year before they could raise another crop. This was more than General Jackson could stand, and thereupon he modified the order for their removal to take effect on or before April 1, 1830. At this action of the President, in extending the time of their removal, Governor Edwards was intensely indignant, and threatened to remove them upon his own responsibility as Governor of Illinois. But fortunately he restrained his hot Kentucky blood, and permitted them to remain undisturbed the remainder of his Gubernatorial term. Having obtained this modification of the order of removal, Colonel Davenport did not stop contented. Besides being a man of decided ability, he possessed

a large amount of resources and expedients. If he could not accomplish his ends by direction, he resorted to indirection, provided he saw his way clearly without compromising his honor.

Aside from the desirability of having these Indians remain at Saukenuk for their trade, and the firm belief he entertained in the absolute invalidity of the two so-called treaties of St. Louis, on November 3, 1804, and May 13, 1816, he was impelled to do all within his power for these Indians, from what may be termed family relations—not of kinship, but neighborly intercourse. From August, 1816, to the spring of 1829, his was the only white family on the island or in its vicinity. It was no unusual thing for his two sons, George L. and Bailey, to spend days and weeks at Saukenuk, or at the farm lodges of some of these Indians. The young Indians were their daily companions and only playmates. With them they spent the greater portion of their time, the white mother entertaining no fears for the safety or contamination of her sons, on account of their absence from home or their association with these dusky children of the forest. Thus were the sons of the wealthy white merchant raised on terms of perfect equality with the Indian children. Together were the offspring of the white and the red men reared, and, we may say, educated, not in book-learning, but in its broader sense, a knowledge of the world and animal nature, for the adult Indians were unwearied and incessant in their efforts to instruct these white children in all their knowledge of woodcraft, hunting, fishing, trapping, etc. The amusements of these children were the same as those of the Indian youth with whom they played. No feelings of superiority or jealousy were for a moment entertained. A rivalry, however, existed, but it was that laudable rivalry to excel in whatever they attempted to do. Much of their time was spent in shooting at pennies placed in a split stick in the ground with the bow and arrow, paddling the light canoe, fishing, hunting and trapping. From the warm personal attachments thus formed by their children, the parents naturally were drawn together in the bonds of mutual regard and genuine friendship. These considerations, together with the certain fact that the magnificent lands upon which Saukenuk and the Indian farms were located would some day be valuable, and their purchase would be a safe investment at a dollar and a quarter per acre, induced Colonel Davenport to make one more desperate effort to place them under the absolute use of these Indians. His plan was as

bold as it was gigantic for a single individual to attempt to accomplish. It was no less than the purchase of the lands on the peninsula, embracing all the cultivated lands of the Sauks, together with the site of Saukenuk itself. Before this could be done, however, they must first be surveyed and platted. He therefore obtained an order for their immediate survey, which being accomplished, he asked that they should be brought into market. This request was also granted, and a public sale thereof was held at the land office at Springfield, Ill., Oct. 19, 1829. This sale he attended, and on the first day thereof he purchased, in his own name, and the firm name of Davenport & Farnham, a large portion of these Indian lands, and on the 6th of November, 1830, Colonel Davenport purchased in his own name about one thousand acres more, for *the sole purpose of preserving the site of Saukenuk, Black Hawk's Watch Tower and the improved farms of the Sauk Nation to their use.* His intention was to say nothing to these Indians about it, but hold the title himself and let them have its use free of rent. By doing this he expected to retain their trade, which would be equal to a large rent, and at the same time make not only a safe, but, really, a very profitable investment of his money. But "there is a divinity which shapes our ends, roughly hugh them as we may."

The knowledge of the sale of their lands, and that Col. Davenport had become the purchaser of the site of Saukenuk, came to Black Hawk and his tribe, when he and they became highly incensed against their best friend, and threatened his life, as shown in Chapter V, Black Hawk's statement, ante.

After the interview between Black Hawk and Col. Davenport relative to the sale of the lands on the peninsula by the United States to Davenport & Farnham, and learning the real object Col. Davenport had in view in these transactions, and being assured that he would make an exchange of these lands for other government lands if the Indians desired, which proposition Black Hawk thought was fair, made him think Col. Davenport had not acted as badly as he had suspected. This proposition was accepted by Black Hawk, approved by Keokuk, endorsed by the Council of Chiefs, and Keokuk was appointed in behalf of the Sauk Nation, with full power to make an exchange of lands with the United States government, even to the extent of ceding their lead mines in lieu of their farm lands on the peninsula, including their village site. Application was at once made to Gov.

Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, for permission for Keokuk to go to Washington City as an envoy, or commissioner plenipotentiary from the Sauks for the purpose of making the exchange. Gov. Clark granted him the request, and gave him a letter of introduction to the President, stating the object in view, and strongly recommended that his proposition be favorably considered and petition granted, to the end that the Sauks might retain the lands lying on the peninsula near the mouth of Rock river.

Col. Davenport embodied his proposition to exchange his purchase of these lands for other government lands, so that these Indians might remain east of the Mississippi river, even offering to withdraw his entry money and cancel the sale, in order that the exchange might be made. With these two letters, accompanied by Le Clair as interpreter, Keokuk went to Washington and found no difficulty in obtaining a personal interview with President Jackson and his cabinet, who, after reading his letters from the General Superintendent of Indian Affairs and Col. Davenport, respectfully listened to the arguments and reasons assigned by the Cicero of his race in behalf of the object of his mission, refused to make the exchange of lands prayed for, or to make any further modification of the order for the removal of these Indians across the Mississippi, but on the contrary assured him in the most positive terms that all the lands embodied in the treaty of 1804 must be surrendered up to the United States on or before April 1, 1830, and if not done by that time they would be driven thence at the point of the bayonet. With a heavy heart and dejected air over the utter failure of his mission, the noble Keokuk returned to Saukenuk to report the sad news that all further hope of being permitted to remain at their village had ceased, and advised the speedy abandonment of their lands and the location of their principal village on the Iowa river, and when the entire nation went to their winter quarters in Missouri that fall, Keokuk and his band left Saukenuk forever. In the spring of 1830, Keokuk with his band, comprising about two-thirds of the entire nation, instead of returning to Saukenuk, located on the Iowa river, west of the Mississippi, but Black Hawk, with the remainder of the Sauk Nation, returned to Saukenuk and proceeded to plant their corn crop, as usual. But from that time forth the presence of these Indians on the peninsula was considered by the white people of that locality, and more especially

by those who had located upon what then appeared to be the abandoned farm lands of the Sauks, an intrusion — indeed, a trespass. The fact that Keokuk had fully recognized and, by his abandonment, reaffirmed the validity of the Quashquamme treaty of 1804, strengthened the claims of the white pioneers to their lands, and subjected Black Hawk with his small band of only about 1,500 souls to all kinds of petty annoyances and oppressions from the covetous white settlers of that locality. Badgered and baited on all sides, Black Hawk then offered to accept six thousand dollars cash, with which to purchase provisions to tide him and his band over the first year in a new country, while breaking the raw prairie and putting the virgin soil in cultivation to raise a crop, and peaceably give up all claim or demand on the lands embodied in the so-called treaty of November 3, 1804. But even this most reasonable and just proposition was rejected.

We say reasonable request, and say it with earnestness, for the first season on raw prairie land no crop could be raised, and without means of support other than the fish and small game to be found in that locality, hunger and famine would of necessity have ensued. Had this paltry sum of six thousand dollars been paid, or if too penurious to make what the Government might have termed a donation to these Indians of that sum, or if they had have been paid six years' annuities in advance, to enable them to improve new farms in Iowa, the Black Hawk war would never had an existence. This was the most striking illustration of the "penny-wise and pound foolish" action on record. The answer returned to this proposition was that the Government would give them nothing, and that if the Indians did not remove immediately they would be driven off by the military force of the United States. It will be observed that a most anomolous condition of affairs existed at that time. Colonel George Davenport in person, and Davenport and Farnham, were the owners of all the title which the United States had derived to the lands on the peninsula through the Quashquamme treaty, except about five hundred acres divided between three other persons,—Brasher, Robley and Carr,—by purchase at the Springfield land sales, and had purchased it for the sole and express purpose of protecting the summer homes of these Indians against the aggressions of the white settlers, and that neither of the other three purchasers of land in that locality, except Brasher, were then living upon their purchases and took no lot or part in trying to drive these Indians

away,—outside pressure was being brought to bear upon these poor Indians to drive them away. They were the tenants of Davenport & Farnham, who owned every foot of the lands they were occupying, when Uncle Sam steps in to say: “Messrs. Davenport & Farnham, your tenants are Indians, and therefore obnoxious to the white people and must, like ‘Poor little Joe, move on. They were called “the British band,” which grated upon the ever too sensitive ear, and no matter whether friendly and peaceable, they had a hard name and must go. But not from indisposition on the part of the United States Government to remove the Indians, did it wait, but other causes supervened and brought on the crisis. Whiskey put in its gorgon head, backed by an avaricious little Pennsylvania Dutchman inducing Governor Reynolds to inaugurate the war, and thereby relieve the General Government of the responsibility.

CHAPTER X.

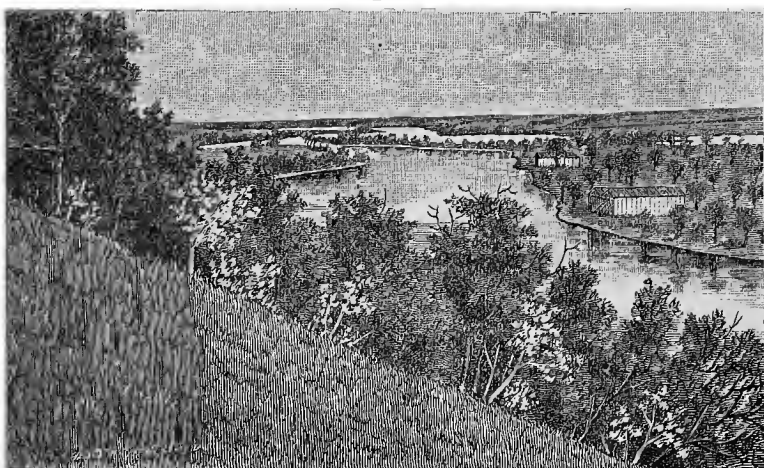
Whiskey the Ultimate as well as the Primary Cause of the so-called Black Hawk War of 1831—In Saukenuk was heard a voice of Lamentation and Woe—Jo-hua weeping for his liquors,—he would not be comforted, for they were not,—Black Hawk had destroyed them.

“They were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valor that they smote the air;
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
For kissing of their feet.”—SHAKESPEARE.

In March, 1829, Joshua Vandruff, a short, staunchly built Pennsylvania Dutchman, with his family, consisting of wife, five sons and five daughters, located at Saukenuk during the winter absence of the Sauks to their hunting grounds in Missouri. Mr. Vandruff was a shrewd, energetic and thrifty man. Finding the Indians absent, he took possession of the best hodenosote, or long-house, he could find, which happened to be that of the old Chief, Black Hawk. Of this he took peaceable and full possession, and commenced tearing down the Indian post and pole fences and subdividing the common field into smaller lots, and was actually engaged at this kind of pleasant amusement when the Indians returned to their summer homes that Spring. A man of great versatility and tact, he soon succeeded in obtaining the consent of the old Chief, who was mourning the recent death of his eldest son and youngest daughter, to remain in possession of the long-house, and the latter built a new lodge on a mound in his corn-field. Before the completion of his new lodge, the two families occupied the old lodge conjointly. Thus did the children of Japheth dwell in the tents of Shem. Having a large family and being financially poor and a smooth talker, these Indians permitted himself and family to remain among them and cultivate a portion of their improved farm lands. The north branch of Rock river being deep at that point, the shrewd little Dutchman saw the utility and financial advantage of constructing a flat-boat and operating a ferry, located just below the lower end of the promontory at the upper end of Saukenuk, at the point where the horse-railway, leading from the city of Rock Island to the village of

Milan, now crosses that stream. This north branch is about three hundred feet wide. There are three branches of Rock river at this point, as thown by figure 3. The most northern branch,

Figure 3.



BLACK HAWK'S WATCH-TOWER AND VANDRUFF ISLAND|

upon whose north bank Saukenuk stood, is the principal and much the deeper. The middle branch is a mere bayou or slough, while the south one is shallow. Mr. Vandruff and family continued to occupy the hodenosote of Black Hawk until the Fall of 1829, when he erected a cabin near the upper end of Saukenuk, into which he moved his family, and procured a hand-mill for grinding corn. His wife being a most excellent cook, and having five handsome and marriageable daughters, this log cabin home of the Vandruffs was headquarters for the young people of that locality, where dancing parties were of frequent occurrence. Here the love-sick swain could "dance all night 'till broad daylight," even though he might not "go home with the girls in the morning,"—for white girls outside the Vandruff cabin were few and far between.

To add to the enjoyability of such occasions, Joshua furnished his residence with a little "corn juice," which was decidedly a "drawing card." With an eye to business, it was Vandruff's wont to call his sleepy guests at the peep o'day and put them at work on the sweeps of his hand-mill to give them an appetite for their breakfast; and some there were so uncharitable as to

intimate that Mother Vandruff and her fair daughters were decidedly "backward in coming forward" with their breakfasts, while the mill ran glibly. In the mean time Mr. Vandruff enlarged his whisky facilities and began the retail of "liquid damnation" to the Indians as well as the whites, so that during the summer and fall of 1830, drunkenness among the Indians became a crying evil, of daily occurrence. As Black Hawk says: "The white people brought whiskey to our village, made our people drunk, and cheated them out of their horses, guns and traps. This fraudulent system was carried to such an extent that I apprehended serious difficulties might occur unless a stop was put to it. Consequently I visited all the whites and begged them not to sell my people whiskey. * * * I used all my influence to prevent drunkenness, but to no effect."

The old chief personally called on all those engaged in the whiskey traffic, and selling to the Indians at Saukenuk, and ordered them to quit selling or leave the place at once. They all agreed that they would stop selling liquors to the Indians, except Mr. Vandruff. The first island south of Saukenuk was a beautiful plateau containing about 200 acres, and Mr. Vandruff saw that by removing his whisky mill thither he would be out of Saukenuk, but sufficiently near thereto to carry on his traffic in souls with these fire-water loving creatures successfully and still run his ferry, hence he erected a log cabin on this island, immediately opposite the upper end of Saukenuk, and within sight and hailing distance of Black Hawk's lodge, and moved his family and "wet grocery store" to the island, which then assumed his name, and retains it still. His first invoice embraced ten barrels of spirituous liquors at his new hell-hole on this ill-fated little island. In boldness of conception and impudence of execution the plan of Mr. Vandruff was worthy a better cause. In partial obedience to the expressed wish of the old chieftain, he left Saukenuk for this little level island and erected his building immediately opposite to that of Black Hawk's, and opened up his nefarious trade with the Indians, who have a special wild desire for this greatest curse on earth—the white man's fire-water—and thither they flocked like carrion crows around a dead animal. And there they remained from morn till night pouring down liquid poison, until their fiery eyes and seething brains were like burning, hissing volcanoes, and their tottering limbs refused to longer bear their weight. Then seeking some

unoccupied place, they fell prone to earth, there to sleep off the effects of their long debauch, only to awaken and feel ten thousand little devils gnawing at their stomachs, crying for more, more, more.

Thus, like a blind horse on the ceaseless evolving tread-mill, they ran the endless circle over and over again, day after day, and week after week, until their poor human endurance gave way, and then with sad hearts their ever faithful and loving squaws tenderly, though sorrowfully, bore them home, nursed and cared for them until recovered, when, like the "sow to her wallow," they returned to the hell-hole on the island, where maudlin shouts and incessant broils rendered the days dismal and the nights hideous. This change of base was effected by Mr. Vandruff in the winter of 1830-1, and his establishment was in fine running order when the Indians returned to their farms and homes in the spring of 1831. Keenly avaricious and always ready for a trade, no matter what kind of commodity was offered, he was ever willing to barter whiskey for it. Often receiving in exchange the most trivial and worthless trinket for his "sod-corn juice," the most worthless brute of an Indian was enabled to obtain whiskey at this rustic bar. Against this shameful conduct and practice, Black Hawk, who was himself strictly temperate at that time,—and touched not, tasted not, handled not, the accursed stuff,—used every argument at his command in the vain effort of preventing the members of his band from going to the island, but with indifferent success. He then tried to persuade Mr. Vandruff to quit selling, bartering and giving whiskey to the Indians, or at least to certain Indians whose names he gave him, being habitual drunkards. He begged and coaxed, then endeavored to hire him to desist. This failing, he offered to purchase his entire stock, that he might turn the liquors into the river. To all of which Mr. Vandruff turned a deaf ear. He was obdurate, obstinate, saucy. This roused the just indignation of the old chief, who then told him that unless he quit selling ardent spirits to those Indians, whose names he had given him as confirmed drunkards, he would take forcible possession of his liquors and empty them on the ground or pour them in the river. Even this threat was disregarded by Mr. Vandruff, who kept steadily on in making worse than useless brutes of these unfortunate drunken Indians, by selling, bartering and giving them the villainous compound known as Ohio whiskey for the most trifling trinket, if he

could do no better, converting them (for it has the same effect upon the Indian that it has upon the white man) from reasonable creatures into useless sots, worthless brutes, and howling devils. It has both the power and the will to turn a saint into a fiend, and then load him down with hissing, crawling, squirming demons.

The result and effect of this conduct of Mr. Vandruff was that drunkenness increased among these Indians from day to day, until further "forbearance ceased to be a virtue" on the part of the old chief, who was now 64 years of age. Calling to assist him about a half dozen trusty warriors, he entered his canoe and paddled across to the island, where, without saying a word, he entered the cabin of Mr. Vandruff, and rolled or carried out every barrel, keg and demijohn containing ardent spirits, and with his trusty tomahawk drove in the heads of the barrels and kegs, and broke off the necks of the demijohns, and emptied their contents upon the ground, and without comment returned to his lodge. In the light of the present day we cannot but commend the firm stand and daring deed of this grand old chief. But unfortunately, the morals of the white pioneers of that locality and time were not up to the present standards. They all sympathized with Mr. Vandruff in the loss of property, and but too readily signed their names to a statement of his grievances, to which one Benjamin F. Pike (who was the bar tender of Vandruff) made and subscribed an affidavit that the statement was true. To this statement were attached the signatures of forty persons, real or simulated. Mr. Vandruff had been running his soul-trap in this locality nearly two years, during which time he had learned the character of Black Hawk thoroughly, and knew he was desperately in earnest about putting an end to the sale of liquor to the Indians of his band. Hence, he dare not further "beard the lion in his den—the Douglas in his hold" by renewing his stock and re-commencing the sale to the Indians. He well knew that his occupation of whisky selling to the Sauk Indians was among the things that had passed and forever gone. The contemplation of this certain fact roused all the devil in his nature into full force and fury. Vengeance now was his sole and only thought. That a Vandruff from the noble old State of Pennsylvania should be driven from his God-given right of selling what he pleased, when he pleased, where he pleased, to whom he pleased, and for what he pleased, by an untutored old Indian, was too grievous to be

borne. He evolved the problem as to how he could get even with Black Hawk, and as the devil always favors evil, "he held up the hands" of this Joshua at this critical moment, whispering in his ear, "get up other charges against these Indians so that the Government will drive them across the Mississippi. They do not stand very well with Old Hickory or the Old Ranger, because they fought with the British in the late war." Charges were formulated against these Indians for committing nearly all the crimes known to the criminal code, among which were horse-stealing, hog-stealing, tearing down houses, fences, etc., closing with the charge of threatened and attempted murder. These charges were incorporated into a preamble, followed by a petition to the Governor, praying for the immediate forcible removal of these Indians from the State. The prejudice of Governor Reynolds against Indians in general, and those who had joined the British in the war of 1812 in particular, was known all over the State, since it had entered largely in the gubernatorial contest when he was elected.

Mr. Vandruff was an extremely shrewd man, and well knew that his declaration of grievances would receive no indorsement at Fort Armstrong, because the commandant, Major Bliss, knew all the facts, and that the statements contained in the petition were untrue. Hence he appealed to the Governor, armed with this formidable document, and chuckled with delight over the thought that he had the documents with which to construct a petard to blow old Black Hawk and his band across the Mississippi, and thereby teach the old chief such a lesson as he would never forget for his interference with his right to sell liquor to the Indians. In addition to the satisfaction of outgeneraling Black Hawk on the whisky question, Mr. Vandruff desired a slice of the farm lands of these Indians, which would naturally fall into the hands of the whites on the removal of the Indians across the Mississippi. As the possessions of the "Hittites, the Amorites, and the Canaanites," of the scriptures, fell into the hands of that other Joshua for division, so that he might have "a city to dwell in, with the suburbs thereof for his cattle," so thought this latter Joshua of the possessions of the Sauks and Foxes. Hence he had a double inducement urging him on,—revenge and greed,—both powerful engines in the journey of life.

Full of confidence in the complete success of his scheme, and big with expectation of seeing the haughty old Black Hawk humbled at his feet, together with the unquestioned right having

awarded him the first choice and a big slice of the fine cultivated lands of these Indians, Mr. Vandruff* filled his old-fashioned leather saddle-bags with provisions to last him on his contemplated journey through the then almost trackless wilderness lying between Rock Island and Belleville, where the Governor resided, mounted his gray mare and started on his long and dangerous journey to personally see and urge Governor Reynolds to remove these Indians from Illinois. He probably left Rock Island about the 19th of May, 1831. The exact date of his departure we have not been able to ascertain, but he reached his destination, as we are informed by Governor Reynolds, on the 25th of May, 1831. He says: "The first petition I received April 30, 1831, stating among many other things, that last fall the Black Hawk band of Indians almost destroyed all our crops, and made several attempts at the owners' lives when they attempted to prevent their depredations, and actually wounded one man by stabbing him in several places." But this petition fails to state whose crops were destroyed, or that the stabbing affray took place in Vandruff's whiskey hell as the result of a drunken quarrel, in which a worthless white man undertook the gratuitous feat of "clearing the shanty of every lazy lout of an Indian," and got hurt in his efforts. The Governor further says, "the petition further states that there are six or seven hundred Indians among them, and they report more are coming. The Indians stated that the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies are to join them if necessary." He further says that "on the 18th of May, of the same year, another petition was sent stating substantially the same outrages committed by the Indians as above mentioned, and that if relief did not soon arrive that the inhabitants would be compelled to abandon their crops and homes." The petitioners state in the second petition that, "the Indians pasture their horses in our wheat fields, shoot our cows and cattle, and threaten to burn our homes over our heads if we do not leave." Now, since there were but barely three white families at that time living at or near Saukenuk, and they were all intruders, trespassers and squatters, without title or claim of right to the lands they were occupying, the impudence of their statements is very striking.

*It is but fair to say that Mrs. Benjamin Goble, of Milan, a very estimable woman, who is a daughter of Mr. Vandruff, is quite sure her father did not go in person to see Gov. Reynolds, but from other sources the weight of testimony is, we think, conclusive that he did.

In the matter of pasturing their horses in the wheat-fields of these white squatters they reversed the situation, unless the leaving down of the bars by the Indians, leading to Rinnah Wells' corn-field, whereby his own stock got into his field, after refusing to keep them up at night, be termed a breach, there was little foundation in the whole story gotten up by Mr. Vandruff, and sent by mail to the Governor. Soon after sending this second petition, which reached the Governor May 18, 1831, Mr. Vandruff reached Bellville with a duplicate petition, sworn to by B. F. Pike. The Governor further adds: "Several depositions (he evidently meant affidavits) sworn to were presented to me. B. F. Pike states on oath that the number of warriors is about three hundred. That the Indians have in various instances done much damage to the said white people by throwing down their fences, destroying their fall grain, pulling off the roofs of houses, and persistently asserting, if they did not go away, the warriors would kill them." This statement, it will be perceived, gives no names of persons injured by the Indians, and was absolutely untrue. Had this affiant stated that the Indians had destroyed Vandruff's whisky, it would have contained at least one element of truth. But this it did not assert, and the whole story was false.

The Old Ranger adds: "This information placed me in great responsibility. If I did not act, and the inhabitants were murdered, after being informed of the situation, I would be condemned 'from Dan to Bersheba,' and if I levied war by raising troops when there was no necessity for it, I would also be responsible. I had just been elected Governor, and my friends had pledged myself and themselves that I would act rightly and honorably in all my official duties. This made me feel, if possible, more responsibility to friends than to myself. I passed a few weeks of intense feeling in relation to my duty, having before me a vast amount of information, all tending to establish the following facts: That about three hundred warriors, headed by a hostile war chief, Black Hawk, were in possession with the citizens of the old Sac village near Rock Island; that the Indians were determined to retain possession of the country by force, and that they had already done mischief to the citizens. I knew also that the citizens had applied to the Indian Agent and the military officers of the United States, and had obtained no relief. I was well aware that in this kind of a war there was but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, and that I was incurring a

great responsibility. On mature deliberation I considered it my duty to call on the volunteers to move the Indians to the west side of the Mississippi, according to the treaty made by the General Government with them. Accordingly, on the 26th of May, 1831, *without any requisition from the United States*, I made a call on the Militia for seven hundred mounted men."

The Governor tacitly admits that his action in the premises were taken from the fact that his "friends had pledged myself and themselves" during the election, that he would act rightly and honestly in his official duties, leaving the inference that the official position he held and his oath of office were secondary considerations in the performance of his gubernatorial duties. He does not pretend that there was any hostile invasion of the State by an armed foe, and admits that he was advised of the fact that these self-same, would-be martyrs had applied for relief and protection to Governor Clark, the Superintendent of Indian affairs, and Major Bliss, in command of Fort Armstrong, located upon the very site of the alleged grievances, and that both of these Federal officers had refused to interfere, and that he took the entire responsibility of calling out the militia, without requisition from the general government, or military head thereof, and that while doing so he fully appreciated the fact "that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous." But he, true to his blundering nature, could not do less than to take the ridiculous side. He must have known that Fort Armstrong had been built fifteen years before that time, and was supplied with a large garrison, and that the officer in command there was in position to fully understand the matters transpiring within the short distance of three miles. He makes no claim of justification whatever for his calling out volunteers under the Constitutional provision in case of invasion, in this statement, but did in his letter to Gen. Gaines, given in a former chapter. This statement was written many years after the occurrences narrated by him, during which time the Constitutional defense had been squeezed out of him, as untenable and indefensible under the existing facts.

Messrs. Davenport & Farnham were the owners in fee of these lands, including those occupied by the white settlers of Saukenuk. But as they desired the good will of these Indians they kept the matter a secret, so that no one in that locality, except themselves, were aware of the fact at that time. They were well aware

that considerable ill-feeling had already sprung up between the white settlers and the Indians, and should they side with either party, or proclaim to the world that they sided with the Innians, and had purchased their lands for the sole or chief purpose of keeping them for the use of the Indians, the white people would become highly exasperated, and more than likely do them personal harm. Should they side with the white settlers, then they would lose their Indian trade, and place their lives in great danger from the fury of these ever-suspicious, unreasoning Indians. Hence their lips were sealed upon the purchase of their lands. In active prejudices, fixed opinions and strong convictions, few men ever excelled Governor Reynolds, or in genuine, pure, unadulterated hate of the British Nation and entire Indian race; and when the latter was combined with the former as allies, his indignation passed all boundaries. His strongest conviction was that every Indian should be killed, as shown by his letter of May 27, 1831, to Governor Clark, in which he said: "I consider it due the general government to state that in about fifteen days a sufficient force will appear before the hostile Indians, to remove them, *dead or alive*, west of the Mississippi."

He would not remove them *alive* first, but *dead*, and we may logically conclude, from the wording of this letter, that he intended to kill all he could of these poor Indians, and scare the remainder into flight across the big river; then take the bodies of the slain to the other side for burial, that the soil of Illinois should not be contaminated with their decaying bodies. Second, only, to his fixed conviction that all Indians should be killed, was his belief that the sale of whisky should be free as air or water,—free from license, tax, restriction or limitation. With these convictions predominating and controlling his actions, it were useless to say Joshua Vandruff, on his arrival at the Executive office, in Belleville, Ill., on the 25th of May, 1831, found His Excellency, the Governor, in a melting mood, and ready to yield an attentive ear and willing assent to the prayer of his petition, backed by the aforesaid "several depositions sworn to."

What kind of a deposition would it have been if not sworn to? The Governor, "like Barkis, was willin'" and waiting ready; aye, eager, to give credence to, and place confidence in, whatever this self-constituted courier, with his own specially-prepared dispatches, might present. Whether Mr. Vandruff represented to him that the British band of Sauks had just returned

to Saukenuk, from west of the Mississippi, or not, is a mooted question; but there can be but little doubt that he did, for there should be no doubt about the Governor's understanding that these Indians had voluntarily surrendered up their possessions at Saukenuk, the year before, and then had returned with force and arms to retake possession, as this is the only feature of the case that could possibly justify him in calling out the militia to repel an armed invasion of the State. If this assumption be eliminated, then was the action of Governor Reynolds, in calling out the militia, the most flagrant assumption of authority to be found in the annals of history. It is, therefore, charitable to his memory to assume that Vandruff told him that these Indians had returned to Illinois and claimed their homes and farm lands at Saukenuk, after having formally abandoned and surrendered them to the white settlers. But, from the Governor's own statement of this matter, such an assumption is unwarranted, except in his letter of May 28, 1831, to Major-General Gaines. The only provision of law, fundamental or statutory, under which Governor Reynolds could justify himself in calling out the militia, is section 2 of article 10 of the Federal Constitution, which prohibits every State from engaging in war unless actually *invaded*, etc., without consent of Congress.

Since there was no invasion of the State, there was no authority for the call. When upon the bench he construed the legal term, *caveat emptor*, to mean "beware of the wrath to come," and, in this case, he construed the living of these Indians, in their own hodenosotes, and quietly cultivating their farms, which had belonged to them and their ancestors for many generations, as a hostile invasion of the territory and jurisdiction of the State of Illinois.

The true meaning of the word invasion, as defined by all lexicographers, is, "Entered by an army with a hostile design—attacked, assaulted." Certainly no one has yet been found with the effrontery to allege that these Indians had levied war against the white settlers or people, at that time, or that they were armed. Even B. F. Pike, (Captain of the Rock River Rangers, an organization of every white man then living in what is now Rock Island county, in June, 1831, which included Joshua Vandruff and two sons, and contained fifty-six members, rank and file), who made "the deposition sworn to," did not pretend that the Indians were armed, or that they had attacked any one with war-like intent.

Granting that every charge made in Vandruff's petition, and Pike's affidavit, were true, the offenses were but misdemeanors which were cognizable and punishable by the civil law; and, with the exception of the charge of stabbing a white man, (which was an act of self-defense) not one of the charges, if proved, would have submitted the offenders to prison, much less capital punishment or confinement in a penitentiary. There is no claim or pretense that these Indians had defied or resisted the civil law or its enforcement. Even in the Cuvier murder case, before given, they promptly surrendered up the accused on demand. These things being true, there was neither authority nor legal power vested in the Governor, by law or usage, for his action in calling out the militia in 1831, and his action in the premises was a simple, clear and inexcusable usurpation of authority, without warrant of law or reason, and was hard, oppressive and cruel upon an unoffending people. That the Indians were opposed to war, and determined to keep peace with the white people, is vouched for by General Gaines after his arrival at Saukenuk, on the 9th of June, which will be more fully shown in the next chapter.

Among the charges preferred by Mr. Vandruff, we do not find that of spilling his whiskey, as shown by Governor Reynolds, yet this was the

"Priest all-haven and shorn,
That married the maiden all forlorn,"

which induced the little Dutchman to ride forth, like John Gilpin, on his solitary pilgrimage of several hundred miles to lay his grievance before the Governor. The destruction of his liquors by Black Hawk was the gravamen of his complaint, though, for prudential reasons, the Governor did not mention it among the alleged outrages committed by the Indians on the white settlers. The arrival of Mr. Vandruff at the Executive office in Belleville, on the 25th of May, 1831, with a duplicate copy of the charges received by the Governor on the 18th of that month, verified by the affidavit of Captain Pike, was the electrical spark which fired off the executive magazine, already charged to spontaneous combustion by the so-called petitions before then received by him, and over which he says: "I passed a few weeks of intense feeling in relation to my duty." (Under the Constitution of 1818, by which Illinois was admitted to the Union as a State, the Governor was not required to reside at the State Capital, hence the Executive

office was located at the Governor's home.) Since Vandruff arrived at Belleville, on the 25th, and the Governor's call for "seven hundred mounted volunteers, for the purpose of repelling the invasion by Black's band of Indians, who are plundering and robbing the white settlers on Rock river, and threatening their lives," (as he says in his call) was issued on the 26th of May, 1831, he had just one night for the "mature reflection" he mentions in his history of "My Own Times." His Excellency immediately went from one county-seat to another making speeches to encourage enlistments, in which he made the blood-curdling declaration that Black Hawk was a British ally, and was urged on to war against the people of the United States by the British, who were supplying him with guns, ammunition and camp supplies. This was enough to fire the western heart to white heat, while his coadjutor, Joshua Vandruff, for whose special benefit the show was being prepared and gotten up, accompanied him and related his story of the pretended outrages committed by these poor devils, who wanted nothing but their birthright and peace. Thus did the Old Ranger and his henchman fire the public heart for vengeance on the British band of the Sauks.

Old Ranger acted Roderic Dhu,
While Vandruff was his henchman true:
Their fire-brand and rallying cry,
"Death to the British Indian spy!"

Volunteers poured into the little burgh of Beardstown by the thousand ere the 10th of June, the day fixed for the rendezvous, so that the town was overflowing, and when this John of Gaunt (Gov. Reynolds was long and gaunt, and also brave) arrived he was received with much enthusiasm, so that he was induced to say: "It is astonishing, the war spirit the Western people possess. As soon as I decided to march against the Indians at Rock Island, the whole country throughout the northwest of the State resounded with the war clamor. Everything was in a bustle and uproar. It was then eighteen or twenty years since the war with Great Britain and these same Indians; and the old citizens inflamed the young men to appear in the tented field against the old enemy." Here again do we see the Governor's prejudice. This war was to be against these British allies, hence the wild enthusiasm. Like the charge against the modern Jew of crucifying our Savior, "if he didn't do it, his ancestors did." No matter if Black Hawk was the only Indian among them who fought on the British side in 1812-14, the ancestors of the others, or at least some of them, had done so. The

volunteers so flooded the little village that accommodations and rations could not be procured, hence they were forced to move over the Illinois river to Rushville, county seat of Schuyler county, where fully 1,600 volunteers assembled, ready for the fray. And notwithstanding Maj. Gen. Edmund P. Gaines, military commander of the northwest, had written to Gov. Reynolds, on the 3d of June, that he had all the military force he should need, without accepting volunteers from Illinois, Gov. Reynolds accepted all who offered their services, and on the 19th of that month this vast army was organized into two regiments, an odd battalion, and a spy battalion, as named by the Old Ranger. The officers of these regiments were James D. Henry, of Sangamon county, colonel, Jacob Fry, of Green county, lieutenant-colonel, and John T. Stuart (who died in 1886), major of the first, and Daniel Lieb, of Morgan county, colonel, A. B. DeWitt, of the same county, lieutenant-colonel of the other regiment. Nathaniel Buckmaster, of Madison county, commanded the odd battalion, while Samuel Whiteside commanded the spy battalion. In the latter battalion Gov. Thomas Ford was a private, while Gov. Stinson H. Anderson was a private in the odd battalion. Congressman Joseph Duncan was appointed by Gov. Reynolds to command the entire force, with rank of Brigadier-General of the Militia of the State.*

Gov. Reynolds accompanied the expedition, but seems to have waived his right as commander-in-chief of the Militia by being Governor.

It is a singular fact that Governor Ford, who accompanied this Reynoldsian expedition as a member of Whiteside's spy battalion, never mentioned the name of the Governor in his history of Illinois, though he (under Section 10 of Article 3 of the State Constitution of 1818 then in force), was "Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of this State, and of the militia, except when they shall be called into the service of the United States," except in connection with the so-called treaty of June 30, 1831; from the time they left Rushville until they were disbanded. That the brilliant Governor of the small frame and large brain always entertained a most contemptible opinion of the Old Ranger, is a well established fact,—but that he should treat his commander-in-chief, during an entire campaign, with absolute silence in writing up

* Col. E. D. Taylor, who is still living, was his adjutant. Gen. J. J. Hardin, who was killed at Buena Vista, was also on his staff.

the history of that campaign shows a studied effort in that direction. Yet there is an excuse for this silence in Gov. Ford's history of these transactions, which is the fact that his Excellency seems to have completely abdicated his authority under the Constitution in favor of Gen. Duncan, his appointee as Brigadier General of the militia. Always a kind of an off ox, Governor Reynolds exhibits a large degree of that same peculiarity in this matter. When his volunteers assembled June 10, 1831, he found nearly as many office-seekers among them as privates. In his own language: "Moreover, many citizens appeared for office. Many of these individuals had standing, and their wishes were not to be disregarded. I appointed the Hon. Joseph Duncan Brigadier General to take command. * * * The troops came flocking in until the number swelled to near three fold seven hundred, the force first called for. It would not do to turn these good men, the supernumerary, back home. They had made arrangements to leave home, and to send them back, their whole arrangements would be frustrated. I took the responsibility and organized almost three fold the number called for."

From this statement it is shown that he accepted all who were willing to go. Only those who would not go without office were left out. Had the entire militia of the State tendered their services he would have accepted them for the purpose of murdering these three hundred Indian warriors and their families, who were quietly living beneath their "own vine and fig tree," where their forefathers had lived, loved, labored and died for many generations before them. The distance from Rushville to Rock Island is about 130 miles, through a then unsettled country. Governor Ford says the army made the passage or trip in four days, which would not be a quick one. Gen. Elliott, in his recent compilation of the "Record of the services of Illinois soldiers in the Black Hawk War of 1831-32," says this army started from Rushville June 15, and reached Rockport on the 25th. In this he must be mistaken, because it was not organized into regiments and battalions until the 19th, and certainly they did not leave Rushville before they were organized. They started on the 22d of June, 1831, and reached Rockport the 25th. Governor Reynolds accompanied the expedition, but seems to have taken no active part in their movements.

Their route lay through a wilderness of prairie, with occasional small strips of timber, without roads or human habitations,

except Indians, who were friendly with the white people. Yet whenever these volunteers got sight of an Indian they gave chase and scared them half to death, and probably killed some of them. "Although not highly disciplined," says Governor Ford, "it was the largest military force that had ever assembled in the State, and made a very imposing appearance in its march over the then broad expanse of prairie wilderness. Eager for a fray with the Indians, the utmost vigilance was required on the part of the officers to keep the men from indiscriminately killing every straggling savage they encountered in their pleasant journey of four days to the Mississippi." That this large body of horsemen presented an imposing appearance by their numbers is doubtless true, but they hardly presented a soldierly one. Hailing from nearly every State in the Union, each furnishing his own horse, accoutrements and clothing, and few of them having ever been drilled to the service, the dissimilarity must have been great. Indeed, to such a degree of divergence were their persons, clothing, horses, saddles, guns and general appearance that they may have been not inaptly compared to the troops of Falstaff, whom he refused to march through Coventry.

But they were by no means ragamuffins or loafers. On the contrary, they were composed of the sturdy yeomen of Illinois, with hearts and souls true and pure, but lacked discipline and drill. Here was the long, lank Tennessean, in butternut brown, "bearded as the pard," and as sallow and tough as sole-leather; there the sharp-eyed, active and resolute Kentuckian, in his native bluejeans, slouched hat and resolute air, mounted on a long, hungry-looking descendant of Tiger Whip or Bertrand, with head erect, wicked eye and elastic step, stamping, champing and fretting, like a lost spirit, rider and horse ever on the alert for a race or an Indian scalp-lock; there a direct descendent of one of the *first* families from that State which gave birth to so many Presidents,—and never had a *second* family,—straddling a well-fed, vicious-looking mule, ready to kick the spots from the moon, upon the least provocation. If the rider had a will and a mission, the mule had a will and a resolution, which not infrequently antagonized the wishes of his rider, resulting in many disagreements, with occasional compromises. The rider was proud and resolute, the mule, vicious and stubborn,—if the rider insisted upon style and order, the mule created confusion and disorder. When the rider desired to march face forward, the mule went tail-first, and,

when seriously belabored over head and ears, he compromised the matter by going sideways. Though rider and mule kept up a constant kind of guerrilla skirmishing, they were fast friends as a rule; here was the sleekly-dressed, smooth-shaven Yankee, from away down in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, garrulous, inquisitive and cute, with a penchant for interviewing everything betwixt the earth and sky, with his "dew-tell-me" and "is he smart," mounted upon his bob-tailed old plow-horse, carrying huge old horse-pistols, which they claimed were the identical ones used by "Old Put" in the Revolution; there the Buckeye, tall, strong and awkward, who was too modest to seek an office, (for who ever heard of a politician in Ohio?) dressed in homespun from tip to toe, including red "warmus;" here the hero from the old Empire State, full of conceit and ambition, and close by his side was the son of the Keystone State, upon his Connistoga draft-horse, with the activity of the elephant or bear; there the long, lank tobacco chewer from Indiana, with legs several inches too long for his pants, without boots, shoes or stockings, with his squirrel gun on his shoulder, ever on the look-out for his favorite game—squirrel—accompanied by a few native Suckers or Illinoisans.

Their arms and accoutrements were quite as dissimilar as their mounts and apparel. Every kind of fire-arms then to be had were scattered through these sixteen hundred mounted volunteers. Courage they had, and ability of the highest order, if under proper restraint and direction. Colonel James D. Henry was the only man among them who pretended to have had a military education or training. But he was merely a plebian and disciple of St. Crispin, and would never do to command or even drill Gubernatorial or Congressional material, and therefore Duncan, who was one of the three members of Congress, although making no pretense of having a military training or experience, was selected to command the column. The strong probability is that Mr. Duncan had less military knowledge than the Governor, for he had been out on several Indian excursions in the days when premiums were paid from the territorial treasury for Indian scalps,—like bounties on wolf scalps,—for it is a fact, disgraceful though it be to our noble State, that on the 24th day of December, 1814, being the very day the treaty of Ghent was concluded, our territorial Legislature, then in session at Kaskaskia, passed an act which was approved by Ninian Edwards, the territorial Governor, and became the law, entitled "An act to promote retaliation upon hostile Indians, and to encourage the bravery and enterprise of our fellow citizens."

Section 1 provided: "That when in such incursions into the settlements, the commission of murder or other depredations by Indians,—citizens, rangers, or other persons who shall make prisoners of, or kill such Indians, shall receive a reward for each Indian taken or killed, of fifty dollars,—if done by rangers or others enlisted in the defence of the country, twenty-five dollars only.

"Section 2. That any person, having obtained permission from a commanding officer on the frontier to go into the territory of hostile Indians, who shall kill a warrior, or take prisoner a squaw or a child, is entitled to a reward of \$100 for each warrior killed, or squaw or child taken prisoner.

"Section 3. That any party of rangers, not exceeding fifteen, who, on leave granted, make incursions into the country of hostile Indians, shall receive a reward of \$50 for each warrior killed, or squaw or child taken prisoner."

In point of being infamously proscriptive and unjustly discriminating, this law upon our statute stood at the head. It offered a premium for murder and a reward for crime, and discriminated between the murderers as well as the victims. Under the first section a private citizen was entitled to receive double the premium for killing an Indian that a ranger or enlisted soldier did for a like deed. Under section 2, any person who wanted to earn a hundred dollars, and at the same time wreak his spite on some poor Indian, by obtaining permission from a commanding officer on the frontier—some one-horse Captain or Lieutenant—could first kill his Indian and then get the permission to do the deed. He must kill the Indian or get no pay. They wanted no Indian warriors for prisoners. For a squaw or pappoose prisoner he got his blood money without spilling blood, but for the Indian not a cent, unless *dead*.

Section 3 offers a fifty dollar reward to each gang of less than fifteen rangers for each warrior *killed*, or squaw or pappoose captured. The Indians had to be killed or else they got no pay. The word *hostile* had no significance whatever. Every Indian was at that time treated as hostile. We have not had at our command the facilities of learning how long this infamous act stood upon the statute as the law, but presume it was repealed soon after the adoption of the Constitution of 1818, under which we were admitted as a State of the Union. With such a state of feeling existing as this law naturally inculcated and built up, are

we enabled to understand the deep feelings called to the surface by Governor Reynolds' circular letters and proclamation, that the hostile Indians, with Black Hawk, the British spy, at their head, were threatening the lives of the white pioneers of the Rock river country, near Rock Island, and sixteen hundred volunteers responded to the call for but seven hundred mounted volunteers.

At the time of the passage of this act the war between the United States and Great Britain had just closed, but the fact had probably not reached Kaskaskia, and Black Hawk and his band were substantially the only Indians within the borders of the then territory of Illinois, who had openly espoused the British side of the fight, hence the passage of this law was aimed and directed at the British band of Sauks, and was simply a bounty on Sauk scalps, like a State bounty on wolf scalps. Had Black Hawk, by way of retaliation, offered a reward of two ponies for each short-haired *Schemokeman's* scalp, and a like reward for each white woman or child captured by his braves, what a wail of righteous indignation would have welled forth from the "public criers,"—newspapers, pulpits and political meetings,—all over the territory, making "Rome howl" again, and red-skinned men would have been found lying around on the flat of their backs "as thick as blackberries." The reward of \$100 in those days was equal to \$1,000 now, to gain which Indians were slain in rapid succession,—to avenge which the Indians became aggressive, and *lex talionis* was the rule until the ratification of the treaty of Ghent was notified to the Indians, in 1815. In extenuation of the ill-judged haste of Governor Reynolds, in his calling out 700 and accepting 1,600, these facts should be considered.

CHAPTER XI.

Gen. Gaines holds a Council with Black Hawk, Keokuk and Wapello at Fort Armstrong, and visits Saukenuk, and declares that the Sauks are Peaceably inclined and would only fight in self-defence—Treaties of September 3, 1822, August 4 and 19, 1825.

"I directed my village crier to proclaim that my orders were in the event of the war chief coming to our village to remove us—that not a gun should be fired or any resistance offered. That if he determined to fight, for them to remain in their lodges and let him kill them if he chose."—BLACK HAWK.

Immediately after the receipt of Gov. Reynolds' letter of May 28, 1831, Gen. Gaines answered it, as before shown, June 3, informing him that he had all the forces he should need for the protection of the frontiers on Rock river, and dispatched an order on the commandant at Prairie Du Chien for four companies of United States regulars to report to him for duty at Fort Armstrong. Then chartering the steamboat Enterprise, he started from Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis, with six companies of United States troops, for Rock Island, and reached Fort Armstrong about the 6th of June, where he was met by the four companies from Prairie Du Chien, which, united with his six companies from the Barracks, and the garrison under Major Bliss at Fort Armstrong, formed an army of fully one thousand regulars, under command of such subaltern officers as Zachry Taylor, W. S. Harney, A. Sidney Johnson, Phillip Kearney, Robert Anderson, Jefferson Davis, and others, whose subsequent military fame place their names among the ablest captains of their age. This was the finest army that had ever been organized in the then far west. Well armed and thoroughly drilled, they were invincible as against the Indians, even though five-fold their number. But he found no hostile Indians there, and could hear of no hostilities having been committed in that locality. The larger portion of the Sauks under Keokuk, and all the Foxes, had moved west of the Mississippi the previous spring, while the remainder of the Sauks, under Black Hawk, were cultivating their lands and quietly pursuing peaceful habits and pursuits. Having come so far and made such preparations for war, Gen. Gaines

determined to cause the immediate removal of the Black Hawk band from the Illinois side of the Mississippi, not like Gov. Reynolds, "dead or alive," giving the preference to dead, but as he said, "peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must."

In pursuance of this determination, his first step was to try persuasion, and to that end invited the Head-men and Chiefs of the two nations, Sauks and Foxes, to meet him in conference at Fort Armstrong, on the 7th of June, 1831. Why he should have extended his request to Keokuk and Wapello, the former being head Chief of the Peace band of the Sauks, and the latter of the Foxes, whose bands were already west of the Mississippi, and had been for more than a year before that time, we are unable to fully explain, unless, perhaps, he desired their influence in persuading Black Hawk's band to follow them to their new homes on the Iowa river. Be this as it may, he did invite them and they were present at the conference, and their presence gave deep offense to Black Hawk and induced him to make a complete fool of himself and band. Keokuk and Black Hawk had been sharp rivals for nearly a score of years, which had culminated in a bitter enmity at that time, and Black Hawk, who had neither dissimulation or policy in his composition, had openly accused Keokuk with treachery to his race and nation, and arrant cowardice in trying to surrender the lands and village of the tribe to the United States under the Quashquamme treaty of 1804. Keokuk was the avowed and active friend of the white people, and therefore the old Chief looked upon him with about the same favor we look upon Benedict Arnold. Were we an Indian we would, doubtless, call Keokuk an out-and-out traitor; hence, from the Indian's standpoint, Black Hawk was perfectly right in his estimate of his rival, who was greatly his superior in diplomacy and cunning. Not comprehending or perceiving any reason for the presence of Keokuk or Wapello at the conference, at the fort, Black Hawk refused to enter it while they and their subaltern Chiefs were there. Naturally suspicious of these Chiefs he instinctively feared treachery. His conduct, however, on that occasion was anything but what it should have been. Instead of stating to General Gaines he did not desire to meet Keokuk or Wapello in council, because they had no interest in the matter in hand, and were his enemies, with whom he could not hold a council without doing violence to his feelings, he gathered together a large number of his braves and warriors, put them in war-paint, and armed them.

with lances, spears, war-clubs, bows and arrows, and at their head, singing war-songs, led them to the door of the fort and there demanded that Keokuk and Wapello, with their followers, should withdraw from the fort ere he would enter. This demand, strange to say, was acceded to, in part, by sending out the followers of the two hated Chiefs, but the Chiefs themselves were permitted to remain. When Black Hawk, with his blustering followers, had been admitted and seated, General Gaines said to them, according to Black Hawk's statement of the transaction as set forth in chapter V, that he had been sent there, by the President to remove them from the lands they had ceded under the Quashquamme treaty; that they had been several times notified to leave, but to no avail; that the President wished them well and asked nothing unreasonable from them, closing with the hope that the Indians would peaceably remove across the Mississippi. Black Hawk immediately replied to General Gaines, denying the sale of these lands, or the receipt of the annuities provided for in the treaty of 1804, and closed his speech with the words: "We are determined to hold on to our village."

These bold and defiant words aroused the General to something like displeasure or irritation, and having learned that the fiery-spirited old Indian who had uttered them was Black Hawk,—whose personal acquaintance he had never made and whose name was unfamiliar to his ear, since Black Hawk had been peaceable and quiet for nearly twenty years,—he sprang to his feet and asked, "who is Black Hawk?" The latter promptly replied, "I am a Sauk and my forefathers were Sauks, and all Indian nations call me a Sauk." General Gaines then told these Indians that he had not come there to beg or hire them to leave their village, but to remove them, and gave them two days in which to cross the Mississippi, assuring them that if within that time they did not go, he would adopt measures to force them away. That an old and remarkably intelligent Chief, like Black Hawk, should have acted in the foolishly offensive manner he did, before entering the fort to confer with General Gaines, is one of the inscrutable acts of this entire drama. To us, at this late day, it looks like the sheerest and most hollow braggadocio without the least excuse.

But Black Hawk did many things different from other mortals. He well knew that General Gaines not only had a sufficient military force to crush him and his band in a few moments, and that

at any moment he could capture him and his band and hold him and his entire followers prisoners, without firing a gun or using a bayonet. General Gaines showed more of the man in forbearing to resent this open insult than usually falls to the lot of human nature, and for once in his life he is entitled to great credit in refusing to do what almost any other commander would have done, under the circumstances,—scattered them with a charge of grape and cannister, or at least taken them all prisoners. He seemed to take no notice of it whatever, but proceeded with the business in hand, as though nothing unpleasant had happened, unless in the length of time he gave these Indians to move across the river. If he had not been irritated, it is fair to assume he would have given them a month, at least, to collect their band together, pack and move. Two days was an unreasonably short space of time for fifteen hundred people to get ready and move to another locality. Indeed, General Gaines cast a stigma not only upon his own good name, but upon the American people, in giving this unreasonably hard and oppressive order; but, fortunately, he did not try to enforce it, and probably never would have removed these poor, oppressed, robbed, and outraged people,—largely composed of women and children,—had it not been for the arrival, on the 25th, of Governor Reynolds' sixteen hundred mounted volunteers.

On the 9th of June, General Gaines, with a considerable force, went aboard the steamboat *Enterprise* and steamed down the Mississippi from Rock Island to the mouth of Rock river, and up that river to Saukenuk, having on board cannon and abundant ammunition. The two days time he had given the Indians to move west of the Mississippi were up, and he went prepared to enforce his order. Saukenuk, as shown by plate 3, was located along the north bank of Rock river, in the shape of a right-angled triangle, (∟) the shorter limb running down along the Rock river bank and the longer extending north towards Rock Island. The buildings were constructed of bark and their palisades of brush; hence, they would have been about as effective against cannonballs as a June frost against a July sun. General Gaines passed along up Rock river, above Saukenuk without meeting the least resistance or hostile demonstration. Indeed, his appearance there, with his large military force and steamboat, failed to attract any special attention. Even the Indian children, who were playing along the river bank, were not driven from their trivial plays by

this strange sight. This stoicism is explained by the language at the head of this chapter. Black Hawk, under the advice of Winnesheik, the Prophet, had fully determined to play the part of injured innocence, so as to arouse the public sympathy of the American people; fully comprehending that the murder of a few Indian women and children would produce a storm of indignation throughout the entire country, he issued strict orders that under no condition of facts or circumstances should a gun be fired or resistance offered to the military force of the United States, even though they should be attacked by the soldiers. The coming of General Gaines to Saukenuk was by no means a surprise to these Indians, who had their sentinels and runners so stationed as to be posted in every move made by him, and his intention to ascend Rock river was doubtless signaled and heralded soon after he left the fort. Having met no resistance and seeing no armed Indians either on his route to or at Saukenuk, General Gaines ran by the village, on up the river, to a point near Black Hawk's watch tower, where his boat struck bottom and hung fast. Here he was detained for an hour or more and had to lighten up by his soldiers taking to the water and applying their shoulders to the gunwales ere the boat swung clear of the rapids.

In the mean time many of the soldiers went ashore, passed and repassed through Saukenuk without molestation or insult, but on the contrary were received with a hearty welcome, invited into the hodenosotes, and food and drink set before them. Having spent the greater portion of the day at and near Saukenuk, Gen. Gaines and his force returned to the fort by the route they had gone, and in his official dispatch to the Secretary of War, he said: "I was confirmed in the opinion that whatever might have been their hostile feelings, they were resolved to abstain from the use of their tomahawks and fire-arms, except in self-defence. Their village is immediately on Rock river, and so situated that I could from the steamboat destroy all their bark houses (the only kind of house they have) in a few minutes with the force now with me, probably without the loss of a man. But I am resolved to abstain from firing a shot without some bloodshed or some manifest attempt to shed blood on the part of the Indians." In a later communication he says: "I have already induced nearly one-third of them to cross the Mississippi to their own land. The residue, however, say, as the friendly chiefs report, that they never will move, and what is very uncommon, the

women urge their hostile husbands to fight rather than to move, and thus abandon their homes." Why Gen. Gaines should use the words "hostile husbands" in this dispatch, after stating that he was confirmed in the opinion that they would not use a tomahawk or gun, except in self-defence, we cannot clearly understand.* From this dispatch it appears that he had succeeded in coaxing nearly one third of these Indians to move over the Mississippi, and had he have further stated that the greatest of all reasons for their desire to be permitted to remain that season was to cultivate and garner their growing crops, we should be able to see clearly that to avoid the dread calamities of war with the United States they would have yielded up the possession of everything near and dear, save life, if permitted to remain long enough for their growing crops to mature. They clearly saw that to be forced into a new country at that time of the year must result in hunger, starvation and death.

This was by no means a pleasing picture for the contemplative mind of the old General, of whom Black Hawk said: "I felt conscious that this great War Chief would not hurt our people.

* * * His manly conduct and soldierly deportment, his mild yet energetic manner, which proved his bravery, forbade it.' General Gaines was a thoroughbred soldier, and like all truly brave men had a kindly heart and active sympathy for suffering and misery; and had he not been led on by the Old Ranger, who seems to have been born to make mischief and trouble, the strong probability is that all the difficulties between these unfortunate and shamefully treated Indians and the United States would have been peacefully and amicably adjusted, and the full possession of their lands east of the Mississippi surrendered up without bloodshed within a few short months, if Governor Reynolds could only have been muzzled or spanceled, so as to have kept him from "sloshing 'round" generally, without the least provocation or justification.

He boastingly says, in "My Own Times": "I was well acquainted with the people, and knew, I thought, the manner in which to approach them. If I made the call on the volunteers and none turned out, I was a disgraced Governor. In order to effect the speedy assemblage of the troops, I called on none south of St. Clair or east of Sangamon Counties, taking those nearest the place of rendezvous. I had printed extracts from the petitions

*He probably used the word *hostile* for *obstinate*.

sent me, and *depositions* circulated throughout the country, showing the situation of affairs at the Sac village. Moreover, I made *private* and *public* speeches to the masses, showing the necessity for the call on the troops, and urging the people and my *friends* to turn out for the defense of the frontier. The *warm* feelings of the late *election* for Governor had not yet *died away*, and my *electioneering* friends converted their *electioneering fever into the military*, which was a powerful lever in the *crusade* for Rock Island. When a call is made on the militia the number that will volunteer cannot be exactly ascertained before meeting at the place of rendezvous. * * * Another great responsibility forced itself on me, which was to procure military stores and provisions for that army, the number of which could not be ascertained at the commencement. This expedition, thus far, was on my own responsibility, and perhaps the general Government would not approve of it." He then states that he wrote General Clark and General Gaines, etc., and continues: "I stated, further, that I would move against said tribe of Indians, and as Executive of the State, respectfully requested his co-operation in this business. General Gaines was then at Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis, and on the 29th inst. answered my letter, by saying: 'I do not deem it necessary or proper to require militia or any other description of force other than the regular army at this place and Prairie Du Chien to protect the frontiers.' Both General Gaines and Governor Clark disapproved of my raising troops to move the hostile Indians over the river. * * * I urged on the levying of the troops."

Belleville, the residence of Gov. Reynolds, lies but a few miles from Jefferson Barracks and St. Louis, on the east side of the Mississippi. Gov. Reynolds could have personally called on both Gen. Gaines and Gov. Clark, leaving home in the morning and returning in the evening of the same day. Gen. Gaines was the commander of all the United States troops of the Mississippi Valley, while Gov. Clark was the General Superintendent of Indian Affairs of the United States. These facts being known to Gov. Reynolds, and that he did so understand, is admitted by him, or he would not have written them as such—to one on the 27th and the other on the 28th of May—is it not a little singular, if not suspicious, that during the few weeks he says he passed of intense feeling in relation to his duty, that he did not personally see one or both of these high Government officials, or correspond with them on the subject of his intense feeling. The presumption is very strong that he did not desire to know the true condition of affairs on Rock river, but was thirsting for an opportunity

to manifest his declared intention of removing the Indians dead or alive across the Mississippi, and determined that he would not allow the glory of that achievement to be divided with anybody. So fixed and resolute was he in his determination to accomplish his end that he disregarded the opinions of Gen. Gaines and Gov. Clark, or, in a word, he set at defiance the United States Government, and waged an unjust and unjustifiable war against an unoffending people upon their own lands, while living on and peaceably tilling them; by which act, Dogberry-like, he wrote himself down "an ass," and a vicious one at that.

He further says, in justification of his usurpation of power, "Black Hawk and his band were not in fear of the regular soldiers. The regular army could not move with enough celerity to strike terror into the hearts of the Indians. Moreover, the Indians dreaded the backwoods white men. They knew the volunteers were their natural enemies, and would destroy them on all occasions." That raw militia are preferable to regular soldiers is simply a Reynoldsism, and shows his bitter feeling towards the Indian race, and that he considered they were entitled to no better standing than wolves or rabid dogs,—to be shot on sight. Had they been entitled to vote he doubtless would have been willing to permit them to remain forever—if they would vote for Jackson and Reynolds. On the subject of voting he was extremely careful to keep on the popular side. But let it not be inferred that Gov. Reynolds had no redeeming traits in his character. On the contrary, he had many,—among which were fidelity to his friends, strict integrity, energy and a genial disposition. He was a warm friend, good citizen, and kind to the poor.

The object of Joshua Vandruff, in going to see Governor Reynolds at his home in Belleville, was, of course, known to all those who had united in his petition for the immediate removal of the Black Hawk band from their homes and farms, and they also fully appreciated the fact that they needed stronger and more clearly defined acts of hostility, or so-called outrages, on the part of these Indians to justify the charges as set forth in their petitions. Hence they were resolved to be equal to the occasion, and therefore organized themselves into a company under the leadership of B. F. Pike, as before stated. Since this company did not report to General Gaines or Governor Reynolds for duty, and took no part in the expulsion of these Indians June 26, 1831, the strong

probability is that the sole object and aim in their inception was to make such a concerted effort to annoy and irritate these Indians as would force them to the committal of some overt act of hostility by way of retaliation. Be this as it may, the aggressions on the rights and property of the Indians by the white settlers at Saukenuk, after the departure of Mr. Vandruff, on his mission of vengeance, were ten times more aggravated than ever before. They took possession of the cultivated lands of the Sauks everywhere—even the patches which their squaws had planted; and had come up and were growing nicely, they took by force, and plowed up, their growing corn and planted it over in a different way, burning down their bark houses, tearing down and changing their fences, beating their squaws and papooses for the most trivial, and frequently imaginary, offences. To such an extent did they plan and execute petty and serious outrages against the Indians that they aroused the old Chief almost to fury. Fortunately, however, he did not resort to the tomahawk and scalping-knife, but personally called on the principal white men and told them that such treatment could no longer be endured by his people, and to avoid serious difficulty he could see no other way than for the white people to leave Saukenuk and the improved lands of the Sauks at once, and therefore ordered them to leave by the middle of the next day.

The white people now seeing that Black Hawk had been badgered until he had become dangerous, all left except Rinnah Wells, whose family was large and he was very poor. Mr. Wells appealed to the magnanimity of the old Chief not in vain, for Black Hawk was brave and therefore humane, since the latter follows the former as surely as spring follows winter. Mr. Wells was permitted to remain and cultivate his crops then growing. This notification was given by Black Hawk but a few days before the arrival at the fort of General Gaines with his ten companies of United States troops; hence the white settlers had a first outrage to harp upon—that they had just been driven away from their homes and growing crops by this “old British spy”—Black Hawk. That the fiery Black Hawk could and did not only restrain his own passions, under the terrible strain brought to bear on them by these outrages, but also hold in check the naturally revengeful feelings, of his entire band so as to avoid actual collision and murder, was a marvel. In long suffering and heroic forbearance it challenges a parallel in the history of the world.

How and by what means he did this noble work is an absolute wonder. But that he did it is an undisputed fact, and shows the almost absolute power and influence he held and exercised over the will-power and passions of his band. Though robbed of their land, beaten and oppressed in a multitude of ways, they were held under such complete subjection as to stay their hands from the tomahawk, spear or scalping-kife. In no solitary case did an Indian make an assault upon a white aggressor, or defend himself when attacked by the whites by the use of a weapon; not even the white man's natural ones—his fists—since the Indian never learned the manly art of self-defense, or to defend or attack with his clenched hands or fists. But in accomplishing this great end Black Hawk had a deep plan which had, doubtless, been seconded, if not suggested, by the shrewd, cunning and very intelligent Winnesheik or White Cloud, better known as the Prophet, who was the confidential adviser and intimate friend of the old Chief, who says that during these troubles constant communication was kept up between them, and there can be no doubt but Black Hawk relied more upon the Prophet for counsel and advice during all his difficulties with the white people than all other sources combined. He, though living at his village, some thirty-three miles up Rock river from Saukenuk, was consulted before any important step was taken.

Before examining the character and counsel of Winnesheik, we would clear up and remove a little rubbish placed in our path, by the earlier writers upon our subject, viz. : the so-called treaties of affirmance of the Quashquamme treaty of 1804 by that of September 3, 1822, which was simply a modification of article 9 of the treaty of November 3, 1804, accepting one thousand dollars in goods in place of establishing a Government trading-house, and is signed by Thomas Forsythe, on the part of the United States, and Keokuk, Quashquamme, Pashapaho and Themue, on the part of the Sauks, and by Mucketenanamake, Wesawakee, Wapello and Nolo, on the part of the Foxes. This may be considered as a *quasi* reaffirmation of the Quashquamme treaty, but it is executed by but seven Indians, five of whom only were Chiefs, and fails to assert that these Chiefs were authorized or empowered by their respective nations to make such change, compact or agreement. The second is that of August 4, 1825. Omitting the preamble, this treaty is as follows:

“Article 1. The Sack and Fox tribes, or nations of Indians, by their deputations in counsel assembled, do hereby agree, in

consideration of certain sums of money, etc., to be paid to the said Sock and Fox tribes by the Government of the United States, as hereinafter stipulated, to cede and forever quit-claim, and do, in behalf of these said tribes or nations, hereby cede, relinquish and forever quit-claim unto the United States all right, title, interest and claim to the lands which the said Sock and Fox tribes have or claim within the limits of the State of Missouri, which are situated, lying and being between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and a line running from the Mississippi, at the entrance of Kansas river, north one hundred miles to the north-west corner of the State of Missouri, and from thence east to the Mississippi.

“ Article 2. The Chiefs and Head-men, who sign this convention for themselves and in behalf of their tribes, do acknowledge the lands east and south of the line described in the first article, so far as the Indians claimed the same, to belong to the United States, and that none of these tribes shall be permitted to settle or hunt upon any part of it after the first day of January, 1826, without special permission from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

“ Article 3. It is hereby stipulated and agreed on the part of the United States, as a full consideration for the claims and lands ceded by the Sock and Fox tribes, in the first article, there shall be paid to the Sock and Fox nations, within the present year, one thousand dollars in cash or merchandize, and, in addition to the annuities stipulated to be paid to the Sock and Fox tribes by a former treaty, (November 3, 1804) the United States do agree to pay to said Sock tribe five hundred dollars, and to the Fox tribe five hundred dollars annually, for the term of ten succeeding years, and to pay to Morice Blandeau five hundred dollars, it being a debt due by the said Fox nation to him for property taken from him during the late war.”

(Signed)

“ WILLIAM CLARK.

“ PASHA-PA-HO, or stabber,
KAH-KA-CHAI, all fish
WAH-KU-CHAI, crouching eagle,
KEE-O-KUK, watchful fox,
KAH-KU-KAI-MAIK, always fish,
SAH-CAL-O-QUAIT, rising cloud,

on behalf of the Sauks, and by

“ KAI-MAH, the bear,
KU-PAL-E-QUA, white-nosed fox,
PEE-A-MUSH-KA, the fox winding his horn,
KEE-SHE-O-WA, the sun.”

Thus it will be seen that there is no kind of reaffirmation of the Quashquamme treaty of 1804. It is alluded to simply to distinguish the newly-provided annuities for the new purchase. But there is another treaty of Prairie du Chien of August 19, 1825, to which the earlier writers refer as a reaffirmation of the Quashquamme treaty of 1804.

This was a treaty, as stated in the preamble, to fix the boudary lines between the Sioux and Chippewas, Sauks and Foxes, Menoninees, Ioways, Sioux, Winnebagoes, and a portion of the Ottawa, Chippewa and Pottawatomie tribes, William Clark and General Cass representing the United States as Commissioners Plenipotentiary, etc.

“Article 1. There shall be a firm and perpetual peace between the Sioux and Chippewas, between the Sioux and confederated tribes of Socs and Foxes and between the Ioways and Sioux.

“Article 2. It is agreed between the confederated tribes of the Socs and Foxes and the Sioux that the line between their respective countries shall be as follows: Commencing at the mouth of the upper Iowa river, on the west bank of the Mississippi and ascending the said Iowa river to its left fork; thence up that fork to its source; thence crossing the fork of Red Cedar river in a direct line to the second or upper fork of the Des Moines river, and thence in a direct line to the lower fork of the Calumet river, and down that river to its junction with the Mississippi river.

“Article 3. The Ioways accede to the arrangement between the Socs and Foxes and the Sioux, but it is agreed between the Ioways and confederated tribes of the Socs and Foxes that the Ioways have a just claim to a portion of the country between the boundary lines described in the next preceding article, and the Missouri and Mississippi, and that the said Ioways and Socs and Foxes shall peaceably occupy the same until some satisfactory arrangement can be made between them for a division of their respective claims to the country.”

The interest of the Sauks is not touched again until the 7th article, which is:

“Article 7. It is agreed between the Winnebagoes and the Sioux, Socs and Foxes, Chippewas and Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawattamies, of the the Illinois, that the Winnebagoes' country shall be bounded as follows: Southeasterly by Rock river, from its source near the Winnebago lake, to the Winnebago village,

about fifty miles above its mouth; westerly by the east line of the tract lying upon the Mississippi, herein secured to the Ottawa, Chippewa and Pottawattamie Indians; and also by the high bluff described in the Sioux boundary, and running north of Black river; from this point to the Winnebagoes' claim; up Black river to a point due west from the source of the left fork of the Ouisconsin; thence to the source of said fork and down the same to the Ouisconsin; thence down the Ouisconsin to the Portage, and across the Portage to Fox river; thence down Fox river to Winnebago lake and to the grand Kaukolin, including in the claim the whole of Winnebago lake. * * *

“Article 9. The country of the Ottawa, Chippewa and Pottawattamie tribes of Indians is bounded as follows: Beginning at the Winnebago village, on Rock river, forty miles from its mouth, and running thence down Rock river to a line which runs from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, and with that line to the Mississippi, opposite Rock Island; thence up that river to the United States reservation at the mouth of the Ouisconsin; thence with the south and east lines of said reservation to the Ouisconsin; thence southerly, passing the heads of the small streams emptying into the Mississippi to Rock river at the Winnebago village. The Illinois Indians also have a just claim to a portion of the country, bounded south by the Indian boundry line aforesaid, running from the south extreme of Lake Michigan east, by Lake Michigan, north by the Menominee country, and northeast by Rock river. This claim is recognized in the treaty concluded with the said Illinois tribes, at St. Louis, August 24, 1816; but, as the Milwaukee and Manitaupwalk bands are not represented at this council, it cannot be adjudged.

“Article 10. All the aforesaid tribes acknowledge the general controlling-power of the United States, and disclaim all dependence upon, and connection with, any other power; and the United States agree to, and recognize the preceding boundaries, subject to limitations and restrictions before provided.”

There are five more articles fixing the manner of settling subsequent disputed boundary lines, etc.

(Signed)

WILLIAM CLARK,
LEWIS CASS.

WABASHA, or the leaf, and twenty-five other Sioux Chiefs; CORIMINE, or the turtle that walks, and other Winnebago Chiefs; MACAN-META, or medicine bear, and nine other Menominee Chiefs;

SHA-A-TA, and forty-two other Chippewa Chiefs; CHABONEZ, or CHAMBLY, and SHAU-FAU-WICK, or the mink, Ottawa Chiefs; IGNOCE, KEO-KUK, CHE-CHAU-QUOSE, or the little crane, and TAW-WA-NO-NEE, or the trader, Pottawattamie Chiefs; and on behalf of the Sauks, NO-O-TUK, the stabbing chief; PISHKU-AU-NEE, or all fish; POKO-NAU-QUA, or broken arm; WAU-CAU-CHE, or eagle nose; QUASH-KAUME, or jumping fish; O-CHO-ACK, or the fisher; KEOKUK, or the watchful fox; SKIN-GWIN-EE-SEE, or the rattler; WAS-OR-WIS-KEE-NO, or the yellow bird; PAU-KO-TUK, or the open sky; AU-KOAK-WAN-E-SUK, or he that vaults on the earth; MUK-EE-TOOK-WAN-WET and MIS-KEE-BEE, or the standing hair.

Foxes.—"WAUBELAW, the playing fox; TI-A-MAH, the bear that makes the rocks shake; PEE-OR-MAS-KEE, the jumping sturgeon; SHOG-WA-WATEK-WISA, the thunder that is heard all over the world; MIS-O-WIN, moose deer horn; NO-KO-WAT, the down of fur; NAUSA-WA-QUET, the bear that sleeps on the forks; SHIN-QUEN-IS, the rattler; O-TO-PU-AU or MACHI-PAHATO, the bear; KUSIS, the sun; NO-WAUK, he that gives too little; KUN-KA-MATE, NEE-WAN, KATUCK-E-KUN-KA, the fox with a spotted breast; MOCK-TO-BAC-TAGUN, black tobacco and WES-KESA, the bear family."

Iowas.—"ME-HAS-KA, the white cloud; WA-HOO-GA, the owl," and six others.

Thus does it appear that, instead of these Indians reaffirming or ratifying the Quashquamme treaty of 1804, the United States, by this treaty, not only *acknowledge* that the territory occupied by them on the 19th of August, 1825, lying east of the Mississippi and below the Winnebago village, forty miles up Rock river, belonged to the Sauk and Fox tribes, *but agree to protect and defend them in their possession thereof.* Under the 7th and 9th articles of this treaty the boundary lines of the Sauks and Foxes, and the Winnebagoes, Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawattamies, *are clearly established as claimed by Black Hawk and his band,* and it further shows that in defining the boundary lines between the Indians named therein, the *United States paid no attention, whatever, to the boundary lines contained in the Quashquamme treaty of November 3, 1804; but, on the contrary, they utterly ignored that treaty and tore it "limb from gudgeon."* The treaty of 1804 pretended to cede all Illinois between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers below the mouth of the Wisconsin river, on the north, and Fox river of the Illinois, *and by this treaty of August 19, 1825, the United States, by implication at least, confess that of 1804 was a fraud.*

CHAPTER XII.

Winneshiek, or White Cloud and his dreams of Peace—Mattatas' Daughter and her Mission—Black Hawk's last Hope departs, and with it he and his Band hastily prepare to leave Saukenuk.

Though dark the day and dismal be the night,
 Though friends forsake and fortune take her flight,
 Though disappointments come like showering hail,
 Though hunger pinch, and racking pains assail,
 The Angel Hope, still nestles in the breast,
 Whispering,—hope on, e'n yet you may be blessed,



WINNESHEIK.

LIKE the Israelites of old, these Indians had their Elijahs, Elishas and Daniels in whom they placed implicit confidence as prophets and foretellers of coming events. Winneshiek, their then Prophet, was a love-child and son of a Sauk chief, by a beautiful Winnebago squaw. Born in the Winnebago village, on Rock river, in 1490, and sometimes known by the names Wabo-ke-shiek, and Opee-ke-shiek; he was acknowledged and recognized as a Prophet by all the surrounding Indian tribes, and universally respected by them. In compliance with tribal laws,—unqualified by other circumstances,—he was a Winnebago Indian because his mother was such, and the gens always ran in the female line to the extent of expatriating the husband from his tribe, in the event of marrying a squaw of another tribe. But in the case of Winneshiek's parents there was no pretense of a marriage,—even a morganic or left-handed one,—his birth being the offspring of an amour. Following the Indian law,—which is in many respects a good one,—as soon as young Winneshiek was old enough to wean, his

mother took him to Saukenuk and left him at the lodge of his grandmother on the father's side. The father being unmarried, his mother became at once the natural guardian of, and was bound for the support and education of her son's illegitimate child. We say education, with a full understanding of the meaning of that word, in its most comprehensive sense, excluding book learning only. Possessed of robust health and phenomenal intelligence, Winnesheik was a universal favorite among his father's nation. His youthful, vigorous mind seemed to comprehend everything he either saw or heard, even to the most occult. Unlike the youth of his own age, he cared little or nothing about woodcraft or trailing, hunting or fishing, but when in the company of the sooth-sayers, big medicines and orators, he never wearied.

He had no youthful companions, for his tastes and pursuits were far above those of his age. He was a student of nature in its higher plane, and grew apace to great eminence for his wisdom. Kindly-hearted, courteous, generous and noble in his nature, he spent his time and talent in deeds of charity. On reaching his majority he located where Prophetstown, Whiteside county, now stands, being in the Sauk country, but near the dividing line between the territories of the Sauks and Winnebagoes, where he soon collected around him quite a following of Sauks and Winnebagoes, and formed a kind of religious village, known then, as now, as Prophetstown. By nature dignified and reserved, he inspired men of less ability than he, with a kind of awe, mixed with admiration and veneration. Though of faultless form and figure, he was decidedly coarse-featured and homely. His mouth was very large, lips thick, nose short, eyes full and protruding, and heavy head of hair.

Like all homely men and pretty women, he was ornate in dress and profuse in personal adornments. His hair hung down over his shoulders and back several feet long. On certain occasions he had it done up in a kind of white turban. His hunting-shirt and leggings were of spotless white dressed deer-skins, ornately trimmed and fringed. He was an incessant smoker, in which pernicious habit he was the champion of his age, notwithstanding the fact that he never tasted the fragrant aroma of a fine Spanish cigar before he "swung 'round the circle," as a prisoner with Black Hawk, in 1833, but was perfectly contented with killickinick and his enormous pipe, whose stem was fully

three feet long, ornamented with the beautiful feathers from the neck of the Mallard drake, with a fan made of eagle's feathers near the middle of the stem, and the whole stem was literally encased in highly-colored assorted beads of various hues.

What Elskwa-ta-wa, Olli-way-shila, or Olee-way-cha-ca—for the Shawnee Prophet bore all these names—was to Tecumseh, or couchant tiger, and the Shawnees, Winnesheik, Wabo-ke-sheik, Opee-sheik, or white cloud, was to Black Hawk and his band of Sauks—their evil genius—though unintentionally so, from errors in judgment. Nearly, if not quite, every writer upon this subject, has fallen into an error, and charged the whole difficulty to the Prophet's bad advice and vicious action. After the most careful examination of all the advice and every act of Winnesheik, we fail to find any tangible proof that he was the instigator, aider or abettor of any act of hostility, on the part of Black Hawk or his band; but, on the contrary, he urged and insisted that under no provocation should the Indians become the aggressors. He seems to have erroneously relied upon the justice of the Indian cause being so apparent, that the great mass of the white people of the United States could not and would not fail to see and duly appreciate it, and, by force of public opinion, right the Indians' wrongs. Having studied human nature in its native state, as he found it among the Indian races, he estimated the white man's nature by the same rules he used for the red man's,—little comprehending that superior intelligence, unless very superior, was no assurance of liberality or equity,—that the human heart, under a white skin, may contain more genuine cussedness, than an Indian's. In assuming the character of a prophet, Winnesheik, like all other humbugs, put on a large amount of dignity and pomposity, mingled with mysterious action and conduct; for there is a certain degree of charm in every secret act, and the Indian, like his white brother, takes kindly to humbug—they love it—and, when coupled with the mysterious, they flock to it like the ignorant white people to the fortune-teller, for that is what is meant by the word prophet among the Indians. He was a mere fortune-teller or sooth-sayer, whose person and movements were surrounded with a kind of halo of mystery. This drew to him, quite a following of what might be classified under the name of religious enthusiasts or apostles.

He never went upon the war-path nor chase; yet he was ever busy, concocting some new theory, humbug, or scheme, to increase his reputation and power, and when matured, he enforced

it alike by his rhetorical powers, which were superior, and his dignified manner and deportment. By such means united with a large outlay of cheap kinds of charity, he gained a wonderful hold upon the confidence and respect, yes, admiration, of the Indians, including the old chief, Black Hawk, who was a firm believer in spiritual communications with the Great Spirit through the instrumentality of dreams, and visions. Winnesheik had his entire confidence, and to a large extent, dictated and controlled his thoughts and actions, from the fall of 1830, to the close of the war in 1832.

When General Gaines came from Jefferson Barracks, in the early part of June, 1831, to Fort Armstrong, Black Hawk, upon receiving the information of his being *en route* thither, called upon the Prophet, with the news, and solicited his advice in the premises. Winnesheik, like the humbug trance mediums of the present time, told him that he could not advise him what would be best for him to do, until he had consulted the Great Spirit; that he should come back to his lodge the next morning, and in the meantime, he would commune with the spirit land, and be prepared by that time to tell him what course he should pursue. Having first feasted upon a choice piece of a well fattened dog, without which no Indian prophet could expect to effect a spiritual communication, he retired to his bed, where he doubtless cogitated the matter over and over, and viewed the fact of the coming to Rock Island of a large military force, in all its bearings, and was ready with his pretended divine instruction when the anxious old chief put in his appearance the next morning. On his entering the holy sanctum of the Prophet, he was told by this nuncio of the mysterious one that he had been dreaming and saw nothing bad in the coming of the Great War Chief, General Gaines, who was then near Rock Island. That his object was merely to frighten the Indians from their village and farm lands, so the white people might get them for nothing, and assured him that General Gaines would not, and dare not, hurt any of the Indians, because the United States were then at peace with the British, and when that peace was concluded, the British had demanded that the United States should not interfere with, or molest, any Indian Nation while they were peaceably inclined to the government and people of the United States, and that the United States Government had agreed to this, and that said agreement became, and was, a part of the treaty between the

United States and Great Britain. That being so, he told Black Hawk that all he and his band had to do, in order to retain their farms and village site, was to positively refuse any and every offer General Gaines might submit to him, relative to the surrender of their lands to the white people.

In view of all the facts and circumstances connected with this entire subject, as set forth in the preceding chapters, to use a trite Hoosier expression, "there was a heap of good horse-sense" in this dream. It struck the nail square on the head. Fortified by this, to him, divine advice, Black Hawk returned to Saukenuk, to find that General Gaines, with his large army, had reached Fort Armstrong, and had summoned him to a council to be held at the Indian Agency, on Rock Island, the next day.

The result of this council is given in the last chapter, General Gaines knew nothing of the feelings existing between Black Hawk and Keokuk before the assembling of this council, and the wonder is that he did not put Black Hawk and his blustering braves and warriors under arrest. But he forbore, and by doing so, showed that he was a man of dignity and even temper. Black Hawk, however, was but following the advice of the Prophet,—except in going to the council with a strong escort in war-paint and partially armed,—in refusing to surrender up the lands of his nation, and immediately moving across the Mississippi. Returning to Saukenuk, Black Hawk again repaired to the Prophet's town to report the results of the council, and seek further light and advice from his oracle, the Prophet, and informed him of all that had transpired at the council, together with General Gaines' order for them to move across the Mississippi in two days, or he would adopt measures to force them away. Thereupon Winnesheik informed him "that he had again been dreaming, and the Great Spirit had directed that a woman, the daughter of Mattatas, the old Chief of the village,* should take a stick in her hand and go before the war chief,† and tell him that she was the daughter of Mattatas, and that he had always been the white man's friend; that he had fought their battles, been wounded in their service, and had always spoken well of them, and she had never heard him say that he had sold their village; the whites are numerous and can take it from us if they choose, but she hoped

*Alcalde, or Mayor.

†General Gaines.

they would not be so unfriendly; if they were, she had one favor to ask, she wished her people to be allowed to remain long enough to gather their provisions now growing in their fields; that she was a woman and had worked hard to raise something to support her children; and now if they were driven from their village without being allowed to save their corn, many of their little children would perish with hunger."

If this looks like advising hostility and war, we may well ask what stronger argument for peace could have been made. In beauty of conception and delicacy of presenting this appeal to the American people to remember the noble deeds done by Mattatas in their behalf, and the nobler feelings of the human heart, and sympathy for suffering, helpless innocence,—women and children,—we know of no finer act and deed, if indeed, a parallel.

The daughter of Mattatas, we are assured by persons still living who knew her intimately and well, was the most beautiful and highly respected of her sex in the entire nation. She accepted the mission as a duty, though a severe one. Putting on her simple but best attire, with a smooth, white rod in her hand, accompanied by a few young Indians, she went to the Fort and readily gained an audience with Gen. Gaines, to whom she made her appeal as directed by the Prophet. When she spoke of the hardship and labor performed by the Indian women in preparing the soil, planting and cultivating their corn, she placed her hand on the small of her back accompanying the act, with the remark that such hard labor made their poor backs ache. Having first appealed to the gratitude due her aged father from the white people for his devotion to them, and of the wounds he had received and blood he had shed in fighting their battles, she flattered the General by admitting that he had the power to drive her band away, and take their lands if he so desired; she then made a most powerful appeal to his nobler feelings of humanity and pity, for the helpless women and children, in view of their inevitable suffering from hunger if their growing crops were taken from them, winding up with the request that if they must go from their lands and homes, they might have a few months' time for their crops to mature and be gathered. How easy to grant, and how important to these poor Indians! How General Gaines could have steeled his heart against this fervid appeal, is a mystery. Unavailing were all her appeals. Even that she was a mother, and had

labored with her own hands to the full extent of her strength, until her back was nearly broken, to raise corn, beans and squashes for the support of her children, who would perish from hunger if she did not realize from the crop she had planted. "Niobe, all in tears," begging for her children, and like Mark Anthony "pointing to the wounds of the dead Cæsar," she pointed to the wounds of her sire; the Head-man of her people, eloquently appealing for sympathy, or at least a short forbearance in the execution of his threat. But all in vain.

Gen. Gaines was a soldier who knew no duty beyond obeying the orders of his superiors in rank, without asking the whys or wherefores. While listening to her fervent appeals courteously, he declined to grant her request or to give her the least ground to hope for relief. He told her "that he had not been sent there by the President to make treaties, or hold councils with women." He offered her and her children a home and food at the fort, and assured her that as the representative of the people of the United States, he was grateful to her father for the services he had rendered and the blood he had shed in their behalf, but his duty was clear, and left him no choice to exercise. That duty was to remove the Black Hawk band to the west side of the Mississippi. It were a vain task on her part to represent to him that she was no Delilah, sent by her tribe to the fort of this Samson, to discover the secrets of his strength for the purpose of his destruction, but on the contrary, her mission was that of "mercy whose quality is not strained, but droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." Had even her last request been granted, which was simply permission to the Sauks to remain long enough — say four or five months — to mature and garner their growing crops, the strong probability is that Black Hawk and his band would have quietly removed from Saukenuk, and made their homes thereafter west of the Mississippi, and thereby avoided the war, with all its losses and horrors. But such was not to be the case. Black Hawk says, upon the failure of this mission: "All our plans were defeated. We must cross the river, or return to our village, and await the coming of the war chief with his soldiers. We determined on the latter, but finding that our agent, interpreter, trader, and Keokuk were determined on breaking my ranks, and had induced several of my warriors to cross the Mississippi, I sent a deputation to the agent, at the request of my band, pledging myself to leave the country in the fall, provided permission was given us to remain

and secure our crop of corn, then growing, as we would be in a starving situation if we were driven off without means of subsistence. The deputation returned, with an answer from the war chief, that no further time would be given than that specified, and that if we were not then gone, he would remove us." A most reasonable request, and easily granted,—that, too, without injury to a living soul; and had not the really evil genius of all this trouble—Gov. Reynolds—put in an appearance on the immediate scene of action, it probably would have been granted by Gen. Gaines, despite what he had said about his orders from the President. The old chief adds: "I now resolved to remain in my village and make no resistance, if the military came, but submit to my fate. I impressed the importance of this course upon all my band, and directed them, in case the military came, not to raise an arm against them."

Thus it is clearly established that no matter what may have been the advice of Winnesheik, Black Hawk was for peace, and willing to compromise all difficulties as best he could, and, at all hazards, avoid war, which he well knew would prove fatal to the Indians. Yet he felt—yea, knew—that the United States had no legal right to the lands of his tribe, and certainly no equitable right or title therein. In view of these facts, let no one say Black Hawk sought to levy war against the United States in 1831. What he did in 1832, will hereafter appear in its proper place. Thus failed this last effort at a peaceful and amicable settlement of the difficulties. To these poor and frightened Indians every hope was gone, while everything around them was draped in dark foreboding colors. Even the bright-winged angel, Hope, for a time deserted them, and the dark mantle of despair "encompassed them round about." They must either peaceably leave their homes and crops and at once cross the Mississippi, or wait and be removed at the point of federal bayonets. The former seemed an impossibility, while the latter was to be dreaded like certain death. 'Twould be difficult to place 1,500 people in a more dreadful condition than were these Indians, composed of men, women and children, on that occasion, and all this without any intended wrong on their part. Armed resistance, if ever thought of by them, was simply out of the question, for they had neither men, arms, ammunition or supplies. Even though they had been armed and equipped for war, their number of braves and warriors were but a mere bagatelle as compared or pitted against fully one

thousand of as fine troops as ever met on a battlefield. Gen. Gaines could have crushed them out of existence without losing a man. A few discharges of grape and cannister from his heavy guns would have swept their brush pallisades and bark houses to the four winds. This Black Hawk fully comprehended. Hence, armed resistance was not for a moment entertained by him. He was every inch a soldier and commander, Indian though he was, as well as a fine judge of human nature, and having seen and conversed with Gen. Gaines, he saw at a glance that he was brave, and therefore merciful.

The shrewd cunning and fine judgment of the Prophet, under the guise of spiritual communications with the Great Spirit, through the medium of dreams, attract our special attention and challenge our admiration. Discarding any and all belief in spiritual communications, though in so doing we may be termed an unbeliever or misbeliever of the teachings of the Holy Scriptures, we find in this so-called Indian Prophet great ability united with a fine knowledge of human nature, coupled with reasoning powers worthy of a Plato. In his first dream he investigated the legal force and effect of, together with the logical conclusions deducible from, the so-called Treaty of May 13, 1816, by the Commissioners appointed by the President to carry into full force and effect the 9th Article of the Treaty of Ghent, whose powers were clearly limited, under their appointment, to the re-establishment of the relations of peace between the United States and the Indian allies of the British in the late war with Great Britain. That being the only object of the appointment of the Commissioners, they had no power or authority to do or perform any other act or thing. Assuming that by this treaty they had notified these Indians of the conclusion of peace between the late belligerents, their functions ceased, and knowing that the Sauks, as a nation, had committed no act of hostility against the United States, or her people, since the conclusion of said treaty of Ghent, any act of hostility which Gen. Gaines might then make against these Indians would be in direct contravention of said treaty; he rationally concluded that Gen. Gaines would not and dare not attack them without fresh cause. But little did he know what Joshua Vandruff and Gov. Reynolds were then doing towards pressing false charges against these Indians, or that they were organizing a powerful army at that moment for their destruction.

In his second dream he showed his intimate acquaintance with the services old Mattatas had rendered to the white people, the wounds he had received in fighting their battles, and his keen appreciation of the amount of influence a handsome, weeping woman can, and always does, exert upon a brave and gallant man, and of the natural sympathy all true men have for the weak and oppressed, more especially for helpless little children. He who lives in glass houses should be careful about throwing stones, and since all men and *some* women are a little inclined to superstition, we should not be over severe in criticising what we term the superstition of our fellow-men. That superstition is more general among the uneducated than the learned, is true, and it is equally true that it forms a part of an Indian's very being. Black Hawk, with all his wisdom and experience, was the very embodiment of superstition all his long lifetime, as shown in his autobiography. He was as devoted to his belief in spiritual communications as the most zealous spiritualist of to-day. But not through spirit-rappings, living mediums or dancing chairs and tables, but, like the ancient Israelites,—who were the archetype of the North American Indians,—through direct communication with the Great Spirit by the medium of dreams and visions.

Before seeking such communications, instead of resorting to purification, humility and prayer, they had a feast of their holy dish—stewed dog—the fragrance of which they believed ascended to the spirit-land as an ever acceptable offering and sweet incense. We read in the book of Kings that “In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night. Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said: * * * Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discover between good and bad. * * * And God said unto him * * * lo! I have given thee a wise and understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee; neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And Solomon awoke, and behold, it was a dream.” Yet not only Solomon, but the entire Christian world, have believed this dream was a direct communication from Jehovah, conveying to this sinful world the information that he was the wisest man who ever had lived or should live. Coming down to a later period, we read in the gospel, as recorded by St. Matthew, that the wise men from the East, who visited Jerusalem to worship the infant Savior, “being warned of God, in a dream, that they should not return to Herod, they departed into

their own country another way. And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word, for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him." After Herod's death, Joseph again had a dream, announcing that fact when he returned to Jerusalem. Indeed, the scriptures are full of spiritual communications through dreams, believe what we may of the perversity of dreams, now-a-days going by contraries.

Winnesheik, whether himself a believer in such communications or not, certainly practiced the deception successfully. But with the failure of his second dream the Prophet's dreams for extricating these Indians from their dread dilemma ceased. His last resource was exhausted, and so was one of the two days given them by General Gaines to cross the Mississippi, and one day only remained.

The band were not all at Saukenuk. Some were off fishing, hunting and trapping; others were living on cultivated patches along the two rivers, while others were thirty-five miles up Rock river at the Prophet's town. The latter, however, were not included in the notice to leave, as the white settlers had not then laid their longing eyes and covetous hearts upon the village and corn-fields of the Prophet. Ten day's notice to quit and surrender up possession of a tenement is deemed a short notice to an individual; then what should be said of but two day's notice to a multitude including all ages, sexes and conditions? But General Gaines took no steps for their forcible removal until the 26th of June, thus really giving them about fifteen day's time to get ready and move, during all of which time there seems to have been no conferences or communications between General Gaines and the Black Hawk band, and matters moved as usual, the white settlers at and near Saukenuk remaining there and cultivating their crops without molestation from the Indians. All was peace and quiet until the arrival of Governor Reynolds and General Duncan and their sixteen hundred volunteers at Rockport, now Andalusia, some eight miles down the Mississippi, and on its south bank, (as this river's course at this point is nearly east and west). Here there had been erected a small fort or stockade which, however, was untenanted at that time. Being advised by courier that this large body of mounted militia were *en route* for Rock river, General Gaines had stocked this stockade with provisions for the

men, and provender for the horses, so that a hearty welcome was awaiting their arrival, and the earnest little Vandruff, doubtless, escorted this large body of so-called soldiers thither. Unfortunately, as before stated, whiskey is the close follower of civilization, if not its precursor, and in those days it was dealt out to the soldier as a part of his rations. During their four day's march across the prairie wilderness, between Rushville and Rockport, these mounted volunteers were without this kind of rations, and were decidedly thirsty. But General Gaines had provided a plentiful supply of wet rations against their arrival, and it is needless for us to say very little of it was thrown over their shoulders, for, as a general rule, the Illinois militiaman of that period was opposed to spilling his whiskey; yet, inebriation was not common.

Mr. Vandruff had probably so often, and pathetically, spoken of his little island home, where his earthly paradise and possessions were, that the Old Ranger lost sight of everything else except this little island in Rock river, upon which the savage Black Hawk would not permit his friend to sell whiskey. Thither he was bound to go and teach old Black Hawk such a lesson as should for the future deter him from spilling precious distilled whisky, instead of drinking it. For what was it made, if not to drink? Two powerful elements or agencies were urging Governor Reynolds and his mounted volunteers on. First, hatred of Indians in general, and of the British band of Sauks in particular, because they wore red-blankets and had fought with the British some twenty years previous to that time; and, second, to punish them for their audacity in attempting to suppress the sale of whisky and destroying the liquors of their guide and companion, Vandruff. On the side of these Indians, everything held dear by savage or civilized man was at stake,—home, country, property and life. Pen cannot depict the anxiety, hope and fear, of these poor Indians at that particular time. Although there were no reasonable grounds for hope, they clung to its delusion all the more tenaciously, until its last glimmering light was suppressed and excluded by the arrival of these forces at Rockport. Up to that time these Indians relied upon the justice of their cause and the honor of General Gaines, and remained quietly and peaceably at their homes,—hoping that upon due consideration of all the facts and circumstances then in his possession, he would call a halt and lay the whole matter before the President, and at least

give them permission to remain until their crops were matured and gathered. But when "the multitude of pale-faced militia" put in their appearance on the scene of action, Black Hawk's last hope fled, because "they were under no restraint of their chiefs." He saw very clearly the black-winged messengers of death, like the ominous buzzard and crow, sweeping over his devoted village, boding the indiscriminate murder of men, women and children. An avalanche was pending,--had started to move,--and flight quick and swift, alone could escape it. In order to flee, these people were compelled to descend Rock river in their canoes to reach the Mississippi. In doing this they were forced to go directly towards danger. How early a start the soldiers might make that eventful morning of June 26, 1831, they knew not. Their bivouac was but about six miles below the mouth of Rock river, whither they must go, and might meet the enemy on their way. But this was their only way of immediate escape from Saukenuk.

CHAPTER XIII.

The War of 1831 was, as Told by the Labels on Patent Medicines, "Easy to Take and Sure to Cure" — Though pretty rough on the Briars and Brush, on Vandruff's Island still Nobody was Hurt.

"Who would set the briars and thorns against me in battle I would go through them: I would burn them together."—Isiah xxvii: 4.

These doughty generals set a trap
 To capture Black Hawk, like a rat.
 The valliant Gaines took steamboat fine,
 And followed up the river's line;
 And as he to the island came,
 Whereon he thought to find his game,
 Large guns he fired in the brush
 To scare the Indians, or—the thrush;
 While Duncan, with two thousand men,
 Marched o'er the slough, and back again.
 Brave Whiteside, with his spy brigade,
 Swept through the thicket and the shade,
 Close followed by three columns more
 With Leib and Henry, fierce for gore.
 They searched the island everywhere,
 But did not find an Indian there.
 Their cards were dealt with care and skill,
 But when they drew they failed to fill.
 At once into a rage they flew,
 Because a bob-tail flush they drew.
 In dissapointment, glum and sore,
 They hastened to the northern shore,
 Where, finding a deserted town,
 They burned its buildings to the ground —
 For Black Hawk had, some hours before,
 Securely reached the northern shore
 With all his band, as well as goods,
 Where nicely sheltered by the woods,
 He sent a flag of truce, to know
 What bothered Gaines and Duncan so.

The Illinois volunteers under Gen. Joseph Duncan reached Rockport, now Andalusia, without mishap, on the early evening of June 25, 1831, where they found everything they could reasonably expect to make them comfortable, in readiness. Provisions for themselves and food for their horses were in abundance, while Gen. Gaines, on board the steamboat Enterprise, was a most capital entertainer and good feeder. Intimate relations were at once

established between Gaines, Duncan and Reynolds. Gov. Reynolds was quite a diplomat in his way, and much pleased at meeting so distinguished a military man as Gen. Gaines, nor was the latter free from the almost universal weakness of all great military commanders, — vanity and love of praise, — which Gov. Reynolds heaped upon him in large quantities, but carefully threw into the admixture lumps of hatred of all Indians, as a rule, and execrations of the “British band of Sauks” in particular.

In this way was Gen. Gaines literally, though imperceptibly, carried away from all pacific thoughts of a peaceable removal of the Sauks from Illinois. He at once accepted these 1,600 mounted Illinois volunteers, and swore them into the military service of the United States, by which act he wrote himself down in history, a vacillator, if nothing worse. Being near to or among these Indians nearly a month, he was assured they were not hostile, and would not fight unless in self-defense, and had so reported to the War Department. He had also written to Gov. Reynolds that he had all the military force he needed without calling on him for volunteers, — that with the regulars under his immediate command he could annihilate the Indians without loss on his side, and had induced fully one-third of them to leave Saukenuk and move over the Mississippi. Yet he accepted these volunteers after all this protestation, and assumed the responsibilities of whatever might follow or eventuate from that act. Not only this, but by so doing he relieved Gov. Reynolds of the responsibility, and, to some extent, censure. With these 1,600 volunteers and the regulars under his command, Gen. Gaines had an army of nearly 3,000 men, several pieces of heavy artillery, ammunition and provisions sufficient for a campaign. It was a formidable army to remove or crush 200 Indian warriors and braves, who were practically unarmed and peaceably inclined. The entire number of Sauks then east of the Mississippi was but about 1,500, of all ages and sexes, with certainly less than 300 braves and warriors. They had neither arms, ammunition or provisions, hence they could not have resisted if they would.

Gen. Gaines had been in the immediate vicinity long enough to become familiar with the acts and intentions of these Indians. Assuming this to be true—for ignorance of these facts, after about four weeks’ investigation by him, would prove him an imbecile—his conduct, as given by Gov. Ford, who was a member of the spy battalion under Major Whiteside, and participated in the matter, was such as to disgrace not only himself

but all who were under his command, and the entire American people. In order to more clearly understand the locations of Saukenuk, Rock Island, Vandruff's and Big Islands, we call attention to the plat, figure 3, chapter X., with explanations therein given. Gen. Gaines stationed a park of artillery on Black Hawk's Watch Tower, which commanded a full view of Vandruff's Island, but owing to the heavy timber along the promontory between the Watch Tower and Saukenuk, the latter could not be seen from the tower. Quoting from Gov. Ford's history, (p.p. 112 to 116): "The army proceeded in four days to the Mississippi, where it met Gen. Gaines, on a steamboat, with a supply of provisions. Here it encamped for one night, and here the two Generals concerted a plan of operations. Gen. Gaines had been in the vicinity of the Indian town for about a month, during which time, it might be supposed, that he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the localities and topography of the country. The next morning the volunteers marched forward with a regular soldier for a guide

"The steamboat with Gen. Gaines ascended the river. A battle was expected to be fought that day on Vandruff's Island, opposite the Indian town. The plan was for the volunteers to cross a slough on the island, give battle to the enemy, if found there, and then to ford the main river into the town, where they were to be met by the regular force coming down from the fort. The island was covered with bushes and vines, so as to be impenetrable to the sight at the distance of twenty feet. Gen. Gaines ran his steamboat up to the point of the island and fired several rounds of grape and cannister shot into it to test the presence of an enemy. The spy battalion formed in line of battle and swept the island, but it was soon ascertained that the ground ran so high within a short distance of the bank that Gen. Gaines' shot could not have taken effect one hundred yards from the shore. The main body of volunteers in three columns came following after the spies, but before they had got to the northern side of the island they were so jamed up and mixed together, officers and men, that no man knew his own company, or regiment, or scarcely himself.

"Gen. Gaines had ordered the artillery of the regular army to be stationed on a high bluff which looked down upon the contemplated battlefield, a half mile distant, from whence, in case of battle with the indians in the tangled thickets of the island, their

shot were likely to kill more of their friends than their enemies. It would have been impossible for the artillerists to distinguish one from the other." Since Rockport was on the south bank of the Mississippi some six miles below the mouth of Rock river, which enters the former on that side, it is difficult to fully see the necessity of taking "a regular soldier for a guide" to follow the bank of a river (which was nearly a mile wide) only six miles to the mouth of Rock river, and up the south bank of that stream two miles to the Sauk village. A child, or blind man, could have performed that duty as well as "a regular soldier." Full of expedients and ever ready for an emergency, Black Hawk, to gain time in which to flee across the Mississippi, made Gen. Gaines believe he was going to risk a general battle on Vandruff's Island by sending a deputation down to Rockport the evening of June 25th, ostensibly to gain permission to retire to some place of safety, but really to mislead Gaines and make him believe he was going on to the island to try conclusions in a pitched battle.

He never thought of going onto this little island, within a hundred and fifty yards of his village, paddling his men over in their canoes in the face of an overwhelming force, and giving battle, where he must have known that he would have been completely surrounded and every avenue of escape cut off, while the guns on board the steamer *Enterprise* could, and would, have raked the little island from stem to stern, leaving not even a bird living.

"The plan was for the volunteers to cross a slough, onto the island, give battle to the enemy, if found there, and then to ford the main river into the town, where they were to be met by the regular force coming down from the fort." The fort alluded to was Fort Armstrong, some four miles directly north and upon the island of Rock Island in the Mississippi. The qualification, "if found there," was well put, for nobody of common sense would even condescend to dream, much less think, that any person with the ability to command a squad of laborers, to say nothing of being the leader of a nation, would select such a place for a battle. But why did Gen. Gaines station a park of his artillery on Black Hawk's Watch Tower, and order the garrison from Fort Armstrong to attack Saukenuk from the north, while he approached from the west, and ordered Duncan to make an attack from the south? Did he not know Black Hawk, with his band, had escaped to the other side of the Mississippi? If he did, what was his object in all these military movements? Were they for

practice and drill, or did he desire to test the mettle of the Illinois volunteers? In passing up to the foot of the island, Gen. Gaines passed along immediately by the lower end of Saukenuk, and must have known there were no Indians there — that they had deserted and fled. Was it because he found no Indians there to slaughter that he vented his spleen upon the “brush and vines” of this poor little island? Nor was he content with this slaughter inflicted by his cannon, but hurled Gen. Duncan’s command onto the “brush and vines” in three columns, preceded by Whiteside’s Spy Battalion. But the “brush and vines” proved too much for their assailants, and “jammed and mixed them together until no man knew his own company or regiment, or scarcely himself.” Had the invincible spirit of the still anything to do with this wild confusion? Was it this spirit which made the level surface of this island “rise up abruptly?” We have known men while under its influence to declare that the ordinarily staid and well-behaved house floor rose up and hit them in the face. Or were they panic stricken, or — cowards? Gov. Ford was mistaken in many of his statements in relation to what transpired on this island that day. Should we give his description full credence, then, indeed, if half a dozen war-painted Indians had suddenly risen in the brush, and given their wild, weird war-whoop, a swift, if not graceful, race would have taken place; but whether for the steamer *Enterprise*, Fort Armstrong, or back to their cabin homes, it were hard to tell, but a panic, followed by a stampede, would have been inevitable.

The statement that Gen. Gaines had stationed the artillery on a high bluff, half a mile off, so that in case of a battle with the Indians his guns would have killed more friends than enemies, shows great kinkness on the part of the General towards the Indians, but is a little rough on his own men. If he did this on purpose to “help the bear against the husband,” he should have been at once cashiered and dismissed from the service; if from want of military skill, he was alike culpable. Major M. A. Scott, who was an aid-de-camp to Gen. Gaines on this expedition, while attending a ball at Galena a few days after, told his lady partner that “the plan laid to capture the Indians was one of the most masterly strokes of military strategy of the age, and was devised by Gen. Gaines. Gen. Duncan with his 1,600 mounted volunteers were to approach from the south, crossing the slough on to Vandruff’s Island. Gen. Gaines, with a portion of

the regulars, on board the steamboat *Enterprise*, with several cannon, were to approach from the west, so as to preclude any possibility of their escape down the river; a park of United States artillery was posted on a commanding eminence within easy range to the east, while six companies of regulars were to approach from Fort Armstrong on the north, thus completely hemming them in so that escape was impossible. But when our lines were closed in, not an Indian could be found. They had escaped early that morning and crossed the Mississippi." "Duncan's army had to wait on the island, as he had no means of transportation"—says Gov. Ford—"then ready to ferry them over. Here they were in sight of the Indian town with a narrow, but deep river running between, and here the principal part of them remained until scows could be brought to ferry them across it. When the volunteers reached the town they found no enemy there.

"The Indians had quietly departed the same morning, in their canoes, for the western side of the Mississippi. Whilst in camp, eight miles below, the evening before, a canoe load of Indians came down with a white flag, to tell the General that they were peaceable Indians; that they expected a great battle to come off next day; that they desired to remain neutral, and wanted to retire with their families to some place of safety, and they asked to know where that place would be. Gen. Gaines answered them very abruptly, and told them to be off, and go to the other side of the Mississippi. That night they returned to their town, and the next morning, early, the whole band of hostile Indians recrossed the river, and thus entitled themselves to protection." The Governor predicated this statement on false suppositions, *first*, that these Indians were hostile; *second*, that they had crossed from the west to the east side of the Mississippi. That the first supposition was erroneous we have the testimony of Black Hawk, corroborated by Gen. Gaines, who, only a few days before this event took place, said in a letter to the Secretary of War, that they were peaceably inclined and would not fight. That the second supposition was incorrect we have before shown, beyond question. Keokuk, with about two-thirds of the entire Sauk tribe, went to the west side of the Mississippi, but Black Hawk, with the remainder, had never left Saukenuk; *i. e.* they had never left it with the intention of making a permanent home elsewhere, though they always spent the winters in Missouri, on their hunting grounds. These Indians who visited the camp of Generals

Gaines and Duncan at Rockport, were doubtless sent by Black Hawk for the double purpose of ascertaining the intention of the army of invasion and leading them astray to Vandruff's Island. When they returned and reported that there were "a multitude of pale-faced militia on horse-back," and that they were without discipline or order, then, and not till then, did he determine to leave Saukenuk and seek protection under the sheltering woods of Iowa for the aged and infirm, and the women and children of his tribe. This insubordination of the militia meant death,—indiscriminate death,—to all ages, sexes and conditions of his tribe, from which the only escape was by flight, and there was no time for indecision or delay. If he would save himself and tribe from annihilation he must flee across the mighty Mississippi—and this he did.

Gov. Ford continuing, says: "It has been stated to me by Judge William Thomas*, of Jacksonville, who acted as quartermaster of the brigade of volunteers, that Gaines and Duncan had reason to believe, before the commencement of the march from the camp on the Mississippi, that the Indians had departed from their village; that steps had been taken to ascertain the fact before the volunteers reached Vandruff's Island; that Gen. Duncan, in company with the advanced guard following the spies, preceded the main army in crossing, and that this will account for the want of order and confusion in the march of the troops. I was myself in company with the spies. I arrived at the river a mile in advance of the army. I saw Gen. Gaines ascend with his boat to the point of the island; was within one hundred yards of him when he fired into the island to test the presence of the Indians; I marched ahead with the spies across the island, saw with my own eyes the elevation of the land near the shore, which would have prevented cannon shot taking effect more than one hundred yards. I also know the condition of the island as to bushes and vines, and saw the artillery force from the fort stationed on the high bluff on the opposite side of the river. I was on the bank of the main river when Gen. Duncan came up, followed soon after by his brigade in the utmost confusion, and heard him reprimand John S. Miller, a substantial and worthy citizen of Rock Island, for not letting him know that the main river was on the north side of the island; and I heard Miller curse him to his face at the head of his troops for refusing

*Judge Thomas still survives, and is a citizen of Jacksonville, Ill., where he has lived over fifty years continuously. (See his biography.)

his services as guide when offered the evening before, and then censuring him for not giving information which he had refused to receive. I give the facts as I personally know them to be true, and leave it to others to judge whether the two Generals knew the departure of the Indians, had taken proper measures to ascertain the presence of an enemy, or had made the best disposition for a battle if the Indians had been found either at their village or on the island." It matters little whether they knew of the Indian's departure or not, as in either case the conduct of these Generals is indefensible. If they did not know the Indians were gone, is was their duty to have known it. Continuing, Gov. Ford says: "Much credit is undoubtedly due to Gov. Reynolds and Gen. Duncan for the unprecedented quickness with which the brigade was called out and organized, and marched to the seat of war, and neither of them are justly responsible for what was arranged for them by Gen. Gaines.

"The enemy having escaped, the volunteers were determined to be avenged upon something. The rain descended in torrents, and the Indian wigwams would have furnished a comfortable shelter; but, notwithstanding the rain, the whole town was wrapped in flames, and thus perished an ancient village which had once been the delightful home of six or seven thousand Indians; where generation after generation had been born, had died and been buried; where the old men had taught wisdom to the young; whence the Indian youth had often gone out in parties to hunt, or to war, and returned in triumph to dance around the spoils of the forest, or the scalps of their enemies; and where the dark-eyed Indian maidens, by their presence and charms, had made it a source of delightful enchantment to many an admiring warrior." For these deeds, which were then in full accord with public sentiment, but would now be deemed deeds of vandalism and outrage, worthy alone of the dark ages, Gen. Duncan was elected Governor of Illinois, in 1834, by a vote of 17,330 to 10,224 for his Democratic competitor, although the State was largely Democratic. His praises were sounded all over the State for deeds of heroism for driving the redoubtable Black Hawk west of the Mississippi, and burning his village to the ground; and, after the election, it was said he could outrun the then celebrated Kentucky race-horse, Bertrand. Several of the northern counties went for him "by a unanimous majority;" and this, too, for the dangers he had encountered on Vandruff's Island, fighting the brush and vines.

There were those who held his war record in contempt, and charged him with wanton destruction of property, in the burning of Saukenuk. But the object for which his army were called out had been accomplished, and that, too, without shedding human blood or the loss of a man, by casualty or otherwise, for which he was justly entitled to much credit; nor has it been established that Gen. Duncan gave any order for the burning down of this Indian village. It being built of bark, which had become dry as tinder, and the houses standing close together, the torch, once applied, the flames would spread like a prairie fire, and could not have been checked, much less extinguished, until it had consumed every building in the village. Thus was Saukenuk, the largest and most ancient Sauk village—and at one time the most populous city of the United States west of the Alleghenies—destroyed June 26, 1832. Had it have been the happy home of American citizens, and a band of Indians, out of pure diabolism, have burned it to the ground, what a wail of indignation and condemnation would have welled out from every American heart from Maine to Oregon, But it was *our bull* which gored the *Indian ox*. This made the case different—very—since the Indian had no rights of property which white men were required, much less bound, to respect. In those days, when dealing with the Indians, the white man's rule seemed to be two *wrongs* or more, on the white man's side, always make a *right*. They little heeded or comprehended the noble sentiment of the poet:

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

Gov. Ford says: "The volunteers marched to Rock Island next morning, and here they encamped for several days precisely where the town of Rock Island* now stands. It was then in a complete state of nature—a romantic wilderness. Fort Armstrong was built upon a rocky cliff, on the lower part of an island, near the center of the river, a little way above the shores,—on each side formed of gentle slopes of prairie, extending back to bluffs of considerable height, made it one of the most picturesque scenes in the Western country. The river here is a beautiful sheet of water, clear and swiftly running, about three-quarters of a mile wide. Its banks on both sides were uninhabited except by Indians, from the lower rapids to the fort. And the voyage up stream, after several days' solitary progress through a wilderness

*Rock Island now contains fully 12,000 people.

country, on its borders, came suddenly in sight of the white-washed walls and towers of the fort, perched upon a rock surrounded by the grandeur and beauty of nature which, at a distance, gave it the appearance of one of those enchanted castles in an uninhabited country so well described in the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments.'"

The Governor again suffers his imagination, united with a defective memory, to lead him into error. The land where the beautiful city of Rock Island stands had been under cultivation by the Sauks and Foxes for at least a century before the time he speaks of, and had been the immediate location of the Santeaux for perhaps several centuries before the Sauks took possession of it. As to the Indians occupying the shores of the Mississippi at that time, it is only necessary to say that the Foxes had left the east, or at this point the south, bank of that river in 1830, and Gaines and Duncan had driven the Sauks across the Mississippi, so there could have been but few Indians on the Illinois side at the time he speaks of. As to Fort Armstrong being built on a rocky cliff, near the center of the Mississippi, the Governor was, as the saying is, "a little off." There is quite a respectable slough* on the south side of the island, but not much river. The white-washed walls and towers of the fort, which gave it the appearance of one of the enchanted castles described in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments" were highly colored. The fort was simply a huge log pen—400 feet square†—the logs were hewed and laid close together, and would have offered about as much resistance to a cannon ball as a sheep skin would to a minnie bullet. Its being "perched upon a rock" is also imaginary, if by that expression is meant elevated. True, it was on a rock—that is, a limestone rock underlies the ground where it stood; but it was but a few feet above the river. His general description of this lovely country, however, is good, and not overdrawn.

"Gen. Gaines determined to pursue the Indians across the river, which brought Black Hawk and the chiefs and braves of the hostile band to the front to sue for peace." Whether these threats were communicated to Black Hawk in English, French, German or Algonquin, we have not ascertained, but we are assured that they understood them, and that they were the means of bringing Black Hawk with his chiefs to the fort to sue for peace, but how

*Now called sylvan water.

†Its foundation was laid of stone and mortar—the walls were of wood.

these threats reached the Indians on the other side of the Mississippi, Gov. Ford and all other writers on the subject are as silent as the grave. But certain it is, a conference was held between Gen. Gaines and Gov. Reynolds on the one side, and Black Hawk and his subaltern chiefs on the other, which eventuated in a so-called treaty, bearing date June 30, 1831, which will be found in the next chapter. By the precipitate flight of Black Hawk and his band, the well-laid plans of Generals Gaines and Duncan to surround and capture these Indians were frustrated, but only "by the skin of the teeth," as it were. Had Black Hawk been an hour later in reaching the Mississippi, his flight across that river would have been intercepted by Gen. Gaines with his steamer, and the Indians probably blown to "kingdom come" by his heavy guns. But escape he did, and in safety, so when the trap was sprung the rat was gone.

Gov. Ford further says: "The enemy having escaped, the volunteers determined to be avenged upon something." It was, therefore, the foolish act of escaping that constituted the special grievance for which vengeance should be meted out for nothing which had occurred antecedent. Even the rain, which he says was descending in torrents, had no effect upon their fierce vengeance, the whole town was soon wrapped in flames. Gov. Ford seems to have had enough of this vandalism in describing the destruction of the town of Saukenuk, and makes no mention of the volunteers using the dry fences of the Indians for their fuel, or of turning their horses into the cornfields of the unfortunate and shamefully persecuted people, when it was about knee-high. Not satisfied with the destruction of Saukenuk, the burning of their fences, and pasturing their horses in their growing cornfields, they determined to punish them for escaping the trap set for their capture on Vandruff's Island, driving them from their ancient homes, never again to return. Like the punishment of Moses for disobedience, they might seek the mountainous bluffs on the north side of the Mississippi and cast wishful eyes over to their late Canaan, but never again enter therein without first obtaining the permission of the President of the United States, or the Governor of the State of Illinois,—Old Hickory or the Old Ranger,—the former at Washington City, the latter at Belleville, Ill. Since these Indians could not write or speak in the English language, and telegraphs nor even railroads had any existence at that time, it is not made very clear how they were to

obtain such permission. None of them dare cross the Mississippi, and it was too long to be gotten around at either end to any advantage. In pure unadulterated cussedness of conception and spiteful nonsense of construction, this so-called treaty is a model. No wonder that Gen. Gaines never reported it to the War Department or the President, and that it never found its way to the U. S. Senate for ratification.

The wanton destruction of the buildings, fences and growing crops of these Indians by the volunteers under Gen. Duncan, roused the sympathy of Gen. Gaines, who, of his own volition, selected John W. Spencer, Rinnah Wells, and a third man whose name has escaped our memory, to estimate the number of bushels the *undestroyed* growing crops of corn of these Indians would realize or produce. Their estimate was 3,000 bushels, which he, as the military officer of the Division of the West, paid these poor Indians. When we take into consideration that these 3,000 bushels of corn were to supply 1,500 persons,—to say nothing of their ponies,—for fourteen months (the season was too late to plant when these Indians crossed the Mississippi, June 26, and only under the most favorable conditions could they expect anything to grow and mature before August or September of the next year, for their crops were corn, beans and pumpkins), it was less than two bushels of corn per capita per annum. Was it from this transaction the poet derived the foundation for his beautiful epic, "Give me three grains of corn, mother." Who could subsist 420 days on eight pecks of dry corn? Only a few grains to the meal. No allowance was made for their beans, pumpkins and squashes. Upon the flight of these Indians across the river the occupation of Gen. Duncan's volunteers was gone, and they had nothing to do but to "fold their tents and silently" return home. Thus ended the so-called Black Hawk War of 1831. It has been aptly said that "it became one of the things that were," but it should be said that it was one of the things which never should and never would have been but for the meddling disposition of a few white settlers near Rock Island, and the over-officious disposition of Gov. Reynolds, to punish Indians who dare to wear red blankets. It were a misnomer to call it a war.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Exodus of Black Hawk and his Band across the Mississippi to Escape the Volunteers under Gen. Duncan, and the singular Compact mis-called the Treaty of Fort Armstrong, of June 30, 1831.

Like deer upon the mountain's crest
At sight of panther run,
Or wild duck from the river's breast
Flee at the sound of gun,
Or sheep from out the shepherd's fold
Chased by a mastiff, flee,
So fled these Indians, young and old,
From village farm and lea;
Their frail canoes were quickly filled,
And on the river's tide,
With rapid strokes their paddles wield,
And reached the other side.
Half dead from fright, fatigue and care,
All dripping from the flood.
They sadly sought protection there
Beneath the sheltering wood.

When Black Hawk was advised of the approach of the mounted volunteers under Gen. Duncan, he abandoned his intention of remaining impassive, and letting Gen. Gaines remove him and his band by force, if he so desired. Upon the arrival of these volunteers, whom he knew, as well as Gov. Reynolds did, "were the natural enemies of the Indians, and would destroy them on all occasions," Black Hawk felt assured that his remaining at Saukenuk would be courting death and indiscriminate murder of all ages and sexes. They had already reached the Mississippi, and were within eight miles of Saukenuk on the evening of the 25th. Both resistance and remaining in their lodges meant death, and but one avenue of escape was open to them. That was immediate flight to the other side of the Mississippi. How soon these mounted volunteers, in overwhelming numbers, might reach Saukenuk, Black Hawk did not know, but expected their arrival during the next day. For the Indians to flee in the night was not to be thought of. They are too superstitious and cowardly to face unseen dangers, besides believing that the bad spirit governs the night, and that he is the natural enemy of the Indians. Orders were given, through the

village crier, on the evening of the 25th, for all to be ready to embark in their canoes at early dawn on the 26th. Some were away on hunting, trapping or fishing excursions, and had to be signaled home. Their ponies were running loose on the great pasture upon the tongue of the peninsula, and had to be collected together and arranged for the morning's march. Their simple, yet to them valuable, farming implements, must be brought from the fields. The old and infirm, as well as the sick, had to be prepared for this sudden exodus. We can better imagine than describe the busy scenes and great anxieties of these people during this eventful night. Suffice it to say that with the coming of the morning sun, on the 26th of June, 1831, the entire Black Hawk band of Sauks were crossing the Mississippi with their ponies, dogs, and other worldly goods.

By lashing several canoes together, and placing thereon long, straight poles side by side, they had constructed rafts upon which their household goods and people were safely ferried over the Mississippi, near the mouth of Rock river, at a point where it is over a mile wide. Their horses were compelled to swim after their canoes and rafts, lead by hair or bark halters. Their only means of propelling their raft-canoes was the Indian paddle. With such inadequate means, they succeeded in reaching the other shore, over a current that flowed at the rate of four miles to the hour. How these Indians accomplished this miraculous flight, on such short notice and preparation, is the wonder of the whole transaction, and may well be compared to the celebrated retreat of Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks. Black Hawk says they succeeded in reaching the other side of the Mississippi without interruption or accident. It is, of course, neither probable or possible that they were able to gather together, and take with them, all their goods and chattels, and all they left were consumed by the fire kindled by the militia, under Duncan, in a few short hours after it was left. How many heart-broken mothers spent the greater part of that eventful, tedious, rainy night, (for the rain began to fall copiously early on the night of the 25th and continued through the 26th) at their chippionoc, or silent city of the dead, on the western brow of the promontory, by the graves of their departed dear ones, can never be told. The devotion of the Indian to the graves of their dead is phenomenal. Thither they go and fall prostrate on the little mound and offer up their simple, heart-felt orisons to the Great Spirit, fervently

implored for mercy and guidance. To tear themselves away from that their most holy ground, was like tearing their hearts from their bodies. What prayers and invocations were offered to the Great Sowana—Great God over all—are known only to Him who can alone answer prayer and grant relief. Their poignant woes and sorrows will never be described by mortal man or pen. Yet, we devoutly hope a full record of them was made by the Sorrowing Angel on high, whose painful duty is to write in characters of fire man's oppression of his fellow man, which makes the seraphs weep. Each of the prime leaders and plotters in this vandalism and outrage, like Judas, "has gone to his reward," and heard that record read, and by it has been judged. A few—a passing few—of the aiders and abettors still linger this side; none of them justify the action of their leaders; all frankly admit the whole matter was an outrage—a great injustice and oppression. Repentance can do almost miracles, but cannot undo this terrible outrage.

Black Hawk says: "The whites may do wrong all their lives, and then, if they are sorry for it when about to die, all is well; but with us it is different. We must continue to do good throughout our lives." Who will dare say the Indian does not excel the Christian in this beautiful faith. The entire band, on reaching the other shore of the Mississippi, wet, weary and hungry, encamped on the bank of that river, in a strip of sheltering timber, where they erected wigwams, built fires and prepared their simple food of boiled corn and jerked venison, and set about drying their wet clothing. Here they remained some four days, each day receiving one or more threatening messages from Gen. Gaines, who, all of a sudden, had become wonderfully inflated with his own greatness, and, fearing that he might put his threats into execution and turn loose "the multitude of pale faces on horseback," to hunt him and his feeble, frightened band to death, Black Hawk and his Chiefs and Head-men, on the 30th of June, met Gen. Gaines and Gov. Reynolds at Fort Armstrong, and made their respective marks to the following *nondescript* called a "treaty, or articles of agreement and capitulation," by Gov. Reynolds:

"Articles of agreement and capitulation, made and concluded this 30th day of June, 1831, between E. P. Gaines, Major General of the United States Army, on the part of the United States; John Reynolds, Governor of Illinois, on the part of the State of

Illinois; and the chiefs and braves of the Sac Indians, usually called the British band of Rock river, with their old allies of the Pottawattamies, Winnebagoes and Kickapoo Nations, witnesseth: that, whereas, the said British band of Sac Indians have, in violation of the several treaties entered into between the United States and the Sac and Fox Nations, in the years 1804, 1816 and 1825, continued to remain upon and to cultivate the lands on Rock river, ceded to the United States by the said treaties, after the said lands had been sold by the United States to individual citizens of Illinois and other States; and,

“WHEREAS, The said British band of Sac Indians, in order to sustain their *pretensions* to continue on the said Rock river lands, have assumed the attitude of actual hostility toward the United States, and have had the audacity to drive citizens of the State of Illinois from their homes, destroy their corn, and invite many of their old friends of the Pottawattamies, Winnebagoes and Kickapoos to unite with them, the said British band of Sacs, in war, to prevent their removal from said lands; and,

“WHEREAS, Many of the most disorderly of these several tribes of Indians did actually join the said British band of Sac Indians, prepared for war against the United States, and more particularly against the State of Illinois, from which purpose they confess that nothing could have restrained them but the appearance of forces exceeding the combined strength of the said British band of Sac Indians, with such of the aforesaid allies as had actually joined them; but being now convinced that such a war would tend speedily to annihilate them, they have voluntarily abandoned their hostile attitude and sued for peace. Peace is therefore granted them upon the following conditions, to which the said British band of Sac Indians, with their aforesaid allies, agree, and for the faithful execution of which the undersigned chiefs and braves of the said band and their allies mutually bind themselves, their *lives* and *assigns* forever:

“1. The British band of Sac Indians are required peaceably to submit to the authority of the friendly chiefs and braves of the united Sac and Fox Nations, and at all times hereafter to reside and hunt with their own bands west of the Mississippi river, and be obedient to their laws and treaties, and no one or more of the said band shall ever be permitted to recross said river to the place of their usual residence, nor to any part of their old

hunting grounds east of the Mississippi, without permission of the President of the United States or the Governor of the State of Illinois.

"2. The United States will guarantee to the united Sac and Fox Nations, including the said British band of Sac Indians, the integrity of all the lands claimed by them west of the Mississippi river, pursuant to the treaties of the years 1825 and 1830.

"3. The United States require the united Sac and Fox Nations, including the aforesaid British band, to abandon all communication and cease to hold any intercourse with any British fort, garrison or town, and never again to admit among them any agent or trader who has not derived his authority to hold commerce or other intercourse with them from the President of the United States or his authorized agent.

"4. The United States demand an acknowledgement of their right to establish military posts and roads within the limits of the said country guaranteed by the second article of this agreement and capitulation, for the protection of the frontier inhabitants.

"5. It is further agreed by the United States, that the principal friendly Chiefs and Head-men of the Sac and Fox Nations, bind themselves to enforce, as far as may be in their power, the strict observance of each and every article of this agreement and capitulation, and at any time they find themselves unable to restrain their allies, the Pottawattamies, Kickapoos or Winnebagoes, to give immediate information thereof to the nearest military post.

"6. And it is finally agreed by the contracting parties that henceforth permanent peace and friendship be established between the United States and the aforesaid band of Indians."

(Signed.)

"EDMUND P. GAINES,

Major-General by Brevet Com.

JOHN REYNOLDS,

Governor of the State of Illinois."

Gov. Reynolds says Black Hawk and twenty-four other chiefs, braves and warriors of the British band of the Sauk Nation, signed this instrument, but does not give their names. As before stated, this document, if reported to President Jackson, was pigeon-holed or burnt by him, and never reported to the United States Senate for confirmation, hence it does not appear of record among the treaties of the United States, and we have

not been able to find it, except in Gov. Reynold's history of Illinois, entitled "My Own Times." Congress adjourned March 3, 1831, and convened again December 6, 1831, when the President submitted a lengthy message, in which he refers to the federal relations with the Chickasaws and Choctaws, Cherokees, then in Ohio, concluding his remarks on the Indian subject: "Treaties, either absolute or confidential, have been made, extinguishing the whole Indian title to the reservation in that State, and the time is not distant, it is hoped, when Ohio will be no longer embarrassed with the Indian population. The same measures will be extended to Indiana, as soon as there is reason to anticipate success. It is confidently believed that perseverance for a few years in the present policy of the Government, will extinguish the Indian title to all lands lying within the States comprising our Federal Union, and remove beyond their limits every Indian who is not willing to submit to their laws. Thus will all conflicting claims to jurisdiction between the States and the Indian tribes be put to rest. It is a pleasing reflection that the results so beneficial, not only to the States immediately concerned, but to the harmony of the Union, will have been accomplished by measures equally advantages to the Indians.

"What the native savages become when surrounded by a dense population, and by mixing with the whites, may be seen in the miserable remnants of a few Eastern tribes, deprived of political and civil rights, forbidden to make contracts, and subjected to guardians, dragging out a wretched existence, without excitement, without hope, and almost without thought." Not one word is to be found in this message relating to the Sauks or Foxes, or of there having been the least difficulty or misunderstanding between the United States and any tribe of Indians in Illinois or west of Indiana, from the adjournment of Congress in March, to its reassembling in December, 1831.

This fact proves, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the President either knew nothing officially about this document, or considered the matter of too little significance to report to Congress the action of Gen. Gaines in connection with his raid upon these peaceable Indians, or his so-called "Agreement and Capitulation," and throws the entire responsibility of the shameful and oppressive transaction upon Gov. Reynolds, not only for the calling out of his 1,600 mounted volunteers to "remove these Indians, dead or alive, across the Mississippi," but in causing Gen. Gaines,

with ten companies of the regular army of the United States, to join him in his raid upon these poor Indians, who were quietly living at their homes, which were theirs, and had been the home of their ancestors for a century before, and all this to gratify the spite of the little whiskey-vendor against them for the offense committed by the old chief, Black Hawk, in entering his hell-hole on the ill-fated little island, and turning his liquid damnation into Rock river, after having begged, coaxed, and tried to hire him to cease selling or giving it away to the habitual drunkards of his band. For this act of daring justice the name of Black Hawk should stand at the head of the column of temperance reformers.

That this singular document emanated in the brain of Gov. Reynolds, and was either written or dictated by him, is self-evident from its unmistakable ear-marks; but why a Major General of the United States army could have been induced to sign and publish to the world such a written instrument, is not easily accounted for. His conduct from the very inception of this matter up to the time he met the Old Ranger at Rockport, on the 25th of June, was masterly and noble. But, from that time on to the conclusion of this singular so-called treaty, his action forms a comedy of errors, inconsistencies and imbecilities. When Gov. Reynolds notified him that he had called for 700 volunteers to protect the frontiers on Rock river, he answered him promptly that he would attend to that matter, and needed no help from him or anybody else. He then proceeded to Rock Island, to find that Gov. Reynolds had been hoaxed,—that there really was no difficulty existing between the white settlers and Indians in that locality. Having been led on a fool's errand thus far, he concluded while there to induce the Indians to leave the Illinois side of the Mississippi by persuasion, and by his own statement, he was succeeding finely in his effort, For in less than twenty days he says nearly one-third of them crossed over to their lands west of the Mississippi, and, moreover, he had been confirmed in his opinion that the remainder were not hostile, and under no circumstances would they use their tomahawks or guns, except in self-defence. But the moment he came in contact with Gov. Reynolds and his volunteers, like a lot of well-tamed wild hogs, when a single wild one gets among them, all become wild, so Gen. Gaines became wild and fierce for the destruction of these Indians,—so fierce that he committed more blunders in one day than an ordinary man could in a life-time, as shown in the preceding chapter.

This so-called treaty is probably the first, as well as the last, in which the United States unite with a State authority in a compact with a third party. It starts out in the preamble with falsehoods and unwarranted statements. It calls these Sauk Indians the British band, when in truth and in fact the war of 1812 had ceased nearly twenty years before, and there were probably not a baker's dozen of these Indians who had taken any part therein. It assumes that the Pottawattamies, Winnebagoes and Kickapoos were the allies of the Sauks, and, therefore, parties to the compact, when there was no kind of foundation for such assertion, and neither a Pottawattamie, Winnebago or Kickapoo Indian was present, or signed this *swigeneris* document; and it had,—if otherwise legal and formal,—no more binding force upon these three nations, who are charged as being the allies of the Sauks, than on the man in the moon, because they were neither parties or privies thereto. It then charges the British band of Sauks with violating the treaties of 1804, 1816 and 1825, between the Sac and Fox Nations and the United States.

As shown before, there never was but one so-called treaty executed between the Sauk and Fox Nations and the United States, which was the bogus Quashquamme treaty of November 3, 1804. That of 1816 means that of May 13, 1816, at St. Louis, between the Sauks and the Peace Commissioners, appointed under the 9th article of the Treaty of Ghent, and that of 1825 was the treaty of Prairie du Chien, of August 19, fixing the boundary lines between various Indian tribes, and acknowledging the Sauk's right to the lands below Prophetstown, to the mouth of the Rock river below Saukenuk. It then asserts that the lands occupied and cultivated by these Indians had been "sold by the United States to individual citizens of Illinois and other States." As shown from the records in Chapter IX, about 3,000 acres of this land had been surveyed and sold to five individuals, two of whom—George Davenport and Russell Farnham—had purchased about 2,400 acres of these 3,000, for the sole purpose of keeping squatters from trespassing on the lands and homes of these Indians, and to preserve them for their use, they being members of the American Fur Company, and desiring to retain their lucrative trade with the Sauks, and that their purchases of land embraced the site of Saukenuk, Black Hawk's Watch Tower, and nearly all their farm lands. The other three purchasers were W. T. Braisher, 320 acres; Henry Robly, 80 acres, and William Carr, 160

acres, neither of whom signed the Vandruff petition, while Robly and Carr do not seem to have been citizens of that locality in 1831. This preamble next asserts that these Indians "have assumed the attitude of actual hostility towards the United States, and have had the audacity to drive citizens of the State of Illinois from their homes, destroying their corn, and invite many of their old friends of the Pottawattamies, Winnebagoes and Kickapoos to unite with them, the said British band of Sacs in war, to prevent their removal from said lands."

For cool, clear and unadulterated falsehood, this long-winded sentence is peculiar. In what act or deed did they assume the attitude of actual hostility to the United States? They had neither brandished a tomahawk nor fired a gun at a white pioneer.

Their "audacity in driving citizens from their homes" consisted in ordering the families of white squatters, who neither owned nor pretended to own a foot of land, but had thrust themselves into Saukenuk, and taken possession of the Indians' bark houses, and were demoralizing the Indians by the sale of liquor to them. The charge that the Indians were destroying the corn of the white settlers is explained in a previous chapter, and was the case of Rinnah Wells, who refused to keep his stock up of nights to prevent their foraging on the Indians' growing corn, when on a certain night his own corn-field was exposed to the greedy stomachs of his own horses and cattle, the bars leading to his corn-field, from some unexplained cause, were left down, and he charged the Indians with purposely turning the stock into his field. It was *his* horses and cattle which destroyed *his* corn, and not those of the Indians. The next charge, that of inviting their old friends—Pottawattamies, etc.,—to unite with them, was without foundation at that time. Had it have been made a year later it would have been true.

The next charge, that many of these several tribes actually joined "the British band of Sacs prepared for war against the United States," is purely imaginary—the outgrowth of an overheated brain, or indigestion. But the veriest rant and misrepresentation of the whole thing is, "they confess that nothing could have restrained them but the appearance of a force far exceeding the combined strength of the said British band of Sac Indians, with such of their aforesaid allies as had actually joined them." There has never been any claim or pretense that there

were any allies of the Sauks, at or near Saukenuk in 1831, or that any body but Black Hawk and his band fled from there June 26, of that year. This preamble further adds that "being now convinced that such a war would tend speedily to annihilate them, they voluntarily abandoned their hostile attitude and sue for peace." How did His Excellency learn of their sudden conversion from the attitude of hostility to that of supplication?

Gov. Ford says: "General Gaines threatened to pursue the Indians across the river, which brought Black Hawk and the chiefs and braves of the hostile band to the front to sue for peace." Was it these threats that brought Black Hawk and his chiefs and braves to the fort to sue for peace? Or did they, of their own free will and accord, repent of their evil ways and approach the fort, "clothed in sack-cloth and ashes," with bowed heads and down-cast eyes, imploring mercy and forgiveness for past offenses before the august presence of the Old Ranger and the grim hero who had so terribly punished the brush and vines on poor little Vandruff's Island a few days before, with his canister and grape? "Peace is therefore granted them upon the following conditions, to which the said British band of the Sac Indians, with their aforesaid allies, agree." Why not add, the "Heathen Chinees" and the "King of the Cannibal Islands" also agree. He evidently means the Pottawattamies, Winnebagoes and Kickapoos, when there probably was not a solitary Indian of either of these nations within forty miles of Fort Armstrong at that time. "And for the faithful *execution* of which the undersigned chiefs and braves of the said band, and *their allies*, mutually bind themselves, their *lives* and assigns." If this is not a Reynoldsism, what is it? Who but Gov. Reynolds could have invented such a sentence, "*bind their lives and assigns*?" Who can he have meant by the *assigns*? True, he had forced them into bankruptcy, but did he intend to become their assignee? What were their assets? Some fifteen hundred starving, half-naked men, women and children, with a few dogs and ponies. This anomalous document then binds these Indians "to submit to the authority of the friendly chiefs." He evidently means Keokuk and his subaltern chiefs, but he qualifies it by saying "of the united Sac and Fox Nations." But these two nations were never united as a nation.

It further requires them to be obedient to their laws and treaties, and then inhibits one or more of these Indians from ever recrossing the Mississippi to their old homes without first obtaining permission from the President of the United States, or the Governor of Illinois. Under the 3d Article he pitches into Great Britain rough-shod, and makes it an offense for any of the "united Sac and Fox Nations to hold any communication or intercourse with any British post, garrison or town, and never again to admit any agent or trader among them without they held a permit, or authority to hold commerce or other intercourse with them, from the President of the United States, or his authorized agent." This was hard upon the French, and death to the Jewish peddlers. Under the 5th Article, "the principal friendly Chiefs and Head-men of the Sac and Fox Nation" are bound to enforce the strict observance of this anomalous instrument. But what binding force it could have on them when they were not a party to it, the Governor never attempted to explain. Such are some of the leading features of this peculiar compact, which was not worth the paper it was written upon. It will be observed that not one word relative to the corn, which some historians mention as having been given these Indians in lieu of their then growing crops, appears on the face of this document. Nevertheless, Gen. Gaines, had a lucid spell, and seeing that he had doomed an entire band to certain starvation, attempted to right this wrong by appraising their growing corn, as before stated, and gave orders for the monthly delivery of the amount appraised to be given them by the Commissary of Subsistence, Col. Davenport, at Fort Armstrong, which was done, and this was the only humane act of the whole transaction.

Gov. Reynolds says: "Their distressed condition made a strong impression on Gen. Gaines and myself. We gave them more provisions than they would have raised on the fields they had left, and had it delivered to them at certain periods. Our treaty was ridiculed by the volunteers. It was called a corn-treaty." The word corn does not appear in the whole document. "It was said we gave them food instead of lead." This shows about what chance of escape these Indians would have had if they had not put the broad Mississippi between them and the volunteers. He then says: "The army was disbanded and returned home in good order." He, of course,

means the volunteers. "Not a man was killed by accident or died of disease." They could not have been killed in battle, unless they had been peppered by some of the grape or cannister fired by Gen. Gaines into the brush on Vandruff's Island, for not a Sauk was seen by them, or a gun fired at, or by, an Indian, while in the vicinity of Rock Island. "All returned home in good order, with the best spirits, knowing we had done our duty," is Gov. Reynold's concluding sentence in his account of these transactions, misnamed Black Hawk war of 1831.

The statement of Gov. Reynolds that "the corn given to these Indians was more than they would have raised on their fields," should be taken in homœopathic doses. But the serious difficulty in their case was the loss of their roasting-ears, squashes and pumpkins, which were their chief food in the latter part of the summer and fall. The season was too far spent when they left Saukenuk to plant a crop; nor had they either broken ground, or seed to plant it if they had. The following winter was an unusually severe one. The whole band suffered for adequate food and clothing to such an extent that starvation stared them full in the face. Hunger and cold were their inseparable companions. All this suffering, pain, anguish and woe were the direct result of the fire-water *alias* hell fire, manufactured and sold to them by the white people. An aggravated case of selling a poor devil whiskey until he cannot stand, then kicking him into the street, accompanying the act with the consoling words, "go and sleep where you got your whiskey." For it is a singular whim, fancy or fatuity with all whiskey venders that they never seem to think or comprehend that their decoctions could make a brute out of a strong, vigorous man, and in case he becomes really too drunk to stand, and crouches down on his chin and goes to sleep, they insist upon it that he must have obtained the effective dose somewhere else. But it will bring them to that condition, water the whiskey ever so much, if the drinker be cursed with the rascally virtue in so bad a cause, called *continuance*. Notwithstanding the real antecedent and collateral causes which produced and brought about the difficulties of 1831, between the white people and these Indians, are now for the first time made public, there were a few individuals of the time brave enough and clear-sighted enough to see the whole thing was a colossal fraud and unmitigated outrage upon the latter, and

denounced it in unmeasured terms, although they had heard but the white man's side, and that, too, very highly colored to his advantage. There were also here and there an editor who had the moral courage to show the matter up so far as he was able to gather the real facts, in its true light. In referring to the issue of the Georgetown (Ohio) *Castigator* of date August 2, 1831, we find the following from the pen of the late M. L. Ammen, father of Commodore Ammen, of the United States navy.

“The prints in Illinois and Missouri corroborate that the Indian war is over, at least for the present. Generals Gaines and Atkinson, commanding the regular troops, and Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, with fifteen hundred mounted men, scared the far-famed Sac Chief, Black Hawk, and his wretched adherents, into submission without firing a gun. A treaty was, of course, the consequence. The Illinois troops manifested as much importance, or rather coxcombical parade, at meeting a few hundred Indians, as if they had intended to give battle to a well disciplined army, commanded by Bonaparte himself in person.” But had he really known that there were less than three hundred Indian warriors without arms, ammunition, or intention to fight; that they were quietly living upon their own lands and in their own homes, cultivating their crops in the peace of the whole world, when all of a sudden three thousand armed soldiers approached their peaceful dwellings, causing them to flee for their lives;—how vastly more pungent would have been his editorial. The long, weary months of winter were eked out by these poor, half-starved, half-clad and disheartened people. The three thousand bushels of soft, dry corn awarded them by Gen. Gaines in payment for their growing crops, had long since disappeared. There were fifteen hundred hungry stomachs for its consumption. Two bushels of corn per capita per annum was only a drop in the bucket, or snow-flake in the river. They were fearfully deficient in guns, traps, and ammunition. These they had purchased each fall from Messrs. Davenport and Farnham for many preceding years on credit, on starting to their winter's hunting grounds in Missouri. But now they were at bitter enmity with these traders, because the knowledge that they had purchased the lands where Saukenuk stood and nearly all their farm-lands; and, as before shown, they had determined to kill Colonel Davenport, the senior member of the firm, which threat, as will be hereafter shown, they attempted to carry into execution, but was frustrated

by his cool courage. Considering the Colonel alone responsible for the purchase of these lands from the United States, they held him responsible therefor.

With this state of feeling against Colonel Davenport, they would perish of hunger and cold rather than apply to him or his house for a favor, or the purchase of these goods on credit, even though they needed them ever so badly. They had gained a bad name among the white people, and could get no credit, and had neither money, peltries or furs to barter for them. Thus situated they could not go to their winter hunting-grounds in Missouri, properly prepared to hunt, and since they had incurred the ill will of Keokuk and his band, they seemed to have become a band of Ishmailites, against whom everybody's hand was uplifted to smite them. Hence they were relegated to, and entirely dependent on, their primitive implements, the bow and arrow and their traps, to obtain meat for subsistence, which, added to a few fish caught with hook and line, in the air holes upon the Iowa river, where they wintered, and a few nuts and acorns, furnished their entire food that winter. To add to their anxiety, Black Hawk and Neapope, their principal chiefs, were away in Canada, endeavoring to arouse the British to espouse their cause. The knowledge that his people must be suffering for blankets and food drove the old chief nearly frantic, but he was powerless to relieve them. Winnesheik and his village of Prophetstown, thirty-three miles up Rock river from Saukenuk, were not disturbed by Generals Gaines and Duncan. It had no whisky mill or Vannruff to excite their special indignation against the Indians. He, like Black Hawk, not only believed but knew the Quashquamme treaty of 1804 was not valid, and had not been bettered by the so-called treaty of May 13, 1816, or subsequent efforts to bolster it up. In his admitted character of Prophet his influence over Black Hawk and his band was almost absolute. Moreover, his half-brother, Neapope,* or Broth, was second in command in the Black Hawk band. He was at that time in the prime of life, and presented a magnificent physical form, great strength, fine forensic talents, and was a bold, cunning, shrewd, talkative, revengeful and treacherous Indian, an inordinate boaster and first class liar. In short, he embodied all the elements which enter into the character of a bold, bad Indian, with but few redeeming characteristics. He was with Black Hawk in the war of 1812, and like him,

*Pronounced Na-pope.

became discouraged at their defeat by Major Crogan at Lower Sandusky, and immediately returned with him to Saukenuk. These three Indians, Black Hawk, Winnesheik and Neapope, were very intimate, and conferred together on all matters of importance to the Black Hawk band. Both Winnesheik and Neapope urged the old chief and his band, in 1831, never to abandon and surrender up their homes and lands to the whites. Immediately after the failure of Mattatas' daughter's mission, Neapope was sent to Fort Malden, Canada, to confer with Gen. Dixon on the question of the claimed right of the American people to the possession of these lands. That officer assured him that the alliance of the Indians with the British in the late war in no way affected their rights to their territory.

That special provision was made in the Treaty of Ghent to place them on the same footing they occupied before that war, and if the Sauks as a nation had never sold their lands, the United States could not and would not take them, therefore Gen. Gaines dare not make war against them, or attempt their forcible removal. This opinion was speedily sent to Winnesheik, and by him delivered to Black Hawk, and formed the basis of Black Hawk's passive or non-resistance plan, when he ordered all his braves and warriors to desist from fighting Gen. Gaines, and to remain in their lodges and suffer him to kill them if he chose, but under no circumstances should they use their tomahawks, guns or spears against the soldiers of the General. One more cause of special irritation to these Indians grew out of some of the squaws, while encamped on the Iowa side of the Mississippi, believing that they had a right to the corn they themselves had planted and cultivated up to the time of their flight, and being afraid to go to the fields in daylight, when it was in roasting ear, crossed over in the night to gather a few ears to appease their hunger and that of their children, but were caught in the act of pulling off the corn, and were severely beaten with heavy sticks, and guns were fired, not at them, probably, but merely to scare them off. This treatment of these poor squaws exasperated old Black Hawk and his braves and warriors almost to fury. To be beaten with rods is the most degrading of all punishments to the Indian,—an offense that can only be atoned in blood.

CHAPTER XV.

Great Expectations—Holiday Friends Spring up like Mushrooms—Promises as Thick as Hops and False as Water.

“ And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope,”—SHAKESPEARE.

That Black Hawk received a multitude of fair promises of material aid and assistance in his contemplated attempt to recross the Mississippi and regain his ancient city and farms in Illinois from the Pottawattamies, Ottawas, Chippewas, Winnebagoes and Kickapoos, there can be no doubt. But they, like his own gallant little band of Sauks, were sadly deficient in guns, ammunition, clothing and food, to enable them to go upon the war-path with any hope of being effective. The same condition of things he well knew would be true as applied to the other Indian tribes of the Mississippi valley, whom he hoped and expected would unite with him in the formation of his contemplated great Indian Confederacy. He had neither money, furs, peltries or credit; but of his ability to overcome this difficulty, he had not the least doubt, because he, with the flower of his band of braves, had fought in the war of 1812-14, under the British flag against the United States, he felt that he had the right to *expect*—even *demand*—aid and assistance from the British in righting what he not only *felt*, but *knew*, were his wrongs at the hands of the pale-faced pioneers and the United States troops. In his expectation of assistance from Great Britain he largely relied upon his understanding of human nature in the savage State,—that once an enemy always an enemy. He knew nothing of christianized civilization, under whose influence nations, like lawyers, may quarrel and fight to the bitter end, as it were, and then immediately shake hands and laugh over the causes of their late contentions and become friends again.

For the purpose of enlisting the sympathies and arousing the animosities which he had no doubt still existed between the

United States and Great Britain, he visited Canada in the fall of 1831, and spent several months on his mission. While he found a considerable amount of bad feeling existed among the common English people against the people and Government of the United States, the officials, both civil and military, were friendly to the Americans. Gen. Dixon, as stated by Black Hawk, told him "there never will be another war between Great Britain and the United States," and since over seventy years of peace and goodwill have passed since the utterance of this opinion, Gen. Dixon's language seems prophetic. This gallant British officer, whom Black Hawk supposed was among his warmest friends, and with whom he served with the rank of Colonel of cavalry in the British army in the war of 1812-14, advised him to abandon his entire scheme of war and return to his people and present his grievances to the President of the United States, who would lay the matter before the Congress, and that he could implicitly rely upon the ultimate justice of the American people in doing him and his people what was right in the premises. Though surprised and deeply disappointed at the utterances of these sentiments by Gen. Dixon, and his reception by the Canadian officials, he was not prepared or willing to abandon his great hope and expectation of yet receiving active and material aid and assistance in his contemplated war, from the British, either as a Government, or from individuals. His great scheme of forming an Indian Confederacy was too dear to his heart to permit even a serious doubt of its ultimate complete success.

He had already received tidings from his emissaries, whom he had sent down the Mississippi, of the most flattering nature, while his assurances from the Indian tribes, inhabiting the valley of the upper Mississippi, of co-operation and assistance, were entirely satisfactory. Everything seemed prosperous and favorable to his enterprise, notwithstanding his unexpected rebuffal by the Canadian officials, except a want of arms, ammunition and supplies. He resolved to make a desperate effort to obtain these from the British, and to that end he traveled all over Canada, not only from city to city, town to town and village to village, but from hamlet to hamlet, and home to home, with an interpreter, urging his claims alike upon the high and the low, officers and citizens, dwelling upon his military aid to them in risking his life and the loss of his braves upon the tented fields, in their cause, and appealing to their love of even-handed justice

and respect of common humanity. Next to the incomparable Keokuk, he was the ablest orator his tribe ever produced, and now brought into active use all his wonderful ability as such in showing that the so-called Qushquamme treaty of November 3, 1804, under and by virtue of which the United States Government claimed title to the lands of his tribe, lying in Illinois, was not only voidable but void *ab initio* under tribal laws of the Sauks, which vested the title in the nation as a tribe, from which they could not be divested except in the manner defined in chapter II, viz.: by recommendation of their council and vote of their assembly, neither of which had ever been done in that case, of which fact the United States Government had been informed. That for this reason the United States had procured no title to the lands in question or to any part or portion thereof, and if it did he asserted that the United States had abandoned all right through the universal law of limitations, since not only twenty-one years but over twenty-five years had elapsed between the date of the treaty and the time when the United States demanded possession. He then pictured in fervid language the outrages and oppressions the pale-faced pioneers had heaped upon his tribe; of their final expulsion from their homes and growing crops, and the destruction of their city by the Illinois volunteers, a short time prior to his visit to Canada. But the dignified British officials, while admitting that he and his tribe had been shamefully treated, advised him that if the Sauk tribe had not authorized Quashquamme and his few associates to sell and cede their lands, the United States could not legally take them. Yet they told him plainly that their Government were on terms of peace and accord with the Government of the United States, and therefore, while keenly sympathizing with him and his tribe in their misfortunes, they could not, and dare not, give him any material aid or assistance, or even a hope, thereof.

He appealed to their sense of gratitude for the dangers he and his band had gone through in their cause in the war of 1812-14, but to no purpose. Yet, so strong was his faith in the justice of his claim and the success of his plans, that he remained in Canada, engaged in his efforts, until late in January, 1832. Shortly after his departure for Canada, Neapope, who had returned from his first trip to Canada, followed him thither on the same mission. Though working for the accomplishment of the same object, they did not work together, or on the same line.

While Black Hawk presented the martial or heroic side of the question, Neapope worked up what we may term the religious side. From being the half-brother of the Prophet, and living in his village, he was acknowledged to be his representative and mouth-piece, and as such he was received with great favor by the Canadian Indians and half-breeds, and mingled with the lower strata of the British subjects. Unscrupulous and eloquent, he was an able ally of Black Hawk in building up sympathy in behalf of the Sauks, as well as real friends to their scheme of an Indian confederacy. As there existed among the masses of the Canadian people but little love or respect for the American people or Government, Neapope became much elated with what he considered absolute promises of aid from the British in Canada. Whether he met Black Hawk while there or not we are unable to determine from either of their statements, but both of them kept up communications with the Prophet, and through this means were reasonably well posted upon all the moves upon the checker board of operations. Winneshiek was really the motor power and prime mover of the whole affair, notwithstanding he remained closely at his village on the dividing line between the lands of the Sauks and Winnebagoes. In his lodge at Prophetstown, on Rock river, Illinois, he directed every move through his swift-footed and trusty messengers and signal fires.

On Black Hawk's return from Canada, early in February, 1832, to the place where Saukenuk had stood, he found three white families had settled there, and (using his own words) "were making fences and dividing our cornfields for their own use. They were quarrelling among themselves about their lines of division. I went to my lodge (in the field which had escaped the fire when the village was burned by the Illinois Volunteers the preceding June) and saw a family occupying it. I wished to talk with them, but they could not understand me. I then went to Rock Island, the agent being absent, I told the interpreter (Antoine LeClair) what I wanted to say to these people, viz: Not to settle on our lands nor trouble our fences; that there was plenty of land in the country for them to settle upon, and that they must leave our village, as we were coming back to it in the spring. The interpreter wrote me a paper. I went back and showed it to the intruders, but could not understand their reply. I presumed, however, that they would remove, as I expected them to. I returned to Rock Island, passed the night there, and had a long conversation with

the trader (Col. Davenport). He advised me to give up and make my village with Keokuk on the Iowa river. I told him I would not. The next morning I crossed the Mississippi on very bad ice, but the Great Spirit had made it strong that I might pass over safe. I traveled three days further to see the Winnebago sub-agent and converse with him about our difficulties. He gave no better news than the trader had done. I then started by way of Rock Island to see the Prophet, believing that he was a man of great knowledge. When we met I explained to him everything as it was. He at once agreed that I was right, and advised me never to give up our village for the whites to plow up the bones of our people. He said that if we remained at our village the whites would not trouble us, and advised me to get Keokuk and the party that consented to go with him to Iowa in the spring to return and remain at our village."

Inasmuch as Black Hawk's and Winneshiek's plan of operations were not yet matured, the strong probability is that his excuse for going on to Rock Island to see the interpreter to notify the squatters off the Sauk lands, was a mere subterfuge to gain admission to the fort to ascertain the strength of its garrison, and take in its topography with the most assailable points of attack. Having failed to gain admission to Fort Armstrong the first day, he returned and spent the night there in hopes of familiarizing himself with the fort and all its surroundings. He made several attempts to gain admission to the fort, but Major Bliss, then in command, met each and every attempt with a courteous but firm refusal. He was too experienced a fighter to unmask his batteries before the hour for action came. Black Hawk's expression of his faith and confidence in the protecting hand of Deity is beautifully expressed, "I crossed the Mississippi on very bad ice, but the Great Spirit had made it strong that I might pass over safe." How similar in thought to that of Moses: "And the Lord caused the sea to go back, and made the sea dry land, and the Children of Israel went in the midst of the sea upon dry ground." Black Hawk makes no mention of his attempt to gain admission to the fort on these visits, but admits that Col. Davenport advised him to remain at his new village on the Iowa river. Failing in obtaining admission to the fort, he crossed over to the south side and went up to the principal village of the Winnebagos, near where Belvidere now stands, and conferred with M. Gratiot, their

sub-agent, who gave him good advice, although unsavory to him. He again went back to Rock Island, where he met St. Vrain, the newly appointed sub-agent to the Sauks and Foxes, who gave him similar advice to that he had already received from Colonel Davenport and Mr. Gratiot, all of which was like worm-wood and gaul to his feelings.

He again went to Fort Armstrong, under pretense of making a friendly call upon Major Bliss and the gallant Captain Phillip Kearney, (afterwards General Kearney) but was not admitted to the fort. Failing in this he left for Prophetstown, to confer with the Prophet, who advised him—we should have said ordered him—to return with his entire band to Saukenuk, and retake possession of the lands of his tribe, peaceably, and under no circumstances or provocation should he allow or permit his braves to commence hostilities against the white settlers, or commit any act of aggression towards the whites, or their property, assuring him that the United States would not molest him or his people in the quiet enjoyment and possession of their homes and farm-lands at Saukenuk. Highly pleased with this advise, as being the starting point in his fondly cherished scheme of an Indian Confederacy, knowing full well that the moment he should attempt the reoccupation of Saukenuk and its adjacent fields the white settlers then in possession would precipitate a collision, which would eventuate in the forcible removal of his tribe, leaving him on the defensive side of the question, the sympathies of the Indian tribes surrounding would be at once aroused in his behalf, he returned to his new village on the Iowa river, and commenced preparations with a view of recrossing the Mississippi early in the spring. Shortly after his return home, that arrant braggart and monstrous liar—Neapope—returned from his pilgrimage in Canada to Prophetstown, where, after a short stay, he wended his way over to Black Hawk's new village. As stated by himself, "The Prophet sent me across the Mississippi to Black Hawk with a message to tell him and his band to cross back to his village, and make corn. That if the Americans came and told them to move again, they would shake hands with them." But, as stated by the old chief, Neapope assured him that the British commander at Fort Malden, in Canada, had assured him that "in the event of the Sauks taking up arms and making war with the United States, to regain these lands and the ancient village of Saukenuk, the British Government would stand by and

assist them." But instead of this advice, Neapope was told,—as Black Hawk had been but a short time before,—that the British would not, and dare not, assist him in levying war upon the United States, and that by going to war these Indians could do no good, and must utterly fail; and would be annihilated by the military force of the United States.

That Gen. Dixon told him that if the Sauk tribe had not sold their lands to the United States, the latter could not rightfully take them, and as the legal titles were vested in the whole tribe, it could not be divested, except in the form prescribed and practised by and under tribal laws, and that 'not being the case in the treaty of 1804, no title passed under that treaty from the Sauk Nation to the United States, is doubtless true, as stated by him. As a matter of law—both Indian and whiteman's—this was sound doctrine and good law. But with the white pioneer there is a higher law pertaining to the ownership and possession of Indian lands, whenever they take a fancy to them, which may be termed Mormon law, or the law of necessity,—the Mormon rule, as expounded by Joseph Smith, the prophet, applied to lands he coveted, as set forth in a former chapter. In this respect the pioneers along the border of the Indians' lands are natural born Mormons, and prolific in visions commanding them to take the Indians' lands. Boundary lines in Indian treaties have no significance to them. Might is all the right they consider. If the Indians dare make resistance to their encroachments, skirmishes ensue, when somebody is killed.

This is what they most desire, provided that they are not that somebody. Then follows an Indian war, which drives them back, then a treaty, and the Indians foot the bill by a cession of the very lands the pioneers were after when they inaugurated the war. Every skirmish with the whitemen cuts off another slice of the Indians' lands, until it is absorbed, and is always a God-send to the advancing pioneer, who escapes from the skirmish with his scalp on, for it affords him the opportunity to gobble up, pre-empt and sell to the actual settler a farm, and then, like the buffalo, migrate farther west, in search of another like adventure. Even the federal bayonets are no protection against their penchant for Indian lands, as evidenced by the numerous raids into the present Indian territory. Neapope, besides being the champion liar, was the Iago, Pecksniff and Uriah Heap of his tribe, combined in one. "He proceeded to inform me privately,"

says the old chief, "that the Prophet wanted to see me, as he had good news to tell me, and that I would hear good news in the spring from the British. That the Prophet requested him to give me all the particulars, but he would much prefer that I should see the Prophet myself, and learn directly from him. 'But,' said he, 'the Prophet had received expresses from the British General, who says he will send us guns, ammunition, provisions and clothing in the spring. The vessels that bring them will come by the way of Milwaukee. The prophet has likewise received wampum and tobacco from the different nations on the lakes,—Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawattamies,—and as to the Winnebagoes, he has them all at command. We are going to be happy once more. The prophet told me that all the tribes mentioned would fight for us if necessary, and the British father will support us if we should be whipped, which is hardly possible. We will still be safe, the prophet having received a friendly talk from the chief of Wassicummico at Selkirk's settlement, telling him that if we were not happy in our own country to let him know and he would make us happy. He had received information from the British father that we had been badly treated by the Americans. We must go and see the prophet. I will go first. You had better remain and get as many of your people to join you as you can. You know everything that we have done. We leave the matter with you to arrange among your people as you please. I will return to the prophet's village to-morrow. You can, in the mean time, make up your mind as to the course you will pursue, and send word to the prophet by me, as he is anxious to assist us, and wishes to know whether you will join us and assist to make your people happy.'"

Oh, the circumstantial villain! In downright duplicity and devil-like villainy, Neapope out-Iagoed Iago himself. "The Prophet requested me to give you all the particulars privately, but I would much rather you would see him yourself and learn all from him." Thus having excited his curiosity upon the most intensely interesting subject, he leads his victim on. "But I will tell you," etc., and details a batch of bewitching falsehoods to the over-attentive ear of the old chieftain. Every word was taken as true, and Black Hawk transported to the seventh heaven.

The British father had at last agreed to furnish arms, ammunition, food and clothing, and stand by him and his war to regain

the graves of his sires. It was almost too good to be true. Knowing that he had cruelly deceived his chief, and fearful that he might flee to the Prophet with his thanks and learn that all his statements were false, this arrant liar and knave fortified by saying he would go back to the Prophet, while Black Hawk had better stay with his people and collect them together and prepare for the fruition of the promised good time coming. Had some guardian angel whispered in his ear,—

“O, (Black Hawk) beware of yonder dog,
 Look where he fawns, he bites, and where he bites
 His venom tooth rankles to the death;
 Have naught to do with him,—beware of him,
 Sin, death, and hell, have set their mark on him”—

how much anguish, woe and blood-shed would have been averted. No living soul did so much, yet so adroitly in leading the old chief to adopt the course he did as Neapope. Having thus wrought his victim up to the highest pitch of expectation, he left him and returned to Prophetstown to enlist all the braves for the rebellion among the immediate retainers or followers of the Prophet he could. Another factor now entered into the conspiracy, which was the squaws of Black Hawk's band. If, as Gen. Gaines said, they were bitterly opposed to losing their homes and farms at Saukenuk in 1831, their privations and hardships in the wilds of Iowa rendered them furious to return in 1832. They were “more boisterous than a parrot against rain” for their old homes and cornfields. Black Hawk says, that “during the night I thought over everything Neapope told me, and was pleased to think that by a little exertion on my part I could accomplish the object of all my wishes, and determined to follow the advice of the Prophet, and sent word to him by Neapope that I would get all my braves together and explain to them all the Prophet, through Neapope, had sent to me, and recruit as many as I could from the different villages. I sent the glad tidings to Keokuk's band of the Sauks, also to the Fox tribe. But Keokuk returned to me for answer: “You have been imposed upon by liars, and had much better remain where you are and keep quiet.” A wet blanket this, but wholesome advice. Black Hawk attributed Keokuk's feelings and answer to his personal feelings against himself, as they had been rivals for nearly twenty years.

Keokuk's band, together with the Foxes, it should be remembered, had then been west of the Mississippi two years, and had become comfortably established in their new homes, and were

happy and contented. The United States Government having furnished teams and breaking-plows, they had their corn-lands in good condition, and were too wary to play the part of the fly to Black Hawk's spider in Uncle Sam's kitchen. With the exception of Powesheik,* or round bear, not one of the Foxes of note had anything to do with the Black Hawk war. He had been adopted and raised by Neapope and was drawn into the difficulties by him. He was a prominent young Chief of the Fox band, but Wapello, the Prince, or he that was painted white—better known among the white people of Rock Island as the 30-bottle Chief, for he got away with thirty bottles of champagne at one sitting—was then their principal or head Chief. He, like Keokuk, was the firm, unflinching friend of the white people who, in turn, held him in high esteem for his many good qualities of thought and action. Generous, liberal, kind and noble—alike in bearing and behavior—he was a universal favorite among the pioneers of the then west, whose latch-strings were always hanging out for him to enter their cabins and receive a right cordial welcome. Neither he nor his tribe had any immediate cause of grievance against the white people, and were, therefore, kindly disposed to them and decidedly averse to making war against them. For these reasons Black Hawk met with a cold reception when he attempted to recruit warriors from or elicit sympathy in this band for his mad enterprise. Wapello and Keokuk were flaming swords in his pathway, whom he could neither intimidate or bribe.

Every overture and advance made by Black Hawk to enlist soldiers for his mad scheme of a great Indian Confederacy having

*See biographical sketch.

†In 1829 Colonel Davenport gave a large dinner-party to Major Bliss, Captain Kearney and other officers in command of Fort Armstrong, together with the principal Chiefs, Black Hawk, Keokuk, Wapello, Powesheik, etc. The Colonel's cellars were well-filled with choice wines, and the finest brands of champagne were brought out to complete the feast. As the freed corks went bounding against the ceiling, each accompanied by a loud report, and followed by the effervescent liquid, boiling and hissing, the Indians were frightened—indeed, terrified. For in this they saw the palpable existence of the Bad Spirit, and were in the act of fleeing for their lives. The Colonel had marked their fright, and at once assured them that there was no harm in the bottles; that, on the contrary, it was "big medicine," and proceeded to swallow down a bumper, followed by the other white men at the table. After watching these white men, who had swallowed the champagne, a few moments, doubtless expecting to see the tops of their heads blown off; but, as no harm seemed to happen, Wapello inclined his head back, opened his mouth, beckoned a waiter to pour some of the liquor into it, interlocked his fingers, with both hands over his head to catch and save his scalp-lock, he swallowed one draught, when, dropping his hands from his head, he gave a loud whoop, seized the glass and swallowed its contents. He kept repeating until he had emptied thirty bottles ere he left the table

failed, he determined to adopt the suggestion of Gen. Dixon, and present the whole matter to the President and Cabinet. But, under the compact of June 30, 1831, he nor any of his subaltern chiefs, braves or warriors could cross to the east side of the Mississippi without permission from the President, or Governor of Illinois; hence, he applied through Keokuk to Gov. Clark for permission for himself and subaltern chiefs to visit Washington City for the purpose of laying his grievances before the President in person. Keokuk immediately made application for such permit, but did not succeed.

Indeed, that officer did not even deign a reply. Had this reasonable request of Keokuk,—who had all his life been the white man's friend,—been acceded to, and a personal interview had with the President by Black Hawk and his subaltern chiefs, the strong probabilities are, the war would have been averted by an amicable adjustment of the whole matter in dispute, for Black Hawk says: "I had determined to listen to the advice of my friends, and if permitted to see our Great Father, to abide by his counsel, whatever it might be. Every overture was made by Keokuk to prevent difficulty, and I anxiously hoped that something would be done for my people that it might be avoided. But there was bad management somewhere, or the difficulty which has taken place would have been avoided. When it was ascertained that we would not be permitted to go to Washington, I resolved upon my course and again tried to recruit some braves from Keokuk's band to accompany me, but to no purpose." Had Black Hawk gone to Washington City at that time he would have seen the utter impossibility of his raising an army of sufficient size to contend against the United States, and would have realized the fact that war on his part would result in the utter annihilation of his band. The kindly interference of Keokuk in interceding for Black Hawk and obtaining for him and his subaltern chiefs permission to visit Washington City having failed, only increased the latter's distrust and hatred towards the former, and made the old Chief all the more fierce for war against the white people.

Another circumstance occurred about this time, which added fuel to the flame of hatred between these Indians and the United States. The Menominees and Sioux killed several Foxes, who were the natural allies of the Sauks. To avenge this outrage, a strong force of the Foxes went up the Mississippi river to Prairie du Chien. On arriving at the vicinity of the encampment of the Menominees they met a Winnebago and asked him

to go on before them and ascertain if there were any Winnebagoes in the Menominee camp, as they did not desire to kill any of the Winnebagoes. The Winnebago not only warned those of his own tribe, but also the Menominees. The Foxes made a sudden charge on the camp and killed about thirty of their enemies, and then made their escape.

Under article 14 of the treaty of Prairie du Chien, of August 19, 1825, the United States assumed the position of arbitrator, in settling and adjusting all matters of disagreement or dispute between the several Indian tribes of the Upper Mississippi, embracing the Sioux, Chippewas, Sauks, Foxes, Ioways, Menominees, Winnebagoes, Ottawas, and Pottawattamies, and in pursuance of said treaty, the United States demanded from the Fox chiefs the surrender of the members of their tribe who committed or participated in this attack upon and slaughter of the Menominees, that they might be tried by the civil authorities of the United States for murder. Inasmuch as the United States had made no similar demand on the Chiefs of the Menominees and Sioux for the surrender of the murderers of the Foxes, the latter refused to accede to or recognize this demand until they had conferred with and consulted Black Hawk, in whose wisdom and experience they placed great confidence. He, without the least hesitation, said that a rule which worked one way only, was a bad one. The Menominees and Sioux having committed the first murders, should be first tried, and until the United States took steps for the surrender and trial of these murderers, the Fox Chiefs should not surrender up the avengers, who retaliated by killing a few of their enemies in return for the dastardly decoying into ambush and brutally killing and scalping of the Foxes. This fact becoming known to the officers in charge at Prairie du Chien and Fort Armstrong, and through them to the Department at Washington, naturally intensified the already bad impression they entertained for the wiley old Sauk Chief, who already had the reputation of being a scheming diplomat and chronic treaty-breaker, with the skill and cunning to overreach all the United States Commissioners who had attempted to make treaties with him.

But it is safe to say his great, unpardonable sin consisted in the fact that he fought under the British flag against the United States some twenty years prior, and not only he, but his entire band, were therefore considered British allies, and he a British spy. But for what purpose he was so engaged nobody ever

attempted to explain so far as we have been able to ascertain. Some writers assert that he paid annual visits to Canada to receive his pay in British gold for his services as a British spy in the wilds of Illinois. If this be true, the British were very discourteous to him in not sending him the price of his labor to the place of his service, instead of compelling him to make such long annual pilgrimages to obtain it, besides being absent from his post of duty a large portion of his time in going to and returning from Canada. This story that Black Hawk was a British spy has been asserted and reiterated by three grave Governors of the State of Illinois, Edwards, Reynolds and Ford, and is about as reasonable as the old woman's belief that "the moon was made of green cheese." It is too silly to be treated even as good nonsense.

Our Government had been on terms of peace and accord with Great Britain for nearly twenty years, and no cause existed for employing an Indian as a spy, or anybody else, even at Washington City, much less in the western wilderness. All efforts at an amicable adjustment of the difficulties had failed, urged on alike by the squaws of his tribe, who were bitterly opposed to remaining in their new homes, and fortified by the false reports he had received from his emissaries from the lower Mississippi and the liar, Neapope, Black Hawk now bent every energy toward raising as large a force as possible to recross the Mississippi, and regain their possessions with force and arms. His runners, whom he had sent down the Mississippi, now began to return, and reported that all the Indian tribes below the mouth of the Illinois to the Gulf of Mexico were eager and ready to dig up the tomahawk and unite with the Sauks in a general massacre of the pioneer whites all along the valley of the Mississippi, and were now listening with open ears to catch the sound of Black Hawk's war whoop, and send it on down the river from lip to ear until its echo should strike the broad bosom of the Gulf and be lost on its surface. His emissaries among the tribes east of the Mississippi away up beyond Prairie du Chien made similar reports, so that, with all his caution, the old chief was completely carried away into the regions, not only of hope, but belief, that the great wrongs of the pale-faces upon his band would soon be avenged, and that he should be the instrument in the hands of his Manitou in accomplishing it. Barbarian though he was, yet he was a firm believer in the existence of an all-wise and governing being to whom he offered up his simple orisons not only daily, but almost hourly. In order to fully understand matters leading up to the crisis, we go back to see what was going on at Fort Armstrong.

CHAPTER XVI.

An Early Winter and a Late Spring—A Weak Fort and Feeble Garrison, on Half Rations—Visited by Sickness—Great Solicitude and Painful Anxiety among the Officers in Command as to its Fate—Josiah Smart goes to Prairie du Chien and Sergeant Colter to Jefferson Barracks for Provisions and Re-enforcements—Keokuk's Message and Request—The Turkey Scare and Tale of a Teapot.

I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possessed with rumors, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.—SHAKESPEARE.

The winter of 1831-2, though not nearly as severe as the preceding one, was nevertheless a long and cold one. The Mississippi was frozen over in November, and continued so until the latter part of March following. Unfortunately for the garrison at Fort Armstrong, a sufficient supply of provisions had not been forwarded them before the close of navigation, and as that river was their only highway or means of transportation, they were unable to obtain any after the river was frozen over. This was before the era of railroads or other public means of transportation. Nor were there any white settlements in that vicinity from whom they could obtain provisions of any kind in sufficient quantities to be of material service to them. Fortunately in one respect, at last, the garrison had been reduced to only 150 men, rank and file, so there were fewer stomachs to supply, yet few as there were, they were compelled to subsist on short rations all winter, and for several weeks prior to the first of April, on half rations. As a natural result many were taken sick, while all were emaciated, disheartened and discouraged. A portion of the soldiers were old, and should have been placed on the retired list. What from sickness and infirmity, there were not to exceed one hundred men in the garrison able to perform military duty of any kind, and not one fit for hard service. The fort itself, was a mere old wooden shell, built of hewed logs, four hundred feet square and, therefore, a mere excuse. Standing near the foot of Rock Island, exposed to the rains and snows of sixteen winters, and the fogs and damp atmospheres of a like

number of springs, summers and autumns; honey-combed by worms and dry as tinder, Fort Armstrong was less secure than a common stockade at that time. Composed of dry logs, a few well-directed fire shafts from the Indians' bows must have created such a fire as to consume the entire structure in a very short space of time, as the garrison had no effective means wherewith to contend against that dread element. They neither had a fire engine, Babcock extinguisher, or hook and ladder company, for it was before their day. Whilst Rock Island is virtually a dead level, it rises abruptly up many feet above the river, and at its lower end where the fort stood, its embankments are magnesian lime stone rock,—thus forming, as it were, a break-water, and creating a perfect protection to the marauder who should hug close to this wall right under the guns of the fort, for they could not be brought to bear upon this point. Hence, the officers in command at the fort fully understood their weak and defenseless condition. Surrounded on all sides by Indians, some of whom were known to be anything but friendly to the whites, and the fidelity of all surrounding tribes distrusted, the very air was full of the most startling rumors of Indian infidelity and preparations for war. Major Bliss and his feeble garrison were filled with the gravest misgivings, not only for the safety of the pioneers of the border, but of the fort itself and its comparatively helpless inmates. Day by day their provisions were nearing their end, and still the merciless ice blockaded the only highway over which provisions and reinforcements could be obtained.

Frequent conferences were held between the commander of the fort and Col. Davenport, whose residence and trading-house were situated on the island, about a half-mile northeast of the fort. The Colonel had lived and done business there during the sixteen years preceeding, and therefore was well posted on all Indian affairs, together with their language, customs, habits and intentions, and was fully impressed with the belief that a general uprising of all the Indian tribes of Illinois, as well as the Sauks and Foxes west of the Mississippi, was imminent. That Black Hawk, Neapope, and the so-called Prophet, Winnesheik, were plotting, scheming and planning an indiscriminate massacre of the pioneer whites of Illinois he had the most indubitable evidence. Yet he had implicit confidence in the good faith and fidelity of Keokuk and Wapello, with whom he was in almost daily communication, through his most able, faithful and diligent spy,

Josiah Smart, a white man of liberal education, who, several years prior to that date, had immured himself in the wilds of the then far West, and married a Fox squaw, with whom he was living very pleasantly. When among the Indians he wore their garb, when among the white people he dressed as they did. He well understood, and perfectly spoke, the Indian language. Bold, brave, shrewd, and withal prudent, he was alike cautious, when that quality was in demand. Besides possessing these qualities, he was a thoroughbred hunter and well skilled in wood-craft, hence his services at this critical time were greatly needed,—and right willingly were they granted. Major Bliss wanted a messenger to send up the Mississippi to Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien, to urge the commandant at that point to send supplies and reinforcements to Fort Armstrong. The task was a dangerous as well as difficult one, as he would be compelled to pass through the Indian country nearly the entire distance. Joe Smart, upon the recommendation of Col. Davenport, was selected for the mission.

Donning his Indian suit, with a pair of skates well secured to his feet, he started upon his perilous journey about the first of March, upon the smooth ice of the Mississippi, and reached the point of his destination without much difficulty or delay. While the commandant of Fort Crawford keenly sympathized with the garrison at Fort Armstrong, and was willing and anxious to afford all the relief in his power, he, too, was short of soldiers to properly man the fort and afford security and protection to the white pioneers in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien, for the Indian tribes of that region were also giving evident manifestations of ill-will against the whites, and assuming an attitude of defiance and hate.

Black Hawk's emissaries had traversed the whole country, spreading the contagion of insurrection and war in every tribe along the upper Mississippi, who were excited, restless and insolent, if not openly hostile to the white people. All the latent devil of these naturally revengeful and brutal natives came to the surface, threatening calamity and death to the pioneers. Hence the commander dare not send any portion of his already too weak garrison to reinforce Fort Armstrong. But provisions he had so that he could spare a sufficient amount to supply the immediate wants of Major Bliss; but how could they be transported was the serious question to be solved, as the river was

still locked up by the ice, and there was no other means of transportation. Hoping, and daily expecting the ice would thaw out, he proceeded to prepare and load with provisions a couple of barges or scows, and hired a few French and half-breed French and Indian roustabouts, and placed Josiah Smart in charge of men and boats, ready to start with the ice the moment a space of water was cleared, down the Mississippi. The ice began to move in a few days, when Josiah Smart and his fleet, and motley crew, started with the current, for Rock Island. Although frequently caught in ice gorges, and therefore delayed somewhat, Smart and his barges, loaded with supplies, reached their destination the latter part of March, to the joy of the half starved garrison and people. But prior to the arrival of Joe. Smart and his barges, not hearing from him or getting any tidings from Fort Crawford, Major Bliss dispatched Sergeant Colter with two privates, in a skiff, down the Mississippi to Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis, with dispatches to Gen. Henry Atkinson, then in command of the army of the west, detailing the condition of the fort and garrison on Rock Island, together with the imminent peril the white people at and near there were then in from the threatened hostile movements of Black Hawk.

In the meantime, Keokuk, the Saugenash, or whiteman's friend, kept a close watch upon every move made by Black Hawk, in whose village he kept his spies continuously, was advised that the latter had fully determined to recross the Mississippi that spring, with as large a force of hostiles as he could possibly obtain, and for that purpose would go to Keokuk's village, on the Iowa river, a short distance above its confluence with the Mississippi, and erect his war-post and hold his war-dance, hoping thereby to enlist a large number, if not all the braves, of Keokuk's band of the Sauks under his banner.

The noble Keokuk had previously pledged his life to protect Col. Davenport and family, together with the white settlers near Rock Island, and for the double purpose of advising the white settlers, near Rock Island, of their danger, and assuring them of his fidelity, he sent a trusty Indian to the Island to inform Col. Davenport what was going on at Black Hawk's village, and of his intentions to make war on the whites, coupled with the request that some trusty white man should be immediately sent to his village to learn all that was transpiring, and bear witness to his own integrity of purpose and active agency in preventing

the organization of any considerable number of braves, as an army of invasion. While not for a moment doubting the fidelity of Keokuk, after consulting with Major Bliss, who now acted in concert with Col. Davenport, they decided it advisable to have a true and tried friend at, or as near, the enemy's camp as practicable. Although Josiah Smart had but just returned from his wearisome journey to Prairie du Chien, he was selected for this hazardous and perilous duty, and at once made his preparation for starting. Painting his face as a Sauk brave, clothed as an Indian, and accompanied by two real Indians, in an Indian canoe, he struck out from Rock Island, down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Iowa, then up that river to Keokuk's village, where they arrived safely in the afternoon of the evening Black Hawk and his braves were expected to hold their war-dance there. He was very cordially welcomed by Keokuk. But, as he was as readily recognized by the Indians when playing Indian as when playing white man, his presence at Keokuk's village dare not reach the sight or hearing of Black Hawk, for, if it did, he would have been killed at once as a spy. To avoid this, Keokuk took him to his own lodge and concealed him under a pile of saddles, kettles, etc., and covered the whole with blankets. Here poor Jo had to remain seventy-two hours before he dare leave his place of concealment, half-starved and nearly smothered. While these things were transpiring, word was sent to all the white people of the frontier of Black Hawk's hostile intention, with advice for their taking immediate refuge and shelter in Fort Armstrong or a stockade.

Foreseeing that the fort could not afford shelter to all the pioneers with their families, Col. Davenport proceeded to erect a substantial stockade around his dwelling and trading house. This stockade was constructed of hewed logs, set on end in a trench running around his buildings, furnished with loop holes, etc. But unfortunately he made the serious mistake of leaving his well outside the stockade, which in case of a siege or an attempt at firing the buildings, by means of shooting burning arrows into the roof, would have been a serious matter for want of water to put it out. While in the midst of this wild excitement on and near Rock Island, Winnesheik left his village of Prophetstown, now in Whiteside county, Illinois, and went down to Rock Island, ostensibly to make a friendly call upon Major Bliss, in command at Fort Armstrong, Col. Davenport and St.

Vrain, the Indian Agent to the Sauks and Foxes. Upon representations made by a few of the settlers in the vicinity that Col. Thomas Forsythe, who had been the agent to these Indians for many years, was in sympathy with Black Hawk and his band, he was removed in the fall or winter of 1830, and a Frenchman, Mr. Felix St. Vrain, had succeeded him. This was an unwise, ill-advised action, for he was an entire stranger in that locality, and had no kind of acquaintance with them, hence no sort of influence over these Indians; while Colonel Forsythe, on the other hand, was well acquainted, alike with the white as well as the red people at and near Rock Island, and well understood all matters in controversy between the Indians and white settlers adjacent. To the Indians this change of agents was very obnoxious. Black Hawk says: "About this time our agent was put out of office, for what reason I could never ascertain. I thought it was for wanting to make us leave our village, and if so, it was right, because I was tired of hearing him talk about it. The interpreter,* who had been equally as bad in trying to persuade us to leave our village, was retained in office, and the young man who took the place of our agent, told the same old story over again about removing us. I was then satisfied that this could not have been the case."

The truth of the matter is, that the real objects of this visit of Winneshiek to the island, were to ascertain the strength of the garrison, condition of the fort, and feelings of the newly appointed Indian agent, Col. Davenport and Major Bliss upon the subject of the return of Black Hawk with his band to Saukenuk, or rather to the place where it stood when destroyed by Gen. Gaines and the Illinois volunteers, in 1831. Cunning and shrewd, Winneshiek, like Joe Bagstock, was "devilish sly." He possessed a thorough knowledge of human nature in all its varieties, from the lowest to the highest grades, as evidenced by his advice to Black Hawk in a preceding chapter. How like Valeria,—the illustrious sister of Publicola, when Rome was besieged by the Volscians over two thousand years ago, under the command of Coriolanus, whom the Romans had doomed to perpetual banishment upon simulated and utterly false charges, when all hope deserted the Senate and its armies, and the "Eternal City" seemed to be doomed to certain and inevitable ruin, advised that Volumnia, the mother, and Virgillia, the wife, together with their children,

* Le Clair.

be sent to the Volscian camp to intercede with Coriolanus, the son, husband and father, to spare Rome and the lives of his nation,—did Winnesheik advise Black Hawk and his band when Saukenuk, their Rome, was besieged by Gen. Gaines, in 1831, to send the daughter of the old village chief, or Mayor of Saukenuk, clothed in the habiliments of mourning, to Fort Armstrong to intercede with the General for the homes and cornfields of the Sauks. Unless handed down by tradition, Winnesheik could not have obtained this thought from Roman history, because he could neither speak or read any written language. Yet how very similar the thought. The mother, wife and children of Coriolanus succeeded in saving Rome from destruction by their intercession, at the cost of his life, for being suspected of treachery to the Volscians, they brutally assassinated him. But the daughter of Mattatas entirely failed in her mission to save Saukenuk from destruction at the hands of the Illinois Volunteers. Gen. Gaines adhered to his duty and lived. Since he was the husband of Myra, who has been persistently endeavoring to capture a large portion of the city of New Orleans for nearly half a century, it is reasonable to presume that he was too familiar with the persistence of a woman with a mission, to be seriously affected by either the tears or supplications of this olive-colored beauty. Be this as it may, he courteously, but emphatically refused to grant her petition, as shown in a preceding chapter. Black Hawk says, "The Prophet came down and joined us below Rock river, having called at Rock Island on his way down to consult the War Chief, agent and trader, who, he said, used many arguments to dissuade him from going with us, requesting him to come and meet us and turn us back." It is very clear from the entire conduct of the so-called Prophet, that he fully believed that the Quasquamme treaty and cession was absolutely void, and would be so held even by the great mass of the white people, when fully understood by and explained to them.

In this belief he showed himself to be quite a statesman, for he appealed to the innate honesty of the American people, with a full reliance upon their ultimately doing full and complete justice to these indians. He knew that, as a whole, the whites were fair-minded and upright, more especially so, the educated. That there were good and bad among all nations and peoples, with a decided preponderance of the good among Christianized people ;

that among and with the pioneer whites there were greater temptations to commit wrongs upon the Indians than in the cities, or on the farms of the permanently located American citizen; that prompted by greed and cupidity, the pioneers were impelled, step by step, to encroach upon the territory of the red man. Yet, when the people of the United States should become fully advised of the rights of the Indians, public sentiment and love of even-handed justice would rise up in their majesty and power and demand their wrongs should be righted. But to the end that it should not appear that these Indians tamely submitted to their wrongs, and knowing that whatsoever in life is desirable, costs labor, and when once attained, should not be yielded up for light or trivial causes,—that whatever is worth the having is worth contending for,—he was decidedly opposed to the steps taken by Black Hawk in fleeing from Saukenuk before the approaching soldiers under Generals Gaines and Duncan, the preceding spring, and now advised him to return with his entire band, old and young, with all their personal effects, and quietly rebuild their hodosotes and plant their corn as they previously had done,—thus ignoring alike the treaty of 1804 and the singular compact or nondescript which Gen. Gaines and Gov. Reynolds had forced Black Hawk, for his band, to enter into at Fort Armstrong the preceding June, in and by which he and his tribe were inhibited from crossing to the east side of the Mississippi under any pretense, or for any purpose whatever without first obtaining permission from Old Hickory, or the Old Ranger—President Jackson and Gov. Reynolds.

In what way these Indians were to obtain this permission from either of these magnates, since to reach their august presence the petitioner must cross that, to them, river Styx, in order to present their application, is not explained. Winnesheik, it will be remembered, had strongly urged Black Hawk and his band in 1831—when Gen. Gaines ordered them to cross over to the west side of the Mississippi—to remain in their lodges and let the General remove them by force, and under no circumstances or provocations should they offer any kind of hostile resistance to the military force of the United States, (as told by his brother, Neapope, in a former chapter) from which it is clear that Winnesheik's great controlling idea seems to have been a peaceable recrossing of the Mississippi, and a quiet re-entry upon their

ancient lands and homes. In furtherance of this course of procedure, Winnesheik first called on St. Vrain and held a long conference with him, urging, with all his eloquence, his peculiar views on the questions then of such absorbing interest to the Sauk band, known as the Black Hawk or British band. But, while giving this able Indian a courteous and patient hearing, St. Vrain assured him that his theory was impracticable and fallacious; that his instructions were clear and specific; that these Indians must remain west of the Mississippi, and should they violate the so-called treaty of Fort Armstrong by recrossing to the east side of the river, that act would be held and construed as an open declaration of a hostile intention, no matter howsoever pacific their conduct and bearing might be toward the white settlers in the vicinity of their old homes, and begged him to use all the influence he could possibly bring to bear on Black Hawk and his band to abandon all thought of recrossing the Mississippi.

The Prophet left St. Vrain with feelings of deep chagrin and disappointment, wending his way to the office of Colonel Davenport, with whom he held a similar conference with like result. He next presented himself at the door of the fort, and asked permission to enter it, as he said, "to pay a friendly visit to his old friend, the War Chief." But the gallant old Major Bliss suspected his real mission and refused him admission. He, however, entered into a lengthy consultation with the Prophet in which the latter developed his pet theory of a peaceable return of Black Hawk and his band to their old homes at Saukenuk. After patiently listening to the oily-tongued and wily Winnesheik, Major Bliss told him that such a procedure on the part of Black Hawk could not and would not be permitted; that his instructions upon that point from the Secretary of War, were clear, specific and mandatory, and if these Indians recrossed the river for any purpose, without permission from the President, it would be his imperative duty to use not only the military force of the United States under his command, in driving them back, but also to demand a sufficient force of soldiers from Prairie Du Chien and Jefferson Barracks to enable him to annihilate Black Hawk and his band, if necessary, to enforce his orders from the President, through the War Department, and urged him, as St. Vrain and Colonel Davenport had previously done, to go down the Mississippi to Black Hawk's camp and induce him to return to his village on the Iowa river. Winnesheik then returned to the store

of Davenport & Farnham, where he met Colonel Davenport and St. Vrain together, who united in their entreaties to him to prevent Black Hawk and his band from recrossing the Mississippi. He finally promised them that he would go and do all in his power to prevent the Sauks from *making war* against the white people, but did not agree to dissuade them from a peaceable re-entering upon their old homes at Saukenuk.

It seems that this cunning Indian was so wedded to his plan that neither coaxing or threatening could turn him from at least the experiment of trying it. He had observed everything going on outside the fort, and was well satisfied that Black Hawk could not catch the officers of the fort or Colonel Davenport *napping*.

The stockade around the trading-house and dwelling of Colonel Davenport was nearing completion, and would be, indeed, very strong, as it was being built, or constructed, of green hard-wood timber, while substantial corrals for the protection of the stock of the white settlers of that locality, were also constructed near the fort. This beautiful islet lies due east and west, and embraces an area of nine hundred and seventy acres. Its length is nearly three miles, and its width from a fourth to three-fourths of a mile. The north, or Iowa channel, is the main one, and is deep and rapid, while the south, or Illinois channel, though wide, is shallow, and affords several good fording places in ordinary stages of water. We shall not attempt to give anything like a detailed description of this most lovely island in this chapter. It was originally nearly all studded with giant forest trees, comprising the varieties peculiar to this climate, but chiefly of oak, ash, elm, hickory and walnut. At the time of which we are writing some portions of this island were thickly set with plum, crab-apple and other trees and shrubs of low growth, forming almost impenetrable thickets, which afforded places of concealment and security for the skulking Indian spies, and were alike places of distrust and dread to the white people, the bravest of whom felt cold chills racing over their spinal columns as they passed and repassed these thickets, with an eye ever on the alert to catch a glimpse of a painted face or deadly arrow. The safest and by far the best ford at that time, was near the upper end of the island, where the city of Moline—the Birmingham of the West—now stands. But from the building of dams, and other changes, this ford is among the things that were. Winnesheik, after making another fruitless effort to gain admission to the fort, took his departure down the

Mississippi, in his canoe, to Black Hawk's camp. That he left the island fully impressed with the assurance that Major Bliss and Colonel Davenport were advised of the hostile intentions of the British band of the Sauks, and were fully prepared "to welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves," is unquestionably true, and was confirmed by his advice to Black Hawk upon reaching his camp, as will be further proven in a subsequent chapter.

The noble Keokuk, through his spies in Black Hawk's village, was posted as to every movement, and kept up daily communications between his camp and the fort. Thus were Major Bliss and Col. Davenport well advised as to the movements of Black Hawk and his band of would-be hostiles. In the meantime messengers were sent from the island to warn the frontiersmen up Rock river and the surrounding country of their danger, and advising them to lose no time in seeking shelter and protection either in the fort or stockade on the island. The most daring and persevering of these messengers was the late Hon. John W. Spencer, whose widow now resides in the city of Rock Island, and whose sons are among the foremost business men of that city. He travelled on foot, solitary and alone, away up Rock river to Dixon, going from cabin to cabin with his startling news, that Black Hawk was upon the war-path with the avowed purpose of murdering all the white settlers of the frontier. He urged them—if, indeed, his news was insufficient to cause them to fly without being urged—to flee for their lives to shelters with their worldly goods and live stock, especially their horses and cattle, informing them of the erection of a substantial corral near the fort for the safety and accommodation of their stock. No pen can do justice in describing the wild excitement and dread despair of these poor pioneers, few of whom had suitable means at hand to enable them to make so sudden a move. Idle lamentations and useless tears were things unknown to these sturdy men and women. They were made of sterner material. With them thought and action were synonymous words, with a preference for the latter. Used as they were to toil and privation, danger was an old and intimate acquaintance of theirs. They had been schooled to *act* and do their *thinking* when they had more leisure. Since "necessity knows no law," and "is the mother of invention," it booteth not that they had neither horses, harness or wagons wherewith to move. Few of the pioneers had horses, and little use did they make of those they had. Oxen

were far cheaper and much preferable for the uses and ends of these early settlers. It cost nothing to feed them, since God's great pasture—the grand prairies—furnished all the food they required, and their harness was cheap. Any man with the bare knowledge of the use of an ax, augur and drawing knife, could make an ox yoke in short meter. Moreover, it required a strong team to draw the ponderous wooden mould-boarded prairie plow of those days. Though slow, an ox team is a remarkably sure one. They are far better in muddy roads and treacherous sloughs than horses. If the pioneer had neither horses or wagon, he had oxen and a sled with which to move his family and effects to the island.

True, there was no snow, hence his sled dragged heavily along, but he managed to move on until he reached the river bank, where his family and goods were either transferred to a wagon furnished by some more fortunate settler, or ferried over upon a flat-boat. Some there were who did not have even a yoke of oxen, or sled, and carried on their shoulders and in their hands their household goods, while others loaded down their, perhaps, only horse with their goods, and one of the family lead him, while the others, each carrying some cherished article, followed in the trail. Many who resided along the banks of the Rock and Mississippi rivers loaded their household goods upon canoes or skiffs and reached their destination by water, driving their stock overland. In one way or another they reached the island and took shelter either in the port or stockade. By far the greater portion of white settlers were located on the deserted Indian farm-lands which extended from the foot of Rock Island south to Rock river. These lands, as before stated, were of the richest quality and under cultivation and enclosure, embracing an area of fully three thousand acres; hence, they offered special inducements to the pioneers after their abandonment the year previous by the Indians. In addition to being under cultivation, they were in crop. No wonder they were in demand, and a regular hegira set in from the surrounding country to this mecca.

The fort and stockade were overcrowded, and as the farthest cabin on these lands was within three miles of the fort, Major Bliss yielded to the importunities of these settlers and let them return to their homes to plant their corn. But before they left the Island he arranged with them a signal of alarm, in case they or any of them should be attacked, or were in imminent danger

of an attack, which was that they should *fire off a gun*. This was to be the signal of danger. That upon hearing a gun fired each and every one should flee for the Island. He also impressed upon them the danger and evil consequence which must follow the giving of a false alarm, and cautioned them against shooting at anything or for any purpose, except as the signal of danger. Notwithstanding all this caution, Joshua Vandruff and his boon companion, Hackley Samms, while crossing Vandruff's Island, April 7, 1882, saw

A LARGE FLOCK OF WILD TURKEYS

and could not resist the temptation of firing at them, scare or no scare. They did not stop to think of the orders of Major Bliss about signal guns or of the mischief the firing of their rifles would of necessity create. They saw the turkeys and only thought about killing some of them. Taking their guns, they carefully crept within easy range, when each selected his bird and killed it.

But those two rifle shots did vastly more than the killing of a couple of wild turkey gobblers, for with their vibrations over and around the promontory, over the plain and river, and reverberations back from the high bluffs north of the Mississippi went terror and consternation to the hearts of hundreds of people. Not only did these gunshots fill the hearts of the settlers with fear, but it alarmed those at the fort and stockade. Mr. Vandruff was not long in realizing the mischief he had unwittingly committed, by seeing his wife and ten children making for the fort, without sun-bonnets, shoes, stockings, hats or boots, at a 2:40 gait. This being the danger signal, no one waited to gather up even their most precious keep-sakes. Mothers caught up their babes, and fled, bareheaded and illy clad, like race-horses, for the fort. Horses were speedily taken from the plow, the harness stripped off and left upon the ground, the owners mounting in hot haste, started at a John Gilpin speed for the fort. It may well be called a kind of "devil take the hindermost" race for safety. In certain instances, be it said, in sorrow, some there were, who wore the garb of manhood, fled, leaving their families to shift for themselves. Indeed, they forgot, in their terror-stricken condition, that they even had a wife or children, and never thought of them until their own cowardly bodies were safe within the fort or stockade, and then wondered why their families were not there. Such instances, however, were few. So impetuous and clamorous were

these fugitives to cross the south branch of the Mississippi,* that each boat was crowded so as to endanger the lives of all on board. Hearing these rifle-shots, Major Bliss naturally supposed them to be danger signals, and at the head of a company of regulars, leaving the gallant Phil. Kearney in command of the fort, sallied forth on the double-quick to the rescue. He met the terrified settlers on the way to the fort, but no one could enlighten him as to the cause, further than as to their hearing the guns, but by whom fired they knew not. None had seen or heard of any Indians in the vicinity. The major and his men pressed on towards rock river, until they saw Vandruff and Samms running after the fleeing settlers, and shouting as they ran that it was a false alarm. But the mischief was done, and the terribly frightened people kept on to the island of Rock Island. Upon meeting Major Bliss, they explained the cause of the alarm, and expressed great sorrow over their foolish act and its consequences. The gallant old major was not only mad, but furious, and fairly made the air in that immediate locality assume a brimstone kind of odor. Many comical, ludicrous and amusing incidents occurred and grew out of this so-called "Turkey Scare," one of which we give on account of its singular and historic surroundings, and which we may well call

THE TALE OF A TEAPOT.

Col. Davenport was a warm personal, as well as political, friend of Gen. Andrew Jackson, under whom he served in many a hard fought battle, and was much pleased with the election of the hero of New Orleans to the Presidency in 1828. A short time prior to the time for his inauguration (March 4, 1829), he wrote the President elect a congratulatory letter with a request that, as he passed through Virginia, *en route* from Tennessee to Washington City, he would make it convenient to call upon a sister-in-law of Col. Davenport's, who resided near Arlington Heights upon the regularly traveled route over which he would pass. This he did, and received a most cordial welcome and kindly entertainment. On leaving the hospitable roof the old General exacted a promise from his hostess to visit the White House at her earliest convenience, but owing to inclement weather and bad roads, she did not go to Washington City until about the 1st of June following, when she was driven by her coachman directly to the Executive Mansion, and warmly received by the President.

* Now called Sylvan Water.

Upon taking possession of the White House, Old Hickory ordered, through an importing house of Baltimore, a full tea set of China-ware, or porcelain, from Paris, which had arrived on the day of her visit, and were placed upon the table for the first time that evening. This tea set was of the most exquisite pattern and masterly workmanship, and probably was by far the finest in quality and style ever imported prior to that time. This good lady was a great admirer of the beautiful and a connoisseur of art and skill, and was delighted with this State tea set, and rather extravagant in her terms of commendation, winding up by saying that had she such a beautiful set of ware she would feel happy all the days of her life. Little did she think of the effect of her praise. Without the least apparent special attention to what she had said, the old hero immediately ordered a duplicate set through and from the same source, and upon its arrival forwarded it to her by special messenger accompanied with a card on which were written in his own hand-write: "With the compliments and best wishes of your friend, Andrew Jackson." Coming from the President of the United States, and being a duplicate of the State Chinaware, it was not only highly prized but almost worshipped by her, and soon became the wonder of the whole surrounding country.

Time brings many sudden changes. This good lady came to Illinois in 1831, to be near her relatives, bringing her porcelain tea-set with her, and located on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, where the city of Rock Island now stands. Here she had a log cabin erected with puncheon floor and door,—for sawed lumber was almost unattainable,—and was living there when she heard the false signals of Vandruff and Samms. In the moment of alarm, her first and all powerful thought was, how could she save her precious tea-set, which she held above all other worldly possessions, next to life itself, the most dear. The teapot being the most valuable article, she seized it and rushed to the door. To lift up the end of the puncheon at the threshold, and slip the teapot under the door-sill, was but the work of a second. At that moment her nephew, now Hon. Bailey Dav-enport, came running in to help her move to his father's stockade, on the island of Rock Island. The remainder of her precious tea service was safely packed and carried to the canoe at the river's edge, and thence paddled across to the island, and then carried to the stockade, where it all arrived safely, but when the old lady unpacked them the tea-pot was of course missing. She

having entirely forgotten where she put it, she burst into tears over her loss. Master Bailey, then not quite nine years old, was a very sanguine and self-reliant boy. Going up to his aunt he took hold of her hand, and in a very firm and assuring voice and manner, bid her quit crying, saying he would find it; that he had been raised among Black Hawk's Indians and knew all of them; that he was not afraid of them, and knew they would not harm him; that he would go right back to the cabin, and would surely find it. With heart and heel as light as the gazelle, he darted off for the spot where he had left his canoe, and although the shades of night were already settling over river and forest, he pushed his canoe from its moorings, seized his paddle, and drove its sharp prow spinning through the sylvan waters to the south shore. Springing out, he fastened his canoe to a twig, and sped to the deserted cabin, and searched every nook and corner, but failed to find it. He then searched the path they had followed to the river, and marched up and down the river bank, but received no reward for his labor. It was then too dark to make further search, and he returned, disappointed but not dejected. He had promised his aunt that he would find her teapot, and that promise he then considered inviolable, and has ever since acted on that principle. "Never break your promise," is indeed his life motto. With the coming sun of the morrow he was searching the island and the shore for the lost treasure, and kept up the search for days, weeks and years, until he succeeded. But forty eventful years come and went ere he found it.

In the meantime, the old lady had gone to her rest and the old log cabin had decayed and tumbled down. Desiring to erect a corn-crib on the site where it stood, on the 7th of April, 1872, just forty years to a day after the loss, he directed his foreman to remove the debris, and gave him special orders to look for a China teapot, telling him that his aunt had lost one while living in said cabin, and as the log lying under the door-step was rolled over, a crash as of breaking glass was heard, and upon examination the long lost, highly prized and assiduously looked for tea-pot was found, shivered to atoms by the weight of the old log. Thus, after a search of forty long years, was this treasure found, but ruined by the act. Mr. Davenport assures us that scarcely a day passed during these many years without his thinking of his promise to his aunt, and was overjoyed by his final success, even though the

tea-pot were broken in a thousand pieces when found, for he had fulfilled his promise, although it had taken forty years to do it.

While wild excitement and consternation ran riot at and near Rock Island, Black Hawk and his band were not idle or inactive, but, on the contrary, were scheming and plotting to raise a strong army of invasion of Illinois; and Keokuk was watching his every move and taking steps to frustrate his bold and daring designs. Their villages were on the Iowa river,—Black Hawk's lying above Keokuk's. Nor was all serene at Jefferson Barracks, for Sergeant Colter had arrived with his startling dispatches from Fort Armstrong calling for provisions and reinforcements, which produced deep and well-founded solicitude for the safety not only of the white pioneers of Northern Illinois, but for the fort and its feeble garrison. General Atkinson determined to lead the relief in person, and chartered two steamboats, loaded them with provisions and three companies of regulars and started for Fort Armstrong with all possible speed.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Full of Hope and Confidence in the Success of his Proposed Indian Confederacy, Extending along the Mississippi from Prairie du Chien to the Gulf of Mexico, Black Hawk and his entire Band of Braves, in full War Panoply, march down the Iowa River to Keokuk's Village, and hold a War-dance to enlist Warriors for his Army—Whiskey again Plays an Important Part—Wild Excitement—Jo-iah Smart in Decidedly Close Quarters—Stirring Appeals by Black Hawk and Neapope.

The aged Black Hawk first appears,
 Bowed down with care and weight of years;
 In burning words repeats his woes,
 And calls for vengeance on his foes.
 Neapope, his many stories tell,
 Of promised aid their ranks to swell;
 Each chief and warrior solemn swears
 To right their wrongs of former years;
 While Winnesheik, the Prophet, boasts
 Success must crown the Indian hosts.

From the moment when Black Hawk's band fled from their homes before the combined forces of Generals Gaines and Duncan, June 26, 1831, he began to plot and scheme some plan by which, at the head of a powerful army, he could recross the Mississippi and drive the white settlers before him like autumn leaves before a whirlwind. Having up to that time never lost a battle, he believed himself invincible. So vain was he of his reputation as a warrior, that,—like Glendower, who said, "I can call spirits from the vastly deep,"—so he believed that his single war-whoop would call forth every dusky brave from the hills and valleys of the Mississippi to join his banner. Having returned to his new village on the Iowa river, to receive the reports from his runners or emissaries whom he had sent up and down the river to rouse the various Indian tribes to a general uprising, and drive the white settlers back east of the Wabash, and having received from them the most extravagant stories of enthusiastic feelings existing in his favor among the tribes they had visited, especially those down the Mississippi, he was led to the belief that the moment he should recross the river, and rekindle his signal fires upon the Watch Tower at Saukenuk, and utter his war-whoop, its echoes would be wafted on from lip to ear until its refrain should be heard

far out over woods and prairies. To say that he was pleased and happy over the reports he received would be putting it quite too mildly. In imagination he saw himself the acknowledged War Chief of the most powerful Indian army ever organized upon this Continent. Always bold and aggressive, no General better knew the advantage of a bold stroke or startling deed of daring than he, and his fertile brain was not long in devising such a startlingly bold and daring act as would not only give a grand send-off to his confederacy, but at the same time remove from his path the most serious obstacle. This scheme was to capture Fort Armstrong, with its garrison, and appropriate to the use of his army their arms, ammunition and supplies. And to this end did he visit the fort several times in February and March of that year, but as before shown, failed to gain admission. For the same purpose did the Prophet visit the Island in the early part of April, 1832, with like result. But from the discovery after the close of the war of 1832, of a diabolical scheme.

TO BLOW UP THE EAST GATE OF FORT ARMSTRONG WITH POWDER,

it is evident that either Black Hawk or Winnesheik were busy during their visits to the island. This island extends almost in a direct east and west course; the lower end or tip of its tongue is pointed west. Immediately under this tip is a large cavern, worn by the ever-busy current of the Mississippi in the comparatively soft, yellowish magnesian lime-stone, forming the substrata of the island. This cavern is quite large and deep, so that small-sized row boats can run under for a distance of a hundred feet. This is the cave mentioned by Black Hawk as being the abode of the Good Spirit who had charge of the island. Slightly above this cave, on the north side of the island, there are two smaller caverns, worn and cut into the rock. The upper one is above high-water mark, with a small out-side opening, but enlarged as it extended south, and passed immediately under the east gate of the old fort. The fort was located near the very tip of the tongue of the island, and therefore immediately over the lower cave, to which an excavation had been made from the fort and a stair-way constructed, so as to reach the water from the fort, in case of a siege. The east cave not only extended to the east gate, but beyond it, and under the guard-house in the fort. Certain prisoners were confined in this guard-house, in the fall of 1832, who, by digging their way out under the east wall, struck

the dry cave and made their escape. On examining the cave, after the escape, three kegs of powder were found deposited within two feet of, and immediately under, the eastern gate of the fort, with a distinct trail of powder extending therefrom north to its exterior orifice. The banks of the island, at this point, rise abruptly up some fifteen feet, forming a perfect shield or protection against discovery of a canoe, passing along, hugging the shore. Indeed, a whole fleet of canoes could pass and repass without danger of discovery from the fort. Thus everything was in readiness to blow up the main entrance to the fort at any moment the old Chief should order. Where, how or when this powder was obtained, is a sealed mystery which will, in all human probability, remain so until the end of time. Any one familiar with the locality could readily see how easily this powder could have been placed there without causing the least noise or danger of detection, and, when this circumstance is taken in connection with Black Hawk's subsequent action, there can be no reasonable doubt that it was done by him or under his direction.

Having his plans all laid, and everything in readiness to attack, blow up, and take the old wooden fort, and being determined to do so, he only needed a few more warriors in order to make it an entire success. His motto was to "steal upon his enemies, taking every advantage possible to kill them, and save the lives of his braves, instead of marching out in open daylight and fighting regardless of the number of warriors they may lose, and after the battle is over retire to a feast and drink wine as if nothing had happened, after which they make a statement in writing of what they have done, each party claiming the victory, and neither giving an account of half the number that have been killed on their own side," as he says the Americans and British did in the war of 1812-14. Believing his plans were complete, about the first of April, 1832, he gave the order for all his braves and warriors to return to camp and prepare for the war-path to regain his late home in Illinois. All their arms and implements of war were collected and put in the best condition for use their knowledge and skill afforded. Jerked venison and parched corn were prepared by the willing hands of the squaws, who were more clamorous for war to regain their cornfields at Saukenuk than were the braves. Every lodge in the entire village was the scene of commotion and excitement, where preparation for the intended conflict were being made. War and slaughter were the sole themes

of conversation and thought. Anxious to inaugurate his campaign with a dashing force, Black Hawk determined to hold his war-dance at Keokuk's village, a few miles down the Iowa river from his own,—it, being the universal rule among all the Indians of the Northwest to hold a war-dance before going upon the war-path,—for indeed their mode of enlistment is by striking the war post with tomahawk or spear. The old chief was fully aware of the fact that his rival,—for rivals they had been for nearly twenty years continuously, subsequent to the division of the great Sauk Nation into three parts by the war of 1812; and the selection of Keokuk as War Chief of the Peace band,*—was opposed to war with the white people, and expected no assistance from him personally, but did expect recruits from his band, as the feud between himself and Keokuk was a kind of family quarrel, in which the braves and squaws took sides and ranged themselves as the advocates of their respective choice.

The two bands were on terms of intimacy and accord upon all questions, except what may well be termed politics. One faction preferred Black Hawk, the other Keokuk for President. They lived in the same city—Saukenuk—until the spring of 1830, as one nation, but practically divided into two bands, the one known as the Black Hawk, or British band, the other as the Keokuk, or Peace band, and so far as the masses of the people were concerned, we may call the one Democratic and the other Republican, with the Quashquamme party as Greenbackers. Aside from their choice of leaders and war policy they were one and the same nation. Not ignorant of the influence of the females upon the sterner sex, and aware of the enthusiasm which prevailed among the squaws of his band to return to Saukenuk, Black Hawk determined to take his entire band with him to Keokuk's village, to be present at and encourage the braves and warriors of both bands to enlist as soldiers for the war, to regain the possession of his ancient home on Rock river by force and arms. Through the village crier an order was issued for immediate preparation for the march of the entire band back to Saukenuk. To the squaws and papposes this was joyous news, and received prompt attention and obedience. Wigwams, household goods and implements were hastily packed and loaded away in their canoes lying close by in the Iowa river.

By some means, not clearly known, several kegs of whisky were procured and loaded in these canoes for the special purpose of the

*The third band was under Quashquamme, and known as the Missouri band.

war-dance: When the order to march was given, the old and infirm, women and children, were placed in canoes in charge of their personal effects, while the chiefs, head-men, braves and warriors, mounted upon their ponies, with the aged Black Hawk in front and Neapope to bring up the rear. Both Black Hawk and Neapope were accoutered in the uniforms of British soldiers, armed with ponderous cavalry swords, and carried a British flag at the head of their column, while subaltern chiefs, head-men, braves and warriors were in full war-paint and armed with such implements as they could obtain, singing their most exciting war-songs, and beating of their tom-toms, they bid farewell to their new village and started for the village of Keokuk, upon reaching which they disembarked and dismounted. Then bringing forward

BLACK HAWK'S WAR-POST,

they proceeded to a level plot of land, near the very lodge which was concealing the white spy, Josiah Smart, and placed it in the ground. This war-post had seen service before. It was constructed from the body of a small bass-wood or linden tree, and was about ten inches in diameter and seven feet in length. The bark had been stripped off and its surface covered with rude paintings in red, representing Indian braves going into battle. One end being sharpened it was driven down into the earth with a huge maul, specially provided for that purpose. Thus, when in position, it was by no means a bad representation of an Indian brave. Immediately upon its erection, Black Hawk drew his tomahawk, stepped back a few rods from the post, uttered his terrific war-whoop, and sent the tomahawk hurling through the air towards the post, cleaving the imaged skull upon its surface, burying the implement in the soft wood post up to its handle. Scarcely was his weapon embedded in the post ere the tomahawk of Neapope, his second in command, went flying through the air into the post close beside that of his Chief. Then followed in the order of their rank in quick succession the subordinate chiefs, each hurling his tomahawk into the post, accompanied with terrific shouts of defiant hate, filling the post with tomahawks until it resembled "the ever fretful porcupine," and left no unoccupied space for the braves to embed their weapons. The chiefs then withdrew several paces to make room for the braves to form in a large circle around the war-post, who, joining hands, rapidly moved from left to right, in imitation of the course of the sun, all

uniting in a hideous attempt to sing their war-song, and trying to keep time with the motions of their bodies instead of their feet, accompanied by the beating of the tom-toms, or Indian drums.

Faster and faster sounded the drums, faster and faster circled around the braves until their line was broken by centrifugal force. Then each brave, with loud yells, rushed to the post, striking it with the poll of his tomahawk, and thereby pledged his life to join the expedition and go upon the war-path. This was their mode of enlistment under the banner of their Chief. When an Indian brave once strikes the war-post of his tribe, nothing save physical impossibility can prevent or hinder him from joining the war-party. Indeed, no other excuse will be accepted by his Chief. Should he fail to respond, that failure would be attributed to rank cowardice, which, with the Indian, is an unpardonable sin. We have never been present at a genuine war-dance, but, from representations seen and heard, we infer that the Indian suffers himself to be wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. In many respects the Indian war-dance and the old-fashioned Methodist camp-meeting revival have a striking resemblance. If the war-dance is more potent in obtaining recruits for war, than the revival meetings have in gaining what are called converts, then all we have to say in favor of the Indian who does not wish to go to war is, God help him.

Reader, did you ever attend a real old-fashioned camp-meeting revival in a leafy grove upon a dark night, when all the light was emitted from the sickly rays from tallow candles through the interstices of tin lanterns suspended from the lower limbs of the adjacent trees? If you did, then will you remember how, as the minister, with a grave-yard visage and decidedly "hark, from the tombs, a doleful sound" voice, rendered all the more doleful by the dismal lights and dreary surrounding, exhorted the already excited, anxious, heterogenous crowd, and you especially, to "repent and come to Jesus," urging in eloquent language the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and after death, the judgment, picturing and actually describing that mysterious lake of burning brimstone, where Satan, with his three-tined fork, kept himself busy stirring up the molten fire and tumbling the sinners over and over to keep them hot, until the very atmosphere surrounding your then immediate locality became too scorchingly hot for comfort. How you imagined that the slender rays of

light straggling through the perforated tin lanterns were tinged with blue and the air itself was steeped in sulphur. How the brethren and sisters, too, sang in mournful accents:

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,"

and other equally popular revival hymns, while the minister with solemn step and reverential air descended from the pulpit to the mourners bench, accompanying his act with "Oh, come to Jesus; now is the accepted time; come forward and kneel at the mercy seat." How, as one after another of your boon companions went forward to the anxious seat and were greeted with "thank God, another sinner is saved." How that busy little devil, called conscience, kept tugging away at your heart-strings, until your heart beat the devil's tat-too to the danger of your ribs, urging you to go forward to the mourners bench. How your mother, sister, or,—more potent still,—your sweet-heart, urged and entreated you to enlist in the gospel army as a volunteer on "the side of the Lord against the mighty," while the good sisters and brothers shouted, and even fainted with joy over the glorious conversions. If you remember all these things, then you may have some feeble idea of the resistless force and power of the war-dance in procuring volunteers or enlistments of Indian braves and warriors.

To fully comprehend and understand the Indian war-dance, it must be witnessed, for no two are alike, or at least they are dissimilar in many essentials, because each brave attempts to illustrate, by his gyrations and manners, his intended mode of vengeance, or in describing the manner in which he had killed his enemy. The more extravagant and unreal the representation the more applause is elicited from the wildly excited crowd. In a word, the Indian war-dance is a theater of heavy tragedy, where deeds of heroism are portrayed. The late Levi Bishop's description of the Indian war-dance is as follows:

"Round the post
An ample ring the warriors form:
A maddened mass — a mighty host —
Dread tokens of a thunder storm;
Both hands of (Saukies)—all were there,
Each warrior in his rightful place;
In hideous paint beyond compare,
A demon gleams in every face.
Aloud is heard the Indian drum,
With vocal music hoarse and deep;
The crowd respond in buzzing hum,
While feet and hands the cadence keep.
Excitement rises; war-like yell"

Awakes the midnight's dreary spell;
 The heavy masses plainly tell
 Of ocean swelling from afar,
 A chieftain leaps within the ring;
 The (aged Black Hawk) leader, king,
 He fiercely yells at every spring;
 And chants the song of coming war.
 Successive chiefs the dance supply,
 The heavy war club swings on high;
 The scalp-knife flashes to the sky;
 The tomahawk its terror lends;
 Each brave recites his worthy deeds,
 And long ancestral honors heeds; .
 In every whoop a foeman bleeds.
 Around the post the war impends,
 In every attitude of flight,
 The painted (Black Hawk) frightful gleams;
 Applauses echo far and wide;
 Excitement swells from side to side,—
 Each vows the war-path to abide;
 Though worthy blood a torrent streams,
 They mingle now, they whirl and leap:
 Mad voices wildest cadence keep,
 As 'round the victim post they sweep,
 And each a victory obtains.
 Upon the square the thunders dwell,
 And fiercer battle storms foretell;
 The distant shore hurls back the swell,
 The forest roars a funeral knell
 And universal frenzy reigns."

After striking the war-post a vicious stroke the braves resumed their places in the dance without joining hands, but vaulted in the air, bent over, squat down or skulked behind an imaginary tree, trying to draw the fire of his enemy. Thus each brave, acting upon his own impulse, endeavors to exhibit some war feat performed or intended, and no two of them acting in concert, the action of the mass is ludicrous in the extreme, but owing to the great earnestness of the performers it has an overwhelming influence upon the Indians and literally carries them into the vortex of excitement. Anon, as their physical strength began to fail, whisky was passed around in abundance, under the influence of which their most savage natures were brought to the surface in hideous form. When the venerable Black Hawk, the patriarch of his nation, whose hair was frosted with the snows of sixty-five winters, with majestic mien and step, entered the ring, within the circle of dancing braves, and approached the war post, as if to defend it from further assaults, the tom-toms, other music and dancing ceased. The panting dancers endeavored to hold their breaths and stifle their beating hearts, eager to catch every sentence, word and syllable he might utter. As

he stood erect beside the war-post, cheers and shouts made the welkin ring. Never had he received a hearty, and to him, a more acceptable ovation. Waving his bony right arm in token of his intention to speak, the host of excited human beings were silent in a moment, ready and anxious to hear him speak. We regret that we can give no correct, or even approximate description of his speech on this occasion. Jo. Smart was the only white man who heard it, and from his description of the topics handled, and the order in which they were considered, we give the following as the substance of his powerful speech :

“Head-men, Chiefs, Braves and Warriors of the Sauks : For more than a hundred winters our nation was a powerful, happy and united people. The Great Spirit gave to us a territory, seven hundred miles in length, along the Mississippi, reaching from Prairie du Chien to the mouth of the Illinois river. This vast territory was composed of the finest and best land for the home and use of the Indian ever found in this country. The woods and prairies teemed with buffalo, moose, elk, bear and deer, with other game suitable to our enjoyment, while its lakes, rivers, creeks and ponds were alive with the very best kinds of fish, for our food. The islands in the Mississippi were our gardens, where the Great Spirit caused berries, plums and other fruits to grow in great abundance, while the soil, when cultivated, produced corn, beans, pumpkins and squash of the finest quality and largest quantities. Our children were never known to cry of hunger, and no stranger, red or white, was permitted to enter our lodges without finding food and rest. Our nation was respected by all who came in contact with it, for we had the ability as well as the courage to defend and maintain our rights of territory, person and property against the world. Then, indeed, was it an honor to be called a Sauk, for that name was a passport to our people traveling in other territories and among other nations. But an evil day befel us when we became a divided nation, and with that division our glory deserted us, leaving us with the hearts and heels of the rabbit in place of the courage and strength of the bear.

“All this was brought about by the long guns, who now claim all our territory east of the Mississippi, including Saukenuk, our ancient village, where all of us were born, raised, lived, hunted, fished and loved, and near which are our corn lands, which have yielded abundant harvests for an hundred winters, and where

sleep the bones of our sacred dead, and around which cluster our fondest recollections of heroism and noble deeds of charity done by our fathers, who were Sauks, not only in name, but in courage and action. I thank the Great Spirit for making me a Sauk, and the son of a great Sauk chief, and a lineal descendant of Nanamakee, the founder of our nation.

“The Great Spirit is the friend and protector of the Sauks, and has accompanied me as your War Chief upon the war-path against our enemies, and has given me skill to direct and you the courage to achieve an hundred victories over our enemies upon the war-path. All this occurred before we became a divided nation. We then had the courage and strength of the bear, but since the division our hearts and heels are like those of the rabbit and fawn. We have neither courage or confidence in our leaders or ourselves, and have fallen a prey to internal jealousies and petty strifes until we are no longer worthy of the illustrious name we bear. In a word, we have become subjects of ridicule and bandinage,—‘there goes a cowardly Sauk.’ All this has resulted from the white man’s accursed fire-water united with our own tribal quarrels and personal jealousies. The Great Spirit created this country for the use and benefit of his red children, and placed them in full possession of it, and we were happy and contented. Why did he send the palefaces across the great ocean to take it from us? When they landed on our territory they were received as long-absent brothers whom the Great Spirit had returned to us. Food and rest were freely given them by our fathers, who treated them all the more kindly on account of their weak and helpless condition. Had our fathers the desire, they could have crushed the intruders out of existence with the same ease we kill the blood-sucking mosquitoes. Little did our fathers then think they were taking to their bosoms, and warming them into life and vigor, a lot of torpid, half-frozen and starving vipers, which in a few winters would fix their deadly fangs upon the very bosoms that had nursed and cared for them when they needed help.

“From the day when the palefaces landed upon our shores, they have been robbing us of our inheritance, and slowly, but surely, driving us back, back, back towards the setting sun, burning our villages, destroying our growing crops, ravishing our wives and daughters, beating our papposes with cruel sticks, and brutally murdering our people upon the most flimsy pretenses and trivial causes. Upon our return to Saukenuk from our winter hunting

grounds last spring, we found the palefaces in our lodges, and that they had torn down our fences and were plowing our corn lands and getting ready to plant their corn upon the lands which the Sauks have owned and cultivated for so many winters that our memory cannot go back to them. Nor is this all. They claim to own our lands and lodges by right of purchase from the cowardly and treacherous Quashquamme, nearly thirty winters ago, and drive us away from our lodges and fields with kicks of their cruel boots, accompanied with vile cursing and beating with sticks. When returning from an ill-fated day's hunt, wearied and hungry, with my feet stumbling with the weight of sixty-four winters, I was basely charged by two palefaces of killing their hogs, which I indignantly denied because the charge was false, but they told me I lied, and then they took my gun, powder-horn and bullet-pouch from me by violence, and beat me with a hickory stick until the blood ran down my back like drops of falling rain, and my body was so lame and sore for a moon that I could not hunt or fish. They brought their accursed fire-water to our village, making wolves of our braves and warriors, and then when we protested against the sale and destroyed their bad spirits, they came with a multitude on horseback, compelling us to flee across the Mississippi for our lives, and then they burned down our ancient village and turned their horses into our growing corn.

"They are now running their plows through our graveyards, turning up the bones and ashes of our sacred dead, whose spirits are calling to us from the land of dreams for vengeance on the despoilers. Will the descendents of Nanamakee and our other illustrious dead stand idly by and suffer this sacrilege to be continued? Have they lost their strength and courage, and become squaws and papposes. The Great Spirit whispers in my ear, no! Then let us be again united as a nation and at once cross the Mississippi, rekindle our watch-fires upon our ancient watch-tower, and send forth the war-whoop of the again united Sauks, and our cousins, the Masquawkees, Pottawattamies, Ottawas, Chippewas, Winnebagoes and Kickapoes, will unite with us in avenging our wrongs upon the white pioneers of Illinois. When we recross the Mississippi with a strong army, the British Father will send us not only guns, tomahawks, spears, knives and ammunition in abundance, but he will also send us British soldiers to fight our battles for us. Then will the deadly arrow and fatal tomahawk hurtle through the air at the hearts and heads of the

pale faced invaders, sending their guilty spirits to the white man's place of endless punishment, and should we, while on the war-path, meet the Pauguk, our departing spirits will be led along that path which is strewn with beautiful flowers, laden with the fragrance of patriotism and heroism, which leads to the land of dreams, whence the spirit of our fathers are beckoning us on, to avenge their wrongs."

What between the effects of this speech, united with the large quantities of "fire-water" they had imbibed, together with the war-dance, the entire encampment was a seething cauldron of wild war excitement. The aged Black Hawk closed his speech with a glowing picture of a great Indian confederation, extending from Prairie du Chien to the Gulf of Mexico, which would sweep the palefaces back to the Atlantic ocean. The effect of these appeals was indescribable. Even the dignified Keokuk could not resist heartily applauding. When Black Hawk finished his impassioned appeal and took his seat on the ground, loud calls were made for Neapope, the half-brother of their Prophet, and therefore his oracle. He was in form and features a noble specimen of the sons of the forest, and in the very prime of life — some 35 years old. He, too, was an able orator, but rather inclined to bombast, hence his name, Neapope, or Broth. Very fond of whisky, he was fully "three sheets in the wind with the fourth shaking." He commenced by advising all present to take another drink of fire-water, saying that it was big medicine at a war dance, as it made the warriors brave. Waiting a few moments for order to be restored, he began his speech by magnifying the wisdom of the Prophet, and then related his batch of falsehoods substantially as he had delivered them to Black Hawk, adding that the Prophet had assured him of the entire success of Black Hawk in driving the white people from the Sauk lands by force of arms, as he would not only have the united support of the Winnebagoes, Pottawattamies, Ottawas, Chippewas, Kickapoos and Foxes, but that of all the Indian tribes of the Mississippi valley from Prairie du Chien to the Gulf of Mexico, united in a great Indian confederation, forming an army like the trees of the forest, under whose tread the very earth would tremble, adding that he had visited the English general in command in Canada, and had received the promise from him of all the guns and ammunition they might need. He again had the audacity to name the vessel which was to bring to them these British supplies, and to say that this vessel

would unload their supplies at Milwaukee, and closed his harangue by alluding to the long line of defenseless cabins of the white pioneers, the scalp-locks of whose occupants were ripe for the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the Indians.

By this time every Indian capable of bearing arms, in both bands, except the noble Keokuk, was a howling, screeching demon. There was no distinction between Black Hawk's and Keokuk's bands. So fierce and strong had the tide of grim-visaged war set in, that nothing short of a miracle could check or turn it aside. This was the happiest moment of Black Hawk's long exciting life; for he now felt assured of the entire success of his scheme, to the accomplishment of which he had bent the energies of his great intellect, unremittingly, for nearly an entire year. Little did he then think that his grandly constructed plans could be defeated in a few moments' time, and he, like Lucifer and Cardinal Woolsey, would be hurled from the very fruition of success into the abyss of black despair, never to rise again. Yet such was his fate, and from that evening up to the time of his death, his course was downward, and after death his bones were mounted and exhibited as a curiosity to be gaped at by the curious. When Neapope closed his stirring but visionary speech, Keokuk's subaltern chiefs, head-men and braves demanded him to lead them immediately forth upon the war-path, against the palefaces, to avenge their wrongs.

The firm, unflinching friend of the white people, Keokuk had pledged his life to save the lives of Col. Davenport and family, on Rock Island, and well he knew that the white settlers near the fort would seek shelter there, or within the stockade around the house of Col. Davenport. What he promised, that he would do, if within the range of possibility. He was never known to forget, or break his word, even in the slightest degree. Yet he knew and felt that he had never been placed in such a critical and dangerous position then. An open, bold opposition to the war under the surrounding circumstances and terrible excitement, he knew would be worse than suicide, and there was neither time nor place to try expedients. Whatsoever he did, must be done quickly. Should he commence his reply to the demand of his tribe to be led upon the war-path, by even suggesting a delay, or the bare expression of a doubt of its practicability, or feasibility, his life were not worth a pin's fee. He would have

been brained ere he had uttered ten words. This he fully appreciated, yet he had a mission to fulfill, for the performance of which he had pledged his life. That mission was to prevent the formation of a great Indian confederacy for the massacre of the white people of Northern Illinois, and that "God, who hath made and preserved us a nation," raised him up and endowed him with the special qualities required in its accomplishment,—courage, cunning, skill, and matchless eloquence. With a watchful eye—from which peculiarity he derived his name, Keokuk or the Watchful Fox, he observed everything which was transpiring around him, while his sharp ear detected every sound and move of passion expressed, so that when the excitement culminated in the demand on him to lead his band to war against those whom he was determined to spare, he had made up his mind as to what course he would pursue, and was ready for the ordeal, from which the escape seemed as desperate as that of running the gauntlet. Surrounded and literally hemmed in on all sides by drunken, armed savages, crazed from the combined influences of hatred to the whites, whisky and lust for revenge, all worked up into a frenzy of fury by the terrific appeals of Black Hawk and Neapope to their baser passions, who less than a God dare face that crowd of howling demons, and raise his voice in defense of the white people, and attempt to stem the tide of passion and hate, or to turn it aside? Could mortal man be found so reckless of his life as to make the effort solitary and alone? Aye, and that man was Keokuk. He not only had the courage to make the attempt, but the ability to successfully accomplish the act.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Black Hawk's Fond Scheme of an Indian Confederacy, Extending from Prairie du Chien to the Gulf of Mexico, Annihilated by a Thunder-bolt of Eloquence from Keokuk, who, at the same time, Overawes and Silences the Conspirators—
Josiah Smart's Critical Condition.

Down sat Black Hawk, down sat Neapope;
Up rose Keokuk, the grand.
Words of wisdom by him spoken
Sobered up the drunken band.
Thoughts of vengeance were forgotten—
Thoughts which had their souls possessed,—
Love of wife and helpless children
Filled each warrior's throbbing breast.

When the demand was made upon Keokuk to be led forth upon the war-path by his head-men, chiefs, braves and warriors, he was standing, a silent listener, near his own lodge. Without a moment's delay or hesitation, with a firm, determined step and air, he strode directly towards the war-post of Black Hawk. The wearied, but still wildly excited dancers in the ring, opened a gap for his entry. Walking up to the post he laid his left hand* upon its top. This was erroneously construed by the entire assembled horde to be an enlistment for the intended war, and a tremendous shout of joy welled out upon the midnight air. Standing beside the war-post a few moments for the shouting to subside, he waved his right arm in token of his intention to speak. In a moment all were still, craning their necks to hear what this Cicero of his race had to say to them. In that full, rich and highly cultivated voice, for which he was noted and admired by all who knew him and had heard him speak, he said :

“*Head-men, Chiefs, Braves and Warriors of the Sauks*: I have heard and considered your demand to be led forth upon the war-path against the palefaces, to avenge the many wrongs, persecutions, outrages and murders committed by them upon our people. I deeply sympathise with you in your sense and construction of these terrible wrongs. Few, indeed, are our people who do not

He did not strike the war-post, hence he did not enlist.

mourn the death of some near and loved one at the hands of the Long Guns,* who are becoming very numerous. Their cabins are as plenty as the trees in the forest, and their soldiers are springing up like grass on the prairies. They have the talking thunder,† which carries death a long way off, with long guns and short ones,‡ long knives and short ones,§ ammunition and provisions in abundance, with powerful war horses for their soldiers to ride. In a contest where our numbers are so unequal to theirs we must ultimately fail. All we can reasonably expect or hope is to wreak the utmost of our vengeance upon their hated heads, and fall, when fall we must, with our faces to the enemy. Great is the undertaking, and desperate must be our exertions. Every brave and warrior able to throw a tomahawk or wield a war-club must go with us. Once across the Mississippi, let no one think of returning while there is a foe to strike or a scalp to take, and when we fall—if our strength permit—let us drag our feeble, bleeding bodies to the graves of our ancestors, and there die, that our ashes may commingle with theirs, while our departing spirits shall follow the long trail made by them in their passage to the land of spirits.

“It is my duty as your Chief to be your father while in the paths of peace, and your leader and champion while on the war-path. You have decided to follow the path of war, and I will lead you forth to victory if the Good Spirit prevails.* If not, and the Bad Spirit rules, then will I perish at my post of duty. But what shall we do with our old and infirm, our women and children? We cannot take them with us upon the war-path, for they would hamper us in our movements and defeat us of our vengeance. We dare not leave them behind us, doomed to perish of hunger or fall captive to the palefaces, who would murder the old and the young, but reserve our wives and daughters for a fate worse than death itself.

“I will lead you forth upon the war-path, but upon this condition: That we first put our wives and children, our aged and infirm, gently to sleep in that slumber which knows no waking this side the spirit land, and then carefully and tenderly lay their bodies away by the side of our sacred dead, from whence their freed spirits shall depart on the long journey to the happy

* Pioneers. † Cannon. ‡ Rifles, muskets and pistols.

§ Swords and bowie knives, or dirks.

*These Indians believed there were two gods — one good, the other bad. The good was their friend, the bad, their enemy, and stronger than the good.

home in the land of dreams beneath, beyond, the Evening Star.* For we go upon the long trail which has no turn,—from which, in a few short moons, we shall follow them, but they must not follow us. This sacrifice is demanded of us by the very love we bear those dear ones. Our every feeling of humanity tells us we cannot take them with us, and dare not leave them behind us.” (Then turning to Black Hawk, who stood trembling like an aspen leaf and a picture of despair, he said): “To you, venerable Chief, do I appeal for an answer to what I have said. Your long experience upon the war-path tells you I have spoken the truth; yet, with all your wonderful eloquence, you have urged us to this terrible sacrifice. Brooding over the oft-repeated wrongs committed by the palefaces upon you and your people, your mind has grown weak, until you have lent a willing ear to the whisperings of evil counselors, who cannot speak the truth, because their tongues are forked, like the viper’s.

“They came to you under the guise and pretense of friendship, and by the use of base flattery and hypocrisy gained your confidence, only to lead you into the crooked path of ruin and destruction. They are enemies of yours and your band, instead of friends. They first told you the British Father has promised you aid and assistance, in warriors as well as guns, tomahawks, spears, knives, ammunition and provisions, as soon as you should recross the Mississippi at the head of a hostile army. Why has he not furnished you these things, to enable you to raise, arm and equip your army, ready for war? This fact proves the whole story a lie, prepared no doubt by Neapope or his cunning brother, Winnesheik, for the sole purpose of deceiving and misleading you and your band. The British Father is at peace with our Great Father at Washington, and neither knows of or cares for you or your grievances. The same evil counselors have told you that the moment you shall sound your war-whoop east of the Mississippi all the Indian tribes between that and the Illinois river will rise up as a single warrior and unite with you, and under your banner, to avenge their wrongs upon the white pioneers. What wrongs have they to avenge? They are on terms of peace and good-will with these white settlers, and have no cause of complaint or grievance whatever. Yet they have told you that these Indians across the river were not only ready but eager to join you in a general massacre of the frontier inhabitants of Northern

*Their Paradise was located beneath the Evening Star, in the West.

Illinois, and are now only waiting your signal fires to be rekindled upon the watch-tower at Saukenuk to begin the slaughter. If this be true, why are not their great war-chiefs here to-night? Where are Wauponsee, The Red Devil, Big Thunder Shaata and Meachelle? Why are they not here in person, or by their representatives, if it be true they are anxious to go upon the war-path with you? Their absence is proof conclusive that they have no intention or desire to join you in this suicidal undertaking. You have been deceived—aye, cruelly deceived—by these counselors with a forked tongue, who are leading you into the crooked path of the Bad Spirit, and have no love for you or respect for your gray hairs or good name. I beseech you, by the noble character you have always borne, by the honors and trophies you have won upon the war-path, by the love you bear your gallant little band, by everything you hold sacred and dear, abandon this wild, visionary and desperate undertaking, and return to your village. Seed time is here, but your grounds have not been prepared for the planting. Go back and plant the summer's crop. Arise to the dignity and grandeur of your honored position as the father of your gallant little band; shake off the base fetters of the Bad Spirit which bind you hand and foot, and turn your feet from the crooked war-path into the path that leads to peace. In this way only can you save your true and trusty band from certain defeat, if not utter annihilation. If you still persist in going upon the war-path against the white people, then indeed may we bid farewell to Black Hawk, whose protecting spirit has forsaken him in his old age, and suffered his star of success—which has led him in triumph to an hundred victories on the war-path—to go down behind a cloud, never to rise again; and when the Pauguk comes, his lofty spirit will depart, groping its way doubtfully along the dark and crooked path to the land of dreams, unhonored, unlamented and unwept."

Thus did this intellectual Samson of the red man,—armed with that harmless yet most powerful weapon, love and affection,—encounter, overcome and subdue the hate-maddened, whisky-inflamed, vengeful Philistines of his nation,—in doing which, he manifested a courage and ability which challenge the admiration of the great and the good, and around which memory delights to linger—a deed never excelled in real life, and seldom paralleled in fiction.

Forgotten then were the fiery appeals of Black Hawk and Neapope for vengeance on the palefaces. The prophetic voice of Keokuk still rang through their suddenly sobered brains. They could hear or comprehend no other sound than "I will lead you forth upon the war-path upon condition that we first put our wives and children, our old and infirm, gently to sleep in that slumber which knows no waking this side the spirit land, and then, carefully and tenderly lay their bodies away by the side of our sacred dead." etc. A solemn stillness settled over the entire village. So still had the howling, drunken crowd become that the silence was absolutely painful.

Even their wolfish dogs felt the sudden change, and stole crouchingly around the now silent wigwams in search of the cause, while the dusky mo'her pressed her child to her breast, and with bated breath and wildly throbbing heart, listened with eager ear to catch each whisper,—tremblingly listened, in dread of some dire calamity. The wild, weird war-dance ceased, and silent were their tom-toms and war-songs. All thoughts of war were banished from their suddenly sobered brains. From howling demons they were converted to reasonable, thinking beings, under the magic influence of the great magician—Keokuk—who held them like putty in his hands, with the ability to mould and form them into loving husbands and peaceably inclined human beings. Even the aged and eloquent Black Hawk was completely overwhelmed and crushed by this unexpected and sudden avalanche of eloquence which submerged all opposition. Indeed he made no sort of effort to check its influence or divert its effect.

Fully three hundred braves and warriors accompanied him thither,—he withdrew from the war-dance without obtaining a solitary brave or warrior from Keokuk's band, and when he recrossed the Mississippi a few days later, he could only muster two hundred men. Thus, instead of increasing his army by holding his war-dance at Keokuk's village, he lost fully one third of his own braves and warriors through the influence of this wonderful speech of Keokuk's. He came to Keokuk's village "to gather wool, but went away shorn."

It is a loss to the literature of the world that this speech could not have been preserved as delivered. No white man, except Josiah Smart, heard it, and he was so situated that he could not take down in writing even the headings, for he was literally buried

beneath Indian saddles, blankets, etc., in Keokuk's lodge, where he dare not move, or scarcely breathe, lest he should be discovered by some of Black Hawk's band, and his life taken as the penalty of a spy. Fortunately, however, he was a man of considerable education and good memory, which enabled him to give a fair synopsis of it. Black Hawk's statement of this affair is meagre and evasive. He says, "I sent word to Keokuk's band, and the Fox tribe, explaining to them all the good news I had heard. They would not hear. Keokuk said that I had been imposed upon by liars, and had better remain where I was and keep quiet.

* * * I resolved upon my course, and again tried to recruit some braves from Keokuk's band to accompany me, but I could not. Conceiving that the peaceable disposition of Keokuk and his people had been in a great measure the cause of our having been driven from our village, I ascribed their present feelings to the same cause, and immediately went to work to recruit all my own band, and making preparations to ascend Rock river. I made my encampment on the Mississippi, where Fort Madison had stood. I required my people to rendezvous at that place, sending out soldiers to bring in the warriors, and stationed my sentinels in a position to prevent any from moving off until all were ready." He does not say anything about the loss of a portion of his own band through the eloquence of Keokuk, but tacitly admits it by saying he sent out soldiers to bring in the warriors, and stationed sentinels to prevent their escape.

Had not Keokuk been able to restrain his braves from uniting with those of Black Hawk, the entire Fox tribe would doubtless have joined in the confederation, which would have created a decidedly formidable army of invasion. Once across the Mississippi with such a force, under the leadership and command of Black Hawk, who was the Julius Cæsar of the red-men, no power on earth could have prevented the Pottawattamies, Ottawas, Chippewas, Winnebagos and Kickapoos—all of whom belonged to the once powerful Peutomies, and were at least cousins to the Sauks and Foxes—from a general uprising and indiscriminate murder of the white settlers living between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, before a sufficient army could have been raised and sent to their relief. Under such able Indian Generals as Black Hawk, Wapello, Wauponsee, Big Thunder, The Red Devil, Shaata and Meachelle, the slaughter must have been such as to make us shudder at the bare thought of it. Black Hawk would

doubtless have been the controlling spirit. He was brave, cautious and prudent, though not wanting in dash and daring when the circumstances demanded these qualities. Quick to observe and prompt to take advantage of the least error of his opponent, no General excelled him in repelling a sudden or unexpected attack. With such an army as the combined forces of these seven nations,—Sauks, Foxes, Pottawattamies, Ottawas, Chippewas, Winnebagos,—to say nothing of the other powerful tribes down the Mississippi, he said wisely to Shaubenee :

“ If you will permit your braves to unite with mine, I will have an army like the trees in the forest, and will drive the palefaces before me like leaves before the autumn wind.”

But, thanks to that Deity who has in special charge the destiny of our noble Prairie State, and sent us a George Rogers Clark to wrest our fair territory from the British in 1778, a Gov. Ford to save us from the foul stain of repudiation in 1842, and a Keokuk to defeat this intended Indian confederacy in 1832, the lives of our pioneers were spared. An untutored child of the forest, but, all things considered, one of the most powerful orators the world ever produced, and as brave as he was eloquent, nature endowed him with every needed attribute for the accomplishment of his great mission, and right gallantly did he perform it. Possessed of courage, confidence in himself, and tact, of the highest order, Keokuk was prudent, and well considered everything he did before acting. His special study from infancy was human nature. Each secret spring and hidden well of the human heart, in its native state, was with him an old and familiar acquaintance. Indeed, we may say, his musical instruments were human passions, upon which he played at will,—to suit his pleasure. To soften and to soothe the troubled soul, he gently elicited the sweet music of the mellow chords of brotherly love and human kindness,—to rouse it into rage and fury, he thrummed the naked chords of hate, jealousy and revenge. In a word, he was a master of the human nature with which he was surrounded. For the purpose of being heard at Black Hawk's war-dance, he applauded the most inflammatory appeals made by Black Hawk and Neapope. To disarm them of suspicion, he drank with them. To put himself *en rapport* with the crowd of infuriated beings, he first uttered sentiments in full accord with their feelings. This done, he rapidly sounded the tocsin of caution, by his allusion to the power and numbers of the white people ; and then, without a moment's

warning, hurled forth his thunderbolt of human kindness and love of family among them with such force and precision as to fairly bewilder them for several seconds; and when they recovered from the first shock they were powerless of speech, and made no effort whatever to avoid its force or counteract its influence. Keokuk had touched the most sensitive chords of human nature—civilized or savage—love and parental affection, and instantaneously there welled up in their hearts the sweet music of the home circle, usurping and displacing all vengeful feelings, transforming the hate-maddened demons into loving husbands and indulgent fathers. Thus did this noble chieftain fulfill his heaven-born mission without the shedding of one drop of precious human blood.

King Solomon, by appealing to the innermost heart, was enabled to determine the real mother of the child, claimed also by the harlot. By the same test did Keokuk defeat the formation of a great Indian confederacy, and thereby save the lives of thousands of white people of all ages, sexes and conditions. For this manifestation of wisdom by Solomon he has been canonized for many centuries, while the wisdom of this poor savage—though he, like Solomon, was a king—has never been mentioned, much less canonized. Yet in its effects it was a thousand times more beneficial, besides requiring courage of the most heroic character. In the action and decision of Solomon there was neither haste nor personal danger, while in that of Keokuk both these elements were active factors. Solomon was the son of the Hebrew king, raised and educated in all the wisdom of the East. Keokuk was a child of the forest, self-made, without hereditary title, position or fortune, and raised in the wilderness. Springing from a tribe just passing from savagry to barbarism, he was the architect of his own fortune. Without books, charts, or means of learning other than the traditions of his nation, and absorption from nature, he conceived and executed, without a moment's time to think, a deed that entirely eclipses any act of King Solomon. We would not pluck a single feather from the plume of Solomon, appeal to the thinking reader for approval when we say the conception and execution of Keokuk overshadows and casts into the shade the greatest conception or execution of King Solomon. Then, while honoring the wisdom of the Hebrew king, let us not forget Keokuk, king of the Sauks, a greater than he. It cannot be truthfully said that Keokuk copied from Solomon, for he could

neither speak, read or understand any written language, and had never heard of King Solomon or his wisdom. When Keokuk finished his speech he retired to his lodge, and his own band of braves and warriors were so much mortified at their foolish action in demanding to be led upon the war-path that they slunk away like whipped curs to their kennels, and Black Hawk with his band proceeded to pitch their wigwams near by and retire to rest, and dream over the terrible picture drawn by Keokuk. In the mean time, Joe. Smart hastily penned a line containing an account of what had taken place, and Keokuk sent a swift footed Sauk to bear it safely to the fort. On the day following the war-dance, Black Hawk's band moved down the Iowa river to the Mississippi, but the wiley old chief left a cordon of lynx-eyed Indian spies to watch Keokuk and his lodge, so that Jo. Smart did not deem it safe to attempt to return until the third night, when he made his escape from his close quarters, and returned to the island, a distance of fifty-five miles. So utterly crushed was Black Hawk by the sudden turn his affairs had taken that he was unnerved and incapacitated for the intelligent performance of any great undertaking. With the sudden and complete collapse of his fondly cherished air-castle of a great Indian confederacy, his good genius deserted him never to return, and from that moment he ceased to be an Indian patriot, and became a mere puppet in the hands of Winnesheik and the villainous Neapope. With the commencement of Keokuk's great speech Black Hawk's manhood and good fortune began to wane and ebb, leaving him stranded high up on the ragged cliffs of irresolution, indcision, vacillation and doubt, from whence he rushed into inexcusable and inexplicable blunders, errors and mistakes, which landed him in absolute imbecillity, whence he drifted before the winds of adversity, without sail, rudder or compass. He was powerless to change his course or escape the storm which was fast approaching and full soon overtook and crushed him.

Fixed or definite plans or purposes he did not have. Like a dismantled ship, his life upon the ocean of time, without anchor or stays, was a mere cockle-shell, tossed hither and thither by every wave and undercurrent in his path. His brilliant star of success — for he had never lost a battle — had surely gone down beneath a cloud, while his frail life-boat was rapidly sinking under the force of the storm he himself had raised and called into being, but could not govern, direct or control. It is a melancholy

task to follow the misfortunes of this hitherto patriarch of his nation—whose war-whoop or battle-cry had filled the surrounding nations for nearly a half century with fear and trembling—down through the remainder of his days, to his ignominious ending and burials, for he was buried twice and then cremated. So suddenly and overwhelmingly had Keokuk's speech demolished his confederacy scheme that he was overwhelmed, and never rallied. As he had staked all his hopes upon this single cast of a die, and lost, his last card was played and his resources gone. With this, his last hope, he realized but too clearly that he had ventured his all upon thin ice, which had broken through, and escape was out of the question, save by a miracle. He had wrought up his own gallant little band to such a pitch of hope and confidence in the success of his confederacy scheme that he had not the moral courage to tell them frankly that it was an utter failure. He dare not do so because he had broken up camp at his villiage on the Iowa with the assurance that he would never return to it, but was going back to Saukenuk, which filled his band, especially the squaws, with delight and great expectations. To now abandon this enterprise and return to their Iowa village without making any effort to regain Saukenuk and their farm lands, or firing a gun, was too humiliating. Indeed, he was too proud of spirit to seriously think of doing so. The ridicule to which he would have been subjected would have driven him crazy; hence he determined to go forward and take the consequences, be they what they might. Defeated in obtaining recruits from Keokuk's band, and deserted by a third of his own, still his lofty spirit, though bowed down, was not broken. Still the roseate-winged angel, Hope, lured him on, on, on to destruction.

CHAPTER XIX.

Black Hawk Re-crosses the Mississippi April 6, 1832, with 200 Mounted Braves and Warriors and Leisurely Marches up the Illinois Side, accompanied by his Squaws and Papposes, Old and Infirm, with all their Worldly Goods and Effects in Canoes, to Mill Creek, near Ancient Saukenuk, where they Arrive April 11—On that evening, at the head of his Braves and Warriors, Mounted, Armed and in War Paint, he Forde the South Branch of the Mississippi where the City of Moline now stands, to the Island of Rock Island, to a Grove of Timber, near Fort Armstrong, where they Dismount to pass the Night beside their Ponies—A Dark Night, filled with Terror and Despair—Heroic Josequa and Brave Goka—"Wattair he be bettair to Fight ze Indian zan ze Prayer."—Keokuk to the Rescue, and Black Hawk withdraws from the Island and is Forced on up Rock river.

The fatal die is cast, the Mississippi passed;
 Wild rumors fill the air; with terror and despair
 White pioneers for miles, like bees from out their hives,
 With children and their wives, are fleeing for their lives.

Strikingly analogous is the life of a nation to that of man. It has its birth, infancy, youth, manhood, followed by age, decrepitude and death; and like man, it has its cares, troubles, anxieties, joys, sorrows and misfortunes, commingled with exultations and despondencies; and sooner or later, despite all the care and caution it can command, it commits many foolish acts and inexcusable blunders. Having committed one blunder, they follow it up with others, greater than the first, in rapid succession. To this rule Black Hawk and his band were no exception. Inordinately vain, proud and haughty, Black Hawk was the most susceptible to the blandishments of flattery of any man of his age; hence, a very little soft soap was sufficient to lather him all over with bubbles of self-laudation. All that was required to make him strut like a turkey gobbler was to speak of his hundred victories upon the war-path. This being his character and his weakness, it is easily seen how completely he was led astray by the fulsome flatteries and monstrous lies of that champion liar—Neapope.

So fully was he impressed by the false reports of promised aid and assistance from the British government and the surrounding Indian tribes, that he staked everything upon the single cast of

the die, and lost. That die was the enlistment of warriors from Keokuk's band. Having promised his women and children to lead them back to Saukenuk before leaving his new village on the Iowa, he lacked the moral courage to lead them back to the starting point after his terrible defeat at Keokuk's village. Instead of following the advice of the noble Keokuk, and returning to his village on the Iowa, and abandoning all thoughts of going to war with the United States, and preparing his grounds for planting his summer's crop, Black Hawk seems to have been in a comatose mental condition, without the reasoning power to determine which course he should pursue, or the will-power to execute the policy he should select. He was irresolute and indecisive. On the one side were arrayed his pride and vanity; on the other, his poverty and weakness. Pride and vanity urged him on to ruin, while reason and humanity whispered in his ear: "Sell not eternity for a toy." He had left his Iowa village big with hope and full of expectation, but a few short days before, with the avowed intention of never returning. His hope and expectation had been mortally wounded by his lifelong rival—Keokuk—and fully one third of his gallant little band had deserted him "at the time of his sorest need." Never had the old Chief been placed in so critical and trying a position. Like the boy who held the wolf by the ears, he could neither hold on with safety or let go. Danger and annihilation lay directly in his path, if he should go forward,—humiliation and dishonor lay behind him if he should return to his village. But these were by no means the only troubles besetting and surrounding the old Chief. He was only able to induce two hundred braves and warriors to accompany him in his proposed hostile invasion of Illinois. Of these but very few were armed with guns of any kind, and were out of ammunition. Nor had he the means or power of procuring either arms, ammunition, provisions or clothing,—all of which he must have in order to be able to do anything. His greatest immediate difficulty was lack of provisions. His band fled from Saukenuk, June 26, 1831, hence they had raised no crop that year, and the winter's hunt had been a poor one.

Thus handicapped and envired, did Black Hawk find himself and band on the west bank of the Mississippi, April 6, 1832. While halting between crossing the river and taking the chances, on the one side, and going back to his Iowa village, on the other, the squaws determined him to risk the chances of war, and

“cross the Rubicon,” as they were unanimously in favor of returning to Saukenuk. Weighed down with the cares and perplexities of his situation, can it be wondered that Black Hawk should have committed inexcusable blunders and errors. Yet when analyzed, his actions are more consistent than would be supposed.

On the 6th or 7th of April, 1832, he, at the head of about two hundred mounted and partially armed braves and warriors, crossed the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Iowa, some fifty-five miles below Rock Island, to the Illinois side, and marched up the river by easy marches to Rock Island, reaching Mill creek, south of Rock river, and above Saukenuk, on the afternoon of the 11th of April, in full war paint, singing their war-songs and beating their tom-toms. They were accompanied up the river by the women and children, old and infirm, together with all the worldly goods and effects of the band in canoes; the braves marching along the shore as an escort or convoy to the little fleet of canoes, all camping together at night on the Illinois shore. On the evening of the tenth they reached Rockport, now Andalusia, where Gen. Gaines had met the army of Gen. Duncan the year before, and encamped for the night. Here they were met by Winnesheik, the Prophet, who had just left the Island where he had held several conferences with St. Vrain the Indian Agent, Col. Davenport and Maj. Bliss, commandant of the fort, to whom he had promised that he would go down the river and meet Black Hawk, and dissuade him from making war against the white people, as before stated.

In making this promise, this crafty Indian was guided by policy. He desired above all things else to gain admission to the fort, for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the location of the powder magazine, armory and sutler's stores, and make a careful examination of the fort, to locate its weak points, and ascertain the number, location and condition of the large guns and their bearings, hence he assumed the character and garb of friendship to cover his real designs, and readily assented to any proposition made to him, although in doing so he well knew he was playing the part of the hypocrite, and arrant dissembler. That he visited the island with not only the knowledge of Black Hawk, but at his request, or, rather, in furtherance of their concerted plan, there can be no reasonable doubt. But with all his protestations of friendship for the whites he failed in gaining admission to the

fort. Yet he succeeded in gaining much information that was valuable to Black Hawk. He learned that no reinforcements had arrived, and that Jo. Smart had brought down in his barges from Prairie du Chien quite a quantity of provisions; and more important still, that neither Maj. Bliss, nor any of his command, had any knowledge of this tunnel to the east gate of the fort and the gun-powder plot, and doubtless renewed the trail of powder leading from the cave to the three kegs of powder, placed immediately under the gate. He was told that Gen. Atkinson, with a large force of soldiers, was supposed to be on his way to the fort from Jefferson Barracks. From this he knew that no reinforcements had reached the island, and there can be but little doubt that he was well posted as to the number and physical condition of the garrison. Hence he had much valuable information to communicate to Black Hawk at their conference that night. Here he addressed the Sauk braves and warriors, exhorting them to follow their chief, and act like braves and warriors, and all would be well. Much difficulty has been encountered at this point in the history of these transactions, in reconciling the action of Black Hawk in taking with him the women and children of his band, together with all their goods and effects, when ostensibly he was going on the war-path. The appearance of the braves and warriors in war-paint, armed and mounted, singing war songs, accompanied by the beating tomtoms, meant stern, unrelenting war; while the presence of their wives and children, old and feeble, together with their wigwams, cooking utensils and worldly goods, meant peace, clearly and unmistakably. No Indian war-chief was ever known to go upon the war-path accompanied and encumbered by the families of his warriors. Cruel, revengeful and heartless as he is represented to be, and is, he it said, and truthfully said, to his credit, that the Indian is an affectionate husband and indulgent father, and always careful of the lives and comfort of his family. He never submits them to danger if he can avoid it. That general of a civilized nation who should permit the wives and children of his soldiers to accompany them into battle, would forfeit the respect and invoke the condemnation and execration of every enlightened nation. In this respect the Indians' sense of humanity is quite as clearly defined and active as with the most Christianized nations of the world.

That this is true, no person in the least familiar with the Indian character and history will attempt to deny. Then why did Black Hawk take with him on his return from Iowa to Illinois the families and worldly goods of his band, while he and his braves were in full panoply and paraphernalia of war? Why did he assume this dual attitude of war and peace at one and the same time, and by the same act? This anomalous action has presented such a stumbling-block in the path of the historian that he has passed by, over, or around it, without stopping to remove, or even examine and analyze it, hence the problem has never been solved. Every problem, even the most difficult, may be solved when we know how to do it, and this is no exception to the general rule. In the solution of this anomalous problem there are but two questions or elements to be considered — the one being a question of fact, the other of intent, as the latter always qualifies the former. That Black Hawk did cross the Mississippi with his warriors, in war-paint, and follow up the Illinois side to Rock Island, is undisputed, while the women and children passed up that river with their worldly goods in canoes is equally true, and still his intention was to retake and hold by force the peninsula between Rock island and Rock river, embracing the site of Saukenuk and the Sauk farm lands. In doing this he was simply *changing* his village from the Iowa back to Rock river, preparatory to going on the war-path against the white people. From what he saw and heard while at Keokuk's village a few days before, he was satisfied that Keokuk was the firm friend of the white people, and as his village and lands were between Black Hawk's Iowa village and Rock Island, his objective point, he dare not leave his families behind him, thus completely isolated and cut off from communication. Besides, they had not been at their Iowa village long enough to prepare any of their lands for corn planting or the raising of any kind of crops, while there were near Saukenuk, their old home on Rock river, nearly 3,000 acres of cultivated land, and the time of preparing the ground for the planting was then at hand. Moreover, Saukenuk was a naturally fortified location, and near Rock Island, which he proposed to make his stronghold and central point for his intended military operations. There were no white soldiers within hundreds of miles, except at Fort Armstrong, and none could reach that point except by water transportation up the Mississippi. This was Black Hawk's only fear. He had been informed that the fort expected reinforcements from Jefferson Barracks, hence his strong desire to reach

the island, fire the powder trail leading from the cave near the foot of the island to the three kegs of powder deposited under the east gate of the fort, as before described, blow it up and rush in, overpower the garrison, and seize the guns, ammunition and provisions before reinforcements arrived.

With this explanation of fact and intent, the problem is fully solved. He had not the least thought of taking the women and children of his band with him on the war-path, but was simply moving his village and changing base as preparatory steps to begin the war. That this is the rational and logical solution of this problem, is fully established by his actions immediately following. Having safely conducted the women and children, old and young, of his band, with all their goods and effects, back near their late home, where Saukenuk had so recently stood, he left them there, clearly intending to make that their home, where—after capturing the fort and taking full possession of its guns, stores, ammunition and supplies—he intended to rebuild a sufficient number of hodosotes for the accommodation of the families of his band, and plant the coming season's crops upon the cultivated lands adjacent thereto. He and his band, with all their effects, passed up Rock river to Mill Creek, southeast of Saukenuk, in the afternoon of the memorable 11th of April, 1832, where Black Hawk, with his two hundred mounted, armed and war-painted braves and warriors left the non-combatants and marched north some four miles, and drew up on the south bank of the south branch of the Mississippi, near the lower end of the island of Rock Island, immediately opposite old Fort Armstrong, at about five p. m. Here they remained in full view of the terrified white people, who had sought refuge and safety behind the walls of the fort, or within the stockade around the trading house and dwelling of Col. Davenport, until after sunset. The south branch of the Mississippi at Rock Island, though nearly half a mile wide, is not deep, and at that time there were three points at which it could be safely forded at ordinary stages of water. Of these, the middle ford, located about a mile and a half above the foot of the island, was much the best of the three. At the point where Black Hawk formed his mounted, armed and war-painted braves in line along the bank facing the fort, the river was too deep to ford, hence the object he had in view in forming his line there, and holding it from five p. m. until dusk is dif-

ficult to determine. He made no other demonstration or menace of any kind beyond that already stated. Not a gun was fired by his band or a war-whoop uttered. They simply remained in line, mounted upon their ponies, as staid and immovable as statues. Painfully beautiful to the terrified white people on the island were the reflected rays of the declining sun upon the gawdy tinsel and trappings, guns, tomahawks and scalping knives of these Indians on this memorable afternoon.

Here the dusky horde remained until the sun withdrew his face from earth, and then silently marched up to the ford, crossed over to the island, and wended their way without noise to a thickly wooded grove on the east side, and near by the fort, to be in easy striking distance at the coming of the morning's dawn,—their favorite hour of attack,—when Black Hawk's intention undoubtedly was to send an Indian along under the steep bank, in his canoe, to the cave near the foot of the island, which extended to and under the fort, to apply a brand to the powder trail leading to the three kegs of powder deposited immediately under the east gate thereof, as described in a former chapter. By the explosion of this mine, he fully expected this gate would be blown from its fastenings, which would enable him and his braves to rush in, overcome and subdue the feeble garrison, and capture the fort with all its guns, ammunition and supplies, the need of which he sorely felt.

That the plans of Black Hawk, for the capture of the fort and possession of the island, were shrewdly and carefully laid, must be admitted, and that they were not successfully executed, seems almost a miracle. But "man proposes, God disposes," and his plans were defeated, and the fort as well as the stockade, with their stores of precious blood and treasure, escaped unscathed. No one better understood the adage, that "nothing is so successful as success," than did Black Hawk, and that once in possession of the fort and island, the surrounding Indian tribes would immediately rush to his banner, when a general and indiscriminate slaughter of the white people of Northern Illinois would have ensued.

As stated in a former chapter, the turkey scare occurred about the 7th of April, when all the white people residing near Rock Island sought shelter and safety, either behind the walls of the old fort or in the stockade. Soon after that, a swift-footed messenger arrived at the island, from Keokuk, to warn them of Black

Hawk's re-crossing the Mississippi with his braves, in full panoply of war, and that he was marching up the Illinois side of the river towards Rock Island. To the already terrified settlers, especially the women and children, this news was absolutely paralyzing. Even the roseate Angel of Hope seemed to have deserted them. All the pioneer settlers within a radius of forty miles had been advised of their danger, as before stated, and were already in the fort or stockade, or had fled the country ere Black Hawk with his band reached that locality.

Thus on the memorable 11th of April, 1832, both the fort and Davenport stockade were teeming full of what may be termed refugees, the larger portion of whom were women and children, whose safety hinged or seemed to hinge upon the strong arms of husbands, fathers and brothers, who were brave enough for individual heroes, but poorly armed and without discipline or organization. The long and painful sight presented to their view by Black Hawk and his mounted braves and warriors in their menacing attitude on the south bank of the river, had a decidedly bad effect upon the nerves of the bravest of the pioneers on the island, and when, in the gloaming of the evening, the red sun went down beneath a fiery red cloud, they bid farewell to hope. Capt. B. F. Pike and two companions, for the purpose of ascertaining Black Hawk's movements, went up the island so as to command a view of the middle ford, and concealed themselves in a safe covert whence they could see all that took place at the ford. Shortly after they arrived there, Black Hawk with his band of mounted, armed and painted braves came down the south bank in single file at a respectable distance from each other, entering the river and starting across to the island. It is a singular fact that in the twilight, especially upon the smooth surface of a bed of water, there exists a kind of mirage which makes every natural object loom up to double its natural size, and by a strange freak, reflects bodies on the waters surface so as to double them up in a sort of mysterious way. To the already badly frightened Pike and companions, each dusky Indian was a giant and each little pony an elephant or at least a powerful war-horse, while their numbers were miraculous. The sight was too terrible for their sensitive nerves. They had already seen too much. Though their hearts were brave, their legs were cowardly and bore their trembling bodies at a break-neck speed back to the stockade, where they arrived pale and breathless, to report that the

terrible Black Hawk with at least one thousand armed savages were already on the island and marching for the fort and stockade. The terror and fright which immediately followed this announcement can only be imagined—never described. Amid the most piteous wailings, fond mothers clasped their helpless infants to their breasts, accompanying the act with farewell kisses upon their pouting little lips. Brave Col. Davenport and his faithful French servitor—Antoine Gouquy* were about the only two persons at the stockade who were cool and collected. What they most dreaded from an attack from the savage horde was fire. As shown before, the well from which they obtained all their water was, from an oversight, not enclosed in the stockade. For the purpose of guarding against a siege, and to provide the means of quenching incipient fires which might be kindled in the shingled roofs of the building within the enclosure, from the Indian fire arrows that might be shot into it, the first and most important thought was to fill every barrel, tub, pail, churn and kettle in the stockade. The brave and faithful Gouquy managed the sweep and well pail, while the other men, boys and women lent a willing hand in carrying the water into the stockade and depositing it.

While this sturdy Frenchman was thus engaged, his faithful and equally brave squaw wife,—Josequa,—the medicine woman—took her position outside the stockade to watch and listen for the approach of the enemy, determined to save the lives of those within the stockade, even at the cost of her own. Before going to her self-selected post of danger, she informed Col. Davenport of what she intended to do, with the assurance that she would at least effect a parley with the Indians before any attack was made upon the stockade. Her keen sense of hearing soon detected the notes of the Whippoorwill, and her knowledge of the habits of that harmless little bird told her that these notes were simulated by the Indians, and had been determined on by Black Hawk as signal notes. Of this she was the more assured from the fact that these sweet songsters go south of winters and do not return north as far as this locality before about the ides of May. Just what these signal notes meant she could not determine, but felt quite sure they boded no good to the beleaguered stockade, and reported accordingly.

There was an old swivel at the stockade which Sergt. Haskill "loaded to the brim, knowing it would scatter like thunder," and

*Pronounced Goka.

with torch in hand, stood by its side ready to fire the "infernal machine" whenever the Indians came within sight or range. Some were engaged in prayer, and nearly all in lamentations. The night wore on apace—dark, gloomy and dismal, accompanied by sharp lightning, heavy thunder, and terrific rain and hail. 'Twas such a night

"That e'n a chiel might understand
The deil ha' business on his hand."

At her self-selected post of danger the heroic squaw-wife—Josequa,—stood reckless alike of the 'pouring rain and driving sleet amid the terrific cannonade of heavens artillery, until after midnight, a silent but ever-attentive listener to catch the sight or sound that might bode danger to the life of her white husband and his friends in the stockade. To her there came no relief of guard, for a kingdom could not have hired any white man to take her place and stand as she did between the stockade and the grove where Black Hawk and his band were concealed,—thus placing himself directly between the two belligerent parties, as a target for both. Her love of husband and children impelled her to turn her back upon her own people and risk her life in the defense of their enemies. In point of conjugal affection and heroism Josequa,—the squaw-wife,—stands second to none of her sex. To better explain the woof and web of these exciting times, we return to the village of the noble Keokuk on the Iowa river, and note the events and incidents which followed the withdrawal of Black Hawk and his band after his ill-fated war-dance. While Keokuk had fondly hoped and believed that Black Hawk had entirely abandoned his wild scheme of war, yet he kept a sharp watch over his every act and move, and, notwithstanding he took with him on his ascent of the river his women and children with all their goods and effects, Keokuk was not deceived by this movement. He clearly saw through its specious covering, grim visaged war against the white pioners of northern Illinois. His first act was to send word to the island of their danger. Learning that no re-enforcements had passed up to the fort, he at once proceeded to arm and equip about two hundred of his own braves and warriors for the purpose of defeating the objects of Black Hawk, and saving the stockade and fort from savage fury.

Black Hawk had several days the start of Keokuk, and marching on the east side of the Mississippi he had a shorter and less

difficult route than Keokuk, who passed up on the Iowa side, and found his course impeded by swollen streams and heavy roads. By forced marches he hoped to reach the island before Black Hawk, but had only reached a point some twenty mile below the fort on the evening of the memorable 11th, when he was, with great reluctance, compelled to camp for the night on account of the intense darkness and heavy storm. Here, fretting like a caged lion, the gallant Keokuk was compelled to remain. No thought of sleep entered his distracted brain. Wrapping his blanket around his broad shoulders and breast he took his station beneath the sheltering boughs of a giant old elm tree, with his eagle eye piercing the darkness in all directions, keeping watch and ward over his thoroughly tired and sleeping braves and warriors. About the "noon of night" his keen eye caught the reflection from the head-lights of the steamers *Enterprise* and *Chieftain*, bearing Gen. Atkinson and his reinforcements and supplies for Fort Armstrong, shining out like a good deed in the surrounding darkness. Hastily wakening Josiah Smart—who had returned to his village after making his report of Black Hawk's war-dance to Maj. Bliss, and then joined Keokuk's expedition—and kindling a torch, these two men ran down the river bank to meet the upcoming steamer, and when in hailing-distance, Jo. Smart explained to the General the situation of affairs, and desired him to land and take Keokuk and his braves on board, but Gen. Atkinson, always too cautious for an officer, fearing a decoy, declined to land until assured by Sergt. Colter, who was on board, that Keokuk and Josiah Smart could be implicitly relied upon. After some hesitation the steamer *Chieftain* was run near the shore, fastened to adjacent trees, gang-planks run out, and Keokuk, with his two hundred braves and warriors, taken on board, loading the steamer down, almost to the sinking-point.

At about two o'clock A. M., of the 12th of April, the steamer came in sight of the fort, and fired their signal-gun, to which the anxious garrison responded with a ringing salute, accompanied with loud cheers of joy,—for now they were assured of safety and reinforcements. But the people of the stockade had not and did not see the lights of the approaching steamboats nor recognize the firing of either the signal-gun or salute, but on hearing the loud shouts of the garrison above the rain and confusion of the war of the elements, misconstrued them into shouts of triumph by the Indians, over what they supposed was the capture of

the fort by Black Hawk. Hence all hope to the people of the stockade seemed to perish, and Elder Kinney, of Port Byron, Illinois, a zealous worker in the Presbyterian church, being among those at the stockade, advised them all to unite in an appeal to God as their only hope of safety, but Old Gowky, who had worked like a beaver all night long, now here, then there, like the Will-o'-the-wisp, said in his broken English, "Ze prayer he be good for ze vimmin an' ze childer, but he be not wort one cent to fight ze Injins. Wattair, he be bettair zan ze prayer." But on seeing the arrival of reinforcements, together with Keokuk and his warriors, Black Hawk and his braves mounted their horses, and "like the Arabs, silently stole away" at break of day, re-crossed the ford to the Illinois side so quietly that no one on the island knew of their withdrawal, and were it not for the testimony of Capt. Pike and his two companions, who saw them crossing to the island the evening before, and the simulated notes of the Whippoorwill, detected by the daring Josequa, and the litter made by their ponies during the night, in the grove, no one on the island would have known they were there. Maj. Bliss had not the least suspicion of the existence of the mine under his fort, with enough powder to blow him and his fort skyward,

How Black Hawk conceived this idea of blowing up the east gate of the fort, we think, can be explained by referring back to the war with Great Britain, of 1812-14, when he served on the staff of the English General, Dixon, from whom he probably learned of the Guy Fawks plot to blow up the House of Parliament; but how, or where, he procured the tools or implements wherewith to perfect this mine, and the powder to charge it, is a mystery. The cave approached from the north, and extended almost to the gate, so but little digging was required to reach the desired spot. We can only give the fact of its construction, and from being found there after the war was over, coupled with the fact of Black Hawk's going upon the island in such a secret manner, and remaining in the grove, so near the fort, during that night, with his equally silent withdrawal from the island immediately upon the arrival of the steamers with re-enforcements for the garrison, we have drawn and submitted our conclusions as to the aims and objects he had in view. Black Hawk does not mention or allude to this powder plot, or of his crossing over to the island with his mounted braves, or drawing them up along the south bank of the Mississippi on the afternoon of April 11th,

n his own history of this period. Possibly, he was too much mortified at the defeat of his plans to give it publicity. He spent but little time explaining his defeats, for he had but few; hence, his historical effort was to praise Cæsar, not to bury him.

While the braves and warriors withstood the drifting rain and pelting hail, sheltered only by the leafless boughs of the forest trees upon the island, their women, spent the night among the graves of their loved dead, near Saukenuk. If the women and children of the white settlers in the stockade were nearly frantic with affright, those of the red men were agonized between grief and hope,—grief over the graves of their loved ones, the destruction of their homes and loss of their corn lands; hope in the efforts of their husbands, fathers and brothers, to regain their lost possessions. What, between the darkness of the night, the rain, hail, lightning and thunder, the gnawings of hunger, the bitter pangs of sorrow, commingled with the conflicting emotions of hope, and the misgivings of black despair, these simple, half-clad daughters of Shem passed a far more torturing night than did their more favored sisters, daughters of Japheth, beneath the sheltering cover of the buildings behind the protecting walls of the fort and stockade on the island. We cannot portray the tumultuous emotions which crowded through the hearts and trooped through the brains of the women and children of these Indians, upon their return to the place of their birth, after an absence of ten months in the wilderness at their late homes on the Iowa, to find the buildings in which they were born, and where they had lived all their lives, and where their ancestors, for generation after generation, had been born, lived, loved and died, all burned up; the fences around their cornfields pulled down, and the posts and rails of which they were constructed used by the white people to build their fires; their fields changed and divided up between the aggressive palefaces, whose ruthless plow-shares had been drawn through the sod that covered the bones of their sacred dead. The Sauks were among the foremost people of the earth in their devotion to the memory of their deceased. At the head of each grave they planted a substantial wooden post. If the deceased were a Chief, Head-man or Brave, cabalistic characters were painted thereon, commemorative of his deeds and virtues. Though of wood, and therefore perishable, these post monuments were not suffered to fall to decay; but on the contrary, they were kept in constant repair, by repainting

and renewing, from time to time, and generation after generation. As soon would an Indian permit "his right hand to forget its cunning" as suffer the graves of his ancestors to tumble down for want of care. These simple wooden monuments, though inexpensive and unpretentious, were as significant to the living of the end of time and the beginning of eternity as monuments of marble or brass. In like manner were the unpainted posts, which marked the graves of the women and children, kept in repair by the naturally affectionate squaws. No weeds were permitted to grow upon the grave. And when flowers could be procured they were decorated with artistically-constructed bouquets of the sweetest-scented wild flowers. The first and most sacred duty of the chief, brave or warrior upon his return from the warpath, whether successful or defeated, is to visit and see to the repairing of the grave of his nearest deceased ancestor. When that has been accomplished, he throws his body prone upon his face upon the grave, and if his campaign on the war-path has been successful, he returns thanks through the spirit of his ancestor (which he believes to be ever present at the grave and a willing messenger between the earth and the spirit land) to the Great Spirit for aiding him in achieving victory. If, however, he returns from defeat, through the same medium he implores the Great Spirit for forgiveness of his transgressions, blacks his face in token of humility, pledges burnt offerings and prays for divine aid and assistance when next he shall meet the enemy.

. Black Hawk says, page 58 of his autobiography: "With us it is a custom to visit the graves of our friends and keep them in repair for many years. The mother will go alone to weep over the grave of her child. The brave with pleasure visits the grave of his father, after he has been successful in war, and repaints the post that marks where he lies. There is no place like that where the bones of our forefathers lie, to go to when in grief. Here, prostrate by the tombs of our fathers, the great spirit will take pity on us." These poor simple hearted mothers had been separated from the graves of their loved and lost ones for nearly a whole year, and now, on their return, they sought their graves, and there poured out their heart's overwhelmed weight in appealing to the spirit of the departed to bear their messages to the Great Spirit, that the palefaces would retire from their lands and homes, and permit them to return to their village and again live near the village of their lost loved ones. As Jacob wrestled

with the angel, so wrestled they with the Great Spirit all through that dreadful night. Little did they reck the war of the elements then in full fury. The storm of grief, hope and anxiety raging within their own souls was superior to the darkness of the night, the rainfall, hail-storm and thunder. Many and fervent were the appeals to the Great Spirit sent up by these dusky mothers for His intercession in behalf of the great enterprise of their chief on Rock Island.

Thus passed the long dreary hours, during which no sleep visited the eyes of these devotees, who spent the entire night in prayer and supplication to the Good Spirit, and were still at their orisons when the crushing news came to them from the island that Black Hawk's last scheme had failed, and they must at once flee for their lives. They fully realized and comprehended this sad blow. Black despair now usurped the place of hope as they contemplated their utterly helpless condition, while striking their wigwams and packing them again in their canoes to leave, and forever, the place of their birth, childhood and womanhood, where they had lived, loved and labored all their lives, and the only spot on earth hallowed and sacred to their feelings and memories. We can only imagine the fond recollections of happy days spent by them there before the hunters of men scattered them away like a flock of deer at the sound of their rifles. That such recollections they had, and around these recollections their sorely tried hearts fondly lingered, there can be no doubt.

But ten short months before had they been forced to leave their homes, lands and crops, and flee across the Mississippi for their lives, and now, after spending but one night at the graves of their dead (for their homes had been destroyed by the Illinois volunteers), were they again forced to flee from the army under Gen. Atkinson. But whither can they now flee? Their only means of leaving where they are is by water in their canoes, for they are encumbered with their sick, their old and feeble, and all their worldly effects. They must either go back down the Mississippi and up the Iowa to their late Iowa home, or else on up Rock river to Prophetstown. Death and destruction lurked beside either way. If they attempted to go down the Mississippi Gen. Atkinson's steamboats could run them down and slaughter or capture them at will, without the loss of a single soldier. Even though

he should permit them to pass down the Mississippi unmolested, they would be compelled to run the gauntlet, as it were, in passing Keokuk's village, whom they then felt assured was their open enemy, as he had joined the force under Gen. Atkinson, and come to Rock Island to make war against them; hence they dare not go back. Winnesheik's village of Prophetstown was located up Rock river, some thirty-three miles above Saukenuk, and contained some 1,000 souls, a portion of whom were Sauks, and was the home of Neapope, second war chief of the Black Hawk band. Both Winnesheik and Neapope were with Black Hawk and urged him and his band to go forward to Prophetstown, pleading among other reasons, that the people of Winnesheik's village, though a portion of them belonged to the Black Hawk band, had not been molested by either Gen. Gaines or Duncan the year before, and had remained on terms of peace and good will with the white people since. There was little time for deliberation, as an attacking party from the fort was momentarily expected. One thing was very certain, and that was, Saukenuk was located too near Rock Island to be a healthy location for Black Hawk's band at that time, hence he made his camp up Rock river a short distance further, on the afternoon of the 12th of April, 1832. At this place the gallant Capt. Phillip Kearney, afterwards a noted Indian fighter, and gallant Union general in the war of the rebellion, and killed at Chantilly, Virginia, visited Black Hawk's camp, and held quite an extended conference with him. He had been stationed so long on the frontier that he spoke the Algonquin or Sauk language fluently. Brave as Hannibal, Capt. Kearney went to the camp without escort or companion. He told these Indians that he was sent to them by Gen. Atkinson to tell them to return to their Iowa homes at once. That unless they did so Gen. Atkinson would lead an overwhelming force of United States soldiers against them and drive them back.

In reply, Black Hawk denied any design on his part to make war against the white people, or to disturb any of the white settlers in the possession of their claims, but portrayed in pitiful terms the sufferings of his people for want of food, and set forth their poverty in respect to clothing, blankets, firearms, ammunition and all other things necessary to their comfort—how they were even then half famished for want of food—how they had suffered during the severe winter just passed, and the improbability of their raising a crop that year upon the raw prairies of Iowa, and

concluded by saying his heart was too soft to resist the appeals of the starving squaws and papposes of his band, crying to be permitted to return to their homes at Saukenuk, which were still theirs, as they had never sold their lands to the United States. He further said that he wanted no war, and if the White Beaver—Gen. Atkinson—would not allow them to stay at Saukenuk and peaceably cultivate such parts of their farm lands there as the white settlers had not yet claimed, he would go on up Rock river and rent lands from their cousins—the Pottawattamies—so they might raise a crop that year. Capt. Kearney told him that neither of his suggested plans could be permitted, and the only way he could expect to escape punishment for his violation of the treaty of Fort Armstrong with Gen. Gaines and Gov. Reynolds the year before was an immediate return to the west side of the Mississippi, and warned him against going any further up Rock river, with the assurance that if he did he would do so at his peril, and that such act would be held and deemed an act of war on his part, and that he would be followed by Gen. Atkinson and forcibly driven back to the other side of the Mississippi. Here the conference ended.

The crafty Winnesheik put in his say, urging that so long as Black Hawk and his band were peaceable and respected the rights and property of the white people they had the right to go where they pleased, when they pleased, and in whatever numbers they pleased, and that under such circumstances no American General dared molest or interfere with them. This was rather more diplomacy than Capt. Kearney had expected, and more than he was prepared to refute by argument, so he made no attempt thereat, but left the camp without changing his advice, and returned to the fort and made his report to Gen. Atkinson, who at once began preparations to follow Black Hawk and drive him back across the Mississippi. About the 14th of April Gen. Atkinson, at the head of a good-sized force of regulars, crossed over to the Illinois side and started up Rock river in pursuit of the Indians, who had their spies so stationed that they could signal Black Hawk all that was transpiring at the fort; hence, Black Hawk and band skipped away from Mill Creek and up Rock river. Gen. Atkinson followed up the river some 18 miles, but found the streams so swollen by the recent heavy rains that he was forced to abandon the pursuit and return to the fort and wait for the floods to subside.

CHAPTER XX.

Black Hawk's Band quietly pass on up Rock river to the Prophet's town, where they Receive a Cordial Welcome and Remain Several Weeks to Rest and Recuperate—In the meantime they Attempt to lease Corn Lands from the Pottawattamies and Make Preparations to Plant the Season's Crops, but Gov Reynolds again Calls for Volunteers, and 1,935 Respond and are Accepted.

" We come not on the wild foray,
Nor in the war-path roam—
We come as friends from far away,
As to an ancient home.

" As these fair shores in glory shine,
As constant flows this river,
So may our friendship ne'er decline,
So live and bloom forever."—LEVI BISHOP.

Black Hawk's last hope of capturing the fort and island went out into space with the echoes of the signal guns, through the darkness and gloom of that early morn on the 12th of April, and with it all thought of waging war against the white people of the United States. He had played a desperate game, on which he risked everything on earth and lost, and then, like the gambler, lured on by the *ignus fatuus*, hope, he dallied with the fickle jade, fortune, too long, and suddenly awoke to the sad reality that everything save life itself was dissipated and gone, while even that was in the most imminent peril. With his miserable failure to capture Fort Armstrong, without even being allowed to strike a single blow, the lofty spirit of the old chieftain was humbled in the dust, and he, the hero of one hundred battles, was transformed from an arrogant and imperious commander to an humble supplicant, if not an arrant coward. From being the leader of a brave and aggressive nation, he became the nominal head of a band of frightened fugitives, fleeing for their lives, without knowing whither to flee or what to do. Dreading "an enemy in every bush," and from behind each tree,—if he advanced up Rock river,—and fearing utter annihilation if he attempted to return to his Iowa home, Black Hawk suffered himself to be led by

the Prophet and Neapope on up the river towards the Prophet's town. Being entirely out of provisions and half famished for food, his march, as a matter of necessity, was slow indeed. Fearful that the discharge of firearms by his braves would be the cause of attracting the attention and increasing the already widespread excitement among the pioneer white people, on account of his return across the Mississippi, he strictly forbid the firing of a gun under any circumstance; hence they were compelled to depend upon the hook and line, spear, roots, bow and arrow for their means of subsistence on their march up Rock river. Along their route were many deserted as well as tenanted log cabins of the white settlers, and although greatly in want of provisions, not a cow, steer, hog, or even a chicken, was killed or molested by these Indians. The orders of their chief were so specific and positive against committing any kind of depredations upon the property or person of any white settler or his family, that no one of his band dare violate them.

The late Judge James Hall, in his most estimable work on the Indian Tribes of North America, published in 1842, on page 40, in speaking of that march up Rock river, says: "The Sauks, after resting a few days at their village (Saukenuk), pursued their march toward the country of the Pottawattamies, without concealment or violence. Notwithstanding their merciless rule of warfare, which spares no foe which may fall into their hands, however helpless, they passed by isolated cabins in the wilderness without offering the slightest outrage to the defenseless inhabitants. The property of the settlers residing on the lands of these very Indians remained untouched. Travelers between St. Louis and Galena proceeded singly or in small parties through a wild region, now the reported seat of war, without molestation, while an army was on its march to the frontier, and the newspapers were filled with the reports of an Indian war in all its pomp and circumstance." No effort was made by the soldiery or citizens to hinder or impede their march up the river, and they reached the Prophet's town without mishap or incident of moment, in a few days after they left their camp at Mill Creek.

The inhabitants of Prophetstown being nearly all Sauks and members of the British band, received the worn and weary travelers in a right cordial manner. Food, raiment and rest were freely supplied, all of which were needed, especially so by the aged and infirm, and the overtaxed women, who had charge of

the canoes and personal-effects of the band. Here they remained for several days visiting, resting and feasting, and in telling over their sad experiences since their expulsion from their village and farm lands the preceding year. They had molested no white man or his family or property, since crossing the Mississippi, nor had they been molested by the white people, or visited by any, except Capt. Kearney, while at their encampment at Mill Creek, near Rock Island, and he simply ordered them to return to Iowa. In the mean time negotiations were entered into between them and their cousins, the Pottawattamies, for the leasing of a portion of their corn lands, to plant and raise their season's crop. The spring of 1832 was backward and extremely wet. The rain storms setting in on the night of the eleventh of April, continued unremittingly for several days and nights, hence all of the small streams as well as some, at least, of the larger ones were swollen to overflowing. This fact accounts in part for the delay of Gen. Atkinson in following these Indians up Rock river. This being before the age of telegraphs, telephones, railroads, canals, stages, or even steamboats, to any extent, our methods of communicating news were slow and tedious. And since bad news rode upon the back of a race-horse, while good news went with a pack-train, the tidings of Black Hawk's return to Illinois spread like wild-fire. Strange to say, no word was received by the outside world from Fort Armstrong or Gen. Atkinson. In the meantime the most unreasonable rumors were circulated and believed all over the country that the fort had been captured by the terrible Black Hawk, who had in cold blood massacred the entire garrison, Gen. Atkinson, Col. Taylor, Maj. Bliss, Capt. Kearney and Jefferson Davis.

Like the pebble cast into the water, these rumors spread and increased in volume, magnitude and color as they passed from lip to ear, creating the wildest alarm and consternation, from one settlement to another, from county to county, and State to State, throughout the Northwest. Upon the receipt of the news of Black Hawk's return to Illinois, at Rock Island, a messenger was at once dispatched on horse-back across the country to the residence of Gov. Reynolds, at Belleville, St. Clair county, Illinois, to inform him of the fact. This messenger having told the story over and over so many times while en route, and each time improved and embellished it, that by the time he reached his destination he had such a "tale to unfold as would cause each particular hair

to stand on end." Instead of Black Hawk at the head of two hundred armed warriors and braves, he was reported to have at least ten times that number, not omitting the fact that he carried the British flag and wore the uniform of a British officer. Always an able-bodied hater of Indians in general, and of Black Hawk in particular, Gov. Reynolds was ready at a moment's warning to pick up the gauntlet. He had, as shown in a former chapter, always believed Black Hawk was a British subject and spy, and on being informed by this messenger that he carried a British flag and wore their uniform, his suspicions were confirmed as clearly as if from "holy writ." He at once issues a call for 1,000 volunteers to meet at Beardstown, Illinois, on the 22d of April. This call was issued April 16th, thus giving his volunteers but six days in which to arrange their business affairs and reach their rendezvous. We have not been able to find a copy of this call. The governor omits it from "The History of My Own Times," written by him. Nor can we find it in any history of these times. Our own recollection of its wording is that it charged Black Hawk was backed and supported by the British government. On the same day he issued a circular letter as follows:

"Fellow citizens: Your country requires your service. The Indians have assumed a hostile attitude and invaded the State in violation of the treaty of last summer.* The British band of Sacs, and other hostile Indians, are in possession of the country on Rock river, to the great terror of the frontier inhabitants, and I consider the settlers in imminent danger. Under these circumstances I have not hesitated what course I should pursue. No citizen ought to remain inactive when his country is invaded and the helpless part of the community is in danger. I have called out a strong detachment of militia to rendezvous at Beardstown on the 22d inst. Provisions for the men and food for the horses will be furnished in abundance. I hope my countrymen will realize my expectations, and offer their services as heretofore, with promptitude and cheerfulness, in defense of their country."

This circular letter was sent out through central Illinois by special couriers. The real cause for issuing this circular letter after he had issued his call for 1,000 volunteers was probably this: In the call he omitted to state whether he wanted volunteers for infantry or cavalry. Too stubborn to admit that he had made the mistake, he attempted its correction by his circular

* See Chapter XIV for this anomalous compact.

letter, by using the words "provisions for the men and food for the horses will be furnished in abundance." Under the Governor's call for volunteers, Maj. Long, of Sangamon county, with two hundred infantry volunteers, put in their appearance at Beardstown, on the 22d, and were accepted by the Governor, notwithstanding they had no horses. They had been enrolled in accordance with the Governor's call, unexplained by his subsequent circular letter, hence he dare not decline to accept them into the service as volunteers under the call.

The most singular feature of Black Hawk's return to the east side of the Mississippi, and his march up along the shore to Saukenuk, and thence to Prophetstown, the entire distance of about one hundred miles, through a country partially settled by white people who, as a general rule, had fled to the forts and stockades at his approach, leaving their cabins open, and chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, hogs and cattle behind, and in many instances a part of their household goods, is that not a thing was taken or touched by the Indians, notwithstanding they were nearly famishing of hunger, thus clearly showing the wonderful, yea, absolute control which Black Hawk held over his band.

As before shown, travel between Galena and St. Louis by overland was not in the least interfered with or stopped. Not a solitary traveler was molested. Thus the country which the Governor by his manifesto said "was in possession of hostile Indians, to the great terror of the frontier inhabitants, and in imminent danger," was the only portion of the State where the people were free from terror. They had their periodical scare, but that had passed with Black Hawk's peaceable advance up Rock river.

In the meantime prominent citizens of Galena, among whom were the late Richard M. Young, then one of the Circuit Court Judges, and afterwards Commissioner of the General Land Office, James M. Strode, whom we believe is still living in Portland, Oregon, then Prosecuting Attorney for all the territory north and west of Peoria county, Benjamin Mills, Esq., a prominent politician, Dr. A. K. Philleo, editor of the *Galenean*, the only newspaper then published along the Mississippi above Alton, kept pouring in letters to the Governor, urging the speedy protection of the frontier, alleging that the Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes had joined Black Hawk, and hence the inhabitants were in great danger. Under such conditions of supposed facts, can it be wondered that the naturally excitable old Ranger became badly rattled?

The apparent boldness of the act of Black Hawk in recrossing the Mississippi with his entire band, and then, after being ordered to return, going on up Rock river to the territory of the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies, seemed proof conclusive of an alliance between those three tribes, at least. Little did the white people know of the real cause which impelled Black Hawk to adopt this course. Admitting his hostile intention when he recrossed the Mississippi, and even up to the 12th of April, when his gun powder plot failed—with that failure all thoughts of hostility vanished from the old chief, while starvation and famine stared him and his band full in the face. Never had he been placed in such a dangerously critical position. He had barely two hundred men capable of bearing arms. Less than half of them had fire arms of any kind, while those who had were practically without ammunition. Hampered and tied down with the old and infirm, women and children, of his band, and all their goods and effects,—with no means of transportation for the families and their goods save the Indian canoes,—the poor squaws worn out and disheartened by the long and severe labor they had performed, in propelling their canoes against the rapid current of the Mississippi; the papooses crying for food, while all were emaciated for want of proper provisions, Black Hawk was in no condition to levy war, or even defend himself, against an attack, be it ever so feeble. Above everything he dreaded, in his then condition, was war. A half dozen boys with toy pistols could have put his whole band to flight, for they were but a lot of half-famished fugitives, fleeing like a flock of deer from the hunter,—tremblingly fleeing, and seeking safety withersoever they might find a shelter,—not daring to take or touch anything they might find in the way of food belonging to the white people, lest such act would precipitate a collision; afraid to fire a gun, even to slay a deer in their path, lest it would increase, the already widespread alarm among the white settlers of that locality.

Such, in brief, was the pitiable condition of these half-starved, half-naked, terribly frightened fugitives, fleeing for the second time within ten months from their homes, lands and country, before the approaching army of the United States. Had the Good Spirit, as in the case of Job, determined to afflict them, and for that purpose placed them in the hands of the Bad Spirit. If so, had he coupled the delivery with the qualification, “but

save his life." Already had he, in the language of Jeremiah, brought "a nation upon them from afar; it is a mighty nation, it is an ancient nation,—a nation whose language thou knowest not, neither understandest what they say. Their quiver is as an open sepulchre, they are all almighty men, and they shall eat up thy harvest, and thy bread, which thy sons and daughters should eat, they shall eat up thy vines and thy fig trees, they shall impoverish thy fenced cities." Was this a prophecy of their condition? Notwithstanding Gen. Atkinson had under his command, including the garrison at Fort Armstrong, a force of at least tripple that of Black Hawk, of well-drilled soldiers, together with several pieces of heavy artillery, the ever meddlesome, over-officious Gov. Reynolds was again indulging his favorite amusement,—fomenting Indian troubles.

On page 223 of "My Own Times" he says: "But the danger of the frontiers was so pressing that I decided, on the 16th of April, to call out a large number of volunteers. I did this on my own responsibility, as I had not then received any requisition from Gen. Atkinson, who commanded the regular force at Rock Island." This statement was written many years after the transactions he describes had occurred, hence he is partially excusable for the errors, in fact, contained therein. Maj. Gen. E. P. Gaines had been transferred to the Military Department of the Gulf, with headquarters at New Orleans, in the fall of 1831, and Brig. Gen. Henry Atkinson had succeeded him in command of the Department of the West, with headquarters at Jefferson Barracks, which were built under his supervision some years prior, while Maj. John Bliss was the officer in command at Fort Armstrong, and had been during some years preceding the war of 1832. Jefferson Barracks, and Belleville, Ill., the home of Gov. Reynolds, were but a few miles apart. Had he so desired, he could have sent and received several messages daily, to and from Gen. Atkinson, at Jefferson Barracks. But this he did not do. Perhaps he was fearful the General would inform him, as Gen. Gaines did the year before, that he had all the troops he needed to protect Fort Armstrong, since that seemed to be the only "frontier in danger." To further fortify or justify his course, Gov. Reynolds gives what purport to be two letters,—one from Andrew S. Hughes, assuming that he was the Indian Agent at Rock Island, the other from Col. George Davenport, whom he calls a merchant of Rock Island, to Gen. Atkinson,—both of which are simulated.

Felix St. Vrain, as before stated, succeeded Col. Forsyth as Indian Agent, and was at that time living with his family on Rock Island, and at his post of duty, while no person of the name of Hughes held at that time any official position at that point.

Two sentences are sufficient to trace the paternity of the so-called Hughes letter. "That these Indians are hostile to the whites there is no doubt. That they have invaded the State of Illinois to the great injury of the citizens, is equally true." We fail to find a pretense that the Indians had molested any white settler or his property on their return to Illinois, in 1832. They did not even camp on the Peninsula, but passed up on the south side of Rock river. With the exception of the mounted warriors under Black Hawk, on the 11th of April, riding over to the south bank of the Mississippi, and remaining in view at that point for a short time, and then fording the south branch of the Mississippi to the Island, and there remaining until about daylight the next morning, and then returning as silently as they came, no Indians were seen by the white people on the peninsula. It is probable, however, that their women spent the greater portion of that night communing with the spirits of their loved dead at the Chippionnock, on the north bank of Rock river, but disturbed not any white persons, for there were none there to disturb. By referring to the language used by his excellency in his circular letter given on a preceding page, it will be found that it so clearly corresponds with this purported Hughes letter, that we are forced to say they sprung from the same parent,—Gov. Reynolds. And the same may be said of the so-called Davenport letter. It was neither written or dictated by him, nor ever seen or heard of by him, or his children, until published in "My Own Times," long after Col. Davenport's death. No early writer on the Black Hawk war makes any allusion thereto, nor did they ever have a legitimate existence, nor could they, because they contravene the clearly established facts in the case, as herein before given. If they did not originate in the brain of the Old Ranger, they were cleverly imposed on him, and aided materially in softening the asperity which naturally attached to his calling out nearly 8,000 volunteers to aid the United States in putting down 368 poorly armed, half starved Indians. Gov. Ford, whose history was in print long before this of Gov. Reynolds, makes no mention of any correspondence between Gen. Atkinson and any citizen of Rock Island.

In speaking of Black Hawk's return to Illinois, in 1832, he says, page 116. "Black Hawk had with him the chivalry of his nation, with which he recrossed the Mississippi in the spring of 1832. He directed his march to the Rock river country, and this time aimed, by marching up the river into the countries of the Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes, to make them his allies. Gov. Reynolds, upon being informed of the facts, made another call for volunteers. In a few days eighteen hundred men rallied under his banner at Beardstown." This is all he says upon the subject of the return.

Gen. Elliott says, page 15 of Black Hawk and Mexican War Records: "Notwithstanding the treaty, (June 30, 1831,) the trouble was not yet ended. In the spring of 1832 Black Hawk recrossed the Mississippi, April 6th, and commenced his march up Rock river valley, accompanied by about five hundred* warriors on horseback, while his women and children went up the river in their canoes. Gen. Atkinson, then stationed at Fort Armstrong, (this is erroneous—Maj. Bliss was in command of the Fort,) warned him against this aggression and ordered him to return, but this they refused to do, and went forward to the country of the Winnebagoes, with whom Black Hawk made arrangements to make a crop of corn† which reason he alleged to be the cause of the expedition. The Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies, however, both refused to yield to his solicitations to join him in a war against the whites. On being informed of the movements of Black Hawk, Gov. Reynolds (April 16th) called for a thousand mounted volunteers from the central and southern parts of the State to rendezvous at Beardstown, on the 22d of the same month. Daily accounts of the operations of the Indians were received. Judge Young, Col. Strobe and Benjamin Mills wrote the Governor, urging speedy protection of the frontiers, as the inhabitants were in great danger. On receipt of this intelligence, two hundred men under Maj. Stillman, were ordered to guard the frontier near the Mississippi, and two hundred under Maj. Bailey, the frontier between the Mississippi and the settlements on the Illinois."

In what manner Gov. Reynolds communicated his orders of April 16, to Majors Stillman and Bailey, to each take two hun-

*There were about two hundred only.

†The Winnebagoes refused to rent him corn ground and he was negotiating with the Pottawattamies when attacked by Maj. Stillman, May 14, 1832.

dred men to guard the frontier, as he says he did; when each of them lived about two hundred miles from Belleville, where the order must have been issued, or where, or how they were to procure these men, arm and equip them for the service, he fails to inform the public. But from the Record prepared by Gen. Elliott,* we find that Stillman's command was composed of Capt. Abner Eads' company, from Peoria county, Capt. David W. Barnes' company, from Fulton county, and Capt. Ashel F. Ball's company, from Fulton county, aggregating one hundred and forty-five men, including officers; while the command of Maj. Bailey was one hundred and ninety-seven strong, rank and file, and was composed of the companies of Captains Covill and McClure, from McLean, Pugh,† from Macon, and Adams from Tazewell counties.

From the fact that these two Majors gained an unenviable notoriety by their inglorious and shameful defeat, at what has been known as Stillman's run, we have endeavored to investigate their respective military records. In Gardner's Military Dictionary we find the following: "David Bailey, appointed from Illinois Territory, ensign of Rangers, 19 July, 1813, Third Lieutenant February, and First Lieutenant July, 1814, disbanded June, 1815, Major Fifth Regiment, Illinois mounted volunteers, 27 April to 16 June, 1832. Josiah Stillman, appointed from Illinois, Major and Lieutenant Colonel Fifth regiment, mounted Illinois volunteers, 16 April to 25 June, 1832, in Black Hawk war, defeated by the Rock-river Indians at Kishwaukee Sycamore, 15 May, 1832." While failing to show that either of these men had any experience in military matters, Mr. Gardner was in error as to dates, since all of the volunteers under the call of April 16, 1832, were mustered out of the service at Ottawa, from the 25th to the 28th of May, 1832,—they did not remain in the service to either June 16, or June 25, 1832. From and after May 14, for that was the day of Stillman's defeat instead of May 15, as stated in this dictionary, neither of these Majors appear to have taken any part in the military affairs of the State or Nation. Even Gov. Reynolds dropped them with a passing remark, without a formal farewell,—“Mr. Stillman was the General of all that part of the State west of the Illinois river, and I thought he

*See appendix for the muster rolls of these and all other companies of Illinois militia or volunteers.

†Served with rank of Brigadier General in the war of the rebellion with distinction.

was a good man,"—is all he says of them. At that time the State of Illinois had a very peculiar militia law, which contained the following provisions :

“ All free, white male inhabitants, resident in this State, who are or shall be of the age of eighteen, and under the age of forty-five years, except as hereinafter excepted, shall severally and respectively be enrolled in the militia by the Captain, or commanding officer of the company within whose bounds such citizen shall reside, within ten days after he shall be informed of such residence, and also, those who may from time to time arrive at the age of eighteen, who shall reside in the county of his company ; and shall without delay notify such person by an officer or non-commissioned officer of the company ; and every such person so notified shall, within six months thereafter, provide himself with a good musket, fuzee or rifle, with proper accoutrements. The field officers ranking as commissioned officers shall be armed with a sword and pair of pistols, and the company officers with a sword ; and every person, as aforesaid, shall hold the same, exempt from execution, distress, or for tax.”

The author of this law must have been neither a soldier nor a legislator. Under this law the State was divided into five grand divisions, which were subdivided into brigades. Each division was commanded by a Major-General, and each brigade by a Brigadier-General, while each regiment had a Colonel, but no Lieutenant-Colonel, but had from one to three Majors, the senior one acting as Lieutenant-Colonel, with a regimental staff. Each odd battalion, not forming a part of a regiment, was commanded by a Major. All commanding officers were elected by the enrolled militia of the district, division, or those composing his command. All that portion of the State lying between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, and then composed of the counties of Calhoun, Pike, Adams, Schuyler, McDonough, Hancock, Warren, Mercer, Fulton, Knox, Peoria, Henry, Putnam, Rock Island, Jo Daviess, Cook and LaSalle—but seventeen counties then, thirty-six counties now, and embraces about one-half the population and wealth of the State—constituted the fifth military division, with Josiah Stillman, of Fulton county, in command, with rank of a Major-General ; while the counties of Sangamon, Tazewell, McLean, Fayette, Champaign, Shelby and Vermilion, embracing all the territory lying in the northeastern part of the State—then but seven, now nineteen counties—constituted the fourth military

division, with Daniel Bailey, of Tazewell county, in command, with like rank with General Stillman, but having but a small force under their command at Dixon, they ranked as Majors. By a reference to the muster-rolls, given in the appendix, it will be seen that Capt. McClure's company was not enlisted until the 4th day of May, and could not, therefore, have reached Dixon before the 7th or 8th of that month.

Gov. Reynolds says: "Majors Stillman and Bailey, who had previously been ordered to protect the frontier, were at Dixon when the army arrived there. Having done but little service, they besought the privilege of reconnoitering the country, and reporting the situation of the enemy."

From the nature of events, neither Bailey nor Stillman could have had but a few days' time to enlist and equip for the field. The Governor's call was issued the 16th of April, at Belleville, in Southern Illinois. Gen. Bailey lived at Pekin, Stillman at Lewiston — both being about two hundred miles distant from the executive office. We then had neither railroads nor telegraphs, nor even stage coaches, hence the Governor's orders had to be conveyed either by mail or special messenger. If by mail, it required about a week to reach them, nor could a special messenger travel the distance, as the roads and country then were, in much less time, which would bring the time down to April 23, which was really the date when they received this order, and on the following day the greater portion of their respective commands were enrolled. For the promptitude with which Majors Bailey and Stillman responded to this order, and in making the necessary preparations to start to the places they were ordered without military stores, transportation, ammunition or provisions, these officers are entitled to the highest praise. Indeed, their performances in that regard are almost unparalleled, and had they have had a better understanding between themselves, and time to drill and properly instruct their men, Stillman's defeat would never have occurred. But, as a matter of fact, what more service had the army under His Excellency and Gen. Whiteside seen, as will be shown hereafter?

The Governor's call was for 1,000 mounted volunteers, to drive Black Hawk's British band of Indians back to the west side of the Mississippi, but when the 22d arrived, there were fully 2,000 present, and 1,935 men, rank and file, were actually accepted and mustered into the military service of the United States. These,

with the battalions of Majors Bailey and Stillman, made 2,277 men, or mounted Illinois volunteers, in the first army called out by His Excellency, the Governor, to drive Black Hawk and his little band back to the other side of the Mississippi, besides the ten companies of United States soldiers under Gen. Atkinson. Those assembled at Beardstown, on the 22d, were organized into four regiments, an odd battalion and a spy battalion, April 28, 1832, by the selection of Captain John Thomas,* of St. Clair county, Joseph Fry,† of Greene county, Abram B. Dewitt, of Morgan county, and Samuel M. Thompson, of Macon county, who was First Lieutenant in Capt. Abraham Lincoln's company, to the Colonelscies, in the order named. It is a notable circumstance, that a man of the great intellect and ability of President Lincoln should have been jumped by his First Lieutenant, but Mr. Lincoln was then but a tall, awkward boy, and it was some five years before he was admitted to the bar. James D. Henry, of Sangamon county, who commanded the first regiment under Gen. Duncan the year prior, was placed in command of the spy battalion, with rank as Major, and Capt. Thomas James, of Monroe county, commanded the odd battalion, with like rank, and Maj. Samuel Whiteside, of St. Clair county, who commanded the spy battalion the year before, was appointed by Gov. Reynolds to the command of the entire brigade, with the rank of Brigadier-General, which placed him second in command to the Governor, who was commander-in-chief of the militia by virtue of his office of Governor.

Although Gov. Reynolds accompanied the army from Beardstown to Oquawka, and thence up to Dixon, he seems to have abdicated his authority or delegated it to Gen. Whiteside. Colonels March and Christie were appointed Commissaries of Subsistence, and Judge William Thomas, of Jacksonville, Quartermaster; James Turney, Paymaster, and Vital Jarratt, Adjutant-General and Ordnance Officer. The Governor also appointed James B. Stapp and Joseph M. Chadwick members of his staff. They were without arsenals, armories or provision stores; and if they had these necessaries, they neither had, nor could obtain, army wagons or other means of conveying their supplies from Beardstown to the mississippi, through the then unbroken and almost untraversed wilderness. Ox teams and schooner-shaped wagons were the only means obtainable, but they would move too slowly

*Col. Thomas is still living. See his biography and engraving.

†See biographical sketch and engraving.

to keep pace with the mounted volunteers,—it would require weeks to procure them, and an equal length of time for them to make the journey. At this day and age of the world, these difficulties would be considered insurmountable; but the men of those times were used to privations, toils and dangers, and were not to be discouraged. Purchasing such arms as were to be found at the little village of Beardstown, and filling their saddle-bags with whatever they could obtain that would sustain life, they broke camp on the 29th of April, and struck off through the prairie wilderness for Yellow Banks, now Oquawka, (which is the Indian name for Yellow Banks) some fifty miles below Rock Island. Why Gov. Reynolds and Gen. Whiteside should have gone down the Mississippi below Fort Armstrong, where Gen. Atkinson was then in command with about 1,000 regulars, instead of going to Dixon, or some point farther up Rock river, when it was well known that Black Hawk with his band had gone up that river, is one of the mysteries of this whole affair. If the object of raising this large army was to drive the Indians back across the Mississippi, why was the army thrown over a hundred miles from where the Indians were known to be, and between them and the Mississippi? It made nearly two hundred miles of extra travel, if Black Hawk's camp were the objective point. Were they afraid of even going straight to Fort Armstrong,—where they knew they would find army stores and provisions—lest the terrible Black Hawk with his band of two hundred braves and warriors should swoop down upon his two thousand innocents and gobble them up? Neither Gov. Reynolds nor any other writer on this subject has offered any excuse or explanation of this singular, if not anomalous, action. The only excuse we can offer is, that the ways of the Old Ranger were mysterious, many, and hard to explain or find out.

Before breaking camp at Beardstown and starting for Oquawka, Col. March was dispatched to St. Louis for supplies, to be shipped by steamer up the Mississippi to that point. Gov. Reynolds says that on the day after the departure of Col. March for St. Louis, he received a message from Gen. Atkinson, informing him that Black Hawk had gone up Rock river to the Prophet's town, and that if he had received this news a day earlier he would have probably ordered the supplies shipped to Peoria instead of Oquawka, which would have been more accessible to the point of operation. This, if intended as an excuse for his

leading his army to Oquawka, is a lame and impotent one. It were an easy matter to send an order by a special messenger to Col. March to change his shipment. If he designed to operate on Rock river, why not ship his supplies to the nearest point, Hennepin. Can it be presumed that his Excellency did not know that Black Hawk had gone up Rock river on the 12th of April. Seventeen days had elapsed since the gallant Phil. Kearney had followed them up to Mill Creek, and ordered the Indians to return to their homes on the Iowa river. This pretended excuse is clearly an afterthought of the Governor's. Be this as it may, instead of attempting to drive Black Hawk down, he, by his act of going behind him, drove him up Rock river.

On reaching the Mississippi, their supply of food was about exhausted, and no tidings from Col. March or his mission had reached Oquawka. Their trip to that point, on account of excessive rain-falls, was both slow and very laborious, if not dangerous. Seldom, indeed, have we had so wet a spring in this State as that of 1832. The smaller creeks they had to swim, as well as the larger. Ordinary sloughs had become bayous, through which they floundered along as best they could. But they succeeded in reaching Oquawka in about five days, to meet their first real disappointment. They were already short of provisions and forage. The latter could be overcome by letting their horses feed upon the rich prairie grass, but food for themselves they must have, and that, too, in large quantities. Two thousand hearty men require a large amount of food. They had but barely five days' rations left when they reached Oquawka, and had not only expected, but relied upon, the arrival of Col. March with supplies at that place before they should reach the Mississippi, but no tidings from him or the anxiously expected supplies had preceded them. Many an eager, hopeful eye was cast down the Mississippi, in the hope of detecting the approach of a steamer, but in vain, until the morning of the sixth day after their arrival at that point. In the meantime their supplies, although husbanded with care, gave out on the fifth day. Unused to hunger, the men soon began to murmur and complain, and became mutinous,—charging their officers with criminal negligence and utter incompetency, in thus leading a large host into a wilderness which was supposed to be swarming with hostile savages, without supplies or the means of obtaining them, and where they must perish of hunger, or disband, and each man shift for himself. Keenly

awake to the danger surrounding him, Gov. Reynolds sent three brave and trusty men, on the 5th of May, with a dispatch to Gen. Atkinson, at Fort Armstrong, fifty miles up the Mississippi, informing him of his straightened condition for want of food, and urging immediate relief. These couriers reached their destination without encountering an Indian or meeting with any accident.

Gen. Atkinson at once sent the steamer *Chieftain*, loaded with supplies, to Oquawka, where she arrived on the 6th, and on the following day, Col. March, on board the steamer *William Wallace*, laden with supplies, arrived from St. Louis, when the hungry volunteers had more provisions than they could comfortably manage.

After the bountiful distribution of rations, the army was ordered to strike tents and prepare for an immediate march up the Mississippi, to Rock river. Such baggage wagons as they had were loaded, and preparations made to move up to the mouth of Rock river, and thence up that river to Dixon, near which place Black Hawk and his band were supposed to be. Reconnoitering parties had been sent out by Gov. Reynolds up Rock river, who reported at Fort Armstrong to Gen. Atkinson, instead of to the Governor, and did not return to Oquawka until the steamboat *Chieftain* brought down the supplies on the 6th of May. In truth, they had simply gone to the fort, and there remained. They were strangers to that part of the country, and desirous of preserving their scalp-locks. Gen. Atkinson, with a force of more than treble that of Black Hawk, composed of the flower of the regular army, putting it mildly, was too timid for a soldier, much less a commander. He was a fine Engineer, and graduated at West Point as a cadet from North Carolina, and had charge of the construction of nearly all the United States' forts of that period in the Northwest, including Jefferson Barracks. He remained immured within the walls of Fort Armstrong for four weeks, without taking any steps farther than to command Black Hawk to return west of the Mississippi, during that long period. He actually knew nothing about Black Hawk's strength, movements or intentions when the Illinois volunteers arrived, and sent them word, just at the time they were about starting for Dixon, that the Indians had descended Rock river, with an order for Gov. Reynolds and command to come at once to Fort Armstrong. Whether Gen. Atkinson was more fearful that the Indian

wolf—Black Hawk—would devour the American ram—Reynolds, and his herd of innocents—than of being himself surrounded in his fort by these howling wolves, seeking the blood of his own lambs, who were snugly ensconced behind the walls of old Fort Armstrong, is a problem for the reader to solve. This message had scarcely been delivered ere another one came, contradicting the former, leaving the matter still in doubt—

"If the snake that made the track,
Were going south or coming back."

This second courier from Gen. Atkinson ordered the Illinois volunteers to the mouth of Rock river, where they were met by Gen. Atkinson, and by him sworn into the military service of the United States.* This act placed them under his immediate command. He, however, made no changes in the officers, except to assign Lieut. Robert Anderson (of Fort Sumpter fame) Inspector-General of the Illinois volunteers. Preparations were then rapidly made to ascend Rock river. The Illinois mounted volunteers, about 1,600 strong, under Gen. Whiteside, accompanied by Gov. Reynolds, passed up on their horses, with orders to go as far as the Prophet's town, which is about midway between Rock Island and Dixon, and there await the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Atkinson, who, with about 400 regular and 300 volunteer infantry, together with provisions and camp equipments, started up in barges or keel-boats. As before shown, the streams were all swollen by the recent heavy rains, so that both armies were compelled to advance but slowly. The small streams leading into Rock river were too deep to ford, and had to be crossed on rafts or swum, while the swift current of Rock river, accelerated by the increased volume of water, impeded the upward passage of the barges. But the mounted men made much faster time up Rock river than the infantry on the broad, cumbersome, flat-bottomed barges. As the command of Gen. Whiteside advanced up Rock river, they found several places where the Indians had encamped on their passage up, some four weeks before, and were horrified at finding the scorched and putrid bodies of dogs suspended by their heels, under which fires had been kindled, or, as Gov. Reynolds expresses it, "dogs immolated to appease the Great Spirit," at various Indian encampments. This relic of barbarism and superstition, common among Oriental nations of antiquity, was

*Lieutenants Robert Anderson and Jefferson Davis did the mustering in of the Illinois mounted volunteers.

employed by these Indians when the nation was threatened with great calamity." When they reached Prophetstown they found it deserted, and at once applied the torch to the bark houses, and reduced them to ashes.

After committing this dastardly act of burning down every building in this peaceful village, whose inhabitants were non-combatants and had fled at the approach of this army of white men, Gen. Whiteside's army moved on up Rock river. Whether that little monitor, conscience, kept tugging at their heart strings and upbraiding them for their shameful act, or whether they imagined that they saw the ghosts of those "immolated dogs" flitting through the air as thick as fire flies of a dark summer's night, and like the ghost of Banquo, would not down at their bidding, is problematic. Be the cause whatever it may, that locality became uncomfortable to them, — so decidedly so that they no longer could endure it and away they fled, despite the positive order of Gen. Atkinson. On they rushed for Dixon without even reporting to their Commander-in-Chief. But before reaching that point they became so thoroughly demoralized that they abandoned their baggage, wagons, provisions and camp equipments on the prairie, and made a rush as if the very Old Nick was after them, and reached that place on the 12th of May. They called it a forced march, — a polite name for a stampede or panic. Gov. Ford's description of this march is as follows: "And for the relief of their horses, the men left large quantities of provisions behind and the Wagons." He certainly could not have intended to be understood as saying that these mounted volunteers, sixteen hundred strong, left their horses, and took it on foot to Dixon, on their forced march. He evidently means to say they left their provisions and baggage so as to relieve their horses of the extra weight, to enable them to run a swift race in their John Gilpin ride. That these volunteers who owned their mounts should abandon them to the ghosts of immolated dogs is too unreasonable, — quite. Who ever heard of a white man attempting to run a ten mile race on foot, when he could just as well ride! Be this as it may, they did leave their baggage-wagons with all their provisions and camp equipments, behind, and rushed into Dixon, on the 12th of May, like a flock of stampeded Texas steers, and were thoroughly demoralized, tired, and haggard in appearance.

CHAPTER XXI.

Whisky puts in another Appearance, causing deep Humiliation and Disgrace, and the Sacrifice of Eleven Precious Lives—Majors Stillman and Bailey, with about 275 Mounted Illinois Militia,* go into the Territory of the Pottawattamies to Capture Black Hawk and his band, but run into a hornet's nest, and scatter to the four winds—Col. Strode, on a Borrowed Horse, wins a Thirty-Mile Race by several lengths, and is the first to tell the Dismal Tale in glowing terms.

Two yoke of oxen, slowly dragging
 Two barrels of whisky in a wagon;
 Three hundred men, with throats a-parching,
 Through the woods and prairies marching;
 The wagon in the quick-sand sinking,
 The whisky must be saved by—drinking.

We now come to the most humiliating, and, to the Illinois militia, disgraceful, transaction thus far presented—"Stillman's Run"—so called on account of the speed with which some 275 militia, under Maj. Stillman, retreated from Black Hawk, at the head of about forty Indians.

Majors Stillman and Bailey, with their respective battalions, had been ordered by the Governor to the frontier between the Illinois and Mississippi. Bailey was the Major-General of the Fourth, and Stillman of the Fifth Grand Military Divisions of the State, under the military law then in force. They seem to have misconstrued the Governor's order, and guarded themselves instead of the frontier, since they repaired to Dixon, about midway between the Illinois and Mississippi, and remained there inactive until the arrival at that point (May 12) of Gen. Whiteside and Gov. Reynolds, on their "forced march" from burning down the Prophet's village, where Prophetstown now stands. How many days they had been waiting there before the command of Gen. Whiteside arrived, we have not been able to ascertain, but from the fact that some of their companies were not organized until the 4th of that month, they

*These men had not yet been mustered into the military service of the United States, hence they were militia only.

could not have been there but a short time. Both of these men were good talkers, but Stillman excelled, and soon completely captivated the Old Ranger, and held him. Nevertheless, Bailey's military training, knowledge and experience were far superior to Stillman's. Each assured the Governor that he was an old and experienced Indian fighter, and familiar with the Indian modes of warfare, and desired, above all things, an opportunity to go out, capture, and bring Black Hawk and his band into Dixon at the ends of their halter-straps, fastened to their saddle-girths. To say that Gov. Reynolds was delighted with the picture they had drawn, would be "putting it too mildly." He was in ecstasy, for he imagined that in these two "mighty men of valor" he beheld the men who would put an end to the Sauk difficulty before Gen. Atkinson reached the scene of action.

By the acceptance and mustering into the military service of the United States the mounted militia, led by Gov. Reynolds and Gen. Whiteside from Beardstown to the mouth of Rock river, they ceased to be Illinois militia, and became mounted volunteers in the service of the United States, and were under the command of Gen. Atkinson. Hence Gov. Reynolds had no command until he reached Dixon, where the two battalions under Majors Bailey and Stillman were. They had not yet been mustered into the military service of the United States,—consequently they were but Illinois militiamen, of whom the Governor, by virtue of his office, was the Commander-in-Chief. Both of these modern Hectors begged to be put upon some dangerous service, in which they could distinguish themselves. Their men had not been treated to a sight of "immolated dogs," nor disgraced by the burning of a deserted village of peaceable Indians, whose only crime or offense to Gov. Reynolds was the unpardonable sin of being born with a red skin instead of a white one. These battalions had neither seen an Indian, or any sign of one. Hence they had not yet been stampeded like Whiteside's command.

The Governor, like Cæsar, was ambitious, and had already cast an anxious eye upon the Presidential chair and the White House. If, by the aid of Majors Stillman and Bailey, with their battalions, he should succeed in capturing Black Hawk and his band before Gen. Atkinson's arrival, he clearly foresaw that he would have a fine start on his Presidential trail. Already the Nation's capital assumed a familiar air to his heated imagination. The vision was a pleasing one, and the bait was tempting. Like a

hungry bass he swallowed it blindly, as he afterwards frankly admitted. In Maj. Stillman he put his trust as the Moses of his deliverance, and on Saturday evening, May 12, 1832, he issued the following order:

“*Maj. Stillman*:—You will cause the troops under your immediate command, and the battalion under Maj. Bailey, to proceed without delay to the head of Old Man’s Creek, where it is supposed there are some hostile Indians, and coerce them into subjection.”

It appears from the muster-rolls of these two battalions that Maj. Bailey’s was much the larger. It contained 197 men, while Maj. Stillman’s contained but 145. But from the fact that Capt. McClure’s company does not appear to have taken any part in the disgraceful campaign known as Stillman’s Run, the two battalions were about equal in numbers,—Bailey’s 151, Stillman’s 145, which make 296 men. But 64 men are marked “Absent on leave” in Bailey’s battalion, leaving but 232 in the two combined. These were increased by other volunteers to 275 men, including scouts.

With commendable promptitude, Major Stillman (who by the Governor’s order was the commanding officer much to the mortification of Maj. Bailey) began his arrangements for his expedition, and bent his energies to start on the next day, Sunday though it was. He succeeded in obtaining an ox team and wagon to transport his supplies and camp equipments. Among other supplies he provided two barrels of whiskey, at that time considered indispensable. These were loaded with rations for a five days campaign on an old fashioned schooner-shaped, stiff-tongued Pennsylvania wagon, with two yoke of oxen attached as the motor power.

The apparent dash and boldness of the expedition attracted the attention and co-operation of several daring spirits, who did not belong to either of the battalions, among whom were Col. James M. Strode, a noted character of the time, and prosecuting attorney for all the counties in northwestern Illinois. An inveterate talker, he possessed a fine flow of language and considerable talent. Galena was his home, but he was then on his way home from attending court at Peoria. Lawyers, like Methodist preachers, were circuit riders in those days, and carried their libraries with them in their saddle-bags. He had raised a company of

mounted volunteers in the Winnebago war of 1827, and was then Colonel of what was known as the twenty-seventh regiment of Illinois militia, or as stated by Gov. Reynolds, "he was the Colonel of Jo Daviess county," and served from May 19th, to September 6th, 1832, but seems to have steered clear of the Indians after Stillman's defeat. There were many others who accompanied this ill-fated expedition from the promptings of idle curiosity, or love of adventure, both of which were more than gratified, as the sequel proved. From the very start there was a plentiful supply of jealousy existing between Majors Stillman and Bailey, so there was no concert of action or unity of design in the expedition. The latter held himself aloof from the former, and mechanically, yet sullenly if not murmuringly, obeyed orders, claiming that he was the ranking officer by seniority of service. Hence the whole troop were a mere aggregation of men under no kind of discipline or restraint of their officers. They straggled along more like a band of hunters than soldiers.

A start was made on Sunday towards Old Man's Creek, moving up along the south bank of Rock river. Without seeing or hearing of an Indian or meeting with any mishap, they reached the end of their first day's journey, and encamped for the night near the dividing line between what are now Lee and Ogle counties. Between story telling, song-singing, and a good time generally, they retired late and slept late the next morning, and therefore were late in starting the next day. Start they did, but ere they reached what was then called Hickory Creek, (miscalled Sycamore by some writers) but now called Stillman's Run, they struck swampy land, of that decidedly treacherous character known as quick sand, where their supply-wagon sank down to the axles, and there it persisted in remaining. They were in a decidedly bad box. Their provisions they could carry, but their precious whiskey they could not, and it must not be left to tickle the thirsty throats of the savages. Canteens or other conveniences for carrying it with them they had not. Some of them had tin cups which afforded goblets to drink from, but they could not carry the liquor in these. Ever equal to the emergency, these mounted volunteers determined to save their liquor, and at the same time preserve their spirits by turning spirits down, and therefore proceeded to carry their whiskey in their stomachs. In this way they emptied the barrels and filled their stomachs with the vile stuff, which maddened their brains and robbed them

of their reason and prudence. There were, of course, many exceptions to this general condition. Some there were among them who neither touched, tasted or handled the soul-damning stuff. A considerable number, however, were decidedly demoralized, if not shamefully drunk, and alike reckless of what they did or said. Having disposed of the whiskey, they proceeded on their march up Rock river in a wriggling kind of serpentine line, until they arrived at a small run or creek taking its rise in White Rock township, in Ogle county, running thence north about ten miles, thence east to Rock river, slightly above the present village of Byron. Reaching this small creek about sun-set, Maj. Stillman, finding wood, water and grass, pitched his camp on the small strip of bottom land on its north bank. Both sides of this creek were lined and studded with small trees and hazel brush, with larger trees on the bottom land. Here these raw militia fastened their horses to stumps, stubs, and trees, and commenced to kindle camp fires to cook their suppers, unmindful that they were in danger of an attack from the ever watchful Black Hawk, whom they were seeking, and to their sorrow found.

The main body of Black Hawk's band were encamped ten or twelve miles further up Rock river on the Kishwaukee, he and Neapope having gone down that river to endeavor to make some kind of an arrangement with the Pottawatomies, who occupied the lands in that vicinity (and for several miles on the east, west and south), to lease a small portion of their cultivated or broke lands for the purpose of planting a crop of corn, notwithstanding the lateness of the season. They had erected their wigwams about six miles distant from the place where Maj. Stillman's camp was pitched, and invited the Pottawatamie chiefs to a Dog Feast, and were in conference with them when one of Black Hawk's spies—or, as he called him, runner—came to their camp, with the information that a large force of white soldiers were marching in that direction; whereupon the old chief improvised a white flag, and fastening it to a rod, dispatched three of his young warriors to bear it to Stillman's command and ascertain the object of the invasion, with instructions to invite the white commander, or such delegation as he might select, to come to the Indian camp, and make known the object of his invasion upon neutral ground, both he and the white soldiers being within the Pottawattamie territory. After starting these three with their flag of truce or emblem of peace, who were unarmed and on foot,

he dispatched five other young warriors, on horseback, to follow the flag-bearers, and note what kind of a reception they received at the hands of the white soldiers.

When Maj. Stillman's battalion was first seen by the Indian spy, it was marching across the prairies, but had gone into camp when the flag-bearers arrived, and were preparing their suppers. On seeing these three Indians approaching, a large number of the volunteers, without orders, dashed wildly towards them, regardless alike that they were unarmed and protected by the sacredness of a white flag, rushed upon, surrounded and captured all of them and led them into camp, where, through one* of their number, who had, some years before, lived with Black Hawk and learned to speak their language, they interrogated these prisoners as to where the chief then was, and the strength of his army, etc. While putting these three Indians through the pumping process, the five mounted Indians were seen drawn up on the bluff, about a mile off, when Capt. Eades, with his entire company, mounted their horses and dashed away towards them, followed by a disorderly mob of undrilled, would-be soldiers. These Indians remained until fired upon by the oncoming militia, when they gave way, and started at the top of their ponies' speed for Black Hawk's camp, hotly pursued by the wildly-excited militia, whose horses were longer winded than the fleet little ponies of the Indians, and soon began to gain on them. Two of the five Indians were overtaken and killed before they reached the skirt of timber near Black Hawk's camp. The foremost of the pursuing volunteers halted as they came to the edge of the timber, as if irresolute, and waited for the stragglers to come up, thus giving the three fleeing Indians time to reach their camp and report the facts.

The infamy of the white soldiers in capturing the unarmed bearers of a white flag, coupled with the belief that they had all been brutally murdered at Stillman's camp, aroused all the savage devil of the old chieftain's nature. In a few moments he was leading all the warriors he had with him to repel the attack. On reaching a point near the prairie, he saw by the moonlight that the volunteers were determined to follow on into the woods in pursuit of the three Indians who had escaped. Taking shelter behind a clump of small trees and hazel brush, Black Hawk, with about forty braves and warriors, sank down among the brush

*Elijah Kilbourn. See life of Black Hawk, *post*.

until the head of the pursuing column came near their place of concealment, when, with the blood-curdling war-whoop 'of the Sauk nation, he and his handful of braves arose from their recumbent positions and simultaneously discharged their guns; but whether they took aim at the pursuing volunteers or purposely fired over their heads, is difficult to determine. Be this as it may, "nobody was hurt" by this volley. Its effect, however, was magical. It not only brought these fiery, aggressive militia to a sudden halt, but paralyzed them with affright to such a degree that they fell into the wildest kind of a stampede, which soon ran into a panic. Like a wheel on a pivot they turned square about-face, and fled back towards Stillman's camp—some six miles off—as if the Old Harry was after them.

Nothing is so contagious to an army as a panic. Once fairly started, it sweeps on like an avalanche, crushing every object in its path, and overpowering all opposition. When those of Stillman's command still in camp caught the sound of the wild, weird screeches of their terrified companions, as they came thundering on over the prairie, and saw them, through the glittering moonbeams, rushing madly on to their camp with the rapidity of electricity, they caught the infection, when, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, the entire camp became a pandemonium, and without order, system or thought, each ran for his horse, intent upon instant flight. As they were hastening on, some of them observed their three Indian prisoners,—the flag-bearers sent with the white flag of peace by Black Hawk,—and with wanton cruelty fired at them. Fortunately for these captives, their aim was too hasty and unsteady to prove fatal to but one,—the other two escaped in safety. One, however, was shot down like a dog, and left where he fell. In the terrible confusion at camp, one white man was killed by the accidental discharge of some one's gun, or probably tomahawked by one of the indian flag-bearers, as he claimed to have killed him,—certainly not by an Indian's bullet, for Black Hawk's men could not have secured and mounted their ponies and reached Stillman's camp at that time. Hearing the frenzied howls, and seeing the disorderly flight of their companions, Stillman's command at his camp, took it for granted that the terrible Black Hawk, at the head of a legion of half-naked, howling demons, mounted upon fiery steeds, were pursuing and cutting down their fleeing companions. They did not know the real facts of the case,—that Black Hawk had but about forty braves and warriors with him, all told, for

it will be remembered that he and his few followers had been partaking of a Dog Feast, given to a few visiting Pottawatamies, at the time his three surviving spies came thundering up to his lodge, at the end of their six miles' race for life, and reported the dastardly action of Stillman's men, and that their pursuers were close at their heels. Hence the old chief had no time to collect his ponies together; but on the contrary, they seized their guns and rushed out to repel the assailants on foot.

At the time of Black Hawk's successful ambuscade near his lodge there were two white scouts in advance of the pursuing column, whose retreat was completely cut off by the rush of the Indians between them and their friends. They were taken prisoners. One of them was no less a personage than Elijah Kilbourn, who had followed Black Hawk from Lower Sandusky, in the State of Ohio, clear to Rock river Illinois, in 1813, and attempted to shoot the old Chief while drinking at a spring on Rock river, but his gun flint broke into atoms without discharging his gun, and he was taken prisoner by Black Hawk and by him adopted as a son, and whose life was again spared by the old Chief, who conducted him in person to a place of safety and sent him back to Gen. Atkinson with a most wonderful message, set forth in chapter XXXII. The other was Gideon Munson, who broke away from his captors and attempted to escape by flight, but was shot down as he ran. At Stillmans camp confusion worse confounded reigned and ran riot. For of all animate nature, a body of soldiers under the all-powerful influence of a panic have the least reasoning power, sense, method or dignity. The jolly song and exciting story were changed to wild shouts in a trice. All discipline and order ceased. Each and every one did as he pleased and acted upon his own impulses.

The great pervading thought was to get away from that locality, and that too immediately. From an orderly kind of a go-easy set of men "out on a lark," they became a terrified mob with but one thought—escape,—an ungoverned and ungovernable crowd of men, who were a hundred fold worse to control than a stampeded herd of cattle or wild buffalo. Like them they rushed blindly on in the course their faces were turned when they started and turned not aside for obstacles in their path, plunging into sloughs, creeks, ponds, rivers, and bayous,—on through the woods, brush, thickets, and prairies,—over chasms and precipices, howling and shrieking as they fled like demons from *hades* or lost souls. If there be a stronger type of "Hell on

Earth" than a lot of soldiers in a panic, we have no conception of its horrors. In this case the panic was of the most aggravated character, and extended alike to officers and men.

Whatever of jealousy or rivalry had existed between Majors Bailey and Stillman was merged into a rivalry as to which of them should put the greater number of miles between him and that terror-stricken locality in the shortest possible period of time.

It has been said that on leaving his camp, Maj. Stillman issued an order for his men to retreat across the marsh to a more elevated position on the prairie, and there form in line of battle to await the approach of Black Hawk. The first part of this order,—if such an order were issued—was entirely unnecessary, since they were already performing that part, with alacrity, and retreating with a vengeance, with Maj. Stillman well in the van, pressing on after Col. Strode, whose borrowed horse seemed to out run Tenbroek. They were of course in search of that "more elevated land on the prairie," where they intended to order a halt and form in line of battle,—they did not find it, however, that evening, nor call a halt until they reached Dixon, some thirty miles away.

If the reader ever came suddenly upon a wild turkey hen with her brood, or a quail with her little ones, and endeavored to keep track of them as they seemed to dissolve into thin air and disappear, as if swallowed up in the earth, he can have some little idea of the sudden escape of Maj. Stillman and his mounted Illinois militia from their camp, on that memorable evening of May 14, 1832, when two hundred and seventy-five armed white men were stampeded by forty Indians. They rushed for their horses, mounted and started, they knew not whither, nor stopped to think. In some instances, as in case of their chief surgeon, they mounted their horses before loosening them from their fastenings. He had secured his fine horse to a burnt stump, which stood about six feet high, and the bark of which had been burned off by prairie fires. When the wild, weird war-whoop resounded through the camp, he ran for his horse and mounted without untying him. As soon as he was mounted, he set his spurs into the horse's sides, causing him to spring forward to the length of his tether, but no farther. The worthy doctor caught a glimpse of the dark stump,—which well might be taken for a dusky Indian,—and readily supposing that it was an Indian who had

seized hold of the halter-strap and held his horse, he turned its head in the opposite direction, and essayed to send his horse forward with such speed as to break the Indian's hold or pull him down; sending his spurs into his sides to the hilt, and the horse shot out like a catapult, but the halter was too strong to be sundered in that way. The horse had to stop, while his rider went head foremost over his head, upon the ground, with such force as to knock his breath from his body. Recovering his feet, the doctor drew his sword from its scabbard, seized hold of the blade, and with some degree of style, presented its hilt to the stump, accomplishing the act with the words: "Mr. Indian, I surrender; please accept my sword." On making the happy discovery that he was not a prisoner, he cut the halter from the stump with a dash of his sword, and followed his fleeing companions. This, although perhaps a strong case, is illustrative of the utter confusion of the militiamen, and by no means an exceptional one. It was "every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." No such thing as order or system was attempted or even thought of. Every energy and effort was directed and utilized in trying to get away. They stood not upon the order of their leaving, but left quickly, without intention to return. If the panic and stampede at Bull Run was large, that at Stillman's Run was fierce. The little stream where this occurred bears the appropriate name (Stillman's Run) to this day.

The night had well set in when these frightened militia broke camp so suddenly, and started on their inglorious and shameful flight. It is believed that those in front, hearing the hoof-strokes of their followers, and supposing they were being pursued by mounted Indians, fired upon those behind them, in which way several, if not all the white soldiers, were killed by their own friends and companions in arms. The total loss in Stillman's brigade was eleven killed and two wounded. Those killed were Capt. John G. Adams of Tazewell county, and privates David Kreeps, Zadok Mendenall and Isaac Perkins, all of Tazewell county, Joseph Draper of McLean county, James Milton of Macon county, Sergt. John Walters, Corp. Bird W. Ellis, and privates Tynes M. Childs and Joseph B. Farris of Fulton county, and Gideon Munson, a scout. The wounded were Sergeants Reding Putnam of Fulton, and Jesse Dickey of Macon county, while the Indians lost but three killed,—the two spies before mentioned; and one of the three flag bearers.

When all the circumstances are taken into consideration, the fatality was surprisingly small on both sides. Everything was abandoned and left at the camp by Stillman's command,—supplies, tents, cooking utensils and baggage,—which fell into the hands of the Indians the next morning. More considerate and less destructive than the whites had been towards them, the Indians did not burn down their tents or destroy their property. They, however, appropriated to their own use all the provisions left by the fleeing cohorts of Maj. Stillman. The greater portion of the fugitives from Stillman's camp made for Dixon, some for Fort Armstrong, others for Ottawa, or scattered promiscuously. The wild stories of the dangers they had passed, and the hair-breadth escapes they had made, were ingenious, and ludicrous in the extreme. Upon two points they were generally agreed,—that the Indians were very numerous at Stillman's Run, and that each man as he reached a place of safety, was the last survivor of a terrible Indian massacre. It required fully a month to ascertain the accurate number of lives lost in this shameful fiasco. Many of these terribly frightened militia never stopped running until they reached their cabin-homes, where they were not required to answer roll-call. Some were reported killed who were safe at home, or in fort or stockade miles away from the horrid scene. No two could agree upon the number of Black Hawk's warriors, and no one placed it less than seven hundred, while many asserted that it ran way up in the thousands. Col. Stroke's statement suggests that there was scarcely a limit to the numbers of mounted Indians or "soldiers without hats." Whether Black Hawk, after giving the fleeing whites their fright some six miles from Stillman's camp, caused his braves and warriors to mount their ponies, and pursue the flying, demoralized militia, or whether they followed on foot, is not fully settled, but the strong probability is, that they were mounted immediately after the ambushade, and only about twenty-five of them followed the fleeing white men as far as where Capt. Adams was killed. Stillman's men asserted that they were mounted. If so, they must have been delayed some time after the ambushade in the timber, to catch and mount their ponies. Black Hawk says the militia rode so fast that his men could not keep up, and he and a part of his warriors returned, while about twenty-five of them pursued the fleeing white men. Darkness had then set in, so that the terrified, panic-stricken militia may, and more than probably were, mistaken, and that those in the van mistook those in the rear for Indians, and fired at them as they were riding at John Gilpin speed.

The death of Capt. Adams was especially sad. He was brave as Julius Cæsar, and lost his life in a vain attempt to check the panic and snatch victory from defeat. Possibly he may have been run down by the fleeing, panic-stricken militia of his own command. The dead body of Gideon Munson, the scout, was the only white man's found at the place of ambuscade, and no other was found until they reached Stillman's camp, where the dead body of Isaac Perkins was found. The other nine killed were found at the creek, where Capt. Adams, Maj. Hackleton and others endeavored to stop the fleeing troops, but in vain. While we do not say that the unfortunate ten white men whose lives were lost that night at and near Stillman's camp were killed by their friends and companions in arms by mistake, yet we do say that all the probabilities are that such is the real fact. Yet it is barely possible that the Indians may have killed them. Capt. Adams' death was very generally mourned over the country. Col. James M. Strode was the first to reach Dixon. It is an old saying, "a borrowed horse never tires," and in his case this was true. Our olden-time friend, Jonathan F. Wilson, who is still living, and a leading farmer of the town of Vienna, Grundy county, Illinois, was then the owner of a hardy, small-sized, dark cream-colored gelding called "Pone," which Col. Strode had borrowed or impressed into the service, and notwithstanding the Colonel weighed nearly or quite 200 pounds, and Pone was rather below the ordinary size, he carried his rider over the prairies, through the woods, creeks and ponds, and landed him safely at Dixon far in advance of all others to hear the sad news of Stillman's defeat.

Strode was a regular "*Bombastes Furiosus*." As garrulous as a fish-monger, and a thorough coxcomb, he doubtless had arraigned in his mind a set speech descriptive of what he had seen and passed through, which he proceeded to deliver to Gen. Whiteside and the wildly anxious and excited volunteers under his command. As soon as he could gather enough breath to speak, he said:

"Sirs,* our detachment was encamped amongst some scattering timber on the north side of Old Man's creek, with the prairie from the north gently sloping down to our encampment. It was just after twilight, in the gloaming of the evening, when we discov-

*Ford's History, p. 119.

ered Black Hawk's army coming down upon us in solid column. They deployed in the form of a crescent upon the brow of the prairie, and such accuracy and precision of military movements were never witnessed by man. They were equal to the best troops of Wellington in Spain. I have said that the Indians came down in solid column and deployed in the form of a crescent, and what was most wonderful, there were large squares of cavalry resting upon the points of the curves, which squares were supported again by other columns, fifteen deep, extending back through the woods, and over a swamp three-quarters of a mile, which again rested upon the main body of Black Hawk's army, bivouacked upon the banks of the Kishwaukee.

"It was a terrible and glorious sight to see the tawny warriors as they rode along our flanks, attempting to outflank us, with the glittering moonbeams glistening from their polished blades and burnished spears. It was a sight well calculated to strike consternation into the stoutest and noblest heart, and accordingly our men soon began to break, in small squads, for tall timber. In a very little time the rout became general. The Indians were upon our flanks, and threatened the destruction of the entire detachment. About this time Maj. Stillman, Col. Stephenson, Maj. Perkins, Capt. Adams, Mr. Hackleton and myself, with some others, threw ourselves into the rear, to rally the fugitives and protect the retreat. But in a short time all my companions fell, bravely fighting hand-to-hand with the savage enemy, and I alone was left upon the field of battle. About this time I discovered, not far to the left, a corps of horsemen which seemed to be in tolerable order. I immediately deployed to the left, when, leaning down and placing my body in a recumbent posture upon the mane of my horse, so as to bring the heads of the horsemen between my eye and the horizon, I discovered by the light of the moon that they were gentlemen who did not wear hats, by which token I knew they were no friends of mine. I therefore made a retrograde movement and recovered my former position, where I remained some time, meditating what further I could do in the service of my country, when a random ball came whistling by my ear, and plainly said to me, 'Stranger, you have no further business here.' Upon hearing this, I followed the example of my companions in arms and broke for tall timber, and the way I run was not a little and quit."

Under Strode's estimate, Black Hawk's army must have reached away up towards hundreds of thousands. He speaks of "squares" of cavalry resting upon the points of the curve, which squares were supported again by other columns fifteen deep, three-quarters of a mile through, and this was only his skirmish line, his main army being bivouacked on the banks of the Kishwaukee, some ten miles away.

We can only judge of the effect this wonderful statement had upon these mounted volunteers, who, but a few days before, abandoned their camp equipments, wagons and provisions and made a forced march to the stockade at Dixon, after burning up a deserted Indian village, which a child could have done, and they did no less. No wonder that Gen. Whiteside ordered his trumpet sounded for his officers to assemble at once for a council of war.

Gen. Atkinson, with his regulars and supplies, had not yet reached Dixon, and Whiteside's men had left their baggage wagons and provisions between Prophetstown and Dixon when they concluded to skip out of the locality of their vandalism, and were out of provisions, and had been living on parched corn and coffee for a couple of days. Judge Thomas,* their Quartermaster or Commissary of Subsistence, made an arrangement with old *Nachusa*, or John Dixon, the only white man living in that locality, for cattle and hogs sufficient for their immediate wants; but having no bread or flour, they were compelled to feast on fresh beef and pork without condiment or bread. Having partaken of this food, they took up their march for the late scene of action, some thirty miles away. During this march, many of the volunteers deserted. Before leaving Dixon (May 16) the demoralized battalions of Majors Stillman and Bailey were united as the Fifth regiment, and sworn into the military service of the United States, and Capt. James Johnson, of Macon county, was placed in command of it, with the rank of Colonel. On reaching Stillman's Run, no Indians were to be found. They had removed their dead and withdrawn from the locality. Having buried their dead, the army returned to Dixon.

Gov. Reynolds' account of the Stillman defeat is as follows, (p. 231 of "My Own Times"): "Maj. Stillman was, at the time he commanded the battalion, a general of the militia north of the Illinois river, and was a military man in good standing. I knew many prominent men in his corps,—Colonels Stephenson

* See engraving and biography.

and Strode, etc. The officers had some misunderstanding between them as to the command of the battalion. Fifty-two of Maj. Stillman's men had not reached camp on the 15th of May. While one man was lamenting the destruction of his comrade, that person himself would appear, and contradict it. Stillman had marched twenty-five miles up Rock river in the wrong direction from my order. * * * The major had omitted to have either spies or sentinels out at this important crisis. Three unarmed Indians, with a white flag, made their appearance near the encampment. These Indians gave themselves up, and were taken into custody as hostages, by order of the officers. Then six Indians appeared on horseback, on a hill three-quarters of a mile distant. Without orders, a few soldiers and some officers commenced an irregular chase of these Indians, and pursued them four or five miles. During the race in the prairie, a great portion of the troops mounted their horses, and joined, without orders, in the disorderly chase of the Indians. They overtook and killed two Indians. Maj. Hackleton, of Fulton county, was dismounted, and had a personal combat with an Indian, also dismounted. By assistance from the whites, the major killed his tawny antagonist. * * * I empowered Col. Strode, who was present, and the colonel of Jo Daviess county, to organize the militia of his county, and defend it with them. I gave him great power, and he acted well."

It is a little cruel in the governor to rob even Maj. Hackleton of the credit of having killed an Indian, without the assistance of other white men, while the great power he gave to the "colonel of Jo Daviess county" is striking.

Black Hawk's version of this whole transaction is as follows, (pp. 93 to 103 of his autobiography):

"Having met with no opposition, we moved up Rock river leisurely, for some distance, when we were overtaken by an express from White Beaver (Gen. Atkinson) with an order for me to return with my band, and recross the Mississippi again. I sent him word that I would not, not recognizing his right to make such a demand, as I was acting peaceably, and intended to go to the Prophet's village, at his request, to make corn. The express returned. We moved on, and encamped some distance below the Prophet's village. Here, another express came from White Beaver, threatening to pursue us, and drive us back if we did not return peaceably.

“This message roused the spirit of my band, and all were determined to remain with me and contest the ground with the war chief, should he come and attempt to drive us. We thereupon directed the express to say to the war chief, ‘if he wished to fight us, he might come on.’ We were determined never to be driven, and equally so not to make the first attack, our object being to act only on the defensive. This we considered to be right. Soon after, the express returned. Mr. Gratiot, sub-agent of the Winnebagoes, came to our camp. He had no interpreter, and was compelled to talk through his chiefs. They said the object of his mission was to persuade us to return, but they advised us to go on, assuring us that the farther we went up Rock river, the more friends we would meet, and our situation would be bettered. They were on our side, and all of their people were our friends. We must not give up, but continue to ascend Rock river, on which, in a short time, we would receive reinforcements sufficiently strong to repulse any enemy. They said they would go down with their agent to ascertain the strength of the enemy, and then return and give us the news. They had to use some stratagem to deceive their agent, in order to help us. * * *

“Having ascertained that the White Beaver would not permit us to remain where we were, I began to consider what was best to be done, and concluded to keep on up the river, see the Pottawatamies, and have a talk with them. Several Winnebago chiefs were present, whom I advised of my intentions, as they did not seem disposed to render us any assistance. I asked them if they had not sent us wampum during the winter, and requested us to come and join their people, and enjoy all the rights and privileges of their country. They did not deny this, and said, if the white people did not interfere, they had no objection to our making corn this year with our friend, the prophet, but did not wish us to go any further up.

“The next day I started with my party to Kishawacakee. That night I encamped a short distance above the Prophet’s village. After all was quiet in our camp I sent for my chiefs and told them that we had been deceived; that all the fair promises that had been held out to us through Neapope were false; but it would not do to let our party know it; we must keep it secret among ourselves, and move on to Kishawacakee as if all was right, and say something on the way to encourage our people. I will then call on the Pottawattamies, hear what they say, and see what they will do.

“We started the next morning after telling our people that news had just come from Milwaukee, that a chief of our British Father would be there in a few days. Finding that all our plans were defeated, I told the Prophet that he must go with me, and we would see what could be done with the Pottawattamies. On our arrival at Kishawacakee, an express was sent to the Pottawattamie villages. The next day a deputation arrived. I inquired if they had corn in their villages. They said they had a very little and could not spare any. I asked them different questions, and received very unsatisfactory answers. This talk was in the presence of all my people. I afterwards spoke to them privately, and requested them to come to my lodge after my people had gone to sleep. They came and took seats. I asked them if they had received any news from the British on the lake; they said no. I inquired if they had heard that a chief of our British Father was coming to Milwaukee to bring guns, ammunition, goods and provisions; they said no. I told them what news had been brought to me, and requested them to return to their village and tell the Chiefs that I wished to see them, and have a talk with them.

“After this deputation started, I concluded to tell my people that if White Beaver came after us, we would go back, as it was useless to think of stopping or going on without more provisions and ammunition. I discovered that the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies were not disposed to render us assistance. The next day the Pottawattamies arrived in my camp. I had a dog killed and made a feast. When it was ready, I spread my medicine bags, and the Chiefs began to eat. When the ceremony was about ending, I received news that about three or four hundred white men, on horse-back, had been seen about eight miles off. I immediately started three young men, with a white flag, to meet them, and conduct them to our camp, that we might hold a council with them. I also directed them, in case the whites had encamped, to return, and I would go and see them. After this party had started, I sent five young men to see what might take place. The first party went to the camp of the whites, and were taken prisoners; the last party had not proceeded far before they saw about twenty men coming toward them at full gallop. They stopped, and finding that the whites were coming toward them in such a war-like attitude, they turned and retreated, but were pursued and two of them overtaken and killed.

The others made their escape. When they came in with the news, I was preparing my flags to meet the War Chief. The alarm was given. Nearly all my young men were absent, ten miles away. I started with what I had left (about forty), and had proceeded but a short distance before we saw a part of the army approaching. I raised a yell, saying to my braves, 'Some of our people have been killed,—wantonly and cruelly murdered. We must avenge their death.' In a little while we discovered the whole army coming towards us at a full gallop. We were now confident that our first party had been killed. I immediately placed my men behind a cluster of bushes, that we might have the first fire when they approached close enough. They made a halt some distance from us. I gave another yell, and ordered my brave warriors to charge upon them, expecting that they would all be killed. They did charge. Every man rushed toward the enemy, and fired, and they retreated in the utmost confusion and consternation before my little, but brave, band of warriors.

"After following the enemy for some distance, I found it useless to pursue them further as they rode so fast, and returned to the encampment with a few braves, as about twenty-five of them continued in pursuit of the flying enemy. I lighted my pipe and sat down to thank the Great Spirit for what he had done. I had not been meditating long when two of the three young men I had sent with the flag to meet the American War Chief entered. My astonishment was not greater than my joy to see them living and well. I eagerly listened to their story, which was as follows: 'When we arrived near the encampment of the whites, a number of them rushed out to meet us, bringing their guns with them. They took us into their camp, when an American,* who spoke the Sac language a little, told us that his chief wanted to know who we were, where we were going, where our camp was, and where was Black Hawk? We told him that we had come to see his chief, that our chief had directed us to conduct him to our camp in case he had not encamped, and in that event, to tell him that Black Hawk would come to see him; he wished to hold a council with him as he had given up all intention of going to war. * * * At the conclusion of this talk a party of white men came in on horseback. We saw by their countenances that something had happened. A general tumult

*Kilbourn.

arose; they looked at us with indignation, talked among themselves for a moment, when several of them cocked their guns and fired at us in the crowd. Our companion fell dead. We rushed through the crowd and made our escape. We remained in ambush but a short time before we heard yelling like Indians running an enemy. In a little while we saw some of the whites in full speed. One of them came near us. I threw my tomahawk and struck him on the head, which brought him to the ground. I ran to him, and with his own knife took his scalp.* I took his gun, mounted his horse, and brought my friend here behind me.' The next morning I told the crier of my village to give notice that we must go and bury our dead. In a little while all were ready. A small deputation was sent for our absent warriors, and the remainder started to bury the dead. We first disposed of them, and then commenced an examination in the enemy's encampment for plunder. We found arms and ammunition, and provisions, all of which we was sadly in want of, particularly the latter, as we were entirely without food. We also found a variety of saddle-bags which I distributed among my braves, a small quantity of whisky, and some little barrels that had contained this *bad medicine, but they were empty. I was surprised to find that the whites carried whisky with them, as I had understood that all the palefaces, when acting as soldiers in the field, were strictly temperate.* * * * We attacked them in the prairie with a few bushes between us. * * * I never was so much surprised in all the fighting I have seen,—knowing too, that the Americans generally shoot well—as I was to see this army of several hundred retreating without showing fight. * * * An army of three or four hundred men, after having learned that we were seeking for peace, to attempt to kill the flag bearers that had gone to them unarmed to ask for a meeting of the war chiefs of the two contending parties, to hold a council that I might return to the west side of the Mississippi, to come forward with a full determination to demolish the few braves I had with me, to retreat when they had ten to one, was unaccountable to me. It proved a different spirit from any I had ever seen before among the palefaces. I expected to see them fight as the Americans did with the British during the last war, but they had no such braves among them."

Among the saddle-bags found in Stillman's deserted camp, were those of Col. Strode, containing a ruffle-bosomed shirt, and

* This was probably Isaac Perkins, whose dead body was found at or near Stillman's camp.

Chitty's Pleadings, in two volumes. We have frequently heard the Colonel assert that "Black Hawk appropriated these to his own use, wearing the ruffle-bosomed shirt over his buckskin hunting shirt, and tucking a volume of Chitty under each arm, he strutted around like an old turkey gobbler." Probably he was trying to ape the pomposity of the braggadocio,—James M. Strode.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Doleful News from Stillman's Ill-fated Expedition Spreads with the Rapidity of the Wind, creating an Aftermath of Terror and Dismay—Gov. Reynolds utters a Midnight Wail for Help—Two Thousand Additional Volunteers Called Out—June 10th the time and Hennepin the Place of Rendezvous—What the Public Press had to say about it—A Brave Woman and a Cool-headed Man—Capt. Hoge brings Order and Confidence out of Chaos and Despair.

"Loud Rumor speaks:
I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports."—SHAKESPEARE.

As each survivor from Stillman's Run came dashing into the stockade at Dixon, weary and worn by his long ride and terrible scare, to relate, with pallid lips and trembling limbs, that he was the last survivor of a terrible Indian massacre, his eager listeners were filled with consternation and alarm. To no living soul was this news so dreadful as to Gov. Reynolds. But two short days had passed since this expedition, bearing alike the hopes and political fortunes of His Excellency, had left Dixon. He was ambitious, and fondly hoped, and was even led to expect, the capture of Black Hawk and his entire band through this expedition, which would end all further difficulty with these Indians before the arrival of Gen. Atkinson and his command of about four hundred regulars and a like force of Illinois infantry volunteers, who were stemming the swift current of Rock river on keel-boats and barges. Should Maj. Stillman be successful, all the credit of putting an end to the anticipated war would be given to Gov. Reynolds and his Illinois militia, which would give him an enviable military renown as a fine strategist and celebrated Indian fighter, and bring him prominently before the American people as a Presidential candidate. But now, alas! this crushing defeat of Maj. Stillman carried with it the utter dissipation of his Presidential hopes. Nor that alone, for with the exaggerated stories told by the demoralized Stillman and his men, Black Hawk had a

powerful army of well armed and disciplined savages, flushed with an easy victory, and liable to swoop down upon Dixon without a moment's warning, and kill or capture the entire force under Gen. Whiteside. That he devoutly prayed for the arrival of Gen. Atkinson is established by the fact that he dispatched no less than three messages to that officer, within so many hours, urging him to come to Dixon at once. Not hearing from Gen. Atkinson, early on Tuesday morning, May 15, he issued another call for mounted volunteers to the number of 2,000 men, to rendezvous at Hennepin, Putnam county, on the 10th of June,—again upon his own responsibility. But the circumstances in which he was then placed, fully justified this act.

Gen. Atkinson, with his keel-boats and provisions, reached Dixon on the 17th, and immediately erected breastworks at that point for the protection of his military stores. In the meantime the news of Stillman's defeat spread like a prairie fire from settlement to settlement, county to county, and State to State, growing in magnitude and horror as it went.

As an illustration of what the public press had to say on this subject, we copy from *The Castigator*, a country newspaper published at Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio. In its issue of June 5, 1832, copied from the *Louisville (Ky.) Journal* of May 23, is the following:

“ THE INDIAN WAR.

“The steamboat Herald (74 hours from St. Louis) brings a proclamation from the Governor of Illinois to the citizens of the State, from which it appears that a bloody, successful attack has been made by the hostile Indians upon a detachment of mounted volunteers. A private letter states that fifty-two of the volunteers were killed, among whom were Col. Crane,* Col. Thomas,† Major Morgan‡ and Capt. Bailey.§ At the date of the last accounts, Gen. Atkinson, commander of the United States forces, was in a perilous situation. Several expresses had been sent out for supplies, and every man had been cut off. The keel-boats and barges, with Gen. Atkinson and about four hundred regulars and some three hundred infantry volunteers, destined with supplies for the part above the rapids, had not been heard of, and it was supposed that they had been captured and their crews destroyed. We subjoin Gov. Reynolds' proclamation:

* No such man in the battalion. † Hon. John Thomas, of St. Clair county. See biography. He was not with Stillman. ‡ A myth. § A mistake.

“*To the Militia of Illinois*—It becomes my duty again to call on you for your services in defense of your country. The State is not only invaded by hostile Indians, but many of your citizens have been slain in battle. A detachment of two hundred and seventy-five mounted volunteers, commanded by Maj. Stillman, were overpowered by hostile Indians, on Sycamore creek, distant from this place about thirty miles, and a considerable number of them killed. I am of the opinion that the Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes have joined the Sacs and Foxes, and all may be considered as waging war against the United States. To subdue these Indians, and drive them out of the State, will require a force of at least 2,000 mounted volunteers more, in addition to the troops already in the field. I have made requisitions on the proper officers for the above number of mounted men, and have no doubt the citizen soldiers of the State will obey the call of their country. They will meet at Hennepin, on the Illinois river, in companies of fifty men each, on the 10th of June next, to be organized into a brigade.

JOHN REYNOLDS,

“May 15, 1832.

Commander-in Chief.”

In the issue of the *Missouri Republican* of May 22, 1832, we find the following: “From another source, on which reliance can be placed, we have learned the following particulars: The detachment concerned in the engagement (about two hundred and seventy-five men) had been encamped at Dixon’s Ferry for several days before the arrival of the main body of Gen Whiteside. Immediately, therefore, a request was preferred by Maj. Stillman, who commanded the detachment, to be allowed to go out upon a scouting expedition, which was granted by Gen. Whiteside. On Monday, the 14th, the detachment met a small party of Indians, and killed two and made two others prisoners. They continued their route, and encamped for the night, in an advantageous position,—a dense wood surrounded by prairie. Almost as soon as they dismounted, turned their horses loose, and commenced preparations for supper, a small party of Indians were discovered in the neighborhood of the encampment, bearing with them a white flag. Capt. Eads, with a few men, was sent out to meet them, when the Indians commenced a precipitate retreat. This officer, being acquainted with the Indian mode of warfare, and suspecting an ambush, followed them as far as he deemed prudent, and then ordered his men to fall back upon the main party. Although it

was nearly dark, the whole detachment had been ordered to re-mount, and were met upon the route by the men who were returning. The pursuit was conducted without any regard to discipline, and had continued for several miles, the Indians receding as the troops advanced, until they had decoyed them across Sycamore creek, as it is called in the proclamation. This they did in disorder, and as each man successively reached it. Being thus decoyed into the midst of the main body of the Indians, and without being allowed time to form, hostilities were commenced,—the Indians showing themselves in every quarter, mounted and armed. They commenced the attack with their guns, and, after firing them, resorted to the use of tomahawks and knives. As soon as their desperate situation was known, Maj. Stillman ordered a retreat across the creek, after an ineffectual fire at the enemy. The savages followed close upon them. No time was allowed for them to form on the opposite bank of the creek.

“A company under the command of Capt. Adams of Tazewell county, who were in the rear, endeavored to make a stand against them, and fought with desperation. About half of the missing are thought to have belonged to his company. The battle was fought by moonlight, in an open prairie, and the pursuit was kept up for ten or twelve miles. The survivors began to arrive at Dixon’s Ferry about one o’clock in the morning; and, after a sufficient time had elapsed, the next day, for them all to have come in, the roll was called and fifty-two were found to be missing. A few of those who escaped were wounded, and many had their hats and clothes perforated with bullet holes. Some of the savages were killed, but the number could not be ascertained. Various estimates are given of the strength of the Indians. The number is probably between 1,200 and 1,500 warriors. By this victory they obtained possession of the horses of the slain, and of the camp equipage, blankets, ammunition and provisions of the routed militia, and are moreover encouraged to further hostilities by the propitious omen of a first victory. On Tuesday last the militia at Dixon’s Ferry, amounting to 1,200 men, were paraded to bury their deceased comrades.

“When our informant left them, an immediate pursuit and attack of the Indians was anticipated, but we hope wiser counsels may have prevailed, as a defeat would be almost certain to follow such a course. The militia are exasperated beyond all bounds at the death of their countrymen, and a cruel and exterminating war

must be the consequence. On the other hand, the Indians have the advantage of a perfect knowledge of the country, and inured to fatigue and privations of every kind, and can at any time seek refuge in the swamps which abound in that quarter. Fears are entertained at headquarters for the safety of two or three small parties of men successively sent with dispatches to Gen. Atkinson. Nothing had been heard from any of them, nor indeed was it known in what situation Gen. Atkinson was when our informant left.

“Prior to the engagement, the regular army and the militia had formed a junction at Rock Island, and Gen. Atkinson was invested with the entire command. The militia under Gen. Whiteside being mostly mounted men, proceeded to Dixon’s Ferry by land. Gen. Atkinson, with three hundred regulars and three hundred militia, ascended to the rapids of Rock river in boats, and information received here from him, states that he had effected a passage over the rapids. He must, at that time, have been about thirty miles from Dixon’s Ferry.

“It is said that orders have been transmitted from the War Department to the commanding officer of the expedition to prosecute the war in the most energetic manner, and no longer listen to the *Talks* of the Indians, as has been too often done already. The perilous state of our fellow-citizens of Illinois, and the prospect of a continuance of the war for some months, suggest the propriety of assistance from this State. Having no organized militia, the only means left is the formation of volunteer companies. Arms and ammunition and means of transportation to the scene of action will, we have no doubt, be furnished by the Government officers. By timely aid a like calamity on our own borders may be prevented, for it is easy to foresee that if these Indians are not effectually quelled, the same hostile spirit will soon be infused into all the border tribes.”

Both of these articles were copied in *The Castigator*, in its issue of June 5, 1832.

In its next issue, we find the following: “The late hostile attitude of the Northwestern Indians has caused much alarm throughout the country. Volunteer companies are forming in different parts to assist in putting a stop to their hostilities. At Cincinnati, several companies have been raised. In addition to the calamities already suffered by the incursion of the Indians, there is one still more alarming. Provisions are unusually scarce.

From eighty to one hundred men are frequently thrown together without having ten days' provisions. It would not be a bad plan for those who do go, to provide themselves well on this score."

Also the following :

"PUBLIC MEETING.

"At a meeting of a number of citizens of this place, on Saturday last, Col. James Ferrier was called to the Chair, and David Johnson, Esq., appointed secretary, when, on motion of Thomas L. Hosmer, Esq., the following resolutions were adopted :

"*Resolved*, That in the present perilous condition of our western frontier, it is expedient to raise a company of mounted volunteers in this vicinity, to march to the relief of our brethren in Illinois ; that we recommend to all who are willing, to unite in raising a company for the above purpose, to meet at the court house in Georgetown, on Wednesday, the 13th inst., at 12 o'clock M., to consult upon and adopt such means as may be thought necessary to effect the desired object."

Also the following :

"WAR! WAR!

"From authentic accounts it appears that the Indians on our western borders have embodied themselves to the number of several thousands, and are committing depredations upon the frontiers. Many individuals have been slain, whole families have been murdered, and several flourishing little towns laid in ashes. The probability is that this state of hostility will continue until winter. The militia of Illinois have been called out by the Governor of the State, to aid the regular troops. The citizens of Indiana are forming volunteer companies, and marching to the relief of their brethren, and an express has been sent on to Washington City, to require assistance from the General Government. Under these circumstances, it is very possible that there may be a general call for volunteers—perhaps a draft in the Ohio militia. The citizens of Cincinnati have come forward magnanimously, and raised several companies of volunteers, who hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning. This is an example worthy of imitation. It manifests a spirit of patriotism which should ever distinguish a free people. We are the sons of men who risked 'their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor' to achieve the liberty we enjoy, and we should deserve the most abject slavery if we disgrace or dishonor their memory.

Can nothing be done in Brown county? Let us think upon this subject. Let us place ourselves (in imagination) at Lafayette, and see the savages within a few miles of our wives, children and property, thirsting for human blood, and able, by their numbers, to break down all opposition. Should we not expect our friends in the interior to rally to our assistance? Unquestionably we would. Let us do, then, as we would be done by. If we hold ourselves in readiness to obey a call for volunteers, and there should be no such call, there is no harm done. On the contrary, should there be a demand for our services, we will not be taken by surprise. Those of us who belong to independent companies can be brought into the field upon a short notice; and such as do not, might form one or more companies of mounted riflemen, elect officers, and provide themselves with such necessaries as would be requisite in a summer campaign."

In the Missouri Republican of May 28, 1832, we find the following: "Disastrous accounts are brought by every arrival from above, of the massacre of families residing near the scene of the Indian hostilities. We fear that these barbarities are to be continued for a long time; indeed, from the complexion of our accounts, nothing but the most energetic measures and daring bravery will be able to restore peace to that section of the country. We learn from a letter dated on board the steamboat Caroline, Hennepin, Illinois river, May 21st, that a party had just come into that place from Indian Creek, where they buried fifteen men, women and children, whom the Indians had killed the day previous, and cut, mangled and mutilated in their usual savage manner. Two young women about 17 years old were taken prisoners; the father and mother had been previously murdered. The party it is said was about thirty strong, and little doubt is entertained that they belonged to the Pottawattamie tribe. It is also said that the Indians were spreading devastation in every direction, and for that purpose had separated into small parties. Gen. Atkinson had joined Gen. Whiteside at Dixon's Ferry. On the 22d, Gen. Whiteside's brigade, amounting to 1,400 men, was dispatched up Sycamore Creek to pursue the trail of the Indians, and to compel them into submission, if practicable. Gen. Atkinson had determined to maintain his present position to prevent the falling back of the Sauks. Should it be necessary on further information for him to cross Fox river and operate against the Sauks, it was his design

promptly to do so. Forty or fifty miles would bring him into their neighborhood. The citizens of Pekin it is said are much alarmed in consequence of a band of two hundred Kickapoos being seen at the head of the Mackinaw, many of whom were strangers. While these dangers are staring the frontier citizens in the face, another equally alarming has come upon them. The distress already felt for want of provisions is represented as being very great and must hourly increase. A letter before us says: "I forgot to mention the distressing situation of the inhabitants in this region, owing to the scarcity, I might almost say total absence, of provisions of any kind. The most intelligent of the citizens assert that there is not in the country at large, sufficient provisions, owing to the failure of the crops and the destruction by the Indians, to subsist the population, sparse as it is, for ten days, and at many points there is not even one day's provisions, where there is something like fifty or sixty people to feed. They cannot fish for the want of arms and men to protect them; otherwise they might do something to prevent themselves from actual starvation, which, if they remained in the country, must ensue, unless relief was afforded them. In this emergency, we understand that the acting commissioners of the regular and State troops have, with praiseworthy humanity, resolved to afford relief as far as in their power. Gen. Atkinson and the Governor are together, and moving on the Indians, who have, thus far, escaped, burning and destroying property of all kinds, in their retreat. It is not known whether the main body of the enemy is yet on Rock river, or whether it has crossed over to Fox river of the Illinois, and is ascending that towards the Lakes."

The French, as a nation, are said to be the most excitable people on earth, but this we deny, and place the American people in the lead of all nationalities, especially if there be Indians in the contest. Neither Stillman nor his command were natural cowards. Indeed, his command embraced many of the very best and bravest men of the State. It was not what they *saw* but what they *felt* that did the mischief. Had they but left the whisky in the barrels instead of putting it in their stomachs, the strong probability is there would have been no cause for the widespread fear and terror which followed their shameful conduct, and brought on the war. Black Hawk had already

discovered that he had been deceived by Neapope, and that neither the Winnebagoes nor Pottawattamies would join him in making war against the white people, nor give him provision or let him plant corn in their respective territories, without permission from the white people.

Before starting for Kishwaukee, and while near the Phrophet's village, he held a council with his chiefs, and told them that they had been deceived, and all the fair promises which had been held out to the Sauks, through Neapope, were false, and enjoined secrecy on them to keep this fact from the band until they reached the Kishwaukee, and conferred with the Pottawattamies. On starting from the Prophet's village, Black Hawk insisted that Winnesheik should go with him to visit the Pottawattamies. On arriving at the Kishwaukee, he sent an express to the nearest Pottawattamie village, requesting a conference with them, which was granted, and a small deputation of the latter went to his encampment. The old chief asked them for corn, to which they replied that they had but very little, and could not spare any. After this deputation departed, Black Hawk made up his mind that he would return to his Iowa home, if Gen. Atkinson would permit him, as he was powerless to either stay where he was or go on up Rock river without provisions or ammunition, for he had discovered that neither the Winnebagoes nor the Pottawattamies would render his band any assistance. Threatened by the great monster, Famine, he applied to the Pottawattamies for land to plant corn, and was actually engaged in negotiating with a few of their chiefs when the ill-starred Stillman and his command put in their appearance; and had no more thought of making war against the white people than he had of committing suicide. In the condition he and his band were then in, war was simply out of the question. He had neither arms, ammunition nor provision, besides being encumbered with the women and children, old and infirm, together with all his personal effects, and had no means of transportation, except canoes, and could only move up or down Rock river with them.

The lands lying upon the peninsula near Rock Island, were the bone of contention. To avoid any offense, or giving even a shadow thereof, his people did not even encamp on these lands on their passage up by Saukenuk, and with the exception of April 11, no Sauk Indian was seen upon the peninsula, much less was anybody or anything disturbed who resided there, or anywhere else,

for that matter; for up to May 14, although his entire band had been in Illinois, and in a starving condition, they never molested the white settlers or their property—not even to beg for a crust of bread or cup of water—during more than a full month, and were, at the time of the brutal attack of Capt. Eads and his men, within the territory of the Pottawattamies, and had scarcely encamped for a single day within the boundary claimed by the United States as having been ceded under the Quashquamme treaty of 1804. Hence there can be no kind of excuse for this outrageous conduct of the militia, under Stillman, upon this little band of fugitives, who were striving to live without doing harm to any living soul, and were the guests of a friendly nation, and within their territory. When informed of the approach of Stillman to his camp, Black Hawk immediately sent three of his braves, unarmed, bearing a white flag, to meet and conduct him and his men to the camp of Black Hawk, to learn what was his object. If hostile to his band, and they wished them to leave the Illinois side of the river, Black Hawk with his band would descend Rock river and recross the Mississippi. He further instructed his flag-bearers to say to the commander of the white soldiers, in case they had gone into camp, that he would go in person to their camp to confer with them. What could he have done or said more conciliatory than this? Ever cautious, the old chief sent five other braves to watch what took place at the reception of his flag of truce, who took their station upon a hill overlooking Stillman's camp. Having rushed pell-mell upon the bearers of the white flag and captured them, and taken them into the camp "as hostages," they saw the other Indians on the hill, when away went these lusty militia after them. These Indians remained at their place of observation until actually fired upon, when they fled and were followed in "an irregular chase," as Gov. Reynolds calls it, until they reached a strip of timber, where they ran into the ambuscade of Black Hawk, which stopped their pursuit, but they had killed two out of the five Indians.

Neapope, in a conversation held with Gen. Scott after the war was over, said: "We met some Pottawattamies, and made a feast for them. At that time we heard there were some Americans near us. We prepared a white flag to go and see them, and sent two or three young men on a hill, to see what they were doing. Before the feast was finished we heard our young men were killed. This was at sunset. Some of our young men ran

out, two were killed, and the Americans were seen rushing on to our camp. Our young men fired a few guns, and the Americans ran off."

After the inglorious defeat and stampede of Stillman's battalion, Gov. Reynolds asserted that he had disobeyed orders in going beyond Old Man's creek and in attacking the Indians, when he was sent only on a reconnoitering expedition; but his order "to coerce these Indians into submission," gives this statement a very black eye. Every writer on this subject concurs in the assertion that Majors Stillman and Bailey sought permission "to go upon some dangerous service." Yet after the miscarriage of this expedition, the Governor claims that he only authorized Maj. Stillman to *reconnoitre* on Old Man's creek, some twelve miles up Rock river from Dixon, and that, in going beyond that, the Major transcended his authority. Yet he gives a copy of his order to Major Stillman, which is set forth in the preceding chapter, in which the word *reconnoitre* does not appear. The order was for him "to proceed without delay to the *head* of Old Man's creek, where it is supposed there are some hostile Indians, and coerce them into subjection." *Coerce* them without fighting or even finding them, is as inconsistent and illogical as an insensible pain or pleasant, jumping toothache. No Indians, hostile or friendly, were found on Old Man's creek, but Stillman had started for fame on the march of death. A funeral he must have, with the Indians for mourners. To accomplish his mission of coercing the Indians, he must first find them. Hence he moved on up Rock river until the Indians found him, and sent him and his force howling back to Dixon with numerous hornets' nests around their heads and ears. The eleven white men who lost their lives in this unfortunate expedition were among the bravest and best, whose lives were sacrificed, no doubt, in the vain endeavor to check the stampede, and their valor should be commemorated in a fine monument, since they were buried in one and the same common grave, whose immediate locality, we fear is, like that of Moses, unknown to the present day. For this purpose the Thirty-third General Assembly of the State of Illinois made an appropriation of the paltry sum of \$500, which is alike disgraceful to the great State of Illinois and the memory of the citizen-soldiers who lost their lives in the defense of the women and children of the frontier from the murderous tomahawks and scalping-knives of the ruthless savage. This appropriation should have been fifty fold

greater. The stampede of Stillman's forces had many comical features connected therewith. Some of them fled for Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, and reached the south bank of the Mississippi, where the city of Rock Island now stands, at about three o'clock next morning, and commenced hallooing for a boat to ferry them over to the Island. But fearing a ruse or decoy, no boat was sent them until after daybreak, leaving them upon the banks of the river several hours, half dead with fear and fatigue from their long ride on an empty stomach; for they had not partaken of their suppers when the stampede began, the previous evening. It booted not to them that they told a piteous tale of the fatigues they had borne, and the dangers they had escaped. The very extravagance of the stories they howled across the river, of the utter destruction of Stillman's battalion, tended to strengthen the belief of those on the island that it was a decoy, with the intent to capture the boat, and ferry the Indian troops to the island. The fact that the conversation was in the English language, was no assurance that the applicants had white skins or hearts; for the notorious son of Simon Gerty, the scourge of his race, was known to be among the Pottawattamies, and was always known to be hatching some hellish plot against his own race.

Others struck the Illinois river at Ottawa and points below, each party asserting most positively that they were the only survivors of the terrible defeat.

Considering the fact that our means of communication in those days were so imperfect and slow, it is absolutely wonderful how rapidly the bad news spread throughout the entire surrounding country. Messages were sent by "word of mouth," on horseback. The swiftest-running horses were selected, and a light rider preferred. When away went the rider and horse with the speed of the wind, from house to house, settlement to settlement, the number of couriers increasing, and different routes taken. When a noble horse gave out, another took his place. In this way the whole country were notified, and every family within a radius of fifty miles were *en route* for some place of supposed safety, within twenty-four hours after the Stillman fiasco. Well do we remember the 22d of May of that year, the day after the Indian creek massacre, although we had seen but nine summers. Our home was some eight miles west of Ottawa, on the south side of the Illinois river. We were living upon a farm, and the family was composed of our widowed mother and eight sons, we being

the seventh. The oldest, John S., was then on a visit in Ohio. Our oldest brother then at home (Hon. Geo. W. Armstrong of LaSalle county), was sowing oats, and we were endeavoring to scratch it into the newly-broken sod, with what we then termed a "wooden-toothed harrow." (Iron-teeth drags or harrows were not to be had for love or money; for there was no iron in the country.) When we beheld Joseph Cloud, then clerk of the circuit court of LaSalle county, mounted upon a fine bay horse whose sides were literally covered with white foam and froth, coming down the Ottawa road, as fast as his horse could possibly run, shouting as he came, "The Indians are killing every body across the river; get away, for your lives." The seed bag was dropped in the field, the harrow left on the spot where it stood when the news reached our ear. With fluttering heart and trembling limbs, we dismounted from our perch on the back of the "near horse," and, with the assistance of our brother "Wash," the traces were unhitched, and, together, we hurried home where our brother "Bill," who was always first in a fight, had already mounted his swift-running horse, "Dan," to carry the news on down the river, while Mr. Cloud returned to Ottawa (then all on the south side of the river) to assist his family and neighbors to a place of safety. No time was suffered to escape unimproved in placing the schooner-shaped wagon-box on the running gear of the stiff-tongued Ohio wagon, and tumbling in the household goods in a promiscuous kind of way, and the family on top, when, with four heavy old farm horses, all, save Wash, started across the prairie, for the residence of our maternal uncle, Jeremiah Strawn, late deceased, in Putnam county, some seven miles south of Hennepin, Illinois, taking with us only our four horses and one cow, in the way of stock, leaving several yoke of work oxen, young cattle, hogs, chickens, etc., to the mercy of the Indians, who were too merciful to come within fifty miles of that locality. We mean no hostile Indians came within that distance. Pottawattamies and a few Kickapoos and Chippewas were on that side of the river, and in that immediate neighborhood, but they were freindly to the whites, and even true Indians, by which expression we would convey the idea that a true Indian would neither steal nor lie. Hence our property was quite as safe from theft as if left surrounded by the best white men. The family were absent nearly three months, during which time nothing was molested, touched or taken by Indians or white men. After see-

ing the family fairly started, brother "Wash" returned to the field, and finished sowing his oats, and then yoking up a couple of yoke of oxen, he finished the dragging of them in, so that on our return home, we had a very heavy crop of oats to harvest. Having completed this, he set about arming himself for war. A smooth-bore rifle was among the family possessions, which had been left in the cabin for his use. He found a little powder in the powder-horn, but never a bullet in the pouch, nor could he find an ounce of lead, high or low. A gun without ammunition, like a church without a minister, is a poor investment. He finally stumbled upon an old pewter plate which had been placed in a hen coop to water an old hen and her brood. This he at once proceeded to utilize, by running it into bullets. Though of less specific gravity, it was a pretty good substitute for lead. Thus armed with his gun and pewter bullets, he started on foot, and alone, for Ottawa, to stand guard, or perform such other duty in the protection of the people there, as might be deemed advisable.

The greater portion of the settlers in the vicinity of Ottawa, assembled at the double cabin of the widow Pembroke, situated upon the high bluff on the south side of the Illinois river, about a mile below South Ottawa, and the Hon. William Stadden, deceased, was selected as their leader or captain. He dispatched "Wash" Armstrong and Ezekiel Warren to guard what is known as Brown's Ford, crossing the river a couple of miles above Ottawa, with instructions to fire on any body who should attempt to cross over at that point during the night. A small guard and a foolish order. But, as it turned out, no harm came of it; for nobody, white or red, crossed, or attempted to cross, during that night. This was the night of the 22d. On the succeeding night, guards were placed around the residence of Mrs. Pembroke, with instructions to fire upon every body who approached, in case they did not halt or answer when challenged. The news of Stillman's defeat, and Indian creek massacre, had been fully confirmed, and their details had been materially enlarged and magnified, so that terror ran riot through the already half-frantic people. During that night, one of the guards,—a Mr. S., now deceased,—a first-class citizen,—thought he saw an Indian, and hailed him, but received no reply, whereupon he banged away at him, and ran to the house. A scene followed, in which Mrs. Sheldon Bartholamew showed more courage than Capt. Stadden and all his command. Seizing a rifle, and examining the flint and priming, this

brave lady declared she was good for the first Indian who should show himself, and advised the men to stand at their posts. In this way she inspired, not only courage, but confidence and a feeling of comparative security. The Indian shot at proved to be a bunch of tall weeds, which, under the influence of the wind, kept up a kind of undulating or bowing motion.

In the midst of this wild excitement, Capt. Solomon Hoge, now one of Grundy county's prominent citizens, put in his appearance. He is a man of cool courage, fine presence, and a born leader of men, who had been captain in the Virginia militia. His quiet demeanor, and sensible questions as to the cause of the alarm, were such as to gain the confidence of all. Capt. Stadden at once resigned all kind of leadership to Capt. Hoge, who, as if by magic, brought order out of chaos, confidence out of doubt, and security out of fear. First viewing his surroundings, he selected his guards, went with them to their places, told them what to do, and how to do, assured them that they were in no present danger, and that they would be relieved, at such an hour, by others. In this way, he restored confidence to the wavering, and converted cowards into good soldiers,—that, too, in a few minutes' time. But all this precaution and excitement were without cause; for there were no hostile Indians near Ottawa. After Capt. Hoge took command of these settlers, no further alarms occurred, and the people felt perfectly secure. Such is the influence that one cool-headed, brave man can exert over an excited and badly frightened community.

If the news of Stillman's defeat spread rapidly among the white people, it fairly flew among the Indians. Gov. Reynolds dispatched a messenger bearing this news to the Des Moines Rapids, but a swift-footed Sauk runner, sent by Black Hawk, had reached that point fully twenty-four hours in his advance, while by means of signal fires and smoke, the Pottawattamies, Kickapoos and Winnebagoes were advised of the transaction almost immediately, and great danger existed of a union of these tribes with Black Hawk, which would have resulted seriously to the white pioneers between the Illinois and Mississippi. The wildest excitement prevailed among the Indians, as well as whites. The statements found in the public press of that date were highly colored, and in many respects utterly untrue,—especially those which set forth a total absence of provisions among the white pioneers, and a failure of crops throughout the country. On the contrary, the crops

of that year, throughout the entire northwestern part of the State, were never better. Forty bushels to the acre of the finest of wheat, was by no means unusual in 1832, while all the other cereals raised in this climate were abundant and cheap. Starvation was never thought of among us. Such statements were groundless and silly, and without any foundation in fact.

Many foolish assertions crept into the newspapers. Take that which said: "Gen. Atkinson had determined to maintain his position, to prevent the falling back of the Sauks." By this the writer evidently intended to convey the idea that Gen. Atkinson's position was being assailed by the Indians; or, in other words, he was besieged and environed round about by the hostile Indians, and that he had determined to withstand a siege and "hold the fort." When we consider that Gen. Atkinson had under his immediate command nearly or quite 2,500 men, with arms, ammunition and provisions in abundance, and had thrown up breastworks surrounded with trenches, the fallacy of this statement is apparent. Yet, as an Indian fighter, Gen. Atkinson was a failure. As an organizer and fort builder he had no superior. In fact, he did just what the public press said he would,—maintained his position at Dixon behind his entrenchments, from whence he carried on his warfare against the Sauks by messengers, but made not the least move to capture Black Hawk, for about two months, carrying on a campaign of masterly inactivity which bordered upon abject cowardice or imbecility. He overestimated his enemy's strength, and took no steps to ascertain Black Hawk's strength or intentions.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Elated with his Unparalleled Victory over Maj. Stillman, Black Hawk made another Effort to Enlist the Pottawattamies, and for that purpose held a War-dance at Shaub-e-nee's Village, and was Defeated by the Noble old Head-Chief, who not only refused to unite with him in war upon the White Pioneers, but warned them of their Danger—The Pottawattamies commit the Indian Creek Massacre for Cause—Manuscript Statements of this Terrible Tragedy, as remembered by the Captive Hall girls and their brother, John W.

These Indians swept down like a hawk on his prey,
Their faces all painted—all armed for the fray;
As still as the breeze, but as fierce as the storm,
Without the least signal or note of alarm,
"Till the Angel of Death, with fingers so cold,
Touched the lips of the young and the cheeks of the old;
Then leaving the cabin alone with its dead,
They took their two captives and rapidly fled.

At the approach of Gen. Whiteside, Black Hawk passed on up Rock river, reaching Dixon but a few days in advance of Gen. Whitesides. At Dixon he was invited by Mr. Dixon to dinner, and accepted the invitation. As stated by a daughter of Mr. Dixon, the old chief, Black Hawk, was much pleased because Mrs. Dixon sat down at the table and ate her dinner with him and her husband. Mr. Dixon had lived among the Pottawattamies so long, that he spoke their language fluently. The old chief talked quite freely about the sufferings of his band during the previous year, after their flight from Saukenuk, and of his intentions in coming back to Illinois and being ordered away from their homes at Saukenuk, and that he was going up Rock river to rent corn lands from the Pottawattamies or Winnebagoes.

After the dastardly assault committed by Maj. Stillman's men upon the three unarmed Indians, who should have been protected under their flag of peace, and the inglorious flight of nearly three hundred armed and mounted militia, before a handful of half-armed Indians, Black Hawk became wonderfully elated as well as exasperated. He well knew, however, that other and better troops would soon be on his track, and hence he had not a

moment to be lost in getting ready to repel the impending attack. It will be remembered that the Pottawattamie Chiefs were partaking of a dog feast* at Black Hawk's wigwam, when the news of the approach of Stillman's battalion was brought to him. Hence they were advised of the barbarous action of Maj. Stillman, in violating all military rules by his disregard of the functions of a white flag, in first capturing the three Indians whom Black Hawk had sent to his camp bearing a flag of peace, and then while they were held as prisoners of war and not attempting to escape, fired upon them, killing one of them dead in the midst of his camp. This, within and of itself was a sufficient cause to arouse the Pottawattamies to join Black Hawk in war upon the perpetrators of this unsoldierly and inhuman act. But in addition to this is the fact that this outrage was committed, not only within the borders of their territory, but upon their race, countrymen, kindred and guests. Nor were these the only causes of grievance had by the Pottawattamies against the white pioneers of that locality. They had many other just causes of complaint, one of the most serious ones was the building by the white people of dams across the larger creeks for the erection of mills. These dams effectually prevented the fish from ascending these creeks to the riffles to deposit their spawn or eggs, as was their wont in the springtime, when and where the Indians caught them with their hands, and dried them for their summer's food, the loss of which was not only an annoyance, but serious injury to them in their means of support. Another was the taking possession of their reserved lands by the white settlers without leave or license. Of their reserved lands under the treaty of Prairie du Chien, of July 29, 1829, there were many thousand acres scattered through the country from lake Michigan to Rock Island. Others felt aggrieved for insults offered their wives and daughters, by worthless white men, while some there were who had been beaten with a stick for trivial causes.

An Indian has a long memory for injuries and insults, with an itching disposition to, sooner or later, get even with those who have misused him, and glories in taking the scalp of his enemy. With all these grievances, and bitterness of feeling towards the white settlers, on the part of the Pottawattamies, coupled with the knowledge that their cousins, the Sauks, were making war against the white people, it required more than human power

*This is a species of religious observance among Indians.

and skill to keep them in the strict path of peace. Absolute control of them was an impossibility. Of this under-current of feeling among the Pottawattamies, Black Hawk was fully advised, and relying upon it, he determined to kindle these smouldering embers of hatred into a blazing, burning fire of vengeance, upon the white settlers living between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, and for this purpose he, with his entire army of braves and warriors, proceeded to Shaubenee's villiage (As-sin-eh-kun),* at Paw-paw grove, near the head of Indian creek,—then in LaSalle, but now in DeKalb, county,—on the evening of May 17th. Wildly excited over their easy victory over Maj. Stillman, the subaltern chiefs, braves and warriors of the Sauks clamored for a scalp-dance, which Black Hawk was too humane to allow. Besides being brutal and savage in the extreme, the exercises are very exhaustive of physical strength and endurance, none of which could the Sauks at that time afford to waste or fritter away. The news of Stillman's defeat had coursed like a race-horse throughout the entire Pottawattamie territory, carrying joy and exultation to nearly every dusky bosom. Runners were dispatched to every Pottawattamie village by Black Hawk, with an urgent appeal for the attendance of every Pottawattamie chief, brave and warrior, at the Sauk war-dance, and when the time fixed for the war-dance came, Black Hawk, mounted upon his favorite milk-white poney, clad in the red coat and epaulets of a colonel of British cavalry, with ponderous sword and belt, came trooping into the village, followed by Neapope, Pashepaho, and other Sauk chiefs, at the head of the entire band of braves and warriors, accompanied by the beating of tom-toms and singing of their war-songs. Approaching the lodge of Shaubenee, the war-post was set in the ground, ready for the dance. But, to the old chief's consternation, Shaubenee, Wauponsee, Shemenon, Shaata, Meaumese, Sushshauquash, and other Pottawattamie chiefs, met him coldly, while the younger Pottawattamies seemed to be under restraint, and when the Sauks commenced circling around the war-post, few Pottawattamies joined them. Hence the war-dance lagged, and was soon practically abandoned, and Black Hawk essayed to rouse them by his wonderful eloquence. Naturally of a devotional or pious disposition, he began his address by returning thanks to the Great Spirit for giving him such an easy victory over the white soldiers under Maj. Stillman, comparing the panic and flight of the whites to a flock of deer,

* Meaning grove of paw-paws.

fleeing before the hungry wolf. Then, recounting the causes of grievance the Sauks had against the white people, he made a strong personal appeal to Shaubenee, closing by saying, "Shaubenee, if you will permit your young men to unite with mine, I will have an army like the *trees* in the forrest, and will drive the palefaces like autumn leaves before an angry wind." "Aye," replied Shaubenee, laying his hand heavily down on Black Hawk's shoulder, "but the palefaces will soon bring an army whose numbers are like the *leaves* on the trees, and will sweep you and your army into the great ocean beneath the setting sun."

Shaubene was, at that time, the Head-man of the Ottawas and Chippewas, as well as Pottawattamies, and had seen enough of the world to know that the Indian could not then successfully cope with the white man, and that any and all attempts in that direction would only result in ruin to the Indian, hence he flatly refused to unite with Black Hawk, or permit any of his tribe or tribes to do so. By the side of Tecumseh, or Couchant Tiger, at the battle of the Thames, and second in command to that great chief when Tecumseh fell, he succeeded to the command of the Indians, and ordered a retreat. At that time Shaubenee became satisfied that white men were equally as brave as Indians, and greatly their superior in the implements and arts of war, and then and there made a vow to the Great Spirit that if his life was spared in that battle, he never again would go upon the war-path against the palefaces. This vow he most religiously kept the remainder of his long, eventful life. His aversion to war soon led to the selection of Wauponsee as the War Chief of the Pottawattamies, which position he held in 1832. He also fought the white people under Tecumseh, and was in the battle of the Thames, where he received a musket ball in his right breast, which passed through his body. His recovery from this desperate wound these Indians construed as an omen from their Manitou that he should be their War Chief. In the same battle he received a severe gash in the face from a sabre stroke, which left a long, large scar in healing up. Though as fond of war as Napoleon, Wauponsee, or Waubanse (which means a little light in the sky), had no desire to again go upon the war-path against the American soldiers, hence he stood by Shaubenee in refusing to espouse Black Hawk's cause, and be drawn into the vortex of war against the people of the United States.

Again was Black Hawk terribly disappointed, and his situation worse than ever before. The war had been inaugurated, and escape from it was impossible. Return to his Iowa home he could not, hampered as he was with the women and children, old and infirm, of his band. His only means of transportation being by canoes down Rock river, he must pass through Dixon, and thence down to the Mississippi, through a country literally swarming with armed white soldiers. Hence escape in that direction he could not. Moreover, he and his band were out of provisions, and without means of procuring them. Grim-visaged starvation was chattering his ghastly teeth in his face. He could not fly, and dare not stay, nor could he see any possible way of escape. Already were his women and children subsisting on the succulent bark of red elm trees, roots and fresh-water clams. Some were virtually perishing of hunger. Thus was the lofty spirit of the hero of an hundred battles badgered and crushed by the piteous wailings of his helpless ones for food, without the ability to render them relief, or even a reasonable hope for the better. Induced to leave his Iowa home by false hopes, and promises of aid and assistance from the Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes, through the fulsome Winnesheik and lying Neapope, Black Hawk came among his own race and people big with hope and expectation; but instead of receiving a hearty welcome and active co-operation, he and his band were suffered to shift for themselves and suffer of hunger—aye, starve—for want of food.

By the exercise of his great influence, Shaubenee had succeeded in restraining his nation from joining Black Hawk in the war which was then inevitable and was actually inaugurated. Yet he was conscious of the individual grievances of some of his tribe against the pioneer settlers, and felt well assured that they were burning for an opportunity to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate white men who had offended them, and would take advantage of the war between the Sauks and the whites to satiate their thirst for vengeance on their enemies, when—no matter how many murders they might commit—their deeds of atrocity would be laid to the charge of the Sauks. And in other cases, the malcontents of his tribe would unite with the Sauks, and lend them material and substantial aid and assistance. To circumvent and prevent these, Shaubenee determined to warn the pioneer settlers, who were scattered along on the skirts of the small streams flowing into the Illinois river from the north, extending from Bureau Creek, on the west, to the Du Page, on the

east, a distance of nearly one hundred miles in a straight line; but as the settlers were scattered in zig-zag lines, to visit and warn all of them would require the messenger to travel three times that distance. This the humane old chief, Shaubenee, and his son, Pyps, or Pepper, not only attempted to *do*, but *did*. Having done all he could, by way of argument, to dissuade Black Hawk and the evil-minded of his own tribe from murdering and torturing the innocent women and children of the pioneers, and seeing in the near future that the red dogs of war would be unleashed—that the blood-stained tomahawk was already hurtling through the air—Shaubenee placed his life in the scales—“live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish”—the lives of the women and children of the pioneer settlers should be saved, if within his power. Time was precious, since the danger was pressing. The thunderbolt was already charged, and ready to burst forth without a moment’s warning, when the red fiends should be dancing around and gloating over the ruin they had committed—laughing at the shrieks of the women and children under the dread tomahawk and scalping-knife. Death was hanging like a pall over the pioneers, yet they knew it not. Could he, with safety to himself, warn them of their impending fate? He was an Indian, and personally known to but few of the white settlers, and could neither speak or understand their language. Nor were these the only difficulties he had to encounter in his perilous undertaking. When his final answer was given to Black Hawk, that under no circumstances would he permit his braves and warriors to unite with those of the Sauks in a war against the white settlers of the frontier, he withdrew from the war-dance, and by that act he made an implacable enemy of the Sauk chief, who dispatched swift-footed spies to follow him and report his subsequent actions. Nor were these all the obstacles he was doomed to encounter. Smooth-tongued orators were sent out by Black Hawk to visit every village of the Pottawattamies, and poison their minds against the white pioneers, and urge them to deeds of vengeance to right their wrongs. He was not even advised as to the extent of the war feeling of his own tribe, and stopped not to ascertain. On the one hand he beheld a long line of defenseless cabins, surrounded and enveloped in a halo of peaceful moonlight, whose inhabitants were dreaming of peace and prosperity. On the other, he saw the bloody tomahawk and scalping-knife thirsting for the blood of the white pioneers, regardless of age or sex.

Black Hawk's war-dance was scarcely ended, when Shaubenee silently left it, with a fixed determination to warn the white settlers of their danger, or perish in the effort. He was then well advanced in years, and fleshy, but still a splendid horseman. Mounting his favorite pony, he took his bearings from the Indian geography,—the stars,—and struck out on his long and perilous journey, riding slowly until out of ear-shot of Black Hawk's camp, when he urged his horse to a sharp lope. Then on went the rider and horse, over hill and vale, creek and rivulet, pursued by Sauk spies with the scent of the sleuth-hound. With the last blood-curdling sound which reached his ears after starting, rider and horse caught new inspiration, which sent them onward and onward with their message of life to the peacefully slumbering pioneers, who were all unconscious of their impending doom. Turning his back upon his race and people, he sped on to warn the enemies of his race of their danger. Led onward to imperil, not only his good standing with his race and tribe, but to endanger his life by a generous and genuine humanity, by which act he voluntarily made a martyr of himself, and suffered "the tortures of the damned, but bore them with the magnanimity of a god." By this act he showed a bravery and devotion to humanity which well might challenge imitation by angels as well as men. History furnishes no finer type of heaven-born humanity than this of Shaubenee.

Unfortunately, some of the white settlers would not listen to his statements of danger. In some instances they ordered him off, and loaded him down with abusive epithets, and even threatened him with physical chastisement. Yet he "failed not, faltered not, wearied not" in performing his heaven-born mission. Though driven away from the residence of Mr. William Davis, on Indian creek, in LaSalle county, with violence, after going some distance, he returned and renewed his entreaties with Mr. Davis, whom he knew to be in special danger, because he had built a dam across Indian creek, to run a saw mill, which had given great offence to the Pottawattamies, because it destroyed their fish riffle above. Shaubenee could only communicate with Mr. Davis through signs, and endeavored to induce him to send his wife and children to some place of safety, if he would not go himself. So persistent was the old chief in urging Mr. Davis to send away his family to a place of security, that he actually shed tears, but to no avail. Mr. Davis had fled, a

year previous, from the Black Hawk scare, and been called a coward for so doing. He was determined this time to remain on his farm until he saw there was actual danger. While Shaubenee was busy on his mission, his son was equally so. Between them, every inhabited cabin was visited, and its inhabitants warned along the entire frontier, from Princeton to Plainfield, or Bureau to DuPage,—that, too, within 24 hours after leaving Black Hawk's war-dance. Their's was no Sheridan's Ride of twenty miles over a turnpike road. It was a Shaubenee's Ride of over a hundred miles through a trackless prairie, threaded with deep, unbridged streams, and almost impassable swamps and sloughs. Familiar with the country, they divided their routes so that they did not conflict. The spirited little pony, unable longer to bear the great weight of Shaubenee, dropped dead in his tracks. Taking the bridle and saddle from his dead pony, he pressed forward, on foot, to the residence of his friend, George Hollenbeck, at Hollenbeck's Grove, in Kendall county, where he received a hearty welcome, a good meal, and the loan of a swift horse to prosecute his self-assumed, herculean and dangerous mission. Already had this old chief been about thirty hours in the saddle, without food or sleep, and completely worn out. But his mission was then about fulfilled, and right nobly, too. Had all those whom he warned of their danger heeded his advice, a score of precious lives would have been spared. On the day following Black Hawk's war-dance, Shaubenee's family were taken to where Plainfield now stands.

THE INDIAN CREEK MASSACRE.

In the fall of 1830, William Davis, with his wife and seven children, came from Kentucky, and located upon the north bank of Indian creek, a small stream flowing from the northwest, into Fox river, in LaSalle county, Illinois. He was a large-sized, iron-willed, energetic man, possessed of more courage than prudence. Raised among a people who were taught to despise the Indian race, he let no opportunity escape unimproved in showing his true feelings in that regard. Surrounded by the Pottawattamies, at his Indian creek home, he never treated them as human beings entitled to respect, or as having any rights whatever, but, on the contrary, spurned them from his presence as he would a snarling cur. There was a mill-seat on his farm, which he proceeded to utilize, or improve, in 1831, and had constructed a

dam across the creek, and commenced building a saw-mill. This dam was made of brush, timber and earth, which effectually barred the fish from passing up beyond it to the riffles, as had been their wont, to spawn in the spring, when these Indians caught them in great numbers with their naked hands, throwing them on shore to be dressed and smoked by the squaws for summer, fall, and winter use. Hence the Indians were highly incensed, and demanded its removal. But Mr. Davis, not only refused to remove it, but drove them from his presence with kicks and blows. Thus matters stood until about the middle of May, 1832, when a few Indians attempted to tear away a portion of the dam, but were caught by Mr. Davis, in the act. They fled at his approach, but he succeeded in capturing Kee-was-see, one of them, whom he beat with a large-sized hickory switch or gad, very severely, and by that act, sealed his own fate. To be beaten with a stick, like a dog, means death to the offender, with the Indians. From thenceforward, Kee-was-see bent every thought and energy to the accomplishment of his solemn vow, to kill and scalp the man who had degraded him by whipping him with a switch. He watched and waited his opportunity to strike the fatal blow,—nor was it long in coming.

In addition to the family of Mr. Davis, there were three other families of white people residing on Indian creek, near the Davis residence. They were William Hall and Mary R., his wife, and six children, and William Pettigrew, who had a wife and two children. These two families were from Kentucky, and John H. Henderson and wife, from Tennessee. The cabins of these four pioneers were located within a radius of a few miles. They had all been notified of their danger by Shaubenee and his son on the 18th, and had they given proper heed to this timely warning, their lives would have been spared. The facts, as we understood them at the time, are these: Mr. Davis made light of Shaubenee's warning, and refused to move his family away, or take any precaution to prevent their impending doom, but the other three families immediately sought safety by flight, and proceeded to South Ottawa, where many families had congregated for safety, and where Fort Johnson was soon afterwards built. But Mr. Davis with his family remained at their home on Indian creek until the 20th of May. On the 19th of that month Shaubenee sent him word again that he was in danger, and begged him to send his wife and children to some place of safety if he was still determined, as he had said he was, to remain on his claim and defend

his family and property against Indian depredations. This second warning was so earnest that it put even the brave and fearless Davis to thinking over the isolated condition of his dear ones—full fifteen miles away from any white family.

The more he thought the matter over the less confidence did he feel in the resolution he had taken in remaining there. Hence, early on Sunday morning, May 20th, he mounted a horse and scoured the country immediately surrounding his home without striking Indian signs, and then struck off at a rapid lope to Ottawa, for the purpose of inducing his neighbors and special friends Messrs. Hall, Pettigrew and Henderson, to return to Indian creek with their families, and as his cabin was large, he would advise them all to congregate there, which would make quite a little party for defense in case of an attack. His three older sons and two hired men, with himself, made a half dozen to start with, and there were four good men in Mr. Hall's family, which, with Mr. Henderson, Mr. Howard and son, would make thirteen brave men for defense. On his way to Ottawa he met a party of volunteers going towards Indian creek on a scouting expedition to ascertain the locality and intention of the Indians, with whom he conversed, and from whom he exacted a promise that if they discovered anything leading to danger from the Indians they would call at his house on their return and let him know all about the matter. Armed with this assurance, and feeling confident there was no immediate danger, he proceeded to South Ottawa and urged his neighbors to return to Indian creek. They were in the midst of corn-planting when they left their homes a few days before, and were very anxious to finish, as the season was then well advanced, hence they were readily persuaded to return, except Mr. John H. Henderson.* He had scarcely begun planting when he left, but did not deem it prudent to take his wife into what he considered imminent and unnecessary danger, and urged that the women and children should be left at Ottawa, while the men went back. This Mr. Davis opposed, asserting that there was no danger whatever. Unfortunately his advice prevailed, and the families of Messrs. Hall and Pettigrew, with their household goods, were soon on their way back to—death—Messrs. Henderson, Howard and son, Robert Norris and Emory George accompanying them. This was on Sunday, the 20th. They all reached the home of Mr. Davis safely that afternoon, and passed the night there without molestation or alarm of any kind.

*Uncle to Gen. T. J. Henderson, of Princeton, Ill.

On Monday, the 21st of May, Mr. Henderson, with Edward and Greenbury Hall, Mr. Howard and son, and two sons of Mr. Davis, were planting corn on his claim, on section 11, township 35, range 3, which he located in the fall of 1830. Mr. Davis' claim was on section 2, adjoining that of Mr. Henderson, and immediately north of it. Mr. Davis and Robert Norris were at work in his blacksmith shop, Emory George and William Davis, Jr., were at work repairing the rent made in the dam by the Indians a few days previous. Mr. Hall and John W. his oldest son, were repairing some farm implements in a shed adjoining the blacksmith shop, and Mr. Pettigrew had been over to his claim, returning a little before 4, p. m. and had gone into the cabin, where the women and children were, when all of a sudden some thirty armed and hideously war-painted Indians rushed into the house and commenced the massacre, killing all in the house except Sylvia, aged 17, and Rachel, aged 15 years, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, whom they took as prisoners and held in captivity some eleven days, taking them up into Wisconsin and delivering them to the Winnebagoes who sent them to their friends. Having brutally killed Mr. and Mrs. Hall and daughter Elizabeth, aged 8 years, Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew, and two children,—taking the younger by the ankles and beating its brains out against a stump,—Mrs. Davis and her five younger children, they then pursued those who were at the shop, killing all of them except John W. Hall, who miraculously escaped by jumping down a steep bank and running down around a sudden bend of the creek, where they lost sight of him. Robert Norris and Emory George, who ran in the same direction and but a short distance in advance of him, were shot down. Mr. Hall fell pierced by an Indian bullet before he had ran many rods, while Mr. Davis seems to have had a desperate struggle for life. When his body was found, it was most barbarously mutilated, the stock of his gun gone, and the barrel badly bent. Whether he killed any Indian or Indians, is not known. If he did, the surviving Indians bore them off. But since the captive girls neither saw nor heard of any dead or wounded Indians, the strong probability is that there were none. Mr. Henderson and his assistants in the cornfield were in plain view of the Davis house, but no attempt to molest them was made. On hearing the gunshots at the Davis house, they all started for shelter, and escaped unscathed. Those only who were at the house and shop were

killed. But that was sufficient to appall and paralyze the strongest nerves. Sixteen bright, happy and intelligent people swept from existence in a holocaust of slaughter.. That the blow was intended for Mr. Davis and family alone, there can be no doubt, and that the slaughter of the others was attributable to the mere accident of their being there at the unfortunate moment, follows as a sequence. The attack was directed and conducted by Kee-was-see, whom Mr. Davis had beaten with a stick, and the entire party, except three, were Pottawattamies.

Black Hawk's statement of the affair is as follows :

"Another party of three Sacs had come in and brought two young white squaws, whom they had given to the Winnebagoes to take to the whites. They said they had joined a party of Pottawattamies, and went with them as a war-party, against the settlers of Illinois. The leader of this party (a Pottawattamie) had been severely whipped by this settler some time before, and was anxious to avenge the insult and injury. While the party was preparing to start, a young Pottawattamie went to the settler's home, and told him to leave it,—that a war party was coming to murder them. They started, but soon returned again, as it appeared that they were all there when the war party arrived. The Pottawattamies killed the whole family, except two young squaws whom the Sacs took up on their horses and carried off to save their lives. They were brought to our encampment, and a messenger sent to the Winnebagoes, (as they were friendly on both sides,) to come and get them, and carry them to the whites. If these young men belonging to my band had not gone with the Pottawattamies, the two young squaws would have shared the same fate as their friends."

This bloody massacre was laid to the charge of the Sauks, as it was expected and intended by its perpetrators, who took advantage of the state of hostilities existing between the Sauks and the whites, to commit this outrage, knowing it would be charged to the Sauks. Whether it be true that the three solitary Sauks in this murderous raid saved the lives of Sylvia and Rachel Hall or not,—but we have no doubt about its truth, because the Sauks were naturally humane and had been brought in immediate contact with civilization much more than their cousins, the Pottawattamies,—the plan of Kewassee, their leader, was nicely arranged. He dare not hold these girls captives, because his nation were on terms of peace with the white people; nor dare he return them

direct to their friends; but by delivering them to the Sauks, he threw all the responsibility of the massacre on them; and when Black Hawk was advised of their captivity, he ordered their enfranchisement, and caused their delivery to the Winnebagoes, who were at peace, and friendly alike to the Sauks and whites, and who in turn took them to the nearest fort (Blue Mounds), and delivered them to their friends. Sylvia became the wife of Rev. W. S. Horn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is now living in the city of Lawrence, in the State of Kansas, a most estimable Christian woman, and happy mother and grandmother.

Rachel married William Munson, who was a prominent citizen and wealthy farmer of the town of Freedom, in LaSalle county, where the massacre occurred, and died there May, 1870, leaving surviving her, husband, three sons and four daughters, and a number of grandchildren. Mr. Munson has since joined the innumerable host on the other side. From their daughter Miranda, wife of Samuel Dunnaven, Esq., of the town of Adams, LaSalle county, we received the following manuscript statements of John W. Hall, and her mother and aunt Horn, giving their recollections of this massacre, thirty-five years after its occurrence. They will also be found in the admirable history of LaSalle county, by our old friend Hon. Elmer Baldwin, published in 1877. There are some errors,—notably that of date, and some antecedent circumstances,—since they all agree upon May 20 as the date of the massacre, which was Sunday, and the massacre occurred on Monday, the 21st, just one week after Stillman's fiasco; and John W. Hall is in error as to Mr. Davis meeting his father's family between Indian creek and Ottawa, and turning them back. Hon. Geo. W. Armstrong, and others still living, state positively that these three families (Hall, Pettigrew and Henderson) were at South Ottawa for several days prior to that time, and that the families of Messrs. Hall and Pettigrew left there on Sunday.

John W. Hall's statement is as follows:

“NEMEHA COUNTY, NEB., September, 1867.

* * * “The lapse of thirty-five years has made my memory rather dim, but there are some things which I will relate which I remember most distinctly, and I shall as long as have a being. It was in 1832, and, as near as I can recollect, about the 15th or 16th of May that old Shaubenee, chief of the Pottawattamies,

notified my father and others that the Sac and Fox Indians would probably make a raid on the settlements where we were living, and murder us and destroy our property, and advised us to leave that part of the country for a place of safety. But Indian rumors were so common that some of our neighbors did not sufficiently credit the old Indian, and we were advised to collect as many together as possible, and stand our ground and defend ourselves against the Indians. So, after hiding all our heavy property, and loading the remainder and the family on the wagons, we started for Ottawa, meeting Mr. Davis, who had been at Ottawa the day before, and had learned that a company had gone out in a northerly direction to learn of the Indians' movements, and would report on their return in case of danger. My father was prevailed on by Davis to abandon his retreat and stop at Davis' house, where Mr. Pettigrew and family, Mr. Howard and son, John H. Henderson and Emory George were all stopping. On the 20th of May, myself and dear father were at work under a shed adjoining a blacksmith shop on the west side, next to the dwelling house; Mr. Davis and Norris were at work in the shop; Emory George and William Davis, jr., were at work on the mill-dam, a little south of the shop. It being a very warm day, in the afternoon some one brought a bucket of water from the spring to the shop, and we all went into the shop to rest a few minutes and quench our thirst. At this time John H. Henderson, Edward and Greenbury Hall, Mr. Howard and son, and two of Davis' sons, were in the field, on the south side of the creek, in full view, and about half a mile from the house, planting corn; and while we were resting in the shop, we heard a scream in the house. I said, 'There are the Indians now,' and jumped out of the door, it being on the opposite side from the house, and the others followed as fast as they could, and as we turned the corner of the shop, we discovered the door-yard full of Indians. I next saw the Indians jerk Mr. Pettigrew's child, four or five years old, taking it by the feet and dashing its head against a stump. I saw Mr. Pettigrew, and heard two guns, seemingly in the house, and then the towahawk soon ended the cries of those in the house, and immediately they fired about twenty shots at our party of five, but neither of us was hurt that I know of.

"Their next motion was to pour some powder down their guns and drop a bullet out of their mouths, and raise their guns and fire. This time I heard a short sentence of prayer to my right,

and a little behind. On turning that way I saw my dear father on the ground, shot in the left breast and dying, and on looking around, I saw the last of the company was gone, or were going. The Indians had jumped the fence, and were making towards me. Mr. Davis was running in a northeast direction, towards the timber. He looked back and said, 'Take care!' He had his gun in his hand. I, at this time, discovered quite a number of the Indians on horseback in the edge of the woods, as though they were guarding the house to prevent any escape. Then it flashed into my mind that I would try to save myself. I think there were sixty to eighty Indians. I immediately turned toward the creek, which was fifteen or twenty steps from where I stood. The Indians were, at this time, within a few paces of me, with their guns in hand, under full charge. I jumped down the bank of the creek, about twelve feet high, which considerably stunned me. At this moment the third volley was fired, the balls passing over my head, killing Norris and George, who were ahead of me, and who had crossed the creek to the opposite shore. One fell in the water, the other on the opposite bank. I then passed as swiftly as possible down the stream, on the side next the Indians, the bank hiding me from their view. I passed down about two miles, when I crossed and started for Ottawa through the prairie, and overtook Mr. Henderson, who started ahead of me, and we went together till we got within four miles of Ottawa, where we fell in with Mr. Howard and son, three sons of Mr. Davis, and my two brothers, all of whom were in the field referred to except one of Mr. Davis' sons, who was with us in the shop when the alarm was given, and who immediately left when he heard the cry of Indians. We all went to Ottawa together and gave the alarm.

"During the night we raised a company, and with them started in the morning for the dreadful scene of slaughter. On the way we met some of Stillman's defeated troops, they having camped within four miles of where the Indians passed the night, after killing my dear friends. They refused to go back with us and help bury the dead, but passed on to Ottawa. We went on to the place where the massacre took place, and oh! what a sight presented itself.

"There were some with their hearts cut out, and others cut and lacerated in too shocking a manner to mention, or behold, without shuddering. We buried them all in great haste, in one grave,

without coffins or anything of the kind, there to remain till Gabriel's trumpet shall call to life the sleeping dead. We then returned to Ottawa, and organized a company out of a few citizens and Stillman's defeated troops, into which company I enlisted, and the next day were on the line of march, in pursuit of the savages, and if possible, to get possession of my two eldest sisters, who were missing, and who, we were satisfied, were carried away by the Indians, from signs found on their trail. We went as far as Rock river, when our provisions failed, and we returned to Ottawa for, and laid in, provisions for a second trip. I found that Gen. Atkinson had made propositions to the Winnebago Indians, through the agent, Mr. Gratiot, to purchase my sisters, as we were fearful that if we approached the Indians, they would kill them to prevent their capture. We then started the second time, and proceeded to Rock river, where we fell in with a company of volunteers, under Gen. Dodge, when we learned that the friendly Indians had succeeded in obtaining my sisters, and that they were at White Oak Springs. I went with a company of regulars to Galena, and obtaining a furlough, went to White Oak Springs, where I found my sisters, and returned with them to Galena.

J. W. HALL."

JOINT STATEMENT OF MRS. HORN AND MRS. MUNSON.

"In the afternoon of the 20th of May, 1832, we were alarmed by the Indians rushing suddenly into the room where we were staying. The house was situated on the north bank of Indian creek. Here lived our father, William Hall, aged 45 years, our mother, aged 45, and six children,—John W., aged 23, Edward H., aged 21, Greenbury, aged 19, Sylvia, aged 17, Rachael, aged 15, and Elizabeth aged 8. The house belonged to William Davis, whose family consisted of nine in all; Mr. Pettigrew, wife and two children. These families were staying together for the better protection of each other from the Indians. John H. Henderson, Emory George and Robert Norris, were also stopping at the same house. Henderson, Alexander; and Wm. Davis, Jr., Edward and Greenbury Hall, and Allen Howard, were in the field, about one hundred rods from the house. Wm. Hall, Wm. Davis, John W. Hall, Norris and George were in the blacksmith shop, sixty or eighty steps from the house, down the creek, near the bank, and near the north end of the mill dam, which was being built. Pettigrew, who was in the house, with a child in his arms, when the

Indians came to the door, sprang to shut the door, but failed to do it. He was shot, and fell in the house. Mrs. Pettigrew had her arms around Rachael when she was shot, the powder flying in Rachael's face. We were trying to hide, but could find no place to get to. We were under the bed when the Indians caught us, took us out into the yard, and taking us by the arms, hurried us away as fast as possible, and while going we saw an Indian take Pettigrew's child by the feet, and dash its head against a stump, and Davis' little boy was shot by an Indian, two other Indians holding the boy by each hand. We passed on to the creek, about eighty steps, when they dragged Rachael into the creek, and half way across, when they came back; then they got us together and hurried us up the creek, on the north side, being the same side the house was on, to where the Indians had left their horses, about one and one half miles from the house. Here we found the Indians had father's horses, and some belonging to the neighbor's, tied up with their ponies. We were mounted each on a pony, with an Indian saddle, and placed near the center of the procession, each of our ponies being led, and receiving occasionally a lash of the whip from some one behind. We supposed there were about forty warriors, there being no squaws, in this party.

"We traveled till late in the night, when the party halted about two hours. The Indians danced a little, holding their ponies by the bridle. We rested on some blankets, and were permitted to sit together. Then we were remounted, and traveled in the same order until one or two o'clock the next day, when they halted again near some bushes not far from a grove of timber on our right. Before we stopped, Rachael made signs that she was tired, and they took her off, and let her walk, and while walking, they forced her to wade a stream about three feet deep. Here we rested about two hours, while the ponies picked a little grass, and some beans were scalded by the Indians, and some acorns roasted. The Indians ate heartily, and we tried, but could not, as we expected to fare as our friends had, or worse. After resting, we were packed up as usual, and traveled awhile, when some of the Indians left us for some time. When they returned, we were hurried on at a rapid rate for some five miles, while the Indians that were following had their spears drawn, and we supposed the party, when absent, had seen some whites, and that if we were overtaken, they would destroy us.

After about an hour, they slackened, and rode on as usual till near sundown, when the whole party halted for the night, and, having built a fire, they required us to burn some tobacco and corn meal that was placed in our hands, which we did, not knowing why we did so, except to obey them. We supposed it was to show that they were successful in their undertaking. They then prepared supper, consisting of dressed meat sliced, coffee boiled in a copper kettle, corn pounded and made into a kind of soup. They gave us some in wooden bowls, with wooden ladles. We took some, but did not relish it. After supper, they held a dance, and after that, we were conducted to a tent or wigwam, and a squaw placed on each side of us, where we remained during the night, sleeping what we could, which was very little. The Indians kept stirring all night. In the morning, breakfast the same as supper. That over, they cleared a piece of ground, about ninety feet in circumference, and placed a pole twenty feet high in the centre, and fifteen or twenty spears set up around the pole. On the top of the spears were placed the scalps of our murdered friends. Father's, mother's and Mrs. Pettigrew's were recognized by us. There were also two or three hearts placed on separate spears. The squaws, under the direction of the warriors, as we supposed from their jabbering, painted one side of our faces black, and the other red, and seated us on our blankets, near the pole, just leaving room for the Indians to pass between us and the pole. Then the warriors commenced to dance around us, with their spears in their hands, and occasionally sticking them in the ground; and now, at every round, we expected the spears would be thrust through us, and our troubles brought to an end. But no hostile demonstration was made toward us, and after they had continued their dance about half an hour or more, two old squaws led us away to one of the wigwams, and washed the paint off our faces as best they could.

“Then the whole camp struck tents, and started north, while the whole earth seemed to be alive with Indians. This being the third day of our suffering, we were very much exhausted, and still we must obey our savage masters, and now, while traveling, we were separated from each other during traveling hours, under charge of two squaws to each of us, being permitted to stay together when not on the march, under the direction of our four squaws. We now traveled slowly over rough, barren prairies, until nearly sundown, when we camped again, being left with our

four squaws, with whom we were always in company, day or night, they sleeping on each side of us during the night. The warriors held another dance, but not around us. Here we had all the maple sugar we desired, and the Indians made as good accommodations for us as they could.

“About this time, our dresses were changed. The one furnished Rachael was red and white calico, ruffled around the bottom. Sylvia’s was blue. They tried to get us to throw away our shoes, and put on moccasins, which we would not do. They also threw away Rachael’s comb, and she went and got it again, and kept it. We then traveled and camped, about as usual, till the seventh day, when the Indians came and took Sylvia to the side of a hill, about forty rods away, where they seemed to be holding a council. One of the Indians said that Sylvia must go with an old Indian, who we afterwards learned was the chief of the Winnebagoes, and was called White Crow, and was blind in one eye; and that Rachael must remain with the Indians she had been with. Sylvia said she could not go unless Rachael went too. White Crow then got up and made a long and loud speech, and seemed very much in earnest. After he had concluded, an Indian, who called himself Whirling Thunder, went and brought Rachael to where Sylvia was, and the chiefs shook hands together, and horses were brought, and switches cut to whip them with, and we were both mounted, when one of the Sauk Indians stepped up to Rachael, and, with a large knife, cut a lock of hair off her head over the right ear, and another from off the back of her head, and told White Crow he would have her back in three or four days. Another one cut a lock of hair from the front part of Sylvia’s head. Then we started, and rode at a rapid rate until next morning, near daylight, when we halted at the encampment of the Winnebagoes. A bed was prepared on a low scaffold, with blankets and furs, and we lay down till after daylight. After breakfast, the whole encampment packed up, and placed us with themselves in canoes, and we traveled all day till nearly sundown, by water, and camped on the bank of the stream, the name of which we never knew; neither can we tell whether we traveled up or down. On the morning of the ninth day, we had breakfast very early, after which White Crow went around to each wigwam, as far as we could see, and stood at the opening, holding a gourd with pebbles in it, shaking it, and occasionally talking as if lecturing, then went off, and was gone all day.

“He came back at night, and, for the first time, spoke to us in English, and asked if father or mother were alive, and whether we had any brothers or sisters. We told him we thought not, for we supposed they were all killed. When he heard this, he looked very sorry, and shook his head, and then informed us that he was going to take us home in the morning. Next morning, being the tenth day, White Crow went through the same performance as on the previous morning. Then twenty-six of the Winnebagoes went with us in canoes, and crossed over the stream, swimming their horses by the side of the canoes. On the other shore all were mounted on the ponies, and traveled all day through wet land, sloughs and brush. At night we came to where there were two or three families encamped. They expressed great joy at seeing us. Here we encamped for the night—White Crow and Whirling Thunder with us. We had pickled pork, potatoes, coffee and bread, for us and the two chiefs, which we relished better than anything we had had since our captivity. We lay down on the bed prepared for us, and White Crow came and sat down by our bed and commenced smoking, and continued there smoking his pipe most of the time till morning, never going to sleep, as we believe. Next morning we had breakfast same as supper; the Indian families bade us good bye, and the same company of twenty-six Indians, as the day before, started with us, and we traveled over land that seemed higher than that traveled the day before. About 10 A. M., we came to some old tracks of a wagon, and here for the first time we began to have some hopes that the Indians were going to convey us home, as they said they would do; and as we passed on we began to see more and more signs of civilization. About 3 o’clock we stopped and had some dinner—broiled venison and boiled duck’s eggs, and if they had not been boiled so soon the young ducks would have made their appearance. But the Indians would never starve if they could get young ducks boiled in the shell. We then traveled on till near the fort, at the Blue Mounds. White Crow then took Rachael’s white handkerchief, or that had been white once, and raised it for a flag, on a pole, rode on about half a mile, and halted, and the Indians formed a ring around us, and White Crow went on and met the agent for the Winnebagoes, Mr. Henry Gratiot, with a company of volunteers, and returned to where we were. White Crow then delivered us over to the care of the agent, and we went with him and the soldiers of the fort. To our great joy, we found two of our uncles,

—Edward Hall and Rezin Hall,—in the company. We remained here one day and two nights, and were supplied with a change of clothing. It was now about the first of June. We started, in company with the same twenty-six Indians, and a company of soldiers, with the Indian agent, Mr. Gratiot, for Gratiot's Grove, where we remained over night. Next morning, White Crow made a speech, in which he referred to the incidents of our rescue; he also proposed to give us each a Sauk squaw, for a servant, during life, which we declined, telling him we did not desire to wrong the squaws. Here we parted with the Indians, who bid final adieu, and with the troops went on to White Oak Springs. Here we remained three or four days, and here our dear brother, J. W. Hall, whom we supposed murdered, met us. We remained here two or three weeks, and the merchants and others, who seemed to take a great interest in us, furnished the material for some clothing, which we made up, preparatory to passing decently through the country, and we regret not being able to recollect the names of those kind friends, as a testimony of their kindness in our distressed condition. May the blessings of Heaven rest upon them all. From this place we went with John W., and uncle, Edward Hall, to Galena; here we stayed some days, at the house of Mr. Bells, with whom we had some acquaintance. While here, we received rations from the army. We also found kind friends in abundance, and donations in clothing, and other things, and needed nothing to make us comfortable as possible under such circumstances. All those friends have our thanks.

“We went by boat from Galena to St. Louis, where we stopped with Gov. Clark, and received every attention and kindness from him and his family. Here we received many presents, and through the influence of Gov. Clark, four hundred and seventy dollars were raised for our benefit, to be laid out in land, and entrusted to the care of Rev. R. Horn, of Cass county, Illinois, which was done at our request. We also received smaller amounts to pay our expenses up the river, homeward. We can only express our thanks to these kind friends for their generosity.

“In company with our brother, John W., and uncle Edward Hall, who had been with us since we left the Blue Mounds, we took a boat up the Illinois river to Beardstown, and out five miles east, to our uncle Robert Scott, where we remained about two months, when brother John W. Hall took us to Brown county, where we remained till March, 1833, when Rachael was married

to William Munson, and settled near the scene of her parents' tragic fate, in LaSalle county; and in May, 1833, Sylvia was married to William S. Horn, and removed to Cass county, Ill.

"This statement is made at the home of Sylvia, in Nebraska, where Rachael and her husband are visiting, and committed to writing by Mr. Horn, Sylvia's husband, this 7th day of September, 1867.

SYLVIA HORN,
RACHAEL MUNSON."

They were not bound or fastened together, and were treated with marked respect, and within three days after their capture they were delivered to the Winnebagoes, to be returned to their friends. The very best food within their possession was given them; they were not separated, and not the least indignity or insult was offered them. Their captivity lasted but about eleven days. Besides the large and valuable presents given them at St. Louis and elsewhere, the State of Illinois gave each eighty acres of land.

The land voted them by the Legislature of the State was taken from the Canal lands, donated to the State for the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal under the act of Congress, and was located where the city of Joliet now stands. They were elephants in the hands of the Pottawattamies, because their possession was damning proof of their guilt of the massacre. The Sauks wanted no prisoners, for they could not keep them, hence they were delivered to the Winnebagoes, to be returned to their friends. The story of paying forty ponies for their ransom, by the Winnebagoes, was not true,—they simply swindled the whites out of that much property.

Upon the return of the captive Hall girls to LaSalle county, in March, 1833, they stated that they were quite sure that Kee-wassee, Ta-qua-wee and Co-mee, three young Pottawattamie braves, were active participants in the Indian creek massacre. Whereupon a complaint was filed before a Justice of the Peace of LaSalle county, charging them with the murder of William Hall and others, May 21, 1832, upon which a warrant was issued to the sheriff of said county for their arrest. The warrant was promptly executed by the late George E. Walker, who was then sheriff of that county, by arresting them and taking them before the court, where they had a preliminary examination, which resulted in their being held under one thousand dollars bond each,

to await the action of the grand jury, which would meet the following month. They were not incarcerated, nor indeed could they have been, for want of a jail, but gave bonds for their appearance before the circuit court, to await the action of the grand jury. They offered as their bondsmen Shaub-e-nee, Shem-e-non, Snach-wine,* Shaa-te Me-au-mese and Sash-shan-quash, whom the sheriff accepted, knowing them to be the leading chiefs of the Pottawattamies, Chippewas and Ottawas.

At that time these three nations were united together under Shaubenee as Head-man or Great Commercial Chief. Judge Richard M. Young, author of the Illinois Book of Forms, under the *nom de plume* of James Jones, afterwards Commissioner of the General Land Office, held the April term of the Circuit Court of LaSalle county, in 1833, and the court docket, record "A," page 50, shows the following historic entry, viz :

"TUESDAY, April 20, 1833.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS }

vs. }

SHAUB-A-NEE, SHEM-E-NON, SNOCK-
WINE, SHA-A-TOE, MEE-AU-MESE,
AND SASH-AU-QUASH, *Head-men and*
Chiefs of the Pottawattamie Nation. }

On bond for the appearance of
three Indian persons charged
with the crime of murder.

"This day came the People, by Thomas Ford,† their attorney, and defendants, by Hamilton‡ & Bigelow, their attorneys; and the said defendants, by their said attorneys, moved the court to quash the said bond, and to discharge the said defendants from all liability thereon; also to discharge the three Indian prisoners, Kee-was-see, Ta-qua-nee and Co-mee, from the custody of the sheriff of said county of LaSalle, which motion, after argument, was overruled by the court. Whereupon, at the request of the State's Attorney, the said defendants were ordered to be called, as well as the said three prisoners, when Shaubenee, one of the defendants, appeared and answered to his name."

The Grand Jury failed to find an indictment against the prisoners at this term. Ke-was-see had a peculiar scar on his face, but when brought before the Hall girls his face was so besmeared and daubed with paint, that they could not identify him with

*Se-noge-wone is the proper orthography, and means Rocks in the Water. He planned and executed the Chicago massacre in 1812.

† Gov. Ford.

‡ Richard J. Hamilton, of Chicago.

any degree of positiveness, and the Grand Jury took no final action in the case, at this term of court. The next term of said court was held in May, 1834, Judge Young presiding, and Gov. Ford was still the State's attorney. The court record shows the following proceedings in this case :

“WEDNESDAY, May 21, 1834.

(Title of the case as before given.)

“This day came the People, by Ford, their State's Attorney, and the defendants, by Hamilton, Bigelow & Strode,* their attorneys ; and the defendants' counsel moved the court to discharge the said obligees, as cognizors, from all further responsibility on account of their undertaking as bail, or sureties for the appearance of three Pottawattamie Indians, named Kee-was-see, Ta-qua-nee and Co-mee, charged with the crime of murder, for the reason that no indictment was preferred against the said prisoners by the Grand Jury, after a full investigation of the facts alleged against them, and for the further reason that the legislature had no power to authorize the sheriff of LaSalle county to impose such obligations upon them, as chiefs and Head-men of the Pottawattamie nation of Indians, etc., which motion, after argument on both sides, was overruled by the court. Whereupon, on motion by State's Attorney, the said prisoners, and the said cognizors or sureties, were ordered to be called, when the said cognizors or sureties severally made their appearance in open court, with two of the said prisoners, to-wit, Ta-qua-nee and Co-mee, but the other prisoner (Kee-was-see), although three times called, came not, but made default, and the said cognizors or obligors, being required to produce the body of the said Kee-was-see, also made default by failing so to do. There having been no indictment found against the said Ta-qua-nee and Co-mee, they were, on motion of their said attorneys, ordered to be discharged, and their sureties released from all obligations for their further appearance ; and it was further ordered by the court, that time be given said sureties to produce the body of said Kee-was-see to answer to the charge of murder aforesaid, until which time the further proceedings in this matter is continued.”

At the October term, 1834, of said court, Kee-was-see, was present, and, on motion of his attorneys, he was discharged for want of an indictment. As a matter of fact, the Hall girls failed to identify these Indians as part of those who

* Of Stillman's defeat notoriety.

committed the massacre, with any degree of positiveness; hence the Grand Jury deemed it prudent to fail in finding an indictment, but subsequent confessions leave no doubt but Kee-was-see was the leader of the assassins, while Ta-qua-nee and Co-mee were active participants therein. We had intended to insert here the recollection of these events, as set forth in a letter from Hon. Thomas J. Henderson, of Princeton, Illinois, whose relations were neighbors to Mr. Davis, and escaped the massacre through the sagacity and experience of John Henderson, the grandfather of Thomas J., who was educated in Indian craft under Gen. Wayne. In the main, Mr. Henderson's statements of these events are as given hereinbefore, differing in no material part, but giving the matter in more extended detail. But this chapter is already too long; hence we omit this very interesting letter, dated in the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., January 22, 1886.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Thoroughly Demoralized, Gen. Whiteside's Brigade Demand their Discharge from the Service, and are Marched to Ottawa and Mustered Out—Thrilling Scene between Major Henry and Gen. Whiteside—Autograph Letter from Gen. Robert Anderson—Press Comments, and Col. Strode's Peculiar Proclamation.

"So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
 Are from their hives, and homes driven away—
 They called us for our fierceness, English dogs
 How like to whelps, we crying run away.—[*Shakspeare*.]

With the burial of the dead of Stillman's defeat, without coffins or shrouds, in the same common grave, the so-called first campaign of the Black Hawk war of 1832, came to a sudden, and inglorious end. The terrible Indian creek massacre, following upon the heels of the Stillman fiasco, was more than these already badly-rattled, and thoroughly demoralized, volunteers were able to stand. Although no time was fixed by their enlistments, they, with regular unanimity, claimed that they only enlisted for thirty days, and that their home duties demanded their immediate presence; that while willing to serve their country, their families demanded their first duty.

We do not wish to call these 1,800 volunteers cowards, since it is not safe to call any man a coward, because many of the bravest men of earth have at some one time exhibited the basest kind of cowardice, and afterwards shown an utter contempt of physical danger. Even the great Tecumseh, the bravest of the brave, showed absolute cowardice in his first battle against the white soldiers at Mad river, with some Kentuckians,—leaving a wounded brother on the field to shift for himself,—he ran like a deer, and never stopped until he had put miles and miles between him and the scene of action. History is full of similar cases.

The great difficulty with these Illinois volunteers was, the want of confidence in their officers, from Gov. Reynolds all the way down. They were virtually a disorganized mob, governed by no fixed rules of action, and entirely without discipline,

system or order. While there were as fine material in this command, if properly disciplined and handled, as any in the world, they seemed to have become *shaky* from the time they burnt the Prophet's town, and *panicky* as they approached Dixon, when they left nearly everything behind, and made their forced march, or stampede, on to that place. And when they went out to bury the mutilated dead, at Stillman's Run, all the courage they ever had seemed, like that of Bob Akers, to have "oozed out at their fingers and toes." The hair upon their heads rested uneasily, as if they thought the brutal savages were already sharpening their scalping knives for the sacrifice. Already had they seen enough of grim-visaged war to fully satisfy their curiosity in that direction. Indeed, they had seen and heard too much. The sickening details of Stillman's defeat, as related by those who ran away, made them heart-sick, and they wanted to go home to see their wives and children—anything to get away. Many of them had business to attend to, that would brook no delay, and could not be attended to by any body else. Hence they asked to be discharged from the service. But when the news reached them of the Indian creek massacre, they became wild with the desire to once more behold their loved ones at home, and burst over all restraint, speedily declaring they were going home. All discipline was gone, never to return to those 1,800 volunteers. The imbecile Gen. Atkinson yielded to their demand, and sent them to Ottawa, on the Illinois river, where they were mustered out of service, May 25th to May 28th, 1832, by Lieut. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumpter fame. Through the kindness of Hon. E. B. Washburn, we are permitted to publish the following autograph letter on this subject:

"TOURS, FRANCE, *May 10th, 1870.*

"To E. B. WASHBURNE, *Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, Paris, France:*

"MY DEAR SIR:—After our recent conversation about the Black Hawk war, you asked me to put my recollections of some of the incidents connected therewith in writing; and you were kind enough to suggest that my reminiscences would be of much interest to many of the old settlers of your adopted State. I should state, however, that my memory has been a great deal impaired, and that, therefore, many allowances must be made. When the Indian disturbances, under Black Hawk, broke out, in the spring of 1832, I was on duty at the St. Louis Arsenal, which was then

under command of Lieut. Richard Bland Lee. I may here say that I had graduated at the West Point Military Academy, in 1825. When the hostilities commenced, Gen. Atkinson was in command at Jefferson Barracks, and was put in command of the expedition to suppress them. He proceeded at once to Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island. Having obtained the consent of my commanding officer, I volunteered to join his expedition, which I did, at Rock Island. He immediately assigned me to duty as Assistant Inspector General on his staff. Many volunteers had gathered at Rock Island. Governor John Reynolds, of Illinois, soon arrived and took up his quarters with Gen. Atkinson, and remained with us nearly all the time till the close of the war. After considerable augmentation of the troops at Rock Island, we marched our forces up Rock river, in keel boats, as far as Dixon's Ferry, so called after Capt. Dixon, the first settler there. We made that place the general rendezvous of all the troops coming in.

"The cavalry had a camp on the south side of the river, and the infantry were in an entrenched camp on the north side. The officers in command of the Illinois troops were Gen. Henry and Gen. Posey,* and another General whose name at this moment has escaped me (Gen. Alexander), but Gen. Atkinson was in command of the expedition. The force remained at Dixon's Ferry some two or three months, drilling and making small expeditions. We had a force of some fifteen hundred cavalry, the finest troops I ever saw.† While at Dixon's Ferry we were joined by a body of friendly Indians, headed by the chief Chebaunset.‡—(I may not spell the name correctly.) It was during this time that I went on an expedition to Ottawa with Gen. Atkinson. It was then a small trading post, with only a few houses. We found one company§ of troops there whose term of service had expired. I mustered them out of the service, but most of them immediately re-enlisted, and I had the satisfaction of mustering them in again. Henry Dodge, afterwards so well known and so much distinguished as Colonel of a regiment of Rangers authorized to be raised by Congress, was with us, and also Boone and Ford, as Captains in the same regiment. Boone was a son of the celebrated Daniel Boone. I also mustered Abraham Lincoln twice into the service. He was a member of two of the Illinois independent companies

* This refers to the second call for militia.

† The second enlistment. ‡ Wauponsee.

§ There were thirty-seven companies of them.

which were not brigaded. The first time I mustered him into the service was at the mouth of Fox river, May 29, 1832, in Capt. Elijah Iles' company. The Lieutenants in the company were J. M. Henderson and H. B. Roberts. The value of his arms was fifty dollars, and his horse and equipments one hundred and twenty dollars. I mustered him out of the service at the rapids of the Illinois, June 16, 1832, and in four days afterwards, at the same place, I mustered him into the service again in Capt. Jacob Earley's company. The Lieutenants in this last company were G. W. Glasscock and B. D. Rusk. Of course, I had no recollection of Mr. Lincoln, but when President he reminded me of the fact. I might mention that, previous to this time, Gov. Reynolds gave me a commission of Inspector-General in the Illinois volunteer service, with the rank of Colonel. I now have in my possession, at home, that commission as an officer in the service of that State, now become so great and powerful. I recollect the fight at Stillman's Run, some twenty miles above Dixon's Ferry, in which Col. Strode, of one of the Illinois regiments, figured quite conspicuously.

"Among the officers who were with us at Dixon's Ferry, there were several who afterwards became distinguished. There was Captain (afterwards General) Reilley, distinguished in Mexico and California, and Lieutenant Albert Sidney Johnston, Aid and Assistant Adjutant-General on Gen. Atkinson's staff, afterwards so well known as a General in the rebel service, and killed at Shiloh. He was a cool, clear-headed man—an excellent officer. Indeed, I have always considered him the ablest officer the rebels ever had in their service. Capt. William S. Harney* (now Gen. Harney) of the First Infantry, was also with us—a bold, dashing officer, and indefatigable in duty. So was also Capt. William Graham, of the regular army, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, and killed at the battle of Molino del Rey.

"The names of the members of Gen. Atkinson's staff, as nearly as I can now recall them, were: Lieut. A. S. Johnston, A. D. C., Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieut. M. L. Clark (son of Gen. Clark, Governor of Missouri, who went with Lewis to explore the Rocky Mountains), A. D. C.; Lieut. Robert Anderson, Ass't Inspector-General; Lieut. W. Wheelight, Ordnance Officer; Lieut. W. J. Eaton, Chief Commissary Department; Col. Enoch March, Quartermaster-General.

"The last-named gentleman was, I think, the Quartermaster of the State of Illinois, and an extraordinary man. Fertile in

* Died in 1886.

resources, prompt in deciding as well as acting. He was of inestimable service to us during the campaign. Gov. Reynolds was accompanied, if my memory serves me, by the Adjutant-General of his State,—Gen. Turney. In each brigade there was a Spy Battalion. Capt. Early was, in addition to those I named to you, captain of one of those companies. William S. Hamilton, the son of Alexander Hamilton, joined us at Dixon's Ferry with a small party of friendly Indians. He was of much use to us, from his knowledge of the Indian character and of the country. The first movement of our troops was up Rock river, with a view of finding the Indians and giving them battle. My duty was to be in advance and select camping grounds for the troops. I was a great deal with the Spy Battalion commanded by Maj. W. L. D. Ewing,* of Vandalia, a brave and efficient officer. Jacob Fry was Colonel of one of the regiments in Henry's Brigade, an excellent officer and an honest man. Sidney Breese, since so much distinguished in your State, was one of the Lieut.-Colonels. The country through which we passed,—it was in July,—was beautiful beyond description, surpassing anything I have ever seen in our own country, in Mexico or in Europe.

“The Indians constantly retreated as we advanced. Finally, they struck west, to cross the Mississippi river. We overtook them at Bad Ax, on the bank of the river, on the 2d of August, 1832, just as they were making arrangements to cross, and there was fought the Battle of Bad Ax, which ended in the complete route of the Indians. It was a fight in the ravines, on the bottom lands, and among logs, trees and underbrush. Black Hawk escaped, but was captured and taken to Fort Crawford, and surrendered to Col. Zachary Taylor, who was then in command of that Post. The battle of Bad Ax having eventually ended the war, the troops were moved back to Dixon's Ferry and Rock Island, at which places I mustered them out of service. Gen. Scott was sent out to supersede Gen. Atkinson, and take command of the expedition, but he did not reach the theatre of operations before the close of the war. He got as far as Galena, and from there he went down to Fort Armstrong and established his headquarters. From Dixon's Ferry I was sent by Gen. Atkinson with dispatches for Gen. Scott, at Rock Island, and to report to him for duty. He at once assigned me to duty, placing me in charge of the Indian prisoners. I have also among my papers in

* For many years, Auditor of Public Accounts.

New York, all the original muster rolls of the Illinois troops, and will take great pleasure in putting them at your disposal, to be placed, at your discretion, among the archives of the State or of some historical society in the State. This should be with the approbation of the War Department. Gen. Scott having received information from Col. Taylor of the capture of Black Hawk and a few chiefs, he detailed me, with a guard, to go to Fort Crawford for them, and bring them to Fort Armstrong. We took, for that purpose, the Steamboat "Warrior," Capt. Throckmorton. We left Rock Island early in the day, and before night there were indications of the cholera among the soldiers on board the boat.

"There was no surgeon on board, and I did the best I could for them. When we arrived at the mouth of Fever river, I had the boat tied up, and took a skiff and went up to Galena, in search of a doctor. I there found Dr. Adison Philleo, who had been with us in the campaign, and he cheerfully returned with me to the steamboat, and took charge of my sick.¹ We then continued our trip to Fort Crawford, where I delivered my orders to Col. Taylor. By that time I had the cholera myself, and was scarcely fit for duty. Col. Taylor thereupon assigned to me, for my assistance in returning the Indians to Fort Armstrong, his adjutant, Lieut. *Jefferson Davis*. We took with us Black Hawk, his two sons, the Prophet, and some other chiefs. On reaching Fort Armstrong, the cholera was raging so violently in camp that Gen. Scott ordered the steamer to go immediately to Jefferson Barracks. I there turned my prisoners over to Gen. Atkinson who had resumed command of the post. I then resumed my original position at the St. Louis Arsenal,—the company command of which post devolved on me some months afterwards. Such, my dear sir, are the sum of my recollections of the Black Hawk War which created a great deal of excitement in the Northwest, and was a great evil in its day. It was my first service in the field, and I entered it with all the zeal of a young officer who loved his profession, and desired faithfully to serve his country. I have retained many pleasant memories of the officers and soldiers with whom I was associated. There were never finer troops than the Illinois volunteer soldiers that we had with us. They were brave, intelligent and sober men, and always yielded a ready obedience to the command of their officers. Many of them, both officers and privates, have since reached high positions in public life, and have reflected great credit, not only upon the State, but upon the nation. I have the honor to be

Very Truly, Your Obedient Servant,

ROBERT ANDERSON."

The memory of the hero of Fort Sumpter, of these transactions, which occurred thirty-eight years before the date of his letter, is wonderful. He gives names, dates, and circumstances, with almost absolute accuracy. President Lincoln, however, was a member of three companies, instead of but two. He raised a company, seventy-two strong, enrolled at Beardstown, April 21, 1832, of which Samuel M. Thompson was First Lieutenant, and elected Colonel of the Third Regiment—jumping squarely over the future President. This company, with thirty-six others, composed Gen. Whiteside's brigade, of about 1,800 mounted volunteers, who were mustered into the United States by Gen. Atkinson, at the mouth of Rock river, May 10, 1832, and marched thence up Rock river to Dixon, and out to Stillman's Run to bury the dead, May 16; thence to Ottawa, to be mustered out of the service, May 27, when Mr. Lincoln immediately enrolled, as a private, in Capt. Iles' Co., to assist in protecting the frontiers, until the new levies,—which were called to meet at Hennepin, June 10th,—could be put in the field. This enlistment was for twenty days, and expired June 16th, when he again enlisted as a private in Capt. Earley's company, for twenty-five days. He gives the names of the officers correctly. By his statement, it is apparent that he was at Ottawa in May, and again in June of that year. But either from a desire to say nothing of the demoralized volunteers, whom he mustered out at Ottawa, in May, 1832, or from a slip of memory, he fails to state, that beginning Friday, the 25th, and ending Monday, the 28th of May, Gen. Whiteside's entire command, of thirty-seven companies, aggregating about 1,800, Mounted Illinois Volunteers, were mustered out of the service by him, by order of Gen. Atkinson, or that immediately after the Indian creek massacre, these volunteers, or, as a matter of fact, only about half of them, commenced clamoring to be mustered out, and that finding this feeling extended to each and every company, Gen. Atkinson deemed it best to muster out the entire command. The full muster rolls of these volunteers will be found in the appendix.

The Indian word *Lenneway*, or *Illini*, from which is derived the word *Illinois*, signifies, when translated into English, "We are men, not dogs or cowards." But the base cowardice manifested by about half of these 1,800 mounted volunteers gave the lie to the very name of our noble State, and cast upon the courage of

her soldiers the foulest stain it ever received. If the ill-timed prudence and foolish stampede of Major Stillman, with his battalion of 275 mounted men before forty Indians, was censurable and despicable, the sudden desertion (for that is what it was) of the 1,800 mounted volunteers without firing a gun or even seeing an enemy, at the time and under the circumstance they did—leaving the Illinois river frontier exposed to the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the Indians, who were then on the rampage—was simply pure, unadulterated, aye, damnable, cowardice. Well do we remember the general feelings expressed at the time by the pioneer settlers, when such exclamations as, "Oh, the arrant cowards; we hope their wives and children will meet and attack them with broomsticks and squirt-guns and drive them back; they are too cowardly to live; it is a pity the Indians had not taken their scalps," etc., etc. To more fully understand the location of what was termed the frontier of that time, if the reader will refer to the map of Illinois, he will see that the Mississippi and Illinois rivers run nearly parallel for fully two hundred miles. The early settlers naturally followed these two rivers, and located either near them or on the small streams leading to the one or the other of these rivers. Timber being then erroneously considered indispensable to habitation, hence there were two frontiers in 1832, which may be termed that of the Illinois and that of the Mississippi rivers. The discovery of lead ore at and near Galena, on Fever river, a tributary of the Mississippi, at an early day, attracted emigration thither, so that Jo Daviess county had quite a population at that date. It had a white population of 820 white people in 1820, and 1,584 in 1830. Whiteside, Lee, Ogle and Rock Island counties had not yet been created. There was considerable overland travel between Galena and Central and Southern Illinois, the road crossing Rock river where Dixon now stands. Capt. Dixon located at an early day at that point, and established a ferry to accommodate travelers and make money. He cultivated the friendship of the Indians, who called him Nachusa, signifying the Indian's friend. Dixon stands about midway between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers.

After Black Hawk had passed up through the Mississippi frontier without molesting the person or property of the white settlers, no fears were entertained by the pioneers of that line of his attacking them, and, as a rule, those who had left their cabin homes at the Indians' approach, had now returned to their homes. But

with the Illinois frontier line, things were very different. The terrible Indian creek massacre, followed by the Payne, Hazelton, Schemmerhorn, Phillips and Beresford murders, had filled them with the wildest terror and alarm. It was at this juncture when this large force of Illinois volunteers were skipping away home, and leaving the women and children of this frontier to the mercy of the savage. Hence the indignation of these pioneers was wrought up to a terrible pitch over what they could only term arrant cowardice. The place selected to muster these volunteers out of service was on the east side of Fox river, about a half mile above its confluence with the Illinois. If our memory be correct, Gen. Whiteside's tent stood where the present fine residence of Mr. Cary now stands, while that of Maj. Henry stood a little west of the small ravine a little to the southwest of Mr. Cary's house. The mustering officer was the then Lieut. Anderson. During Sunday afternoon, as company after company were drawn up and mustered out, Gov. Reynolds, who, with all his faults, had many virtues, for he was truly a noble-hearted man, mounted an empty whisky barrel and appealed to these men by the love they bore their wives and children—by their humanity, honor and patriotism in behalf of the women and children of the frontier—to re-enlist for twenty days for their protection, until the new recruits under his second call (May 15) for 2,000 men, should relieve them. The command of Maj. James D. Henry was located around on the other side of the strip of timber, hence the Governor inadvertently did not, in terms at least, appeal to them to re-enlist. Henry was very sensitive and easily excited, and ever seemed to be looking for a slight, yet he had more military ability than any other volunteer officer in the command. On this occasion he mounted the barrel as the Governor left it, and poured out a regular tirade of abuse upon His Excellency, calling him an old, incompetent ninnycompoo, and other hard names. Gov. Reynolds apologized for the oversight, saying it was an oversight and inadvertency, but the Major would not accept the *amende*, and declared that it was a cold and premeditated insult to him and his men. At that moment Gen. Whiteside came stepping up, dressed in home-made copperas and white, with a chip hat, plain sword and leather scabbard. Maj. Henry turned his face toward him, and said: "Pray, sir, what part or lot have you played in this contemptible drama?" Gen. Whiteside's little form straightened up. Every nerve seemed called into action, his face assumed a defiant

look. Drawing his sword and bringing it up to a present with a peculiarly offensive and threatening motion, which seemed to say, "I will fight you to the death," said: "I am the Brigadier-General, second in command to His Excellency, the Governor, and your ranking officer, and will not suffer my motives or actions to be censured or questioned by my subalterns." Then tapping the hilt of his sword with his left hand, he added: "But, if you so desire, I will waive my rank, and meet you, now or hereafter, at such time and place and with such arms as may be agreed upon."

So intense was the excitement created by this action that every one present held their breath, while cold chills run riot up their spinal columns. Maj. Henry in form, dress and bearing was a modern Hector, as compared with Gen. Whiteside. But to the great relief as well as surprise of all present the Major treated this bold *defi* as a jest. Bursting into a kind of incredulous guffaw, he sprang down from the barrel and returned to his tent, and was among the first to re-enlist as a private along with Capt. Abraham Lincoln in Capt. Iles' company, while Gen. Whiteside was enrolled and served as a private in Capt. Snyder's company for twenty days, until the second army should be in the field.

Right gallantly was the Governor's appeal for re-enlistments for twenty days responded to, and a small regiment was formed, composed of five companies, commanded by Captains A. W. Snyder, Samuel Smith, W. C. Ralls, Benj. James, and Elijah Iles. Of this regiment Privates Jacob Fry was elected Colonel, James D. Henry Lieutenant-Colonel, and John Thomas Major. (See muster-rolls in Appendix.) This regiment, with the Fourth Brigade of Illinois Militia, commanded by Col. John Strawn*, consisting of the companies of Captains Robert Barnes, William Hawes, William M. Stewart and George B. Willis, all from what was then Putnam county, aggregating 195 men, rank and file (See Appendix, for muster-rolls), and a regiment from Vermilion county, under command of Col. Isaac R. Moore, with the late Col. G. S. Hubbard, Lieutenant Colonel, embracing the companies of Captains Ashton, Bailey, Gillespie, Gregory, Hutt, Palmer, Payne and Thomas, aggregating 350 rank and file (see Appendix), together with the independent companies of Captains Matthews from Morgan, McFadden from LaSalle, Stennet of Schuyler, Covill of McLean, Wilbourn of LaSalle, Armstrong of Madison counties, did the guard work from May 28 to June 19, when the second army was organized and ready for the field.

*See biography and engraving, *post*.

But old Grannie Atkinson was trembling in every limb, for fear Black Hawk, with his reported thousands* of well-armed, and admirably-drilled, dusky warriors, would swoop down some day like a hawk upon a brood of chickens, and by mistake, take the old Rooster,—Atkinson,—right out from among his 400 regulars entrenched behind the strong walls of his fort, at Dixon's Ferry, and required a strong force of Mounted Illinois Volunteers to keep scouting around—always near his post, and never beyond signal distance, lest the Indians should steal a march on them, and scale his breast-works, to either kill or capture the Commander-in-Chief. Here he remained alternating, between shaking and sweating, full six weeks, during all of which time he knew no more about the strength, movements, or intentions of Black Hawk, than he did of the "Man in the Moon." After the ascent of Rock river, by Black Hawk and band, the Mississippi frontiers neither had, or required, any soldiers to guard, or protect them. So far as known to the outside world, Major Bliss felt comparatively safe behind the walls of old Fort Armstrong, while Black Hawk, with his fiery band, were up Rock river a hundred miles or more, but he took no steps whatever to ascertain where these Indians had gone. With plenty of provisions, military stores, and heavy artillery, he spent his time pleasantly, but for the mosquitoes, which were plentiful that year. After the arrival of Gen. Atkinson, he abdicated all interest in these affairs, to him, as ranking officer. But Gen. Atkinson seemed to have been solicitous of the entire safety of his friend, Maj. Bliss, and Fort Armstrong, since he kept quite a little force of Illinois Volunteers scouting around Rock Island, to prevent the capture of the old worm-eaten fort, for such would seem to be the case, since there certainly can be no good reason assigned for the conduct of the General in command, in keeping volunteer-soldiers between these forts and the outside world, Indians not excepted. There was neither sense, or reason, for keeping volunteer soldiers near Fort Armstrong, or Fort Dixon, while the action of Gov. Reynolds in ordering Capt. Warnick, of Decatur, to raise a company "of Mounted Volunteer Rangers, for the protection of Macon county, Illinois," nearly 200 miles from the Indian locality, or Capt. Dorsey's company, "to range on that portion of Tazewell county, and prevent the settlers from leaving their homes," as stated by himself, was not only a farce but a disgrace.

* He probably had 350 men, all told.

In the *The Castigator*, (published at Brown county,) Ohio, of June 19th, 1832, we find the following:

“THE ARMY DISBANDED.”

“SPRINGFIELD, ILL., May 31.

“We understand from volunteers who lately belonged to the army, that the mounted troops and foot volunteers were marched to the mouth of Fox river, and discharged, on Sunday last. A call was then made upon the discharged troops, for volunteers, to remain and guard the frontiers until the new levies should arrive. The call was answered by between two and three hundred. The foot volunteers were to return by steamboat to Beardstown. The regular troops returned down Rock river, it was supposed, to Fort Armstrong. The army suffered much for the want of provisions. The Indians were pursued until it was deemed useless to follow them further. It was understood in the army that Gen. Atkinson had received orders from the War Department to call for a sufficient number of mounted volunteers from this and the neighboring States, to expel the Indians from our territory. Of the cause for discharging the volunteer force, we have one general statement—that it was badly organized, and that under its late organization, no good could be expected from it. We hope that an investigation of this matter will take place. It is due to our citizens. Twenty-eight persons have lost their lives in consequence of the advance of our troops into the Indian country—and we are yet to learn that a particle of benefit has resulted from the expedition. A new system of measures for the expulsion of Black Hawk’s band, will unquestionably be adopted. A large military force will be called out, and the ranging system followed as the only one at present likely to result in success. The extensive woods and swamps of the country furnish great facilities to the Indians for keeping up a predatory warfare. A fort was building at the mouth of Fox river, and it was understood that another would be established at Dixon’s Ferry, on Rock river. Of this latter, however, we have no certain intelligence.”

In the same issue is the following:

“INDIANAPOLIS, 1st June, 1832.

“On Monday morning last, an express arrived at this place from Brig.-Gen. Walker, of the 21st Brigade, and the field officers of the 62d regiment, of Indiana militia, accompanied with a letter,

dated the 25th ult., addressed to the citizens of Lafayette, from W. W. Newell, asking aid against the hostile Indians, on the Northwestern frontier of Indiana. The emergency would not permit Gov. Noble to wait the tardy mode of drafting troops for the expedition, as required by our militia law, and he therefore sanctioned the application of Gen. Walker, and the officers of the 62d regiment, to march two hundred men already raised by them in anticipation of orders from him, and ordered them by the return express to march to the relief of the frontier."

Thus it appears that the widespread fear and alarm prevailing in Illinois, reached our sister State, and called out soldiers to defend its northwestern frontier, but the same article admits that Gov. Noble had been informed that there was no immediate danger to their frontier, and countermanded his above stated order.

The article then proceeds: "The white inhabitants in the neighborhood of Chicago, except those who have fled to the east of the Wabash river, have taken refuge in Fort Clarke at that point. The account of the battle on Hickory creek was incorrectly stated by Mr. Maxwell, and also in Gov. Reynolds' proclamation. There were eleven whites killed, including Maj. Stillwell and Capt. ———, and three wounded. Black Hawk, who is a War Chief of the Sacs, is said to be at the mouth of a creek, on Rock river, about sixty miles from Chicago, at the head of warriors variously estimated at from 1,000 to 5,000. It is said that Black Hawk intends to go to Canada with his forces, for what purpose is unknown. He is, however, evidently determined to wage war with the whites. The cause of discontent is not certainly known, though it is supposed they are unwilling to leave their former homes and lands. Gen. Atkinson, of the United States Army, with six companies of regulars, are supposed to be at Hennepin, at the foot of the rapids on the Illinois river, where a force of about 4,000 militia from Illinois are to join him on the 10th of this month."

In view of the fact that at the very time Black Hawk had less than four hundred men capable of bearing arms; that he was practically without arms, ammunition, clothing or food, and was incumbered in his movements by the women and children, old and infirm, of his entire band, with all their worldly goods; that he was fleeing, like a frightened deer from a pack of hounds, seeking covert and refuge behind every shelter he could find;

that he would have gladly retraced his steps down Rock river, to the Mississippi, thence back to his Iowa home, if he could, but could not, because his only mode of transportation was his canoes, and the forces under Gen. Atkinson were entrenched at Dixon, to prevent his escape,—the ignorance of this Hoosier editor, and the scare of the northwestern frontier of Indiana, are ludicrous in the extreme.

In the same issue of *The Castigator* is the following roorback: “From *The Louisville Advertiser*, June 2, we were favored last evening with the following statement, in the shape of a hand-bill. It is without date, but we believe it was issued from one of the St. Louis Presses:

‘WAR! WAR!

WOMEN AND CHILDREN BUTCHERED!!!

Two Young Ladies taken by the Savages.

‘Authentic information has been received from the Illinois frontiers, informing of the murder of fifteen defenceless inhabitants of the frontier, most inhumanly butchered, and the women, in a most shocking manner, mangled and exposed. Two highly respectable young women of sixteen and eighteen years are in the hands of the Indians, and if not already murdered, are perhaps reserved for a more cruel and savage fate. Whole families are driven from their homes, actually starving, and without a day’s provisions before them. The men of the country are under arms. No corn is planted, and, as if nature herself had leagued with these ruthless murderers against them, the last inclement season has destroyed all the farmer’s sod corn. Shall we, fellow citizens, quietly look upon these transactions? Can we look upon them without feelings of revenge—without knowing that our assistance is necessary? How soon may it be before our own frontiers are, in the same way, invaded? Shall we allow these brutes to dull their tomahawks on the brows of our friends, in order that they may sharpen them for our relatives? Allow these murderers further success, and they will be joined by bands from every quarter, and their border warfare will be terrible. Rise, fellow citizens of this city and county! Let us no longer delay; talk no more, but act. Unloose the spirit of revenge. Each one raise a horse, gun and a few days’ rations, and

put himself under the guidance of some reputable member of the community,—one of experience and well acquainted with the Indian character and their mode of warfare,—resolved to revenge, or die in defence of his relatives and friends. Let us convince our brethren of the neighbor State that we are willing and able to assist them ; and in assisting them, to protect ourselves. Let us, as has already been suggested, meet at 5 o'clock this afternoon ; form ourselves, on the spot, into companies of fifty men each, and, as the St. Louis Corps, march to the seat of war.' ”

In the same issue of this paper is the following :

[From the Indiana Statesman, June 8.]

“Mr. John H. Thompson, has just returned from Bloomington. He says it is reported at Bloomington, and generally believed, that an engagement took place between the whites and Indians, on the 29th ult, in which the whites lost 110, and the Indians upwards of 300. The fifty-two men who were said to have been killed in the first engagement, have since all returned, with the exception of between nine and eleven, who are still missing. The inhabitants of the frontier part of this State, and Illinois, are leaving their dwellings in great numbers, and much distress will be experienced by thousands, as the season of the year and the scarcity of grain render their situation desperate. An express arrived at Indianapolis on last Monday week, making a requisition on the Governor of this State for assistance, representing that the Indians had several companies of well-mounted horsemen, equipped with holsters and pistols,” etc.

It would seem that Gov. Reynolds forgot to mention that Black Hawk was also armed with Col. Strode's ruffled shirt and Chitty's Pleadings, confiscated at the same time he got possession of the holsters and pistols. The State of Illinois at that time contained a white population of about 160,000, and was abundantly able to crush out, a hundred times over, the force of Black Hawk. Of course there was no truth in the statement of a requisition being made by Gov. Reynolds, on Gov. Noble, of Indiana, for troops, or assistance. We give one more quotation from the same paper and issue. It will be remembered that Gov. Reynolds said he had appointed Col. Strode to organize the militia of Jo Daviess county, and had given him great power. This was immediately after Stillman's defeat. It appears that Col. Strode proceeded at once

to Galena, and entered upon the duties of "Colonel of the County," as the Governor called him, and the following proclamation was issued by him:

" PROCLAMATION

" To the Citizens of Galena, Illinois!

"The force of uncontrollable circumstances, added to the approbation of the public will, openly expressed, has induced me to declare, for the time being, *military rule*. I am aware that it is an expedient seldom ventured upon, and the greatest danger from it is, its too long continuance. Therefore, we must improve the brief time given ourselves to accomplish a large undertaking. To-day every man who cannot produce a certificate of exemption from the Surgeon of the 27th Regiment of Illinois Militia is to labor from 9 o'clock A. M. to 6 o'clock P. M., on the stockade now erecting for the safety of our fellow citizens; and those who disobey this necessary injunction shall be punished with the utmost severity.

"And further, all and every person whatsoever, who shall sell or give to any person spirituous liquors until 7 o'clock P. M., shall be punished as a court martial shall determine. And all persons who shall fire guns without positive orders, unless while standing guard to give alarm, shall stand one hour on a pivot, supported by bayonets. And all persons who disobey the commands of those whose charge it is to erect block-houses, batteries and stockade work now in progress, shall be dealt with in the same manner.

"Done at my headquarters in Galena, this 21st day of May, 1832.

J. M. STRODE,

"Colonel Comd'g 27th Ill. Militia."

And yet this illogical, bombastic ignoramus was at that time the leading criminal lawyer of Northern Illinois, and subsequently represented his district in the State Senate. A favorite expression with him was in response to the common salutation, "How are you, Colonel," "Oh, I thank you, I am very well, indeed, and my bowels yearn to praise God for his manifold blessings to me-ward;" hence he was very generally known as "Old Praise God Bowels." A man of fine personal appearance, full of good humor and practical jokes, he was immensely popular with all classes of people, and went current at a far greater value than he was intrinsically worth. In his first race for legislative honors he was

defeated, because, as he said, he was accused of stealing hogs, which he indignantly denied, but they proved him guilty by defeating him. The next time he was accused of robbing a hen roost, to which charge he plead guilty, but the people thought he lied in his plea, and elected him by a handsome majority. In his proclamation he limits the drinking of whisky between the hours of 7 P. M., and 9 A. M. The general impression then was that the time for Indian attack was during the free whisky hours. They might drink during the night and to 9 A. M., but not between 9 A. M., and 7 P. M.

In the meantime how fared the Indians? Black Hawk says: "At our feast with the Pottawattamies, I was convinced that we had been imposed upon by those who had brought in reports of large reinforcements to my band, and resolved never to strike a blow; and, in order to get permission from White Beaver to return and recross the Mississippi, I sent a flag of peace to the American War Chief, who was reported to be close by with his army, expecting that he would convene a council, and listen to what we had to say. But this chief, instead of pursuing this honorable and chivalric course, such as I have always practiced, shot down our flag-bearer, and thus forced us into war, with less than five hundred warriors to contend against 3,000 or 4,000 soldiers. The supplies that Neapope and the Prophet told us about, and the reinforcements we were to have, were never more heard of, and it is but justice to our British Father to say they were never promised, his chief having sent word,—in lieu of the lies that were brought to me,—for us to remain at peace, as we could accomplish nothing but our own ruin by going to war.

"What was now to be done? It was worse than folly to turn back and meet the enemy, where the odds were so much against us, and thereby sacrifice ourselves, our wives, and children, to the fury of an enemy who had murdered some of our braves and unarmed warriors when they were on a mission of peace. Having returned to our encampment, and found that all our young men had come in, I sent out spies to watch the movements of the army, and commenced moving up the Kishwaukee with the balance of my people. I did not know where to go to find a place of safety for my women and children, but expected to find a good harbor about the head of Rock river. I concluded to go there, and thought my best route would be to go round the head of the Kishwaukee so the Americans would have some difficulty if they attempted to follow us."

Thus do we find Black Hawk fleeing north with his utmost speed, encumbered with the women and children, old and sick, to escape from Whiteside's brigade, while the latter's command are hurrying south with might and main to get away from Black Hawk. From a military standpoint, the advantage being all on the side of the Indians, whose retreat was conducted in the highest military order. Spies being constantly thrown out to watch the movements of the whites, while the entire band, in a compact and orderly manner, advanced up Rock river, keeping up a regular picket line with sentinels ever posted, while on the other side there was a disorderly scramble to see which should be first discharged from the service. In the meantime, marauding parties of the Pottawattamies settle a few personal grievances against individual white persons, and charge their murders to the account of the retreating Sauks.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Second Army of Illinois Mounted Volunteers Organized at Fort Wilbourn into Three Brigades, with Spy Battalions, and Independent Companies, June 17th, 1832, and Elect their own Officers, including Three Brigadier-Generals, Alexander Posey, Milton K. Alexander, and James D. Henry—Battle of Burr Oak Grove—The Schemmerhorn, Hazelton, Beresford, Phillips, Sample, and Payne Murders by the Pottawattamies, and the Cause thereof.

The night hawk's notes the signals were
 Of danger close impending,
 That stealthy Sauks and Foxes were
 Around our cabins wending;
 Quick to his gun, the settler sprang,
 Determined on repelling
 The treacherous foe, and sneaking gang,
 Or perish while defending.

BATTLE OF BURR OAK GROVE.

The men who re-enlisted at Ottawa, in May, for twenty days, to guard the Illinois frontier line, were under the command of officers of their own selection, and in whom they had confidence besides, being the flower of Whiteside's army, and contained the leading men of the State. It was a splendid regiment, and thoroughly reliable. Confidence was re-established at once, and a comparative sense of safety took the place of fear and insecurity. The several companies were distributed along what was deemed the most exposed frontier, and with the exception of that of Capt. A. W. Synder, none of them came in contact with hostile Indians. His company were ranging between Dixon and Galena, and were attacked by about seventy Indians, as they were passing through Burr Oak Grove, June 16th. The suddenness and ferocity of the attack came very near producing a panic among his command. But owing to the presence of Gen. Whitesides, Judge Semple; and a few other cool, brave men, a stampede was prevented. Although but a private in Capt. Snyder's company, Gen. Whiteside was a host of, and within, himself. When he noticed a disposition among the men to waver, he drew a pair of pistols and proclaimed in stentorian tones, that he would shoot the first man dead in his tracks, who offered to run or break

ranks. He was too well known to be trifled with. Order, confidence, and courage, were restored. The battle took place in a thick wood, where the Indians were sheltered behind trees, and Capt. Snyder soon ordered his men to resort to the same tactics, and shield themselves as best they could.

Gen. Whiteside located the Indian commander and drew a bead on him, and being an excellent shot, the Indian fell at the discharge of his gun. This ended the fight, as the Indians withdrew, taking their dead and wounded with them. Capt. Snyder's loss was three men killed,—Corporal B. McDaniel, and privates Wm. B. Makinson and Benjamin Scott, all from St. Clair Co. Notwithstanding this company was made up of volunteers from some ten different counties, the only casualties were to those from St. Clair.

But for the presence of the brave ex-General Whiteside, and the cool, dignified courage of Capt. Snyder,* this might have proved a second Stillman run. This was the last company of the twenty day regiment to be mustered out of service. They remained on duty to the 21st of June, and were mustered out at Dixon on that day. In the meantime, Gov. Reynolds had issued still another call for 2,000 mounted volunteers, to rendezvous at Beardstown, June 3d, thus making 4,000 men in all. Lieut. Wilbourn had erected a stockade where the city of LaSalle now stands, to protect the supplies for the army. Gov. Reynolds changed the places of rendezvous from Beardstown and Hennepin to Fort Wilbourn, where, on the 16th of June, 3,148 volunteers were organized into ten regiments, and three Brigades, with a spy battalion to each brigade, and some detached companies for special service.

The number of self-styled Military men seeking appointments of Command was so great that Gov. Reynolds was, from their very pressure, induced to perform one of the most sensible acts of his life,— the selection and election of their field officers by the vote of the volunteers, which resulted in the election of Alexander Posey, M. D., of Gallatin Co; Milton K. Alexander, of Edgar; and James D. Henry, of Sangamon, to the command of these three brigades with the rank of Brigadier General. The spy battalions elected John Dement, Wm. McHenry and Wm. L. D. Ewing to command them, with rank of Major, while the twenty detached

*Capt. Snyder was the Democratic nominee for Governor in 1842, but died before the election, and Gov. Ford's name was substituted.

companies selected Majors Nathaniel Buckmaster, Bogart, Bailey, etc. These detached companies were employed chiefly in guard duties at the various frontier stockades, and under command of their company officers.

The First Brigade was composed of sixteen companies, under command of these captains, as follows: (For full list of company officers and enrolled men, see Appendix.) Gallatin county, five companies, Captains John Bay, D. B. Russell, Achilles Coffee, Harrison Wilson, and Joel Holliday. From Franklin county three, Captains George P. Bowyer, Wm. J. Stephenson, and Obediah West. From Pope county two, Captains Charles Dunn,* and Jonathan Durham. From Hamilton county two, Captains Ardin Biggerstaff and James Hall. From Wayne county two, Captains James M. Clark and B. G. Wells. From Clay county one, Captain John Onslott. Hamilton's company, county not given. John Dement's name appears as a private from Fayette county, on the muster roll of Captain Bowman's company, from Franklin county. A marginal note reads, "Promoted to Major of Spy Battalion, First Brigade." John Raum (father we believe of Gen. G. B. Raum) was Second Lieutenant in Captain Dunn's company, and elected Brigade Major of this Brigade. Lieut.-Gov. Zadok Casey† was a private in Capt. James Bowman's company, from Jefferson county, in the Spy Battalion of Maj. Dement, and the muster roll says he was "promoted and furloughed July 2, 1832.

The Second Brigade was composed of seventeen companies, as follows: Four from Edgar county, Captains Samuel Brimberry, Isaac Sanford, Robert Griffin, and Jonathan Mayo. One from Coles county, Capt. Thomas B. Ross. Two from Crawford county, Captains Alex. H. Houston, and ——— Highsmith. One from Clark county, Capt. Royal A. Nott. Two from Wabash county, Captains John Arnold, and Elias Jordan. One from Lawrence county, Capt. John Barnes, two from Edwards county, Captains Soloman Hunter, and Champion S. Wading, and four from White county, Captains John Haynes, William Thomas, Daniel Powell, and David Powell.

The Third Brigade, was composed of four regiments and twenty three companies, as follows; Four from Morgan county, Captains William Gilham, George F. Bristow, J. T. Arnett, and Walter Butler. One from Madison county, Capt. David Smith.

*Afterwards one of the Supreme Judges of Wisconsin.

†See engraving and biographical sketch.

One from Montgomery county, Capt. Hiram Roundtree. Three from Green county, Captains James Kincaid, Gersham Patterson, and Aaron Bannon. One from Bond county, Capt. Thomas Stout. One from Clinton county, Capt. Andrew Bankson. One from Perry county, Capt. Wm. Adair. Three from Randolph county, Capt. Josiah S. Biggs, James Thompson, and James Connor. One from Washington county, Capt. James Burns. One from Macoupin county, Capt. Bennett Nowlen. One from Pike county, Capt. Ozias Hall. Three from Sangamon county, Captains Jesse Claywell, Reuben Brown and Thomas Moffitt. One from Alexander county, Capt. Henry L. Webb, and one company under Capt. Wm. Gordon, whose county is not given on the muster roll.

The Hon. Murray McConnel enlisted as a private in Capt. Arnett's company. Opposite his name on the muster roll is written, "Appointed to staff brigade, June 19, 1832." Prof. Jonathan Turner, late a professor in Illinois College, was also a private in this company. Gov. Thomas Carlin was a private in Capt. Patterson's company, and the muster roll says "he lost horse, saddle and bridle on forced march." Hon. Wm. C. Murphy was first sergeant in Capt. Adair's company, and wounded in battle. The celebrated Peter Cartwright was a private in Capt. Brown's company.

This large army of mounted volunteers was mustered into the military service of the United States on the 17th of June, when Gen. Atkinson assumed the command, and assigned Lieut. Robert Anderson of the regular army to be the Inspector-General or drill master, who entered vigorously upon his duties at once, and with great success. Having been permitted to select their own officers, the volunteers yielded a ready obedience to their reasonable commands and injunctions, which resulted in the speedy organization of a splendid volunteer army.

The original muster rolls of this volunteer army, it will be remembered, as stated in Gen. Robert Anderson's letter, copied in the preceding chapter, were never delivered to the War Department, and are probably still with his private papers, he having died soon after the date of his letter, hence it is impossible for us to give the other field officers or the company muster rolls with anything like precision or certainty. To each brigade a spy battalion was attached, the first

of which comprised the companies of Captains Wm. S. Dobbins, from Marion county, James Bowman, from Jefferson, and some detached segments of companies; the second, the companies of Captains John F. Richardson, from Clark county, Abner Greer, from Lawrence, and John McCann, of White; the third, the companies of Captains Allen F. Lindsay, of Morgan county, Samuel Hunter, of Fayette. The command of Major Buckmaster was made up from Captains Highsmith's, Houston's, Dunn's, Durham's and West's companies.

Stockades or forts had, in the meantime, been erected at every village, and, in many instances, around private dwellings, all the way from Peoria to Chicago, and west to the Mississippi, in the settled localities. Strictly speaking, they were but stockades, but were then called forts. While this embryo army was being organized, drilled, and prepared to make an advance movement upon poor old Black Hawk and his women and children,—whom Mad Anthony Wayne with three hundred soldiers would have captured in ten days at the furthest,—the innate, pure cussedness of the Indian nature was committing occasional murders of white men, the Indian creek massacre being the only instance of the murder of women and children.

While the Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes were held in restraint by their chiefs, there were individual bad Indians among them, who, as would be perfectly natural, sympathized, and that keenly, too, with their race, color and kindred, the Sauks. The wonder is how Shanbensee, Wauponsee, Big Thunder and the Red Devil kept their men from committing more murders than they did. We here state, upon information and belief,—which belief is of that strong character that amounts to a conviction,—that each and every murder committed on individual white people or white families during the entire Black Hawk War, was the work of revenge for real or supposed causes of grievance or mistaken identity, by members of the Pottawattamie or Winnebago nations, whose deeds of atrocity were charged against the Sauks, who were the most civilized and humane tribe of Indians ever found in the Northwestern Territory. And we further assert, that Black Hawk was never known to torture his prisoners, or make war upon women or children, nor to encourage, in his later days, the barbarous custom of scalping his victims.

As far back as 1814, he made a public declaration to the Pottawattamies, in presence of his own band, that he would never *send*

out a war party against the white settlers. (See his autobiography, p. 44.) This promise he sacredly kept. When his old friend, the Pottawattamie chief, Washeown was assassinated at Peoria, and his body thrown into Peoria lake, where it was found by Black Hawk, and buried, he hired the relatives of his deceased friend to abstain from avenging his cruel and treacherous death by giving them two horses and a rifle. In no single instance did he, during the so-called war of 1832, lead an attack upon the isolated home of any pioneer settler, or encourage others so to do; but murders were committed by spiteful Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes along both frontier lines,—those of the Illinois line by the Pottawattamies, and of the Mississippi line by the Winnebagoes,—but for cause—to avenge some injury or insult, in the remembrance of which the Indian has a long memory. In the month of June, 1832, during the temporary cessation in the prosecution of the war by the whites, while organizing the new army, some five or six brutal murders were committed on the Illinois frontier by the Pottawattamies. Three of them were committed on Sunday, June 24th, for cause. In 1826 Rev. Jesse Walker, (who was the uncle of George E. Walker, first Sheriff of LaSalle county, and died a few years ago in Chicago), the pioneer Methodist Episcopal minister of Northern Illinois, conceived the idea of Christianizing and educating the Pottawattamie Indians of Illinois. These Indians had been on terms of peace with the United States and her people for about twelve years, and were the undisputed owners of the land lying along the Illinois river from Peoria to Lake Michigan. He obtained permission to erect what he called a mission upon sec. 15, T. 36, R. 5, in the county of LaSalle. Here he built a commodious double, hewed-log cabin and some out buildings, and opened a school for the religious training of the youthful Indians, who for a short time attended from curiosity. But the good elder was soon a believer in total depravity, for he found “Ephraim was joined to his idols,” and was forced to “let him alone.” The Indians were too much wedded to the legends and traditions of their fore-fathers, to become even interested in what they call the white man’s path, to pay any attention to his teachings, hence, he abandoned the enterprise in 1828, and finally located where the village of Plainfield now stands, from whence he was garnered by the inexorable reaper many years since. While Elder Walker laid no claim to the land where he had located his Mission, he did claim the buildings, and sold them

to a Mr. Schemmerhorn, whose son-in-law, Mr. Hazelton, took possession and went into the occupancy of the buildings and cultivated lands adjacent thereto in 1831.

A part of Elder Walker's training being agriculture, a considerable number of acres of the fine prairie land surrounding the buildings had been enclosed and cultivated, hence the place was an inviting one. But when the United States purchased the strip of land covering this locality from these Indians, under the treaty of Prairie du Chien, of July 29, 1829, they reserved one full section of land from the cession where the Mission was located under Article 4, of said treaty, which reads as follows:

"There shall be granted by the United States to each of the following persons, being decendants from Indians, the following tracts of land, viz: To Claude Lafromboise, one section of land on the river Aux Plaines, adjoining the line of the purchase of 1816. To Francois Bourbonne, jr., one section at the Missionary establishment on the Fox river of the Illinois. To Alexander Robinson for himself and children, two sections on the river Aux Plaines, above and adjoining the tract herein granted to Claude Lafromboise. To Pierre Leclerc, one section at the village of As-sin-in-eh-kaw at Paw-Paw Grove. To Waish-ken-thaw, a Pottawattamie woman, wife of David Laughton, and to her child, one and a half sections at the village of Nay-au-say, at or near the source of the river Aux Sable of the Illinois. To Billy Caldwell, two and a half sections on the Chicago river, above and adjoining the line of the purchase of 1816. To Victoire Pothier,* one-half section on the Chicago river, above and adjoining the tract of land herein granted Billy Caldwell. To Jane Miranda, one-quarter section on the Chicago river, above and adjoining the tract herein granted to Victoire Pothier. To Madaline, a Pottawattamie woman, wife of Joseph Ogee, one section west of and adjoining the tract herein granted to Pierre Leclerc, at the Paw-Paw Grove. To Archangel Ouilmette, a Pottawattamie woman, wife of Antoine Ouilmette, two sections for herself and her children on Lake Michigan, south of and adjoining the northern boundary of the cession herein made by the Indians aforesaid to the United States. To Antoine and Francois Leclerc, one section each, lying on the Mississippi river north of and adjoining the line drawn due west from the most southern bend of Lake Michigan, where said line strikes the Mississippi river. To

* Who still survived in 1834.

Mo-ah-way, one-quarter section on the north side of and adjoining the tract herein granted to Waish-kee-thaw. The tracts of land herein stipulated to be granted, shall never be leased or conveyed by the grantees or their heirs to any persons whatsoever, without the permission of the President of the United States.

The occupancy, and in law, forcible possession taken of this land where the Mission house stood, by Mr. Hazelton, was considered by the Pottawattamies a downright robbery. Bourbonne was recognized as a member of their tribe and lived with them, and had asked in vain for the possession of this section, known as the Missionary land. Upon receiving the startling news of the Indian creek massacre, the pioneer settlers of the Illinois line fled for safety in almost every direction. Some never stopped until east of the Wabash, others went to Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, but by far the greater portion crossed the Illinois and entered stockades at various points, Pekin being a favorite. Those living near Ottawa entered the stockade at South Ottawa, called Fort Johnston, in honor of Col. James Johnston, of Macon county, who superintended the building of it. Among those who sought shelter at Fort Johnston, were the family of Mr. Hazelton and his father-in-law Mr. Schemmerhorn. So hurriedly did they leave their Mission home, that many articles of household goods were of necessity left behind them, besides poultry, hogs and cattle. And this was true with many other families. Few, indeed, were able to take all their goods and effects with them in their hurried preparation and rapid flight. From the 21st of May to the 24th of June, a period of more than four weeks, no depredations of any kind had been committed along the Illinois frontier line, except the murder of Elijah Phillips, near Princeton. Hence, the people who had been bottled up, as it were, in this small stockade, and away from their homes, property and growing crops, were very restless over the restraint and extremely anxious to visit, at least, their homes and look after their affairs and take care of their goods, if not stolen, and gather up their stock.

So long had been the quiet, that the fear of Indians had virtually ceased. Still the hardiest and boldest were not prepared to take their wives and children back to their cabin homes—(we say cabin homes, for we had no others in those early days, for lumber could not be obtained)—without stronger assurances of safety than a temporary cessation of hostilities. For

the purpose of satisfying themselves as to the presence of the hostile Indians, an expedition was organized at the little Ottawa stockade, on Sunday, June 24, composed of a small company from Col. Matthews' regiment (Capt. Arnett), with the avowed intention of going up Fox river, on the east side, some ten miles, thence to Holderman's Grove, now in Kendall county, and thence north-westerly, striking the Fox river, and down that stream to its mouth—their starting point. This expedition or exploring party started early in the morning, and forded the Illinois river at Brown's ford, about two miles above the mouth of Fox river, thence followed the Chicago road up Fox river to what was then called Green's Point—but since changed to Dunnaven's Point—some seven miles from Ottawa,—the public road at that time, instead of pursuing a straight line, running through this point of timber as it now does, bent around south of the timber, making quite a little deflection to the right. The timber was heavy, and south of and adjoining to this point of timber there was quite a thicket of wild plum, crab apple trees, etc. East of this point was high, rolling prairie. There is a decided elevation, extending east from the small creek of Dunnaven's Point for about half a mile, when there is a descent again to another small creek running to Fox river on the west. Messrs. Hazelton and Schemmerhorn determined to accompany this party, as it would pass immediately by Mission Point. Anxious to bring some articles of household goods which had been left at the Mission house some four weeks before, in their speedy flight, to the stockade, they took their two horses and wagon with them, instead of going on horseback, as the others of the party did. They did not start with the horsemen by way of Brown's ford, but crossed the Illinois river on the ferry at Ottawa, and thence up the west side of the Fox to Dayton, and forded it at that point, intending to unite with the main party at or near Dunnaven's Point. But, from some cause, they reached that point about a mile in the rear of the expedition party. Just as they were at the head of the timber, Messrs. Schemmerhorn and Hazelton discovered a small band of Indians emerging from the thicket to their left, and slightly in advance, and immediately turned and fled back toward Ottawa as fast as their horses could run.

There was a small field enclosed near the south end of the point of timber which they had passed when they discovered the Indians, and near the west end of this field they met Capt. Arnett,

who had been delayed in starting with his company on account of his not being able to catch his horse. He had seen no Indians, and was riding rapidly around the bend of the road when he met Schemmerhorn and Hazzelton, and turned and fled back with them. About a dozen Indians who were well mounted gave chase to the fugitives, but did not fire at them. They had doubtless seen the expedition pass by but a few minutes before, and were fearful of giving them the alarm in case they discharged their guns, but attacked Mr. Arnett with their spears. Fortunately none struck him or his horse, though many hurtled through the air uncomfortably close to him and his mount. He escaped unhurt and made his way back to the stockade, and gave the alarm. What took place after he left the scene can only be surmised. From some unexplained cause, as shown by the wagon tracks, Messrs. Schemmerhorn and Hazzelton, instead of following the road straight on towards Ottawa, turned their course for the timber to the right. Since the tracks of the Indians' ponies were south of the wagon tracks, it is possible they drove their victims into the timber. Be this as it may, the wagon was found against a tree at the edge of the prairie, and Mr. Schemmerhorn's dead body lay near the fore-wheels, and that of Mr. Hazzelton some thirty rods further down the creek, on the north bank of the ravine. The latter was a comparatively young man, with a fine head of hair, while Mr. Schemmerhorn was an elderly, fleshy man, and very bald. Both were scalped. A very small part of Mr. Hazzelton's scalp, from the centre of the head, was taken, while the entire head of Mr. Schemmerhorn was completely denuded of skin. Hair they could not get from his head, because he had none. On that same holy Sabbath day Capt. George McFadden, (who had enlisted a company of mounted volunteers May 24, in LaSalle county, of 35 men), with a portion of his company, also went out on an exploring expedition, passing up on the west side of Fox river to Indian creek, and up that creek about six miles, where they found a fine patch of ripe strawberries near a dense hazel thicket, and could not resist the the temptation to alight and enjoy them.

They had been thus engaged some time ere they thought of danger, when Corporals Ezekiel and Daniel Warren* remarked to Capt. McFadden that the thicket near where they were picking strawberries would afford a splendid shelter for the Indians to

*Their sister, now Mrs. Z. Walley, lives in Greene county.

creep up and attack them. Capt. McFadden laughed at their prudence, but they nevertheless withdrew from that locality but a few minutes before a gun shot was heard from this thicket, killing private James Beresford just as they were mounting their horses to leave. The same ball, after passing through young Beresford, wounded Capt. McFadden in the ankle, and fatally penetrated the side of his horse. Still the noble animal bore his wounded rider beyond danger (to Buck creek, part way to Ottawa), while his life-blood spurted from his nostrils at every jump. The Indians neither pursued or showed themselves. They were doubtless the same party who had killed Messrs. Schemmerhorn and Hazelton some hours earlier that same day, and had crossed Fox river to come upon Capt. McFadden and his handful (for he had but about a half-dozen men with him that day) of men. Why those Indians should have singled out young Beresford is explained by the fact that his father had commenced the erection of a mill dam across Indian creek near its mouth, which, like that of the unfortunate Davis, was to these Indians a great annoyance and source of grievance. Schemmerhorn and Hazelton were doomed for unjustly taking the land of Bourbonne; Beresford for the offense of his father in interfering with their fishing riffles. But it so happened that when these lands were surveyed the mission establishment was on section 16, which, under the act admitting Illinois as one of the States of the Union, in 1818, was school land, and section 15 was set apart to Bourbonne in place of it. (Section 16 has been the property and home of our brother John S. Armstrong, for the last fifty years.)

On the 23d of May, or two days after the Indian creek massacre, Rev. Adam Payne, an eccentric but talented minister of the Gospel of the denomination called Dunkers, was returning from Chicago to Ottawa on horseback by the then only public highway traveled, which passed by Holderman's Grove, Lisbon, Plainfield, etc., and afterwards known as the Frink & Walker stage route. He was met near Plainfield by our old friend Jonathan F. Wilson—before mentioned—who was going with a couple of companions with a message to Chicago. He informed Mr. Payne of the great danger he would encounter in going on alone, and persuaded him to turn back and accompany them to Chicago. After going some distance, Mr. Payne suddenly changed his mind, and determined to pursue his lonely journey to Ottawa. It was in vain they told him of the terrible massacre on Indian creek but a few days before, and

of the burning of the house of Mr. Hollenbeck, at Hollenbeck's Grove, the evening previous. He persisted in going on, saying his life was in the hands of his maker, and that his duty was at Ottawa, and turned his face thitherward. This was the last time he was seen alive by his friends. From the statements made by some of the Indians it seems that he unconsciously rode into the very midst of the murdering band of Pottawattamies, who had committed the Indian creek massacre, while they were dismounted and resting in Holderman's Grove. He was a large-sized man, with raven hair and whiskers, neither of which had been cut or trimmed for many long years. While the former covered his fine broad shoulders, the latter, like Aaron's beard, "extended down to the hem of his girdle." If he was surprised at thus riding into the very jaws of danger, they were stupefied with awe at his singular appearance, and would more than probably have treated him with kindness had he not foolishly uttered a yell of affright and started his fine mare at the top of her speed to escape.

Whether they supposed he was a spy gotten up in fantastic disguise, or mistook him for some one whom they had doomed to death, we are unable to state, but they immediately gave chase. Away went the flying preacher, with his long hair and beard streaming in the wind, pursued by a score of howling demons. This race for life lasted some fourteen or fifteen miles, but he was finally overtaken and killed between Marseilles and the residence of the late Elias Trumbo. His head was severed and placed upon a stake stuck in the ground, but his scalp lock was untouched. It booted little that they afterwards said they did not know at the time they killed him that he was a Prophet of the Great Spirit; that if they had, they would not have killed him, but would have treated him kindly.

On Sunday, the 17th of June, 1832, Elijah Phillips, a private in Capt. Geo. B. Willis' company of volunteers, of Putnam county, Illinois, was killed by the same tribe of Indians, near Dover, Bureau county, some nine miles north of Princeton. It seems that he and John Ament had claims adjoining each other on the east bank of Bureau creek, upon which they had erected cabins, and were occupying them when warned, by the noble old Shaubenee, of danger, and had fled, leaving their household goods in their deserted cabins. Scattered along, near by the claims of Messrs. Ament and Phillips, were those of a Mr. Hodge, father-in-law of

Mr. Ament, Mr. Forestal, Sylvester Brigham, Ziba Dimmock and Aaron Gunn. The latter is still living at LaSalle, Ill., and from him we have the following letter, written by his eldest daughter, Mrs. Jennett G. Elliott:

“LASALLE, ILL., July 7, 1884.

“P. A. ARMSTRONG, Esq., Morris, Illinois:

“Your letter was duly received, and father requests me to answer your inquiries as follows: The date of Elijah Phillips’ death was June 17th. His claim was one-half mile north of where he was shot, and nine miles north of Princeton and three miles north of Dover and east of the Bureau. The names of the party were * * * (as above given). Mr. Ament, being warned of danger, took his wife and child on horseback, leaving everything, and going to Pekin. But sometime after, 5,000 mounted men being stationed here at LaSalle, it was considered safe to go for the household goods left in his cabin, and these six men volunteered to go as protectors and assistants, but anticipated no danger. They arrived there at about 4 p. m. Some of them visited their claims, located near by; others gathered wild strawberries around a clump of hazel brush about two feet high, which grew near the house. During the night they heard whistling, which they supposed were birds, but afterwards they found it to be the whistling of the Indians. The door of the cabin was off the hinges, and simply leaned against the opening.

“Mr. Phillips arose at daylight, intending to go to his cabin and finish a letter to his parents, begun the day before. His way lay through the hazel brush, and it is supposed by the remains of fires, etc., found, that the Indians had been secreted there some days, watching and expecting some one to come for the things in the cabin, intending, when the party were engaged loading the wagon in the morning, to suddenly fire and kill them all. But Mr. Phillips coming suddenly upon them, they shot him, and with a yell rushed for the cabin door. Mr. Brigham, looking out, said: ‘Boys, here are more than fifty Indians.’ It was afterwards known there were thirty. Brigham and Gunn, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, crossed their bayonet-pointed guns X fashion in the doorway, and stood prepared to fire, seeing which the Indians ran back to the brush and disappeared. Dimmock, aged but fifteen, begged to be let out and run for his life, but the men told him he might call one of the horses with an ear of corn, jump on his back and ride to Hennepin for help, which

he did, the rest expecting to see him shot as soon as he left the door; but when he was seen safely riding across the prairie, each man expressed a wish to be in his place. At 4 p. m. that day seventy men arrived. Mr. Phillips was found shot twice and badly tomahawked, and the appearances indicated that the Indians fled at once after leaving the cabin in the morning. Father is near seventy-eight years old and in good health, but has not written much for two years past.

“Wishes to be remembered to you, and dearly loves to see and talk with old-time friends that remain.”

While badly mutilated by the tomahawk, Mr. Phillips was not scalped. His claim extended across the Bureau, where there was a natural mill site, which he intended to improve, and this was doubtless the cause of his death. It is not probable that these Indians had lain concealed in this short hazel thicket during the afternoon of the previous day, but had gone there just before daybreak and concealed themselves there for the express purpose of killing Mr. Phillips. A sharp-eyed Indian spy had probably noted the arrival of this little party from some close-limbed, leafy tree-top, and watched and noted the fact that Mr. Phillips had gone alone to his cabin the evening before, and judged that he would return in the morning to his claim; and for the purpose of taking him off without danger to themselves, they took their station on the route he must take in going to his cabin, and awaited their victim. It is self-evident that they had no desire or intention of disturbing the other members of this little party, for they could have killed all of them without danger to themselves. The fact of their going right up to the cabin, and, as Mr. Ament informed the writer, “they came within five feet of the cabin and passed right on without uttering a word or making a sign.”

So frightened was Mr. Gunn that his hair became white in a very short time. It was reported at that time that the whistling mentioned in Mr. Gunn's letter was in imitation of the notes of the night hawk. It was then believed that the Indians committed the greater portion of these murders in the night time, and that the signal notes used by them were simulated to the singing of the harmless little night hawk, then as now very common during pleasant summer evenings. Hence, these inoffensive little songsters caused a world of affright and terror to the inhabitants of the many little stockades through the country. Well do we

remember of the wild scare they gave to the occupants of what was termed Fort Strawn, being a stockade around the farm-house of the late Jeremiah Strawn, located six miles south of Hennepin, on the night of June 20th. There six families domiciled at that time, viz.: those of Jeremiah Strawn, Aaron Payne, R. B. Hall, Aaron Whittaker, Joseph Ash and Elsie Armstrong, our mother. Our three older brothers, Geo. W., Wm. E. and Joel W., "had gone to the war." We were the eldest son at home, and had reached the age of nine years.

"Fort Strawn" was of pristine and simple construction, but a fair type of all others of the time. It was made of oaken rails eleven feet in length, set in a trench about two feet deep and some eighteen inches wide, making a wall about nine feet high and eighteen inches thick,—the trench being filled with these rails. There were port-holes at each corner for the gunners to shoot from, while our gate was constructed of a huge basswood slab, some thirty inches wide and nine feet high, swinging out and fastened on the inside by a huge padlock. Upon the night in question we with our Aunt Strawn—a good substantial Pennsylvania Dutch lady—were detailed to guard the gate, she armed with a strong three-tined manure fork, we with a two-tined bearded fish spear. Here we stood with our hearts in our mouths, not "like patience on the monument smiling at grief," but like two stricken deer, trembling with fear, while the schreeching little devils seemed to be enjoying the fun—to them, not us. But the grim joke of the whole affair was that while we heard the voice of a Sauk in every note of the harmless little night hawk, which sounded to us like a knell of death, there was not a Sauk at that time within fifty miles of the stockade. Yet these schreeching little imps kept us standing guard all night long. We have had a poor opinion of night hawks ever since. We did not then know that night attacks by the Indian lived only in fiction, and were never known to have an existence in fact. J. Fennimore Cooper, the great American novelist, was the first to assert that the Indian delighted in attacking their enemies at night, which statement was taken for sober reality by everybody unacquainted with the Indian's true faith, which is that there are two Gods, or Great Spirits—one ruling the day, and the other the night. The God of day they believe to be their friend, while the God of night is their enemy; hence they dare do nothing which might give him offense during his hours of rule over the universe. If the night be dark, they are as superstitious and cowardly as the veriest believer in ghosts and withcraft, and will not attempt even to travel, much less to fight in the dark.

About the 5th day of April, 1832, Rev. James Sample, of Hennepin, Illinois, was married at the residence of Col. Davenport, on Rock Island, to a young lady who had made her home with Col. Davenport's family as a seamstress for the preceding six months. She too, was from Hennepin. The day following their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Sample bid farewell to their friends at Rock Island, and started on horseback for Hennepin, promising Mrs. Davenport they would inform her by letter of their safe arrival home. But no letter was ever received from them, or other tidings, until the death-bed confession of that bastard whelp of the hell-hound, Simon Ginty, was published by Nathan Matteson, Esq., of Princeton, Ill., from which it appears that he, with a few other Pottawattamies, out of pure, innate cussedness, caught the bridal party a little south of Princeton, tied them to a tree, built a slow fire at their feet, and burned them up, laughing and jeering at their dreadful agonies. This is one of the most heart-sickening outrages recorded against that scourge of his race, the pronounciation of whose name blisters the tongue that utters it. This tragedy had no connection, direct or indirect, with the Black Hawk war, for it occurred before Black Hawk's return to Illinois in 1832, and was done for the gratification of the utterly depraved nature of the illegitimate son of the scourge of his race and color. These were all the murders committed on the Illinois frontier, as well as all the depredations, notwithstanding there are many family legends of "hair-breadth 'scapes" from the tomahawk and scalping knife at the hands of the Sauks among the pioneers and their decedents,—how by some ruse or accident they escaped. It seems hard to attack these innocent hallunciations, for hallunciations they were, and are, as will be readily seen by reference to the facts and circumstances then existing.

Black Hawk was without food, arms or ammunition, and encumbered with the old and feeble women and children of his band with all their personal effects, all of whom were crying for food, which he neither had nor could get. The women and children, old and sick, were encamped at the mouth of the Kishwaukee, on Rock river, near the west line of Winnebago County, where, on May 14th, he had the bout with Stillman. He knew there was an army of 2,000 men in pursuit of him and his band, the main body of whom were at Dixon, only a good day's march from his encampment, who were well mounted and liable to attack him and his encampment at any moment, and that the

small affair at Stillman's Run would rouse them to strike him at once and very hard, hence, he had no men to spare on a maurading expedition. He needed every man to guard the approaches to his camp, and aid and assist in moving up Rock river to get as far from danger as possible. His women and children must be taken away from the close proximity of an overwhelming army. Moreover, they must have food, which necessitated the sending out of hunting and fishing parties in small numbers, and never to go beyond where they could be signalled in case of an attack from the white soldiers. For these reasons, it is apparent that the maurading parties along the Illinois frontier were not Sauks, and could not have been. Nor can it be denied or doubted that the great mass of the Pottawattamies deeply sympathised with the Sauks, with whom they were related, as before stated, and were held in check from openly espousing their cause, and making war all along the line of pioneers, by the exertions of their chiefs, and fear of punishment.

It is also true that while Shaubenee had a most powerful influence over his adopted tribe (he was an Ottawa Indian) at the commencement of these difficulties, that influence commenced to wane at that time, and in a few short years the mighty Shaubenee was deposed, and sank almost into oblivion as an Indian chieftain or ruler, while his descendants are now occupying an humble sphere in the nation.

During the excitement consequent upon Stillman's defeat and the dastardly flight of Whiteside's brigade for their homes, every Indian was looked upon by the white people as an enemy. Nor can there be much doubt but in many instances these Indians, without intending to commit depredations, made apparent demonstrations towards certain of the white settlers to see them flee. Yet, as a rule, their persons and property were not touched by the Indians. Many families found their goods and effects, which they had left at their cabins when fleeing to the stockades, untouched upon their return. Even in the case of Mr. Hazelton, who was killed June 24 and scalped, the household goods, left at the Mission house when he and his family went to Fort Johnson, at Ottawa, were untouched. It was dangerous for an Indian to approach the cabin of a resident. Even the well known Shaubenee was in great danger of being shot at every cabin he visited. If an Indian was seen with a red blanket, he was called a Sauk, and hunted like a mad dog. Whether true or not, we all thought the Sauks, like the British soldier, were clad in red. Many of them wore red blankets, which was their favorite color.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Jim Work's Dream and Aaron Payne's Revenge—The Territory of the Pottawatomies Under the Treaties of St. Louis of August 24, 1816, and Prarie du Chien of July 29, 1829—Murders of Boxley, Thompson, Etc., on the Mississippi Line of Frontier—Old Hickory Takes a Hand and Orders Gen. Scott to Take Command—Five Indian Tribes and Warriors to Assist in Hunting Down Black Hawk—Albert Sidney Johnson's Diary of the Campaign.

On a bright summer's day, and a beautiful morn,
While Hall and his help were tilling his corn,
A score of red demons, with blood-freezing cry,
Sprang forth from the woods and thickets near by
To rush on their victims with scalping knife red
And send every soul to the hills of the dead;
For that was the vision, as told, it would seem,
By Work, the great dreamer, he saw in a dream.

Rezin B. Hall, of Bureau county, with his family, were among those who sought shelter at Fort Strawn. A man of energy and push, he had planted a large field of corn before Stillman's defeat, and was anxious to return and cultivate it. Taking his wife and children to "Fort Strawn," twenty miles from his farm, he remained there with them but a few days, fretting like a caged tiger, eager to return to his home; then leaving his wife and younger children, he and his elder sons returned to their home in Bureau county, where he found everything as he had left them. Here he remained, cultivating his growing corn during an entire week without seeing a living soul, red or white, except his two sons. Becoming somewhat assured that there was no danger to be apprehended from Indian depredations, he returned to the stockade for his family, and took them back. In the fall of 1831, a shiftless, never-do-well, long, lazy lout, whose name was Work, —a misnomer, for he never would work worth a continental— with a wife, located on a claim adjoining that of Mr. Hall.

To say that this man, Jim Work, was poor would be putting it quite mildly. He was as poor as the celebrated "Job's turkey." He had absolutely nothing to live upon, or the means of procuring it, except "on tick." Mr. Hall furnished him corn and pork to be paid for in work. He, too, had sought shelter behind the

walls of Fort Strawn. Mr. Hall desired him to return to the farm and assist in cultivating the growing crops. But he persisted in declining to go, alleging, as his only reason, fear of the Indians. After considerable persuasion, however, he consented to go, though very reluctantly, when Mr. Hall, with his entire family and goods, accompanied by Mr. Work, returned north of the Illinois and resumed cultivating his corn. It seems that while Mr. Hall and his two elder sons ran shovel plows, Jim Work and a couple of smaller sons of Mr. Hall followed after the plowmen to uncover and straighten the corn, and pull the weeds from the corn hills.

Thus matters progressed several days, with no sign of relief to the lazy man, Work. The pesky Indians were unusually quiet, and the 16th of June had arrived and Work had become tired of work, and strongly desired to return to the stockade, where he had plenty of rest. Early that morning, indeed, before any one was astir at the Hall cabin except Mr. Hall, Shaubenee's son, Pyps, visited him with a warning of danger. But this he kept to himself and resumed his corn culture soon after the departure of the messenger. But Mr. Work appeared to take no sort of interest in the business in hand,—but on the contrary, wore a woe-begone countenance and distracted appearance generally. Mr. Hall rallied him several times, and urged him to keep up his row, but to no purpose. When asked the cause of his melancholy, he replied that he had a terrible dream the night before, and their present situation was so literally pictured out by that dream that he knew that he and all their party were even in the very jaws of death. Mr. Hall made light of the matter, stating that there was nothing tangible in dreams, and as a general thing they went by contraries, and were at best but the offspring of indigestion. This did not in the least reassure the dreamer, who still persisted in wearing a melancholy mien and showing indifference to his work, which worried the avaricious Hall, who, after going a few rounds with his plow, asked Mr. Work what his dream was that had produced such a powerful influence over him and his actions, whereupon Mr. Work proceeded to narrate his terrible dream, as follows :

“ I went to bed early last night, feeling well but somewhat tired, and soon went to sleep and drifted into dreamland, where I saw everything just as I see it now. We were all in this field at work as we are this morning. You and your two older sons were plowing corn right here, while I and the two younger boys were following you with hoes to straighten up the covered corn and pull the

weeds from the hills, when, without a minute's warning, about twenty Indians, armed and in war paint, dashed in upon us from yonder thicket by the fence, which they bounded over with a yell and rushed upon us with tomahawks and spears, killing and scalping our entire little party, and then surrounding and setting fire to your cabin, and burning up your wife and daughters with the building. I awoke from the terrible affright to thank God it was but a dream. Turning over, I again went to sleep, but to dream the same thing over again in more horrid detail; that after death our spirits soared away into space, but soon were torn asunder. The spirits of our loved ones soared aloft to the realms of celestial bliss. But yours and mine, loaded down by misdeeds while in the flesh, sank down, down, down to the regions of Satan, where we were confronted with the record of our sins on earth. The debit side of my record, while it showed no active crime—for I never was active in anything—showed that I had been lazy, shiftless and indolent; that I would shun work and was naturally dishonest; but, worst of all, that I was desirous of eating the bread of idleness. His Satanic Majesty readily assigned me a place among his faithful. Your record, however, was a very different one, for to you had been given great energy, coupled with a fine intellect, both of which you had prostituted to the God Mammon, while your other crimes were legion, chief among which were your 'grinding the face of the poor,' by extorting from them their means of subsistence, and the possession by you of a stony heart. As the various entries were read,—selling frost-bitten corn to a poor man, one bushel for a day's work, etc.,—his Satanic Majesty seemed troubled to know where to assign you a place suitable to your rare accomplishments and deeds of darkness. Lest he might not fully comprehend and rightly understand your record, he ordered it again read; and as sentence after sentence, paragraph after paragraph, and page after page were slowly read, his single but evil eye scintillated with joy, and his whole frame became convulsed with rapture to such a degree that he could remain seated no longer. Springing to his feet with such a bound that his cloven feet came down upon the asbestos floor with a clang, while the rattling of his chains created a pandemonium even in hades, bearing in his right hand his iron trident, he snatched your record from the imp who was reading it and ran his eye rapidly over the remaining part, which, while it seemed to please him, increased his perplexity. Seating himself again in

his chair, he remained several minutes in silent thought, when a sudden hideous grin, intended for a smile, flitted over his horrid features. Again springing upon his feet, he rushed up to where you were standing, seized hold of both your hands and led you to his vacated seat; and when you were seated, he took his horned crown from his own head, placed it upon yours, and then delivered to you his three-pronged scepter, called up his imps and bade them salute their new chief. Then, turning his face towards you, he bowed low and said, 'My master.' "

The warning sent Mr. Hall by Shaubenee on the early morn of that day had determined him to return with his family that afternoon to Fort Strawn, but this he had kept to himself. Hence the dream of Jim Work was not needed to induce him to return south of the Illinois river, but it precipitated the matter. Mr. Hall sent one of his sons to the cabin with a message to his wife requesting an early dinner, and for her and her daughters to pack up their household goods ready to return to the stockade, or fort, immediately after dinner. From pride or stubbornness Mr. Hall strenuously denied that Work's dream exercised any influence over his act of retreat. Be this as it may, the next morning Elijah Phillips, one of his neighbors, was killed by the Indians, which fact made the Hall family firm believers in spiritual communications through the medium of dreams.

With the close of the war we lost all track of Jim Work, the champion dreamer and liar of the frontier. He probably went farther west. Mr. Hall was then, and continued to be, a citizen of Bureau county. Township 16, range 11, we believe, was named "Hall" in his honor.

Aaron Payne, a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and brother to Adam Payne, the Dunker, whose death or murder was noted in the preceding chapter, and family were among those who sought safety at Fort Strawn. He was a man for whom nature had done much, and education little. Cursed by an ill-assorted marriage, his wife being coarse, slatternly and cross, he felt the full force of a remark he frequently made, "Many men kill themselves by their marriage." Had he have had a wife of either education or taste he would have been really a great man. He lisped badly, yet we have known him to rise above the plane of mediocrity to the verge of grand eloquence. When the tidings of the brutal murder and mutilation of his brother Adam reached our fort about sun-set on the 26th of May,

he determined to go at once into the Indian territory to avenge his brother's death, and set about arming and equipping for his journey, and declared his intention to start the following morning. In vain did his wife and children (some ten in number) endeavor to dissuade him from going. His reply was, "the voice of my brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground, and I will avenge his death." Having procured a good rifle and filled his bullet pouch with bullets, he took an old army musket and filed it off about ten inches from the frizen (this was before purcussion caps were invented, and the flint lock was in use.) Not having a bullet mould to suit this monster pistol, he took bar lead, flattened it, and with a case-knife and hammer cut them up into square slugs of the size of large buck shot, to charge it. This blunderbuss had a splendid lock, and was therefore sure fire. He called this little pet "Betty." Mounted upon his sorrel-roan mare "Nell," with a pair of large sized, old-fashioned saddle-bags, well filled with ammunition and provisions, he bid adieu to his family and friends at the little stockade, and started alone for Dixon, where he reported to Gen. Atkinson for duty. He was then about forty-five years old. At his own special request he was detailed as a scout, and no man in the service did as much dangerous work, or manifested as much courage and skill as a trailer or woodsman, as he. At the battle of Kellogg's Grove, June 25th, his noble mare was killed, and he wounded by the ball that killed her. In falling his animal lay upon his wounded leg, holding him like a vise. From the bough of a tree near by a young Sauk was endeavoring to shoot him as he lay there helpless, but his gun failed to explode. At this moment one of Mr. Payne's fellow-scouts arrived. Payne told him to shoot the Indian in the tree-top, but his gun also snapped,—the priming being wet, as the day was rainy. When Payne and his horse had fallen, "Betty" had been thrown beyond his reach and his rifle had silenced an Indian before he was himself wounded, and had not been reloaded. In the meantime the young Indian was doing his utmost to shoot Payne, while his friend was trying to shoot this Indian. Mr. Payne called out to his friend, "Take Betty, she never snaps." Betty was taken, aimed and fired, sending the Indian to the land of dreams, and the white man heels over head, with a dislocated shoulder, while Betty went sailing back a rod or two. The slugs settled the Indian, while the kick sent the white man to grass, roaring with pain.

Fortunately, Mr. Payne's wounds were not serious, and he was soon on the trail again, and remained there until the close of the war, without further mishap. Some years later he moved to Oregon, and was still ready on short notice to preach a sermon or kill an Indian, when last heard from, some five years since, although nearly a centenarian.

On the 24th of August, 1816, a treaty was executed at St. Louis, Mo., between Governors Clark and Edwards and August Choteau, on behalf of the United States, and the united tribes of Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawattamies, which sets forth that "Whereas, a serious dispute has, for some time past, existed between the contracting parties relative to the right to a part of the lands ceded to the United States by the tribes of Sacs and Foxes, on the third day of November, 1804, and both parties being desirous of preserving a harmonious and friendly intercourse, and establishing permanent peace and friendship, have, for the purpose of removing all difficulties, agreed to the following terms :

"Article 1. The said chiefs and warriors, for themselves and the tribes they represent, agree to relinquish, and hereby do relinquish, to the United States, all their right, claim and title to all lands contained in the before mentioned cession of the Sacs and Foxes, which lies south of a due west line from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river. And they moreover cede to the United States all the land contained within the following bounds, to-wit: Beginning on the left bank of the Fox river of Illinois, ten miles above the mouth of said river; thence running so as to cross Sandy creek ten miles above its mouth; thence in a direct line to a point ten miles north of the west end of the Portage of Chicago creek, which empties into Lake Michigan, and the river Desplaines, a fork of the Illinois; thence in a direct line to a point on Lake Michigan ten miles northward of the mouth of Chicago creek; thence along the lake to a point ten miles southward of the mouth of the said Chicago creek; thence in a direct line to a point on the Kankakee, ten miles above its mouth; thence with the said Kankakee and the Illinois river to the mouth of Fox river, and thence to the place of beginning: *Provided*, nevertheless, that said tribes shall be permitted to hunt and fish within the limits of the land hereby relinquished and ceded, so long as it may continue the property of the United States.

"The consideration to be paid by the United States for the cession is \$12,000 in goods, to be paid in twelve annual payments of \$1,000 each."

Under Article 2: "The United States do moreover agree to relinquish to the said tribes all the lands contained in the aforesaid cession of the Sacs and Foxes which lies north of a due west line from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river, except three leagues square at the mouth of the Ouisconsin river, including both banks," etc.

The United States thereby admitted that their purchase of this vast tract of land from the Sauks and Foxes, under the Quashquamme treaty, was of no avail, because the latter tribes had no title to the land included,—being all that portion north of the Pottawattamie boundary line running from the most southerly bend of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river, near Rock Island, and west of Fox river of the Illinois.

This treaty is signed by the following chiefs without designating the tribe to which they belonged:

Mucketee-po-pe, or Black Partridge; Sinnoche-wone, or Rippler by His Brother Ignatus; Mucketee-pen-e-see, or Black Bird; Bend-e-ga-ke-wa, Ontawa, Pene-a-saw, or Walker; Non-ge-say, alias the Stout; Chamblee, Ca-ca-ke, Shawanoe, Wa-pun-say, Cun-ne-pe-py, Won-e-see, Rich-e-ke-ming, or the Lake; Cab-enaw, Opee-ho, Cow-we-sant, Che-ki-ma-ka, Mach-e-wis-kenway, Sham-ques-see, Ignatius, Tak-a-on-e-nee, Otta-wan-see, Tow-wan-ing, or Trader; Cash-shee-kee, Nig-ge-wash, She-she-bung-gee, Mawais, or Little Wolf.

By the treaty of Praire du Chien, of July 29, 1829, between Gen. O'Neil, Pierre Menard and Caleb Atwater, on the part of the United States, and the same tribes, the latter ceded to the United States the following lands, viz:

Beginning at the Winnebago village, on Rock river, forty miles from its mouth, and running thence down the Rock river to a line which runs due west from the most southern bend of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river, and with that line to the Mississippi river opposite to Rock Island; thence up that river to the United States reservation, at the mouth of the Ouisconsin; then with the south and east lines of said reservation to the Ouisconsin river; thence southerly, passing the heads of the small streams emptying into the Mississippi to the Rock river aforesaid, at the Winnebago village, the place of beginning; and also beginning on the west shore of Lake Michigan, on the northeast corner of the field of Antoine Ouilmette, who lives near Gross Point, about twelve miles north of Chicago; thence running due west to the Rock

river aforesaid; thence down the said river to where a line drawn due west from the most southern bend of Lake Michigan crosses said river; thence east along said line to the Fox river of the Illinois; thence along the northwestern boundary line of the cession of 1816 to Lake Michigan; thence northwardly along the western shore of said lake to the place of beginning." The consideration to be paid by the United States for these lands is sixteen thousand dollars in specie per annum for *ever*; twelve thousand dollars worth of goods in October, 1830, as a present, and fifty barrels of salt every year for *ever*, and to "make permanent for the use of said Indians the blacksmith's establishment at Chicago." * *

"Article 7. The right to hunt on the lands herein ceded, so long as the same shall remain the property of the United States, is hereby secured to the nations who are parties to this treaty."

This is signed by the Indians under their native names. Shau-benee is signed Shah-way-ne-be-nay, Wauponsee is signed Wau-pon-eh-see. The other Indian names to this treaty are: Sin-eh-pay-nim, Kub-suk-we, Now-deh-say, Shaw-way-nay-see,* Now-geh-to-nuk, Meek-say-mauk, Kaw-gow-gay-shee, Now-geh-set, Meck-eh-so, Awn-kote, Shuk-eh-nay-buk, Sho-men, Nay-a-mush, Pot-eh-ko-zuk, Mash-kok-suk, Pooh-kin-eh-now, Waw-kay-zo, Son-kee-mock, Chee-chee-pin-quay, Man-eh-bo-zo, Kaw-kee, Tomen, Nah-yah-to-suk, Mee-chee-kee-wis, Es-kaw-by-wis, Wau-pay-kay, Michel, Me-kan-gun, Mis-quaw-be-no-quay, Pe-i-tum, Kay-wan, Waw-kaw-on-say and Shem-now."

No part of these lands were thrown into market until 1834. The right of occupancy, therefore, of these lands from July 29, 1829, to June, 1834, when they were brought into market, was with the Indians, and every white man who made a claim and improvements thereon was an intruder and trespasser on the rights of these Indians if he did so between May 29, 1829, and June 23, 1834.

The battle of Stillman's Run occurred within this territory, and soon after the Stillman disgrace, Black Hawk, with his band, passed further up Rock river into the territory of the Winnebagoes. He says:

"On arriving at the head of the Kishwacokee I was met by a party of Winnebagoes, who seemed to rejoice at our success. They said they had come to offer their service, and were anxious to join us. I asked them if they knew where there was a safe place

* Now head chief of the Pottawattamies, and nearly a hundred years old.

for our women and children. They told us that they would send two old men with us to guide us to a good safe place. I arranged war parties to send out in different directions before I proceeded further. The Winnebagoes went along. The war parties having all been fitted out, we commenced moving to the four lakes, the place where our guides were to conduct us. We had not gone far before six Winnebagoes came in with one scalp. They said they had killed a man at a grove on the road from Dixon to the lead mines. Four days after, the party of Winnebagoes who had gone out from the head of Kishwacokee, overtook us and told me that they had killed four men and taken their scalps, and that one of them was Keokuk's father, the agent. They proposed to have a dance over their scalps. I told them that I could have no dancing in my camp. Two days after we arrived in safety at the place where the Winnebagoes had directed us. In a few days a great many of our warriors came in. * * * Several small parties went out and returned again in a few days with success, bringing in provisions for our people. In the meantime some spies came in and reported that the army had fallen back to Dixon's Ferry, and others brought news that the horsemen had broken up their camp, disbanded and returned home."

Thus both parties had fled from Stillwell's Run. Like the bringing of two positive poles of a magnet together, these two bodies repelled each other and fled,—the mounted volunteers for their homes, the Indians for the four lakes near the present beautiful capital of Wisconsin. There was no affinity existing between the parties,—both were terribly frightened.

Black Hawk, it will be observed, mentions the murder of five white men by the Winnebagoes on the Mississippi line of frontier, one of them being Felix St. Vrain, the Agent to the Sauks and Foxes.

On the 28th of June, James Boxly and John Thompson, while at work in a field about ten miles from Galena, were attacked by four Winnebagoes and killed. We do not know what was the particular cause or source of grievance on their part to the Winnebagoes, but have no doubt but there was a cause which induced these Winnebagoes to take their lives, when the blame would be laid at the door of the Sauks. The perpetrators of these murders were small bands of regulators, or bandits, acting upon their own evil thoughts, without the sanction or knowledge of their chiefs or nation.

About the 19th day of May, Gen. Atkinson desired to send a message from Dixon to Galena, and the Sauk agent Felix St. Vrain, with an escort of two regulars, three volunteer and the interpreter Le Clair, were selected as the messengers. When they reached Kellogg's Grove, they were surrounded and attacked by a little squad of Winnebagoes. Le Clair and the regulars alone escaped. The three volunteers and St. Vrain were killed and scalped. St. Vrain's scalp was afterwards given to a Sauk brave who wore it on his breast until killed at the battle of Bad Axe. This brutal murder was, of course, charged to the account of the Sauks. Gov. Ford's statement of this affair, is (p. 125 of his history): "On the 22d of May, Gov. Atkinson had dispatched Mr. St. Vrain, the Indian agent for the Sacs and Foxes at Rock Island, with a few men as an express to Fort Armstrong. On their way thither they fell in with a party of Indians led by a chief well known to the agent. This chief was called The Little Bear. He had been a particular friend of the agent, and had adopted him as a brother. Mr. St. Vrain had no fear of one who was his friend, one who had been an intimate of his house, and who had adopted him as a brother, and approached the Indians with the greatest confidence and security. But the treacherous Indian, untrue in war to the claims of gratitude, friendship and brotherhood, no sooner got him in his power than he murdered and scalped him and all his party, with as little compassion as if he had never known him or professed to be his friend." It is cruel to spoil this pretty little romance, but truth is mightier than fiction, and must prevail. Mrs. John H. Kinzie says Mr. St. Vrain was almost an entire stranger among the Sauk Indians, and was killed by them at Kellogg's Grove. She is more than half right, while Gov. Ford was entirely wrong. There were no Sauk Indians within fifty miles of Kellogg's Grove when St. Vrain was killed, and the Foxes had nothing to do with this massacre, or the so-called Black Hawk war. There was no chief called Little Bear in either the Sauk or Fox nation at that time, if, indeed, at any time. The idea that St. Vrain had been adopted by a Sauk chief as a brother, when he had only been their agent a little over a year, during which time bad feelings existed between the Indians and the white people, is too preposterous to be thought of as a fact.

Gov. Ford was simply misled and mistaken upon the facts. The murders were committed by the Winnebagoes, as stated by

Black Hawk. It is apparent that at the time Gov Reynolds' second army were organized June 16th, to repel the invasion of the State by hostile Indians, there were none in the State, unless we call the little band of bandit Pottawattamies, hostiles, (they seem to have been Indian Regulators). Black Hawk with his entire band were away up in the then Territory of Michigan.* Yet, on the very day that this second army of Illinois Mounted Volunteers, about 4,000 strong, were organized, President Jackson through Gen. Cass, then Secretary of War, issued the following military order :

“ ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, June 16, 1832. }

“ ORDER No. 51.

“ 1. The commanding officer of Fort Monroe will detach five companies from the Artillery School of Practice, prepared and equipped for active service as infantry, with orders to proceed forthwith to Fort Dearborn (Chicago), via New York and the lakes. The battalion will be commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Crane, of the 4th regiment of artillery.

“ 2. Brevet-Major Payne, with his regiment, will proceed forthwith to Fort Columbus, and on being there joined by Companies F and A, of the 4th artillery, now stationed in the harbor of New York, will, without delay, resume the line of march for Chicago.

“ 3. The garrisons of Forts Niagara and Gratiot, to be conducted by their respective commandants, Lieutenant-Colonel Cummings and Brevet-Major Thompson, of the 2d regiment of infantry, will proceed forthwith to Chicago, and one company of the 5th regiment, from each of the garrisons of Forts Brady and Mackinac, will be detached and ordered by their respective commandants to proceed forthwith to the same point of rendezvous.

“ 4. The commanding officer of Baton Rouge will order all the companies of the garrison, except one, to proceed forthwith to the scene of Indian hostilities in Illinois, with orders to the commander of the battalion to report to the officer there in command of the troops. Should the commander of the troops from Baton Rouge, on arriving at St. Louis, learn that Indian hostilities had ceased, he will, in such event, return to Baton Rouge with his command.

“ 5. Lieutenant-Colonel Twiggs, of the 4th regiment of infantry, will collect all the disposable recruits, organize and assume

* Now Wisconsin. All of Wisconsin was then Michigan.

command of the detachment, arm and equip such portion thereof as he may judge to be expedient, and forthwith proceed to Chicago.

“6. Surgeon Everett is assigned to duty with the battalion of artillery ordered from Fort Monroe, and Assistant Surgeon Macomb to the detachment from Fort McHenry and the harbor of New York. Surgeon Harney will accompany the troops ordered from Baton Rouge. Assistant Surgeons Stevenson and Starnecke will accompany the commands from Forts Niagara and Gratiot. Assistant Surgeon Kerr will forthwith proceed to join the command of Brevet Brigadier-General Atkinson, via Chicago, and Assistant Surgeons Finly and James, now on furlough, will forthwith repair to their respective stations and report in person for duty.

“7. The Quartermaster General, Commissary General of Subsistence, Surgeon General and Colonel of Ordnance will take measures to furnish the means and supplies requisite for the prompt and efficient execution of the provisions of this order.

“8. All absent captains and subalterns attached to companies ordered to Chicago or elsewhere on the northwestern frontier will forthwith join their respective companies for active duty, unless exempted by special authority communicated through the Adjutant-General's office.

“Brevet Major Pierce, of the 4th artillery, will forthwith proceed from New Castle to the harbor of New York with his entire command, and the companies A and D of that regiment will garrison Forts Columbus and Hamilton in place of Companies F and H, which companies are not to await the arrival of the relief garrison from Delaware.

“10. Brevet Major-General Scott is charged with the execution of this order and the prompt movement of the several detachments herein ordered from the seaboard and upper lakes. General Scott will repair to Chicago, assume command of the forces and direct the operations against the hostile Indians.

“By order

R. JONES,

“Adjutant General U. S. Army.”

It will be observed that about thirty companies of the regular army are ordered to the scene of war under the general order No. 51, from points very distant from each other, as well as from the

Illinois frontier, including Fort Monroe, New York harbor, Baton Rouge and Fort Niagara. In the *Missouri Republican* of June 18, 1832, we are told that "a large force of militia are assembling at Fort Wilbourne, on the Illinois river, and will probably move about the 18th or 20th of June from four to five thousand strong. Many of the Indian tribes take part with the whites. The Sax and Foxes alone are avowedly hostile. Black Hawk's camp is on the four lakes, about one hundred miles from Fort Wilbourne, upon which General Atkinson intends to march. There had been no recent murders." General Scott, with his command, reached Chicago July 11. Between Detroit and Chicago the cholera broke out among his men, and seventeen of them died of the disease. In the issue of the *Castigator*, of Georgetown, Ohio, of July 24, 1832, we find the following:

"It must be recollected that since the disbanding of Gen. White-side's army, Gen. Atkinson has been at Ottawa, leaving Col. Taylor* in command at Dixon's with about two hundred militia, who had volunteered to remain till the new levy arrived. About a week since Gov. Reynolds arrived at the rapids, where Major Wilbourne, of Morgan county, had built a small stockade and storehouse, called Fort Wilbourne, or Fort Deposit. To this place Gen. Atkinson came about the same time, with the gentlemen of his staff,—Lieutenants A. S. Johnston and L. M. Clark, Aids; Lieut. R. Anderson, Inspector-General; Lieut. G. W. Wheelwright, Ordnance Officer; Lieut. Holmes, Commissary of Subsistence, and Dr. Taylor, Surgeon. The militia were coming in every day. About three hundred had arrived (probably upwards), and numbers were known to be on their way. The whole number was expected to exceed 4,000, which, together with the regular troops, about 500, and the Indians who volunteered, or had been obliged to take sides, would make a formidable force. The militia were to be mustered into service under Gen. Atkinson so soon as the election should be completed for their field officers.

"On the 15th, Dr. Alexander Posey, of Shawneetown, was elected Brigadier-General of the first brigade, Willis Hargraves, Colonel, and James Houston, Major. All these gentlemen are of Gallatin county. An election had taken place on the march of the troops from Randolph and Madison, in which Theophilus W. Smith, Esq., was chosen Colonel, and Sidney Breese, Esq.,† Major; but it was said the election wanted further confirmation, as all those

* Zachary Taylor, elected President in 1848.

† Late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois.

who were required to vote were not present. Gen. Brady, with Lieut. Backus, his Aid, arrived a few days ago, after leaving at Dixon two companies of regular troops which he had brought from Fort Winnebago.

"It was understood that Gen. Atkinson had offered Gen. Brady his choice of the command of the regular troops or the militia, and he had accepted the former. Great exertions were making to be ready to take up the line of march in three days. Whether the army would go by Dixon's, or Col. Taylor would be ordered to join at some other point, was not said. In the several conferences Gen. Atkinson had had with the Pottawattamies, they remained undecided in their course, until he obliged them to declare for against us. As their conduct evidently was suspicious, this was the move necessary—Caldwell,* one of their chiefs was in camp a few days ago—Wau-paun-cieta (Wau-pon-see), and Shar-bany (Shaub-e-nee), chiefs, were at Fort Wilbourne on the night of the 15th. They agreed to furnish a hundred men, who it is said, will fight under the latter chief, who is an Ottawa, resident among them, and was one of Tecumseh's right-hand men in the last war, being near him when he fell.† His account of that affair and the battle generally, is very interesting. Gen. Dodge with a party of some thirty men from Galena, had arrived at headquarters a few days before and had returned to Galena. From him it is understood that the Winnebagoes had at last prepared to take sides with us, and had promised to join him or the army with a force. William S. Hamilton,‡ Esq., is said to have returned to the vicinity of Pe-ca-tat-ti-ke (Pec-ka-toni-ca), with a force of two hundred Sioux, and the Menominees were expected to follow with a considerable number.

"Near Peoria we met Pierre Menard, Jr., with a party of Kaskaskia Indians, and in company with some militia, all on their way to headquarters. Gen. Williams had arrived from Detroit and Chicago with a hundred and fifty men. No account had yet been received of the two companies of regulars having arrived, who were ordered to re-occupy Fort Dearborn, but it was thought they must have arrived. This leaves little chance for the enemy's escape on the south side of Lake Michigan. The Indiana militia are also in the field, and some of them had offered their services

* Billy Caldwell was never a chief.

† Shaub-e-nee was second in command to Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames which was his last fight against the whites.

‡ Son of Alex Hamilton, killed by Aaron Burr in a duel.

to Gen. Atkinson. He had found himself under the necessity to decline them, as well as some Illinois militia from near Chicago; it is supposed, from the fear of not having provisions to feed so many.

“Under the friendly relations which have existed with the Pottawattamies while their course was yet dubious, Gen. Atkinson had made what use he could of them and employed them to procure by purchase the two female prisoners (the Misses Hall) whose family were among those cut off on Indian Creek. He had also instructed Mr. Gratiot* and Mr. Dodge† to employ the Winnebagoes in the same enterprise. From this service Wapaneetha (Wauponsee), with some seven or eight men, had just returned,—the Winnebagoes having been successful in procuring the release of the prisoners. He represents Black Hawk’s camp to be at or near the four lakes, at the head sources of Rock river, where he said he would await the issue of a battle. From this and other information Gen. Atkinson had received, the enemy are supposed to number from 1,000 to 2,000 warriors and are in a strong position. They have their women and children, and horses with them. Two hundred of the warriors are said to be full-blooded Sauks. The camp is said to be inaccessible through a narrow pass, which is muddy, being otherwise surrounded by water or swamps. * * * The prices paid by the Winnebagoes for the liberation of the Hall girls is said to be forty horses, wampum and trinkets, in all to amount to two thousand dollars. * * Major Reiley, it is understood, is at Buffalo Grove, in advance of the army some thirty miles with a small force, which is supposed to have a very salutary effect upon the Indians.”

By a special act of Congress Gen. Henry Dodge was authorized and empowered to raise a corps of United States rangers, to comprise sixteen companies, of which two were to be raised in Illinois, two in Indiana, one in Missouri, and one in Arkansas, but owing to the breaking out of the cholera, as before stated, this object was partially defeated. Yet, he did raise a regiment, chiefly in Michigan, which were known as the Michigan Regiment of Mounted Volunteers, who were very efficient and ably commanded. On reaching Chicago, July 11, Gen. Scott placed his command in Fort Dearborn. (Maj. Whittle, then in charge, with two companies marched out and encamped south of Chicago,) Gen. Scott making his headquarters with his staff in tents near

*Sub-agent to the Winnebagoes. †Gen. Henry Dodge, afterwards Governor, and U. S. Senator, etc.

the fort. There were 120 cases of cholera among the men at Fort Dearborn. Of these 50 only proved fatal. This terrible scourge, however, seemed to abate but not entirely, and Gen. Scott was detained here until about the 28th of July, and reached Fort Armstrong, via Galena, about the 9th of August, 1832.

We close this article with an extract from the Life of Albert Sidney Johnston,* written by his son, Prof. William Preston Johnston, from the field notes of his late father, while acting as Adjutant-General on Gen. Atkinson's staff during the Black Hawk war of 1832, as follows :

“The truth is, there was no action or engagement between the troops of Gen. Stillman and the Indians. From the incapacity of the leader, the total absence of discipline in the battalion, and consequently a want of confidence in each other, these troops, that night, under different circumstances, have contended successfully against any enemy, had not the courage to face the Indians at Kishwaukee. Facts speak for themselves. Only one man was killed near the ground where they met the Indians ; the remainder were killed in flight, six miles below, at or near a small creek now called Stillman's Run. The whole number killed was eleven. The Indians lost three or four, who were probably killed before the main body was discovered. Hon. Jefferson Davis told the writer that the Indians now became very insolent. They said, contemptuously, they wanted more saddle-bags, Stillman's men have thrown away a good many. The Indians then spread their scouts over the country, who killed and plundered the settlers, while the main body retired up Rock river to the Four Lakes. In the meantime Gov. Reynolds was obliged to yield to the clamors of Whiteside's militia, and disband them on the 26th of May, which put a stop for a time to the campaign. * * * Jefferson Davis, who was with Gen. Gaines in 1831, was absent on a furlough in Mississippi when the Black Hawk war broke out, but gave up his furlough, joined his company, and served in the campaign. Abraham Lincoln was a Captain in Gen. Whiteside's command, and re-enlisted as a private in an independent company.† Thus, in early life and with small rank, met, as co-workers in this remote field, these men who, forty years later, measured arms on an arena whose contest shook the world.

* Killed at the battle of Pittsburg Landing.

† He re-enlisted in three companies as a private, after being mustered out as Captain.

“Lieutenants Johnston, Eaton and Robert Anderson received commissions as colonels on the staff of the Governor of Illinois, dated May 9, 1832. This militia rank was given in order to secure the ready obedience of the Illinois officers, who refused to obey orders received through staff officers of less rank than their own.

“On Monday, May 15, Gov. Reynolds, upon requisition of Gen. Atkinson, ordered 3,000 militia to assemble June 10. * * * It was June 25th when the army were able to move from Dixon's Ferry.

“Gen. Posey marched towards Galena, to co-operate with Gen. Dodge. Gen. Alexander was detached in the direction of the Plum river, to cut off the retreat of the enemy, who were reported to be marching towards the Mississippi. The rest of the command, under Gen. Brady, United States army, moved up Rock river with seventy-five Pottawattamies, under their chief, Chaboni, (Shaubenee), as guides. * * * Gen. Dodge, with eighteen men, attacked thirteen Indians in a swamp, killing all, with loss of one killed and two dangerously wounded. * * *

“Generals Dodge and Henry, with their mounted men, overtook the retreating Indians on the Wisconsin river, fifteen miles above Blue Mounds. The Indians rose the crest of a hill on horseback, set up a yell and fired when they discovered the whites. The mounted men formed, yelled as dreadfully as the enemy, dismounted and charged on them. There was one man killed and eight wounded, but none badly. Between thirty-five and forty Indians were killed, and it is supposed that numbers were wounded. They were pursued till night, when they escaped, much shattered, to an island in the Wisconsin, leaving old men and sick and dead children on their march. They also abandoned all their heavy baggage. The whites had but one day's provisions with them, and were compelled to return for more. Black Hawk made a gallant stand to enable his women and children to get across the river, which they succeeded in doing, and his band made its escape during the night in bark canoes. During the campaign Black Hawk's people had suffered much from want of provisions. Many subsisted on the roots and bark of trees, and some starved to death.

“July 16. Gen. Atkinson received dispatches from Gen. Scott. He speaks of the deplorable condition of his command of regular troops at Chicago, and elsewhere on the lakes as far as Detroit,

produced by Asiatic cholera. Of the 1,500 regulars under his command over 200 died of cholera. * * * The Indians are nearly starved, subsisting on the barks of trees and their horses. * * * Col. Zachary Taylor commanded the regular troops, about 400 strong infantry, with about 900 mounted volunteers, when they crossed the Wisconsin river. * * * July 29. The trails of the enemy were pressed with activity to-day. We passed several Sac encampments. They are hard pressed for provisions and forced to kill their horses for subsistence. The country is rough and mountainous. Dense forests with thick underbrush cover the whole country.

“August 2. Battle of Bad Ax. The regulars and Dodge’s, and part of Posey’s command promptly moved to support the left. The enemy then retired, disputing the ground, step by step, which they had done from the beginning. Many of their men, women and children fled to the river (Mississippi) and endeavored to escape by swimming. In this situation our troops arrived on the banks and threw in a heavy fire, which killed great numbers, unfortunately some women and children among the warriors, an event deeply deplored by the soldiers. The enemy, in retreating, had taken some strong positions at the foot of an island, from which they were driven by the repeated charges of the regulars and volunteers under Dodge. They were now completely overthrown and beaten, with the loss of an hundred and fifty killed, forty women and children taken prisoners, their baggage captured, and about 100 horses killed or captured. The loss on our part was five regulars killed and four wounded. Six of Henry’s command were wounded, one mortally, and one of Posey’s brigade. This action was decisive; the remnant of the band fled to the west of the Mississippi, after having suffered almost beyond endurance, reached their own country and were given up by Keokuk and other influential and friendly Sauks. * * * Black Hawk, with the Prophet and other chiefs, escaped from the combat and took refuge on some islands above Prairie du Chien, whence they were routed by a detachment of regulars under Lieut. Jefferson Davis. In despair, they gave themselves up to two Winnebago Indians, Decaire, the One-Eyed, and Chaetors, who claimed to have captured and delivered them to Col. Taylor and the Indian agent, Gen. Street, at Prairie du Chien, with a false but fulsome speech. Black Hawk and his two sons, the Prophet, Neapope, and nine other chiefs of the hostile band were

retained as hostages. The balance were released. Four or five hundred Indians and about two hundred white people had lost their lives in the Black Hawk war, and an expenditure of \$2,000-000 had been incurred."

Such is the statement of the recollections, together with memoranda made on the field of action by that accomplished officer, Albert Sydney Johnston, and we may add that all this was the outgrowth and direct result of the use of the accursed stimulant—whisky—commencing at the dance at Cuivre Settlement, on the Mississippi, followed by the debauch of Quashquamme and associates at St. Louis, in 1804, its sale on Vandruff's Island, near Sankenuk, in 1832, and the two barrels which robbed Maj. Stillman's command of their reason, judgment and prudence, leading them to violate one of the cardinal rules of civilized warfare, and thereby precipitate and force a war when peace was intended, and would doubtless have ensued but for the flagrant act of firing upon a flag of truce.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Attacks at Apple River, Fort Peckatonica, Prairie Grove and Kellogg's Grove—The army leave Dixon and March to the Burnt Villages in Wisconsin—Short of Provisions—A Mutiny Imminent—The Army Divided and Fort Kushkanong Built—Generals Henry and Alexander and Maj. Dodge sent to Fort Winnebago for Supplies—Their Horses Stampeded—News of the Whereabouts of Black Hawk—Gen. Henry and Maj. Dodge determine to Transcend Orders and follow the Old Chief—Mutiny among Gen. Henry's Subalterns, and they are put under Arrest, which Brings an Apology, and a Restoration Follows.

“ At once is preparation made
To form the crafty ambuscade
Behind the tree—the rolling ground—
The log—the brush—is shelter found.”

—Levi Bishop.

ATTACK ON APPLE RIVER FORT.

From the day Black Hawk and band recrossed the Mississippi in the spring up to Stillman's defeat, neither he or any member of his band had touched, taken or molested the property or person of any white man, although pressed by hunger almost to starvation point. He appropriated to his use the ammunition and provisions left by Stillman's men at their deserted camp, including the whisky and Col. Strode's law books, all of which he sorely needed, except the two latter. The whisky was soon disposed of, and the books were committed to the flames, since the Indian has a prejudice against all books, and class them under one common generic term, “ White man's lying paper.”

Immediately after his unsuccessful effort to enlist the Pottawattamies in his cause, fearing an attack from the large army then at Dixon, Black Hawk's first care was to place the women and children of his band in some place of security. The Winnebagos, who, like the Pottawattamies, sympathized with him, but were held in check by their agent, John H. Kinzie, and sub-agent, M. Gratiot, together with their chiefs, told him they would show him to a place of security, and conducted him on up Rock river, towards the head waters thereof. Here he and his band remained quietly until the 6th of June. Being substantially, if

not entirely, out of provisions, he determined to attack a small fort or stockade, called Apple River Fort, near where the village of Elizabeth now stands, in Jo Daviess county, Illinois, also near the Wisconsin line. This stockade had been erected for the protection of the lead miners residing in that locality with their families. Fully believing then, as many still believe, that the only danger of an Indian attack was in the night time—when in truth and in fact, as before stated, there was no danger whatever of a night attack—they staid at their cabins during the day and spent their nights only in the stockade. This stockade was a strong one, manned by the residents of the locality, which was a lead miners' village, and contained about twenty-five men fit for military service. Their captain, a Mr. Stone, was a man of courage and pluck. He and his men had a double incentive—their own lives and those of their wives and children—to make them brave and heroic. They had good guns and abundant ammunition. In a word, they were a brave, resolute little band, who were hard to handle.

On the 6th of June, 1832, Black Hawk, at the head of about 200 braves and warriors, had approached to within half a mile of this little place, and were moving along stealthily through a hazel thicket, when four men, who had been sent from Galena to Dixon with dispatches, passed close by them in the thicket, and one of Black Hawk's men, without orders, fired at and wounded one of the white men. Full of resources and brave, this white man uttered a yell of defiance and beckoned as though others were behind him. This worked like a charm in deceiving the Indians, who, supposing there was a large force of soldiers near by, took to shelter and awaited for some time the arrival of the foe, but none came. In the meantime these four messengers reached the stockade and gave the alarm, the three unhurt men carrying their wounded comrade with them.

This enabled the women and children of the miners, as well as the miners themselves, to reach the stockade in safety, and get ready to welcome the Indians with a lively salute. When they presented themselves Black Hawk made a vigorous attempt to storm this stockade for several hours, but its defenders were brave, resolute and active; their wives and children aiding and assisting husbands and fathers, and encouraging them. One man only was killed by the Indians. He was imprudent in raising his

head above the stockade wall to take observations, and received an Indian's bullet through the brain as the penalty. The white defenders say Black Hawk tried to fire the stockade, but this charge he denies. He says:

"Finding that these people could not be killed without setting fire to their houses and fort, I thought it more prudent to be content with what flour, provisions, cattle and horses we could find, than to set fire to their buildings, as the light would be seen at a distance, and the army might suppose we were in the neighborhood, and come upon us with a strong force; accordingly, we opened a house and filled our bags with flour and provisions, took several horses, and drove off some of their cattle."

When the night set in, one of the men who had been fired at stole out of the stockade and hurried back to Galena with the news of the attack. Col. Strode, then in command of the 27th Regiment of the Militia of the State of Illinois, started with a strong detachment for the relief of the besieged; but Black Hawk had given up the seige and departed with his plunder some time before Col. Strode's arrival. There was considerable feeling existing against Col. Strode among the more intelligent class of people at Galena, and the manner in which he obtained and exercised his authority, as a militia colonel. It will be remembered, that he was the first man to reach Dixon from Stillman's defeat, and was authorized and empowered by Gov. Reynolds to organize the militia of Jo Daviess county. Had the people been permitted to select their own commander, the buffoon and boaster, "Praise God Bowels," would have been relegated to the ranks as a private. Hence, he had much difficulty in raising a sufficient detachment for the relief of Apple River Fort. He had issued his ridiculous proclamation, asserting his "military rule," some fifteen days before that time, which richly merited the ridicule and contempt of all intelligent people. Galena was the most populous and wealthy town in the entire State at that time. As compared to it, Chicago was a village against a city. The discovery of rich deposits of lead in that locality, had drawn thither men of enterprise, ability and means, from all parts of the United States; hence, it was a live, active and thriving place.

Though wanting in executive ability and financial standing, Col. Strode possessed a large stock of assurance, cheek and push, which, united with the general feeling of unsafety and widespread alarm, enabled him to organize quite a force known as the

27th Regiment, some of whom did good service. Hon. James W. Stephenson, of Galena, materially aided and assisted Col. Strode in enlisting and organizing this regiment, and subsequently accepted the office of major thereof.

BATTLE OF PECKATONICA.

On the 14th of June, 1832, eleven Indians, whom Black Hawk says were Winnebagoes, attacked three white men, some five miles from Fort Hamilton, near Apple River Fort. (This so-called fort was a stockade erected by Wm. S. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton, around his log cabin at his lead mine on Apple river.) At the time of this attack these three white men were at work tilling corn. Two of them were killed, but the third escaped and reached Hamilton's Stockade just as Major Henry Dodge, with twenty volunteers from Michigan, (Wisconsin was then a part of the State of Michigan) arrived.

Maj. Dodge and his twenty brave men, with the survivor of the massacre for a guide, started in pursuit of the murderous Indians. Striking their trail, they pursued them to the Peckatonica, a small river in what is now Stephenson county, Illinois, where the Indians took shelter under a cliff of rock. Here commenced a series of games of chance for lives. Every ruse the ingenuity of the cunning Indian could invent to induce Dodge's men to expose themselves to their deadly rifles was resorted to. After a long trial of ingenuity and cunning on both sides the struggle ended in the death of every Indian, and the mortal wounding of two, and seriously wounding of one of Maj. Dodge's command. This prompt and condign punishment of the treacherous Winnebagoes, who openly expressed friendship to the white people while secretly abetting, aiding and assisting Black Hawk, had a decidedly salutary effect upon them, and virtually put an end to their murdering white settlers in that locality. A few days after this event many Winnebagoes volunteered as soldiers to aid and assist the white soldiers in hunting the old Sauk chief and his band to death, but they were not relied upon as being trustworthy, and were used merely as scouts, in which capacity they made many not only false but vicious reports as to the strength, movements and intentions of the Sauks under Black Hawk.

BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE.

On the 17th of June Col. Strode sent Capt. James W. Stephenson, of Galena, with a detachment of some twenty-five men of his company (afterwards Capt. Duncan's company, when Stephenson was elected Major, June 20th), to scout over the country between Galena and Kellogg's Grove in search of hostile Indians or "Indian signs." When about midway between these two points he perceived a few Sauks on the prairie going towards a small *motte* or bunch of small timber and brush, then called "Prairie Grove." The captain gave chase but the Indians succeeded in reaching this place of shelter and comparative safety unscathed. Here they had every advantage. Having dismounted, they concealed themselves behind trees, stumps, logs or by lying down in the hazel brush thicket to await the attack which soon came. With more courage than discretion Capt. Stephenson ordered and led a charge into the thicket, and received a galling fire from the ambushed enemy. The charging party rushed on through the *motte* without inflicting any punishment on the enemy. On reaching the open prairie beyond, Capt. Stephenson ordered a right-about face, and charged back again, with like result as to the Indians, but losing Charles Eames, one of his men. On again reaching the prairie he ordered another charge on the thicket, which resulted in the death of Stephen P. Howard and Michael Lovell, and the slight wounding of Capt. Stephenson and private Edwin Welch, and the loss of the horse of private Alexander McNair. Being dismounted, McNair succeeded in seizing the Indian who killed his horse before he could reload, and held him while a comrade came and cut the Indian's throat.

This matter had now assumed a serious aspect. Three of his soldiers killed, himself and another soldier wounded, and only one Indian killed, and this, too, without being able to ascertain the strength of the Indians, much less dislodge them, induced Capt. Stephenson into the belief that "discretion"—under certain conditions—"is the better part of valor," when, like the pugnacious bull dog which tried conclusions with the locomotive under motion, in which the engagement was quick, sharp and decisive, the dog below, the engine above; and as the latter went puffing on the latter came limping off, holding up one paw minus three toes and shaking his head, plainly indicating that he had made a mistake in the breed, so Capt. Stephenson went limping off home, having had enough fighting a concealed foe in a hazel brush thicket to fully satisfy his ambition in that direction.

Black Hawk's account of this affair is this: "Another party of five came in and said they had been pursued for several hours and were attacked by twenty-five or thirty whites in the woods; that the whites rushed in upon them as they lay concealed, and received their fire without seeing them. They immediately retreated, whilst we reloaded. They entered the thicket again, and as soon as they came near enough we fired. Again they retreated, and again they rushed into the thicket and fired. We returned their fire, and a skirmish ensued between two of their men and one of ours, who was killed by having his throat cut. This was the only man we lost—the enemy having three killed. They again retreated."

According to Black Hawk's statement there were but six Indians all told in this affair, and if his statement be true, the result was anything but flattering to Maj. Stephenson, who was a man of considerable note and a prominent politician of his day.*

BATTLE OF KELLOGG'S GROVE.

Maj. John Dement's Spy Battalion, attached to the first brigade, under command of Gen. Posey, was organized and mustered into the military service of the United States at Fort Wilbourne, June 17, 1832, and was composed of the companies of Captains Wm. S. Dobbins, from Marion, and James Bowman, from Jefferson counties, with detachments from the companies of Captains Wm. J. Stephenson, Charles Dunn, D. B. Russell, J. Durman, O. West, Joel Halliday, and Geo. P. Bowyer, under command of Capt. Stephenson,† of Franklin county. The gallant Dement had been in the field since April, having raised a fine company in Fayette county, April 20, and led it as captain from Beardstown to Oquawka in Gen. Whiteside's brigade, and thence to the mouth of Rock river, where they were mustered into the military service of the United States by Gen. Atkinson, and thence up Rock river to Dixon, and from there to Ottawa, Ill., where they were mustered out of service May 28, when he was one of the first to volunteer for twenty days to guard the frontier until the second army should be organized, called to rendezvous June 10, at Hennepin, and upon the organization of Capt. James P. Bowyer's company from Franklin county, June 16, he enlisted as a private therein, and at the election of field officers of the battalion on the next day he was elected to the command, with rank of

*Stephenson county was named for him.

†Ex-Chief Justice W. B. Scates was the bugler of this company.

major, and was commissioned as such by the governor. His battalion were but 170 strong, rank and file. Maj. Dement immediately bent his every exertion to place his command in the field to protect the pioneer settlers, and as soon as he could obtain supplies and transportation, started for headquarters at Dixon's Ferry, where Gen. Atkinson had been virtually "bottled up" for nearly a month, although he had a large force of regulars, with some of the most brilliant soldiers of the age under his command.

On reaching the south side of the Rock river at Dixon, which, owing to heavy rain-falls, was too deep to ford, he was met by Col. Zachary Taylor, (afterwards President of the United States,) of the regular army, then in command during the temporary absence of Gen. Atkinson, who was still at Fort Wilbourne. Col. Taylor said to him: "You have come just in time. I have a place to assign you. Swim your horses over the river, and report to me at headquarters for orders forthwith. You are to go where there is danger, and I hope your command will not add to the already bad reputation acquired by the Illinois Volunteers under Maj. Stillman, who showed greater confidence in their heels, than in their arms." Upon reaching the other side, Maj. Dement was ordered to Kellogg's, (now Timm's Grove,) thirty-six miles northeast of Dixon, where there was a small stockade around the cabin home of Oliver W. Kellog, guarded by only sixteen men. This immediate locality was known to be infested with hostile Indians. This grove is one of several along the banks of the Yellowstone creek, in one of which the company under Capt. A. W. Snyder had an engagement on the 16th, or only a week before, in which he lost three men, and in another one close by, Captain, afterwards Maj. J. W. Stephenson, had a small fight with Indians (as shown before, losing three men on the 17th of that month), yet Gen. Atkinson with 500 of the very best troops of the regular army, had remained housed up in the fort at Dixon for over a month, without making an effort to punish these depredators, or even find out their strength or intentions. These thoughts flashed through the active brain of the Major, stirring up his every feeling of State pride and the eternal fitness of things. Here was an officer of the Regular Army of the United States in command of a much greater force numerically,—to say nothing of soldierly qualities and implements of war,—than the force under Black Hawk, who had suffered the Indians to commit murders

almost within range of his cannon, yet he had not sent out a solitary expedition to punish or capture the perpetrators. But now when a mere handful of raw recruits reported for duty, they were ordered forthwith into this fiery furnace as it were, where, in all human probability, they would meet the Indians within twenty-four hours at the farthest. These thoughts so excited Maj. Dement that he replied to Col. Taylor very tartly, that such words of censure came with a bad grace from an officer of the regular army who would send *citizens* where he himself dare not lead *soldiers*; then turning to his volunteers he told them that if any were afraid to follow where he led, they might fall out of line,—not one offered to budge. He then ordered the trumpet sounded, followed by an order to fall in line and forward, march. These orders were obeyed with a will. Col. Taylor's scathing remarks against the courage of the Illinois Volunteers, made heroes of every man in Dement's battalion, even though before hearing them, some of them might have been called shaky.

This was on the afternoon of Sunday, June 24, when Dement's battalion left Dixon for Kellogg's Grove, then in Jo Daviess, but now in Stephenson county, near Lena, Illinois, where he arrived on that evening. The stockade would afford a kind of shelter for his men, but was too small to admit his horses, hence they were staked out near by. Shortly after the arrival of Dement at the stockade, the late Hon. Isaac Funk, of McLean county, Illinois, reached there and stopped for the night. He had been in Galena and was traveling overland on horseback for his home at Funk's Grove, and had struck a very large, fresh Indian trail, which led south and directly towards Kellogg's Grove, as he came within a few miles of the stockade. This, of course, he communicated to Maj. Dement, who placed double guards on duty that night and ordered his soldiers to have their horses under saddles to be ready at a moment's warning to mount and repel an assault. But the night passed quietly away without an alarm or other exciting incident.

With the coming day of the 25th every man was ready to mount his steed, and when the bugle sounded they responded promptly. Selecting about fifty brave men, he sent them out to reconnoitre with the coming sun. As he and Gov. Zadok Casey* were mounting their horses to follow the reconnoitering party a messenger came rushing back from the advanced explorers, announcing

*Mr. Casey was at that time Lieut-Governor of the State and a private in Capt. Bowman's company. See engraving and biographical sketch.

the presence of a large force of hostile Indians. This news spread like electricity throughout the stockade, and all seemed desirous of joining in the fight. Regardless of and oblivious to all military rules or discipline, they mounted their horses, and without order, system, caution or prudence rushed pell-mell for the Indians, who fell back and pretended to be badly frightened, and fleeing in general disorder. But the shrewd and soldierly Dement saw at the first glance that the Indian movements were but ruses and decoys to draw his brave, but undrilled and unsuspecting, men into an ambuscade; hence he did all within his power to restrain them from rushing into the trap of death. Unfortunately, however, they did not hear his voice and misconstrued his actions. Failing to check their dangerous movements by the sound of his voice, he attempted to get nearer to them so as to be heard, but as he ran his horse towards them they construed his action to be an order for them to charge upon the fleeing Indians, and rushed swiftly on to a bushy ravine, where the cunning old chief, Black Hawk, with his band of braves and warriors, rose up with a wild, weird yell and opened a galling fire upon the astonished volunteers, who were thrown into confusion and the worst kind of disorder.

Black Hawk had accomplished his object by shrewd strategy, which was to draw the white soldiers into an ambuscade, from which nothing short of an interposition of Providence could extricate them. The brave little Dement never for a moment lost either his confidence or courage during this trying ordeal. Exposing his person as a mark and target to be shot at by the best Indian marksmen, he seemed to bear a charmed life.* Now here, then there, all over the field, the clarion voice of Dement was heard above the din of battle, giving his orders and forming his lines of attack and defense. His undaunted bravery, quick, yet sound judgment, and masterly skill in managing and controlling his men, though largely inferior in numbers to those of Black Hawk, enabled him to rally his discomfited, and to a considerable degree demoralized forces time and time again, only to see them fall back and give way before the shower of leaden messengers of death from every tree, stump and log within rifle range.

Several times during this battle Maj. Dement and Gov. Casey (who never left his side) were left nearly alone to receive the fire of the Indians, but their time had not come to die. They were

*Several Indian bullets passed through his clothes or hat but none touched his person.

born for nobler purposes than to be shot down like dogs by Indian bullets. God had a mission for them to fulfill, and protected them. Black Hawk, besides having nearly double the force, had another great advantage over Maj. Dement in this engagement, which was not only the choice of battle grounds, but shelter and protection for his men, who were stationed behind logs, stumps and trees, or lying in the hazel thickets while reloading their rifles, and then rising barely high enough to take aim and fire at their enemies. Maj. Dement's men were raw militia; without drill or discipline, and few, if any, had ever been under fire. Mustered into service but eight days before, they had been on the march nearly every day since. Under this condition of affairs, like the surly bear who, surrounded by a pack of barking, snarling, snapping curs, sullenly retreats to his lair, so the gallant Dement, baited and badgered by this pack of howling savages, reluctantly withdrew from the field and entered the stockade. Always prudent, Black Hawk wisely refrained from going within reach of rifle shot of the port-holes of the stockade, and made no effort whatever to either storm or besiege it, and strangely enough, his loss was heavier than Dement's, notwithstanding his men had the great advantage of fighting under cover and protection of trees, stumps and logs, while Dement's were entirely exposed in the comparatively open field. Black Hawk admits the loss of two chiefs and several warriors killed, but says nothing about his wounded, while Dement's killed were Wm. Allen, James P. Band, James Black and Abner Bradford, with Robert Meeks and Marcus Randolph wounded. These were all from Jefferson county and Bowman's company, making four killed and two wounded. But owing to the fact that Maj. Dement's horses were staked outside the stockade, their loss in killed, wounded and stolen by the Indians was sixty-nine.

In their eagerness to steal these horses the Indians crept along close to the ground to the stake where the coveted horse was fastened, untied or cut the rope or strap, and then crept backward in the same way slowly, leading the horse until out of rifle range, and then rose up, mounted and rode off with their prize. But Dement's men soon detected this ruse, and aiming their rifles so as to strike the ground a few feet in front of the slowly-moving horse, they sent a bullet hustling either into or close beside the horse thief, which put a sudden period to all further effort in that direction. Then the Indians opened fire upon the poor, tethered

horses, with fatal effect. The fact that the killed in Black Hawk's command nearly doubled that in Dement's is largely accounted for in their loss while trying to steal horses, as above stated. These raw, and, as Col. Taylor intimated, cowardly Illinois volunteers did good shooting on that day, and fully redeemed the lost reputation of Illinois citizen soldiery for courage and pluck.

Black Hawk's account of the battle is as follows:

"We started in the direction towards sunrise. After marching a considerable time I observed some white men coming towards us. I told my braves that we would go into the woods and kill them when they approached. We concealed ourselves until they came near enough, and then commenced yelling and firing, and then made a rush upon them. About this time their chief with a party of men rushed up to rescue the men we had fired upon. In a little while they commenced retreating, and left their chief and a few braves who seemed willing and anxious to fight. They acted like men, but were forced to give way when I rushed upon them with my braves. In a short time the chief returned with a larger party. He seemed determined to fight, and anxious for battle. When he came near enough, I raised the yell and firing commenced from both sides. The chief, who seemed to be a small man, addressed his warriors in a loud voice, but they soon retreated, leaving him and a few braves on the battle-field. I great number of my warriors pursued the retreating party, and killed a number of their horses as they ran. The chief and his few braves were unwilling to leave the field. I ordered my braves to rush upon them, and had the mortification of seeing two of my chiefs killed before the enemy retreated. This young chief deserves great praise for his courage and bravery; but fortunately for us, his army was not all composed of such brave men. I would like to take him by the hand, for I always liked to shake hands with a brave man. During this attack, we killed several men and about forty horses, and lost two young chiefs and several warriors. My braves were anxious to pursue them to the fort, attack and burn it, but I told them it was useless to waste powder, as there was no possible chance of success if we did attack them, and as we had run the bear into his hole, we would leave him, and return to our camp."

This is a beautiful tribute from the hero of a hundred battle-fields to the courage and military ability of the then youthful Dement,

who was as brave as Scipio the younger, and as reckless of personal danger as Hannibal, the Carthagenian. With a much inferior force of raw militia, he met, checked, and turned back the redoubtable Black Hawk at the head of his entire army of thoroughly drilled and effectually disciplined braves and warriors. Besides superior numbers, drill and advantage of shelter, Black Hawk had another great advantage over Dement in the terror communicated to the horses of his command by the incessant and unearthly ya-whoop of the Indians, setting them perfectly wild and ungovernable, and preventing the formation of a line of attack or defense with any degree of regularity, form or precision.

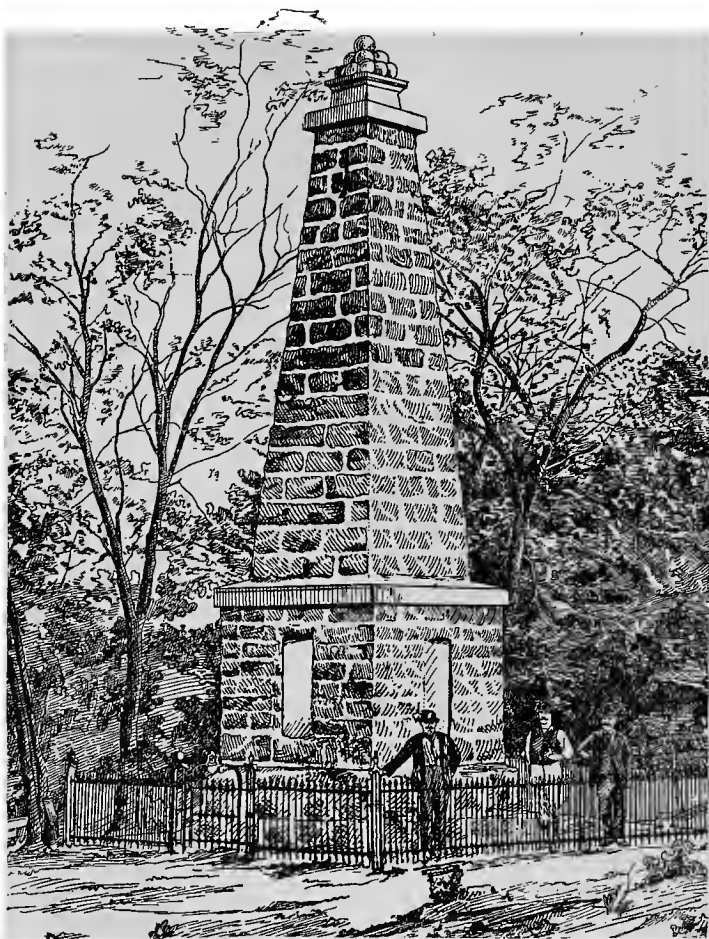
In the early part of this skirmish Maj. Dement dispatched five couriers to Dixon, thirty-six miles distant, for re-enforcements.* It was nearly 8 A. M. when these couriers left Kellogg's Grove, but before the setting of the sun on that day Gen. Posey, with the remainder of his brigade, or about 1,000 men, reached Kellogg's Grove. These couriers had ridden thirty-six miles to reach headquarters of the brigade, and the gallant Posey had formed his line of march and, upon the gallop much of the way, had made the thirty-six miles back, thus making seventy-two miles traveled in just twelve hours, and half that distance by an army of a thousand men.† There must, indeed, have been "mounting in hot haste" and riding like Paul Revere or Phil. Sheridan. But Black Hawk was too wary to be caught napping. Leaving a few spies behind to watch events, he hastily left that locality.

Early on the following day the four unfortunate soldiers, whose dead bodies had been left lying in the field where they fell the morning before, were gathered together, and a large hole dug beside a huge old oak tree, in which was deposited the mutilated remains of these soldiers in the same common grave. Neighbors, soldiers, friends—together they had lived, fought and died, and together they were buried away in the wilds of the frontier, with neither stake or stone to mark the period where their eternity began. Here a fitting monument‡ has been erected by Stephenson

*The late Stephen G. Hicks, of Mt. Vernon, was one of these messengers and the first to reach Dixon.

†This march is almost unparalleled in the annals of history, when considered in all its surroundings, as to the number of soldiers to be mounted and the condition of the roads, etc.

‡"The Black Hawk War Monument," (see engraving) constructed of hammer-dressed, coursed-rubble, yellowish, flinty limestone, taken from the quarry of J. B. Temms, Esq., about a mile south. This neat and appropriate monument is located in the town of Kent, in Stephenson county, Illinois, and was completed and publicly dedicated September 30, 1886. Standing on the battlefield of Kellogg's Grove, and



THE BLACK HAWK WAR MONUMENT.

upon one of the most elevated points of land in the State, overlooking the beautiful Yellow Creek valley, it can be seen for miles and miles in all directions. Its height is thirty-four feet, foundation eight feet square, and the shaft is four feet square at the base and three at the top, surmounted by imitation cannon balls.

The erection of this monument by the people of Stephenson county is a most graceful act and tribute to the memory of Wm. B. Makenson, Benjamin McDaniels and the little drummer boy, Bennie Scott, of Capt. A. W. Snyder's company, from St. Clair county, killed in the battle of Burr Oak Grove, some two miles west, June 16; Wm. Darley, killed May 19th, while carrying a message to Kellogg's Grove; George Eames, Stephen P. Howard and Michael Lovell, of Capt. (afterwards Maj.) James W. Stephenson's company, from Jo Daviess county, killed in the battle of Prairie Grove, some four miles northeast of Lena, June 19; Felix St. Vrain, (Indian agent to

county. The battle of Kellogg's Grove was the second, and the only real battle of the so-called Black Hawk war of 1832, and was the last aggressive movement made by Black Hawk against the white people.

The sad rites of the burial over, Gen. Posey started in pursuit of the retreating Indians, but soon discovered that Black Hawk's trail, like "the Will-o'-the-Wisp," was illusory, for after travelling together across the first rise of land the trail divided into a dozen diverging courses—a ruse by which the cunning old chief threw his pursuers completely off his trail. Had Gen. Posey gone on in the same general course the trail led at the start for a mile or two he would, in all probability, have struck it again. But, unfortunately, he had no Daniel Boones, Simon Fentons or Kit

the Sauks and Foxes,) and three volunteers—Hale, Fowler and Hally, (whose christian names we are unable to give), killed near the monument, June 19, while carrying dispatches from their Col. (afterwards President) Taylor to Galena; William Allen, James P. Band, James Black and Abner Bradford, of Capt. James Bowman's company, from Jefferson county, killed in the battle of Kellogg's Grove, near where the monument stands, June 25, 1832. While much credit is due to the patriotic board of supervisors of Stephenson county, composed of Wm. Ascher, W. H. Barns, Isaac Bogenrief, W. H. Bolender, W. I. Brady, J. G. Briggs, Ira Crippen, Wm. Dively, T. J. Foley, D. W. Hays, Jacob Jeager, Joseph Kachelhoffer, Henry S. Keck, G. S. Kleekner, J. T. Lease, James Mussur, J. M. Reese, R. F. Reznor, D. F. Thompson and T. B. Young, who had the will and courage to vote the necessary funds from the county treasury to build the monument, yet more credit is due Jas. B. Timms, Esq., for he is the man who originated the entire act, as well as plan, and prosecuted it to completion. Born in Fort Funk, in Jo Daviess county, in 1831, his father located at this point in 1835, and here has Jas. B. Timms continuously lived ever since. Blessed with a very retentive memory, and locating at this point soon after the events which this monument is commemorative of occurred, Mr. Timms became familiar with the location of each uncoffined grave of these citizen soldiers who lost his life in defense of the women and children of the pioneers of Northern Illinois in the soul-trying times of 1832, and has bent his will and energies towards having their mortal remains exhumed and decently buried under a suitable monument and has finally succeeded. Marble slabs for inscriptions are inserted on three sides of this structure, which bear the following legends, viz: "Black Hawk War. This monument is reared by Stephenson county, A. D. 1886, in grateful remembrance of the heroic dead, who died that we might live," is inscribed on the north side. On the east, "Battlefield of Kellogg's Grove, where was fought, June 25, 1832, the decisive battle between the forces of the United States and the great Indian chief, Black Hawk," while that on the west side bears, "Killed on the field of battle, 23—names as far as known—Benj. Scott, drummer boy, Wm. B. Makenson and Benj. McDaniel, of St. Clair county; Wm. Darley, Geo. Eames, Stephen P. Howard and Michael Lovell, of Jo Daviess county; Felix St. Vrain, Indian agent, Messrs. Hale, Hally and Fowler, volunteer soldiers acting as escort to St. Vrain; Wm. Allen, James P. Band, James Black and Abner Bradford, of Jefferson county, and Wm. Heckler, of Jo Daviess county, killed May 24, 1832," making the entire number of soldiers killed in that vicinity during the Black Hawk war of 1832, so far as we have been able to ascertain, sixteen, including St. Vrain, the Indian agent, and the three volunteer soldiers who were acting as his escort at the time; Antoine LeClair, the interpreter, and two regular soldiers were with them at the time of the attack but escaped by flight down a river and hiding in a dense thicket, thereby throwing the Indians off their track.

Carsons in his command, who understood Indian signs. Fully expecting pursuit, Black Hawk scattered his men in different directions, but to unite further on.

His ruse worked well and completely misled Gen. Posey into the belief that Black Hawk's warriors had divided up into small squads and scattered in all directions. Hence, he abandoned all further attempt at pursuit, and returned to Kellogg's Grove to await the arrival of his baggage and provision wagons, which did not reach the Grove until late that day. The next morning Gen. Posey took up his line of march for Fort Hamilton on the Peckatonica. On the receipt of the full account of the skirmish at Kellogg's, Grove, at the headquarters of Gen. Atkinson, then at Dixon, a general advance of all the forces was ordered. Gen. Brady had reached that point from Fort Winnebago with two companies of regulars, which, added to those already there under

At a special meeting of the board of supervisors of Stephenson county, in March, 1886, Mr. Timms made a statement of facts connected with the events of 1832, and burial of these soldiers, whereupon H. W. Stocks, H. S. Keck and Isaac Bogenrief, of the board, and J. B. Timms were appointed a special committee of the board to investigate the matter and report to the next meeting of the board, and at a special meeting of said board, in April, this committee reported, recommending that a site be secured and a monument built; and their report was received and its recommendations concurred in, and Supervisors D. W. Hays, Wm. Dively, Isaac Bogenrief and H. S. Keck, with Mr. Timms added, were appointed as a special committee to draft plan, obtain estimates, etc., etc.

This committee reported at a special meeting of the board in July, submitting plan, etc., which was approved by the board, who instructed the committee to secure the site and erect the monument. Thus backed up by the county board, this committee let the contract to Wm. Ascher, Esq., for \$535, for the entire monument complete, and the construction of an iron fence was let to Messrs. Flachtemeir & Bro., for \$144. Add to this incidental expenses and disinterring and reburying the dead soldiers, etc., and we find the entire cost of this beautiful tribute is but about \$1,000.

Thanks to the exceptionally tenacious memory of Mr. Timms, the bones of fourteen human beings, scattered in coffinless graves over the timber and prairie, in some instances a dozen miles apart, have been found, exhumed and reburied at the south base of this monument. Several of these skeletons, though hurried in the ground over half a century, were well preserved. The lonely grave of Bennie Scott, the little drummer-boy, was clearly pointed out by cutting his initials, "B. S." on trees adjacent to his grave. Some loving friend, probably at the time he was put in the cold, cold ground, marked the place by cutting his initials with his pocket-knife upon these trees, and the owner of the land has seen to it that these monumental memoranda have not been destroyed or effaced. The services of dedicating this monument were conducted by the Wm. R. Goddard Post, No. 258, G. A. R., of Lena, G. S. Roush commanding. W. P. Naramore, M. D., acted as president of the day, with Hon. H. S. Magoon, of Darlington, Wisconsin, as the orator, who performed his duty right gallantly. He was followed by our olden-time friend, who is a kind of connecting link between the past and the present—Col. Daniel F. Hill, of Ottawa, Illinois, who took a hand in the Burr Oak Grove affair, over fifty years ago. He was followed by Michael Stoskopf, of Freeport, and Samuel F. Dodds, of Lena, in brief but eloquent speeches. This shaft has been named "The Black Hawk War Monument."

Col. Taylor, constituted a body of 600 soldiers of the regular army, and being the ranking officer, Brig.-Gen. Brady assumed the command of the regulars, while Gen. Atkinson commanded the volunteer force, which now was fully 5,000 strong, including the independent companies, together with the volunteers from Michigan, Indiana and Missouri, and the Pottawattamies under Wauponsee, Sioux under Hamilton, Winnebagoes under Dodge, and Kickapoos under Menard, while Gen. Scott was *enroute* to Chicago with 1,500 more troops of the regular army. Such were the forces which started on the March of death June 28, 1832, after Black Hawk and less than 350 braves and warriors, who were hampered and encumbered by their wives and children, poorly armed, short of ammunition, and in a starving condition.

That gallant officer, W. S. Harney, then a captain in the regular service, who afterwards distinguished himself as a successful Indian fighter and able general, said (see *Galenaian* July 15, 1832): "I have pursued the trail of Black Hawk's band for thirty miles, passing in that distance four of their encampments, and found many signs of their want of provisions, such as where they had killed and butchered horses, dug for roots and scraped the trees for bark."

Gen. Alexander's brigade was ordered to Plum river, some thirty-five miles below Galena, to prevent Black Hawk's escape across the Mississippi in that direction. Gen. Posey was already on the Peckatonica near the north line of the State, and Gen. Atkinson with Gen. Henry's brigade and the spy battalions of Majors Bogart and Buckmaster, together with a few detached companies and about 100 Pottawattamie Indians under Wauponsee and Shaubensee, who went in advance as guides to the army, and also the regulars under Gen. Brady, started up Rock river for the Four Lakes, where, he was informed, Black Hawk and his band were fortifying with the determination to decide their fate in one general battle.

In view of sad experiences from sudden attacks, ambuscades and stampedes, together with the size of his armies, and the terrible Winnebago swamps and general difficulty of travel and slow speed of his ox teams with baggage and provision wagons, Gen. Atkinson could barely make the snail's gait—a few miles a day. On the 30th he passed Turtle village of the Winnebagoes, deserted, but its inhabitants camped on the open prairie

within sight. This led him to believe the Sauks were in that immediate neighborhood. He therefore encamped there that night, placing double guards on duty, with orders to his men to sleep on their arms, ready to repel an attack. His sentinels saw, or thought they did, prowling Indians near their line all night long, which kept the entire encampment in a fever heat of excitement. But there was not a hostile Indian or Sauk within fifty miles of there at that time, Black Hawk having failed to materialize and make an onslaught during the night, notwithstanding the sentinels gave several alarms, and the army several times were paraded to "repel invaders" in order of battle, so that no sleep visited their weary bodies. The march was resumed the following day without adventure or discovery, and they reached Lake Kushkanong, where Gen. Alexander's brigade joined them. From this point Maj. Ewing's battalion and Col. Fry's regiment were sent out to scour the surrounding country for Indians or Indian signs, who, upon their return, reported that there was no enemy in that vicinity. Then the entire force again resumed their march up the east side of Rock river to the Burnt village, another Indian town, on the White Water river, where Gen. Posey's brigade and Maj. Dodge's battalion from Michigan joined them. On the route thither some of Gen. Atkinson's scouts had found a poor old blind Sauk, nearly famishing of hunger, who had been left in the wilderness by the retreating Sauks because they could not carry him further. He was taken into camp and kindly treated, but either could not or would not give them any valuable information as to the whereabouts, objects or aims of his chief or his strength. To all questions relative thereto his reply was: "Being blind I could not see, and quite deaf, I did not hear anything in general conversation, and was never personally consulted about matters of the tribe, and know nothing about their intended movements except that they have gone further up Rock river."

He was released and bountifully supplied with food and left behind, but had scarcely finished his bountiful repast ere a mounted volunteer came upon and killed him before he had fully appeased his hunger. "This barbarous action," says Gov. Ford, "is an indelible stain upon the men of that brigade."

Thus far the march of the death army had been very slow and extremely tedious, enlivened only by frequent false alarms and senseless scares. Gen. Atkinson did not seem to have the least

information or well-grounded opinion of the strength, locality or intentions of Black Hawk and his band, and little thought how closely he was following the segment of the Sauk Nation, once a powerful and warlike people; but now divided, reduced and humbled to the dust by penury and famine. Men, women and children fleeing for safety they knew not whither, but still fleeing, starving, dying.

The Winnebagoes with Gen. Atkinson's army claimed to be familiar with the country and professed to be friendly to his army, yet he could not put any confidence in them either as guides or friends. Soon after the arrival at the Burnt village Capt. Early's company of Spies (among whom was Abraham Lincoln as a private) came into camp and reported that they had struck the main trail of the fleeing Indians, not two hours old, some three miles further up Rock river. An early march was determined upon for the next morning, but before they were in line two of the regular soldiers, who were fishing near the camp, were fired upon from the opposite shore of the river, dangerously wounding one of them, and two Indians were seen running away from the spot where the gun shots were fired. A detachment of the mounted volunteers were sent up the river to look for the Indians' trail reported by Capt. Early, while Col. Fry's regiment, with the regulars, commenced the erection of bridges across the river, which was probably three feet deep and easily forded, but this was never thought of. After proceeding up the river about fifteen miles, this exploring party found no trace of any fresh Indian trail, and returned and so reported. On crossing Rock river, the troops came upon the quicksand region, then called "trembling land," the surface of which was so thoroughly and tenaciously sodded as to bear the weight of a horse, but the wagon wheels of their loaded wagons cut through as if the support had been merely paper. Gov. Ford says: "The horses would some times, on the thinner portions, force a foot through and fall to the shoulder or ham; yet so great is the tenacity of the upper surface that in no instance was there trouble in getting out. In some places the weight of the earth forces a stream of water upwards, which, carrying with it and depositing large quantities of sand, forms a mound. The mound, increasing in weight as it enlarges, increases the pressure upon the water below, presenting the novel sight of a fountain in the prairie, pouring its stream down the side of a mound, there to be absorbed by the sand and returned to the waters below."

The next day rafts were constructed, on which Capt. Early's company were crossed over to what the Winnebagoes had assured Gen. Atkinson was an island on which Black Hawk with his band were fortified. Two companies of regulars were also sent over on rafts to support Capt. Early, under command of Capt. Noel, who formed his command across the island in open order, while Early scoured over the island without finding either Indians or fortifications. He, however, reported the discovery of the trail of a large body of Indians. But Col. Wm. S. Hamilton, with his command of Sioux and Menominees, had carefully examined the island and failed to find any trace of a fresh Indian trail. Capt. Early seemed always a little too *early* in finding Indian trails. Upon a thorough investigation of this little island no tracks of Indians could be found except of the two who had fired on the two soldiers a couple of days before. Several weeks had come and gone since the army started from Dixon, and no enemy had been found. Nor were there any more apparent prospects of finding them. In the meantime the Illinois volunteers had grown tired of soldier life, and many had gone home on furlough, while others had gone without as much as asking for a furlough. An examination of the muster rolls showed the absentees amounted to nearly one half. The word "deserted" seldom occurs, but in lieu thereof the words "Supposed to be discharged," "Name omitted on muster roll," "Ordered to Dixon," and "Absent without leave" are substituted. In one instance "He says he has to plow" is used. Such entries as the above are as plentiful as "On furlough," while the word "Sick" seldom occurs.

Some had entered the service on account of the novelty of playing the part of the soldier, little dreaming of its trials, privations and dangers, anticipating a jolly good time, with nothing to do but draw rations and tell or listen to good stories. Now with a full appreciation of its hardships and privations in a, to them, God-forsaken wilderness, against a treacherous savage foe, long marches beneath a scorching sun, sickness, the loss of their favorite, and in many instances, only horse, restraint and forced submission to the arrogance of their officers became irksome and oppressive. All these causes combined, produced not only a serious diminution in numbers, but an indifference to,—aye, a stubborn hate of the service. They were many miles from their base of supplies, without proper transportation, or any immediate prospects of their condition being bettered, and already short of

provisions. Indifferent and extravagant in the husbanding of their provisions, they were frequently without food for a day or more at a time. Now they had but about four days' rations all around, though carefully applied, hence, the volunteer army were like morning dew, fast evaporating, and a mutiny was imminent. Fortunately, there were neither desertions or complaints among the regulars. They were familiar with privations and hardships, hence they husbanded their provisions, and performed their duty without murmur. Gen. Atkinson found himself and army in such a critical condition on account of provisions and supplies, surrounded with murmurings and complainings, that he was forced to fall back from his advanced position, although he was then within a few miles of Black Hawk and band.

On the 10th day of July, Col. Jno. Ewing's regiment was sent back to Dixon to escort Capt. Dunn, who had been accidentally shot by a sentinel at the Burnt Village, and seriously if not dangerously wounded. Gen. Posey's brigade was sent to Fort Hamilton to guard the frontier in that locality, and Generals Henry and Alexander and Maj. Dodge with their commands were sent to Fort Winnebago, situated between Fox and Wisconsin rivers, for provisions. Generals Atkinson and Brady, with the regulars and detachments of volunteers fell back to Lake Kush-ka-nong, where they erected a small fort, (Fort Kushkanong), and awaited the return of Generals Henry and Alexander with provisions and supplies from Fort Winnebago. Col. Zachary Taylor, with a few regulars, including Lieut. Jefferson Davis, were sent to Fort Crawford,* farther up the Mississippi, where he assumed command of the garrison. Thus was the numerous army which had been brought so recently together at the Burnt Village, scattered and broken into fragments by the universal foe to the human race—hunger—never again to be united.

Generals Alexander and Henry, with their brigades, each about one thousand strong, and Maj. Dodge with his battalion, of some two hundred, all mounted volunteers, were three days in making the short distance of eighty miles. On good roads and fair conditions this would be considered very slow traveling for cavalry, but in this case there were no roads, but on the contrary their course led through an almost trackless wilderness of swamps, creeks, ponds and sloughs, with occasional dense forests of brush and thickets. On the night of the 12th, on a beautifully undulating strip of prairie, but a few miles from their destination, their

* At Prairie du Chien.

horses, being tired and jaded by their long journey, were turned loose to graze and refresh themselves upon the succulent sage grass, while their riders pitched their tents near by. All was quiet until about "the noon of night," when mankind are supposed to be wrapped in sleep, when all of a sudden about one thousand horses commenced a most furious snorting and made a dash directly for the encampment of their all unconscious owners. As well might the sentinel attempt to stem the current of the Mississippi with an egg-shell as to turn the course or stop the speed of these stampeded horses, which rushed on directly for the camp, overturning tents, breaking camp stools and fixtures without halting, and away with the speed of the wind, still snorting and running like the wild horse of Mazeppa, through the woods, prairies and swamps in the direction of Fort Winnebago, striking a causeway of some three miles in length leading to the fort, many of them broke their legs or necks. Fully one-tenth of these stampeded horses were lost, killed or permanently injured. Very fortunately none of the soldiers were seriously injured by the mad charge of their infuriated horses, notwithstanding they were soundly sleeping when the stampede began. Many of these frightened horses ran from thirty to fifty miles that night. Striking the Wisconsin river changed their general course and tended to divide them up into small parties. Those not killed or wounded by the mad flight were practically unfit for immediate service.

While it was supposed that this stampede was caused by the appearance among them of some skulking Indian or Indians with intent to steal some of the horses, the real cause of the stampede is a mystery to the present time. Maj. Dodge's battalion escaped the stampede, but from over-marching he injured and crippled the horses of his command even more seriously than the others. He reached the fort several hours before Henry and Alexander. Here they were detained a couple of days in securing and loading the required supplies and arranging for its transportation to the headquarters of Gen. Atkinson. When these arrangements were complete and this army was on the eve of starting back to Fort Kushkanong, they were informed by a couple of Winnebago chiefs that Black Hawk's band was at the Manitou Village, on Rock river, some thirty-five miles above Kushkanong, the then headquarters of Gen. Atkinson. Believing this news true, and fearing the escape of Black Hawk's band across the Mississippi, if not at once attacked or driven back,

these three commanders, Henry, Dodge and Alexander held an impromptu council of war—imprudently omitting to invite the other field officers to confer with them—and like the three tailors of Tooley street, who resolved that they were the people of England,—decided that they were the army. Gen. Henry and Maj. Dodge were strongly in favor of pursuing Black Hawk and leaving the main army under Generals Brady and Atkinson to shift for themselves or starve, while Gen. Alexander, who had received his military education under Gen. Jackson, was too much of a disciplinarian and too good a soldier to disobey orders, to say nothing of the manifest impropriety—yea, inhumanity—of not returning to his companions in arms with the provisions of which they were sorely in want. This council was held on the 14th of July, and Gen. Henry and Maj. Dodge, believing that the condition of affairs was such as to justify their action in pursuing Black Hawk, determined to transcend,—if not to directly disobey,—orders, and make the attempt to capture Black Hawk and his band. While Gen. Alexander would not for a moment consent to accompany them on this contemplated expedition, which he characterized as a “wild goose chase after a Jack-o’-the-lantern,” Henry and Dodge proceeded at once to make the necessary arrangements to start the next morning, July 15. To do this their respective commands must be practically reorganized on account of their loss of horses, for to be of any practical use they must move rapidly and strike the decisive blow quickly, hence they had no use for infantry, and those of their commands—and they were many—who had been unfortunate in the disabling of their horses in the stampede, were of necessity prevented from joining the expedition and forced to either remain at Fort Winnebago or return with Gen. Alexander’s brigade on foot to the main army at Fort Kushkanong.

Both Henry and Dodge set themselves to work in the reorganization of their commands with a will and earnest zeal, but soon made a startling discovery which well nigh defeated their entire plans and scheme, and seemed to present an insuperable difficulty—that, too, of the most delicate character—which was a widespread feeling of mutiny among their soldiers. Nor was this feeling confined to the ranks, but extended through their subaltern officers. The fact that Gen. Alexander had positively refused to join the contemplated expedition no doubt exerted a powerful influence over the soldiers of Gen. Henry’s command, and to some extent over Maj. Dodge’s; but there was another difficulty with

the latter's command which seemed to place an insurmountable barrier in his path. For some reason never fully explained, and now inexplicable, the horses of Maj. Dodge's command were nearly all disabled in their journey thither over the "corduroy road" before mentioned, so that in looking them over he was horrified at the discovery that he could scarcely raise a corporal's guard of mounted men out of his entire command of 200 brave and stalwart "Michiganders."

This was a crushing blow to the lofty spirit of the gallant Dodge, afterwards Governor of Wisconsin and United States Senator. But "every cloud has its silver lining," which proved true in this case, for within a few minutes after he had made this depressing discovery a bugle was heard but a short distance off, which heralded the approach of Capt. Jonathan Craig at the head of a splendidly-mounted company of Jo Davies county volunteers, sixty-five strong, coming to join his battalion. When Maj. Dodge fully realized that he then had a command who were well mounted on fresh and spirited horses his joy knew no bounds, while his true and faithful soldiers, who saw in this timely arrival what they very reasonably construed to be a Divine Providence, shouted themselves hoarse. Adding these 65 mounted men to those he already had, he succeeded in organizing, out of 265 men, 120 fairly mounted soldiers. Gen. Henry's command was 1,200 strong when he left Dixon but a few short weeks before, but all he could now raise and properly mount was about 600. Nor were these properly mounted. Many of the horses were unfit for anything like severe duty, besides the lukewarm feeling of his men and their reluctance to go upon the contemplated expedition. Indeed, their communication and conference with Gen. Alexander's men, together with their fixed belief that they were being urged to violate the orders of the commander-in-chief, Gen. Atkinson, rendered them ripe for open mutiny and rebellion against the orders of their brigade commander, notwithstanding they admired and respected Gen. Henry. To add to his annoyance all his subaltern commissioned officers, except the intrepid Col. Jacob Fry,* united in signing a written protest against this contemplated expedition, as an open violation of Gen. Atkinson's orders. But what Gen. Henry resolved to do he did, if within the power of man to do. He was a born soldier and leader of men—brave and firm even to severity. He forthwith ordered every one of those who

*See engraving and biographical sketch, *post*.

had signed the protest under military arrest for insubordination, with the further order that they be conducted to the headquarters of Gen. Atkinson, whom he felt sure would justify the expedition when the whole condition of affairs were explained. This prompt and vigorous action overawed and completely humbled the malcontents, and Lieut.-Col. Smith, of Col. Fry's regiment, the presenter of the protest, denied all knowledge of its contents when he signed it, and begged a few minutes' time for conference with the other signers before being marched to the guard house. His request being granted, a consultation was hurriedly held, and resulted satisfactorily to all parties concerned. The subalterns recanted, apologized and begged restoration, which was promptly granted, and a full and complete reconciliation followed. From that moment to the close of the campaign no similar or, indeed, other misunderstanding occurred between Gen. Henry and his subalterns. Gen. Alexander, with his brigade, returned with the provisions to the main army at Fort Kuskagnong, while Henry and Dodge started after Black Hawk, which proved to be a long, troublesome and fruitless undertaking.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Black Hawk Flies before the Army of Gen. Henry and Seeks Shelter on an Island in the Wisconsin River—His Pathway Strewed with the Bones of His Band who Perished of Hunger—By Superior Military Skill, he held the Army of Gen. Henry in Check for some Eight Hours with only Fifty Braves—The Skirmish near the Wisconsin.

The children of Shem through the wilderness fled
Pursued by the sons of Japheth.
Their pathway was strewn with the bones of their dead;
Sad emblems of anguish and death.
For hollow-eyed famine, privation and care—
As well as the guns of their foe,—
Had lessened their number, polluting the air,
To batten the buzzard and crow.

The prompt and decisive action of Gen. Henry in placing his subalterns under arrest, and their immediate restoration, was a master stroke of policy, and restored order and subordination in his brigade. Although but a comparative youth, he was every inch a soldier, and the possessor of a fine knowledge of human nature, united with much tact and undaunted courage. Maj. Dodge was his superior, however, in military experience. He had seen service and was well skilled in military movements and tactics, and familiar from long association with Indian character, habits and modes of warfare. He, too, was brave, self-reliant and daring, and possessed to a high degree that rare quality so essential to a military commander—the art of winning, and then holding the confidence of his soldiers. Such, in brief, were the two bold, brave men who took upon themselves the grave responsibility of transcending, if not violating the order of their superior officer, believing the exigencies of the case justified their action. They started out from Fort Winnebago on the 15th of July, through an unknown and trackless wilderness, in pursuit of the terror of the country—Black Hawk—with a couple of treacherous Winnebagoes, White Pawnee, a chief, and Paquette, a half-breed, as guides. Neither baggage trains or ambulance wagons graced their army.

Their commissary stores of hard-tack and bacon were deposited and transported in their leather saddle-bags, then in general use. From Fort Winnebago they struck out for the head waters of Rock river, but were compelled to march around swamps, ponds, lagoons and deep ravines, and struggle through dense forests of underbrush, thickets and briars, impeding their march and losing some of their horses. Three days of hard marching brought them to the banks of that beautiful small river, then called "Rocky river," whose banks, at the point where they struck it, are low, its water clear, bottom covered with rocks and rising on either side into beautiful rolling prairie, with occasional forests free of underbrush. Here they fell in with three other Winnebagoes, who were really Black Hawk's spies, but assumed friendship for the white soldiers, and informed them Black Hawk was encamped at Cranberry Lake, some miles further up the river.

Believing this news, Gen. Henry resolved to make a forced march thither. It then being near sunset an encampment was made for the night. But before dark Gen. Henry, keenly alive to his dangerous position, and his duty to keep his superior officer, Gen. Atkinson, advised of his movements, dispatched Drs. Merriman, of Springfield, Illinois, and W. W. Woodbridge, of Michigan, to Fort Kushkanong with tidings of where he was, together with all the information he had gained relative to the enemy and his movements. These two doctors, with a Winnebago chief called Little Thunder as their guide, had not proceeded but about eight miles to the southwest ere they struck the fresh trail of Black Hawk and band moving towards the Four Lakes, evidently intending to cross the Wisconsin river and make his escape to the Mississippi in that direction. If the doctors were surprised at this discovery, Little Thunder, their treacherous guide, was struck with terror. But a short hour before he had told Gen. Henry that Black Hawk was many miles in the other direction for the purpose of throwing him off the track, but now his treachery was exposed, and well he knew his worthless life was forfeited. Hence he fled directly back to Gen. Henry's camp to notify his fellow conspirators, the Winnebagoes, of the discovery and exposure of their perfidy. Of course he spoke to them in their own language, and they were in the act of stealing away, when Merriman and Woodbridge, who knew the importance of the discovery and were fearful their treacherous guide had gone direct to Black Hawk, leaving them not only in the dark but also in an unknown country,

immediately made their way back to the encampment, where they arrived just in time to prevent the escape of the Winnebagoes. Maj. Murray McConnell, the celebrated Jacksonville lawyer, promptly arrested the conspiring Winnebagoes, and conducted them to Gen. Henry's tent, where they confessed that they came to his camp for the purpose of throwing him off the track of Black Hawk to enable him to effect an escape. Being reminded of the danger they had incurred, with a view to save their lives, they frankly, freely and fully told all they knew about Black Hawk and his movements.

Prudent as well as brave, Gen. Henry kept the treachery of his guides from his men, well knowing they would wreak summary vengeance on them, in spite of anything, if they knew it. Early the next morning, July 19, the same messengers resumed their trip to Gen. Atkinson's headquarters. Discarding and leaving behind them all heavy baggage, tents and camp equipage, the army were on the march early that morning. Many of the men left their blankets and clothes, except such as were on their backs—especially so with those who had lost their horses—taking their guns, ammunition and provisions on their shoulders, traveling over hills, dales and swamps, through forests and thickets, they kept well up with those on horseback. Elated over the prospect of overtaking and killing or capturing the Sauks, the soldiers were in fine spirits, and when they struck the fresh, broad trail left by the retreating Indians, lined with the evidences of famine, and witnessed the red elm trees freshly denuded of bark, and saw numerous places where they had dug in the earth for succulent roots, and had passed by a number of dead papposes, with now and then the corpse of an old squaw or Indian, all bearing evidence of starvation, they felt assured of their game and pressed forward with avidity. Even their horses seemed to be in sympathy with their riders and increased their pace unurged. Not a murmur of complaint escaped the lips of any. Notwithstanding a terrific thunder storm in the afternoon, the entire army kept up its rapid march, through swamps and tangled thickets, over prairies and woodlands, making fifty long miles ere they halted to rest. Gen. Henry and Maj. McConnell setting the example, the horsemen often dismounted to relieve those on foot by giving them a ride. The storm, which set in furiously at about 4 p. m., continued without cessation until 2 a. m. the next day. A dry spot could not be found, but the eager soldiers grumbled not. They dropped down

supperless upon the soaking, wet ground, and soon slept soundly, being completely worn out by the arduous day's march. Fires were out of the question in the heavy rain storm. Some of them nibbled a little raw meat and hard tack, now rendered soft tack by the drenching rain. Nor were their horses in any better condition. Grain they had not, and the grass where they encamped was of a very inferior quality; besides they were confined closely to the limits of the camp. The sun rose bright and the heavens were free of clouds on the morrow, and all were on the march at the coming of his rays. That day's march brought them to the banks of one of the Four Lakes, forming the source of Catfish river, and near the previous night's encampment of the Indians. Here the soldiers built fires and cooked and ate hearty suppers. They had made nearly one hundred miles in these two days' march without cooking food. Supper dispatched, they again threw themselves upon the ground. Many of them had no other than "a piece of the sky" for their blankets; but fatigue supplied the place and all slept like kings and dreamed of victory over the Indians the following day.

During that night one of the sentinels detected an Indian gliding his canoe stealthily and silently towards the shore, and fired at him. In an instant every man sprang to arms. Nothing could be seen in the starlight on the lake's surface save a small black spot,—Mr. Indian having shot his canoe away from that locality with a will. No other alarm was given through the night, and with the coming of day the army was again on the march of death with increased ardor, delighted with the glorious landscape views of that beautiful locality, than which no more enchanting ones exist in the Northwest, which then slumbered in all its majesty of pristine loveliness. But not long did these men with a mission stop to contemplate this glorious scenery. For beauty they were not searching. They had grown weary and somewhat reckless, so that the sergeants frequently called out, "dress up your ranks!" What, between the long marches, poor food, and the continuous excitement of these days and nights, their vigorous systems were giving out. But every sign showed a fresh track, and their horses were urged to a good round trot. The horsemen carrying the arms and accoutrements of those on foot; the latter being forced into a keen run to keep up.

That genial, noble-hearted Maj. Ewing, commanded the spy battalion, which was united with that of Maj. Dodge, and led the

van. Between this spy battallion and Henry's brigade, Maj. Murray McConnell kept about midway so as to readily communicate whatever might transpire in advance to the main column in his rear. At about noon, the spy battallion caught sight of the rear guard of Black Hawk. For many miles back the trail of the retreating Indians had been lined with their camp kettles and baggage of every kind, to disencumber them in their flight, the sight of which assured the pursuers of their close proximity, and encouraged them in their pursuit. Suddenly the advance guard came upon a couple of Indians who had been sent back to reconnoitre. With all their native caution and prudence, these Indians had suffered the advance guard of the spy battallion to steal a complete march on them, without seeing them until they were fired upon and one of them killed. The other made good his escape. The scouts passed on leaving the dead body of the Indian where it fell, untouched. But soon after it fell—as thousands of others had done before, and have done since—into the hands of a doctor, not for the dissecting table or knife, but for the scalping-knife, in imitation of the less intelligent, but not less savagely savage. Having secured this scalp, the doctor paraded it before the army with great apparent satisfaction as an evidence of his courage, but not for long; when the scout who killed and saw this Indian after death, on going to the place where he fell, found him scalped, at once fixed this act of savagery on the doctor, and proceeded to tear the wolf skin from his would-be lion's shoulders, exhibiting him in his true colors. Dr. Phillis quit scalping dead Indians thereafter, and boasting of it. They were now approaching the Wisconsin river, over which Black Hawk was bending all his energy to place his famishing women and children, who had been fleeing with all possible speed for several days, as badly frightened as a flock of sheep from the pursuit of a gang of hungry wolves. It was not one war party or body of soldiers pursuing another. It was a large body of soldiers chasing a few women and children through the wilderness where they were not within the boundaries of any treaty by which the United States had extinguished the Indian title, as has been shown by the several treaties heretofore given in this history. On the failure of the powder plot at Fort Armstrong, April 12th, Black Hawk's band passed up Rock river into the territory of the Pottawattamies, where the dastardly assault was made upon his bearers of the angel-winged flag of peace on the 14th of May,

which he resented. Had he not so done he would have been wanting in manhood and courage. Having then made a desperate effort to enlist the Pottawattamies to his cause, he fled up Rock river to the Four Lakes, away up in Michigan. With the solitary exception of Apple River Fort, which he attacked in search of provisions, he had not been the attacking or aggressive party to any act of war or violence. His six men who were sent out to watch the movements of the white soldiers were pursued into Prairie Grove by Capt. Stephenson and attacked. Capt. Snyder was the attacking party at Burr Oak Grove, and caught a Tartar, which he was glad to drop.

At Kellogg's Grove Maj. Dement's men not only sought him, but attacked and chased his guards into the midst of his little band of braves, who were on a hunting and reconnoitering expedition. This occurred four weeks before the time of which we are now writing. All the murders committed on the frontiers, as before shown, were the work of the Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes to avenge personal grievances; but, like every robbery or crime recently committed in the southwest has been charged to the James or Younger brothers, these outrages were charged against Black Hawk. He was a warrior, not a bandit, and never during his long and eventful career did he war upon women and children. From an Indian standpoint he was too tender-hearted; from the white man's and Christians, his life and character, when fully understood, approximated that of a genuine patriot as nearly as that of any other name found on the pages of history. He was at this time, with his faithful, gallant little band beyond the limits of the State of Illinois by a hundred miles, and in the territory of his cousins, the Winnebagoes, with all his worldly goods, as their guests, and in a section of country where there were no white people to scare or molest. Hence, his people were entitled to immunity from molestation of every kind in as high a degree as would a private family visiting friends. The presence and association of his women and children meant that his mission was anything but war. The world's history records not the name of any military leader who led to battle his hosts accompanied by their wives and children, be he white, black or red. The bare thought is repugnant to the feelings of every reasonable, thinking person. Such, in brief, were the antecedent facts and circumstances connected with these poor Indian families when they were attacked by the overwhelming

forces under Gen. Henry and Majors Dodge and Ewing, July 21, 1832, with the additional fact, before noted, that they were not only famishing of hunger, but had strewn their pathway with numerous dead papposes and aged persons for nearly a hundred miles before reaching the bank of the Wisconsin river.

All these facts should be considered in arriving at some kind of conception of the horrors of the condition Black Hawk was in when the attack was made on his women and children, for we treat the whole band as an aggregation of families—not warriors. On pressed the volunteer army with the fierceness of the Siberian bloodhound upon the track of their prey, without thinking, or for a moment stopping to think, what they were pursuing. Like the wild beast, which has tasted of human blood, they pressed on, on, on to destroy these fleeing Indians,—no matter if they were surrounded by their wives and innocent children. Black Hawk's entire force was less than 200 braves and warriors, who were all Sauks and had accompanied him from the west side of the Mississippi in April. His accessions or recruits from the Pottawatamies and Kickapoos deserted him when they became assured that his cause was hopeless, and Neapope, whom Black Hawk left with twenty-five Sauk braves to operate as spies and impede the march of Gen. Henry, so as to allow Black Hawk time to reach the Wisconsin with the women and children, and thence down that river by canoes and across the Mississippi, instead of doing so fled to the principal village of the Winnebagoes and basely deserted.

The advanced guards of Gen. Henry's spies had gone but a short distance after killing the Indian, as before stated, ere they came in contact with the rear guard of the retreating Indians, who fired a few shots as if intending to hold their position, but only remained until the pursuers formed in line of battle to charge upon them, when away went the Indians until another thicket or favorable place for ambush was found, when the same tactics were repeated. In this way the wily old chief led Gen. Henry miles and miles, keeping him constantly forming lines of battle to find empty thickets.

Here and in this way

“ He practiced every pass and ward
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard.”

Showing abilities not surpassed by the most skillful military commander of the world.

He was the Leonidas of the western hemisphere, defending his women and children with Spartan bravery on the banks of the Wisconsin river, with a few scattering trees and occasional thickets as his only shields or shelters for a Thermopylæ. Instead of 300 well-fed Greeks, disencumbered even of ordinary baggage, he had but the shadows of 200 Indians, encumbered with 1,200 skeleton women and children, with not only his camp equipage, but all the worldly goods of his band. We say shadows of Indians and skeleton women and children, for such were their physical condition for want of food and rest. They had subsisted on the bark of the red or slippery elm trees, roots and the carcasses of dead ponies for weeks, and were in a famishing condition when overtaken by the army of Gen. Henry near the banks of the Wisconsin river on that day, at about 12 m., with fully 1,000 soldiers, including the Indian allies, accompanying the commands of Henry and Dodge.

In this way Black Hawk's rear guard kept making temporary stands, and as the pursuers approached in line of battle, they fell back again to the next copse or thicket and stood their ground, to again startle their pursuers with the whistling of their bullets in close proximity to the heads of the advance skirmishers, causing the formation of another line of battle. In this way hours were spent in making a short mile, when the fleeing band reached the bluffs of the Wisconsin, which were broken into deep ravines with abrupt banks, or hills, studded with trees and underbrush. At this point, the Wisconsin river is quite wide, as well as deep; though less swift of current than the Mississippi, it is nearly as wide. Here the main body of the sadly afflicted and painfully suffering women were overtaken by their implacable foe and the massacre began. While advancing through the high grass, with here and there a tree, the advance guard of the spy battalion of Maj. Ewing were suddenly fired upon by a considerable number of Indians concealed therein. He gave an order for his men to dismount and send their horses to the rear. Hearing the discharge of fire-arms, Gen. Henry rushed forward with his command at a gallop, and formed in line of battle. The Indians in the meantime kept up a desultory fire from behind trees, logs, and brush, so that they could not be seen by the attacking party.

In the order of battle, Col. Jones' regiment was formed on the right, Collins' on the left and Fry's in the rear to act as a

reserve, with Maj. Ewing's battalion in front and Dodge's on the right, when a charge was ordered, and promptly obeyed, but when the soldiers reached the place whence the firing came but a few minuets before, they found no Indians there. They had again retreated, but soon concentrated immediately in front of Maj. Dodge's battallion, whose course was leading him immediately upon the Indian women and children; hence, Black Hawk concentrated his forces at that point, to save the lives of these sufferers. This movement was construed by Maj. Dodge to be an effort to turn his flank, and when Gen. Henry ordered him to charge, he requested reinforcements before obeying the order. Thereupon Gen. Henry ordered the reserve force under Col. Fry to Dodge's assistance, who formed in line of battle on Dodge's right, when a vigorous charge was made all along the line. The few Indians able to bear arms were lying concealed in the woods and brush, immediately before Col. Fry's regiment, and when about to be run over and trampled to death, they sprang up, fired, and again retreated to another position among the trees, brush and weeds at the head of a large ravine leading to the river, where they again made a stand. A new line of battle was formed, when the battalion of Maj. Ewing, with the regiments of Colonels Collins and Jones made another charge, to find the place where they had been, but were not, for again they had fled back down the ravine to the river bottom, which at this point was about a mile wide, and covered with tall grass, weeds and swamps. It was now near sunset, and Gen. Henry called a halt and went into camp for the night—his men sleeping on their arms, expecting a night attack.

And this was called the "Battle of Wisconsin," in which Gov. Ford says, "the Indian loss was ascertained after the battle to have been sixty-eight left dead on the field and a large number wounded, of whom twenty-five were afterwards found dead along the Indian trail leading to the Mississippi," while the loss of Gen. Henry was Thomas J. Short, of Randolph county, killed, and eight men wounded, but none fatally.

Gov. Reynolds, it will be remembered, accompanied the army from Dixon to the Burnt Village in Michigan. The only incident occurring worthy of note was the killing of the old blind Sauk, who had been either left by his band or strayed off and got lost in the wilderness, by Gen. Alexander's brigade, while the poor old soul was appeasing his hunger on the hard-tack given him by the

regulars, and the firing upon a couple of soldiers who were fishing in White river by a couple of Indians (probably Winnebagoes) from an island where the army was divided up. Here he had seen enough of war and "relics of barbarism in immolating dogs to appease the Great Spirit," and hied him home to Belleville.

In his description of what has always been misnamed the battle of the Wisconsin, he says: "During part of the battle an Indian General, supposed to be Neapope, posted himself (riding a white horse) on a high knoll near the Indian warriors, and gave commands in a loud and thundering voice that could be heard distinctly amid the roar of the firearms and din of battle. At the commencement of the action all the Winnebagoes, including Paquette and Little Thunder escaped and left the Americans in the wilderness, without knowing where to go for provisions.

* * * That night, after the battle, the same warrior who rode the white horse and commanded the Indians took a stand on a high hill near the Americans' camp, at about 3 A. M., and spoke in a loud voice in the Winnebago language, which the army did not understand, and the Winnebagoes had all fled. Gen. Henry construed this harrangue to be orders to his men, and prepared for battle. He ceased to speak near daylight and disappeared. It was Neapope suing for peace. He supposed there were Winnebagoes in Henry's army. He said Black Hawk sued for peace; that they were not able to fight the Americans; they were worn down and starving, and would return to the west side of the Mississippi and remain thereafter in peace with the whites."

Gov. Ford's version of this speech is as follows: "That night Henry's camp was disturbed by the voice of an Indian loudly sounding, as if giving orders or desiring a conference. It afterwards appeared that this was the voice of an Indian chief, speaking in the Winnebago language, stating that the Indians had their squaws and families with them, that they were starving for provisions and were not able to fight the white people, and if permitted to pass peacefully over the Mississippi they would do no more mischief. * * * No Winnebagoes were present, they having run at the commencement of the action, and so his language was never explained until after the close of the war."

It is self-evident that the whole affair of the Wisconsin river was a mere series of skirmishes, and that the putting of the fatalities on the side of the Indians at sixty-eight killed and left on the ground and twenty-five wounded "unto death" was guess work,

and from all the attending circumstances given, when the Indians never made a stand and were constantly under cover of trees, logs and brush, it was a wild guess. The real number of Indians killed that entire day was just six, including the one Dr. Philleo scalped, while the statement of the desertion of the Winnebagoes from Henry's army "at the commencement of the action" is simply untrue. The proof of its falsehood is at hand, and will be found in the issue of the *St. Louis Republican* of August 1, 1832. It is a letter written on the day following the so-called battle of Wisconsin by Maj. Dodge to Capt. Loomis, then in command of Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien, viz :

"CAMP WISCONSIN, July 22, 1832."

"We met the enemy yesterday near the Wisconsin river, and opposite the old Sauk village, after a close pursuit of near one hundred miles. Our loss was one man killed and eight wounded. From the scalps taken by the Winnebagoes, as well as those taken by the whites, and the Indians carried from the field of battle, we must have killed about forty of them. The number wounded is not known; we can only judge from the number killed that many were wounded. From their crippled situation, I think we must overtake them, unless they descend the Wisconsin by water. If you could place a field piece immediately on the Wisconsin that would command the river, you might prevent their escape by water. Gen. Atkinson will arrive at the Blue Mounds on the 24th with the regulars and a brigade of mounted men. I will cross the Wisconsin to-morrow, and should the enemy retreat by land, he will probably attempt crossing some twenty miles above Prairie du Chien. In that event, the mounted men would want some boats for the transportation of their arms, ammunition and provisions. If you could procure for us some Mackinaw boats, in that event, as well as some provision supplies, it would greatly facilitate our views. Excuse great haste.

"I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

"H. DODGE.

"Colonel, commanding Michigan Mounted Volunteers."

From this letter are we informed that the Winnebagoes did *not* "escape or run away," but on the contrary they aided and assisted Maj. Dodge, who, from this letter, ignores the existence of Gen. Henry and Colonels Fry, Collins and Jones, as well as Maj. Ewing and the entire brigade and battalion of Illinois

Mounted Volunteers, and claimed for himself all the glory of the misnamed battle of the Wisconsin, aided by the savage Winnebagoes who assisted the whites in taking the scalps of the Sauks. "I will cross the Wisconsin to-morrow," says he, but says nothing of the main army under his ranking officer, Gen. Henry, and the then Colonels above named. But the boasting Dodge did not cross the Wisconsin the next day. On the contrary, the entire force immediately fell back to Blue Mounds and did not cross the Wisconsin river until five days after.

Gov. Ford takes considerable pains to show by this letter from Maj. Dodge that he unjustly attempted to arrogate to himself the glory of this so-called victory, but, of all military honor we have ever heard of, this is among the least desirable. Let Dodge have it. Instead of a victory, it was a most inglorious defeat. Not only did Black Hawk with fifty Indians who were scarcely able to stand up from hunger, and without arms or ammunition, completely baffle and out-general the white commanders, but accomplished all he hoped or expected to do, to-wit: held them at bay for one entire half day, with the loss of but a half dozen men, when the odds were fifteen against one, to say nothing of the dastardly acts of white soldiers making savages of themselves by condescending to scalp their victims. The cowardly Neapope was not with the band at the Wisconsin, and the story of his riding a white horse and stationing himself on a hill or elevated spot, and giving his commands in thunder tones, is a mere chimerica. Black Hawk, whose story was published in 1834, and long before either Gov. Ford or Gov. Reynolds published theirs, says, (autobiography pp 106-7 and 8: "During our encampment at the Four Lakes, we were hard pressed to obtain enough to eat to support nature. Situated in a swampy, marshy country, (which was selected in consequence of the great difficulty required to gain access thereto), there was but little game of any kind to be found and fish were equally scarce. The great distance to any settlement, and the impossibility of bringing supplies therefrom, if any could have been obtained, deterred our young men from making further attempts. We were forced to dig roots and bark trees to obtain something to satisfy hunger, and keep us alive. Several of our old people became so reduced as to actually die of hunger. Learning that the army had commenced moving, and fearing that they might come upon and surround our encampment, I concluded to remove our women and children across the Mississippi, that they might return to the Sac nation again.

“Accordingly, on the next day we commenced moving, with five Winnebagoes acting as our guides, intending to descend the Wisconsin. Neapope, with a party of twenty-five warriors remained in our rear to watch for the enemy, whilst we were proceeding to the Wisconsin with our women and children. We arrived and had commenced crossing over to an island, when we discovered a large body of the enemy coming toward us. We were now compelled to fight or sacrifice our wives and children to the fury of the whites. I met them with fifty warriors (having left the balance to assist our women and children in crossing) about a mile from the river, when an attack immediately commenced. I was mounted on a fine horse, and was pleased to see my warriors so brave. I addressed them in a loud voice, telling them to stand their ground and never yield it to the enemy. At this time I was on the rise of a hill, where I wished to form my warriors that we might have some advantage over the whites. But the enemy succeeded in gaining this point, which compelled us to fall into a deep ravine, from which we continued firing at them and they at us until it began to grow dark. My horse having been wounded twice during this engagement, and, fearing from his loss of blood that he would soon give out, and finding that the enemy would not come near enough to receive our fire in the dark of that evening, and knowing that our women and children had sufficient time to reach the island in the Wisconsin, I ordered my warriors to return by different routes and meet me at the Wisconsin, and was astonished to find that the enemy were not disposed to pursue us. In this skirmish with fifty braves I defended and accomplished my passage over the Wisconsin with a loss of only six men, though opposed by a host of mounted militia. I would not have fought them but to gain time for our women and children to cross to an island.

“A warrior will duly appreciate the embarrassments I labored under, and whatever may be the sentiments of the white people in relation to this battle, my nation, though fallen, will award me the reputation of a great brave in conducting it. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained by our party, but I am of the opinion that it was much greater in proportion than mine. We returned to the Wisconsin and crossed over to our people.”

From this statement of the old chief, it was he who “rode the white horse and gave his orders in thunder tones” instead of Neapope, and that the latter was not at those series of skirmishes

called the battle of the Wisconsin; and that the Indian loss in killed during the afternoon of June 21st was but six instead of 168, as stated by Messrs. Davidson and Stuvé in their usually accurate history of Illinois. Governors Reynolds and Ford put it at sixty-eight, while Maj. Dodge thinks that "from the scalps taken by the Winnebagoes, as well as those taken by the whites and those the Indians carried from the battlefield, *we* have killed forty of them." As a matter of fact the Indian loss was only guesswork on the American side, whose commanders had been signally and completely out-generaled and circumvented by Black Hawk, whose movements, feints, ruses, marches and counter-marches, charges and retreats, ambuscades and enflading fires had led them on a "Jack o' the lantern" chase, through weeds, brush, thickets and timber skirting the high bluffs of the Wisconsin river, until they were bewildered and uncertain whether they were sleeping or waking, on foot or on horseback, white or red. For about eight hours were they busy in forming lines of attack and charging upon the brush and tangled weeds which the Indians had left but a few moments before.

As a matter of fact Gen. Henry's army, although within a mile or so of the Wisconsin river at 12 A. M., did not reach its bank that day, nor the next. True, they reached the high bluff about sunset of the first day, but that was a full half mile from the river. Here they encamped for the night, and a busy night it proved to their tired limbs and highly excited nerves, for Black Hawk, like a mischievous spirit, not only haunted them in their dreams but kept them in such a state of alarm from midnight to daylight next day that the drums beat to arms time and time again to repel an expected immediate attack from the Indians. The cause of this continuous alarm was this: Black Hawk, on reaching the Wisconsin river with his old and infirm, women and children, and all their worldly possessions, found it impossible to flee farther by land, and his only chance left for escape was to descend that river by water to the Mississippi, but he had no canoes. These he hoped he could obtain from the Winnebagoes—in whose country he then was—in a short time. Full of resources, to gain time, he sent Neosho, his big medicine man, who possessed a voice that could be heard as far as the notes of a trumpet, to a high peak on the bluff near Henry's camp, where he climbed up to the upper limbs of a white oak tree and began to shout forth orders in the Winnebago tongue to imaginary

soldiers. forming them into lines of battle, then ordering them to charge upon the palefaces and spare none from the tomahawk and scalping-knife. These orders were interpreted to Gen. Henry's command, causing the most intense excitement from about midnight until daylight the next morning. Having been kept awake all night long Gen. Henry's command were in no condition for service or duty, and he beat a hasty retreat without even finding out that Black Hawk and his starving women and children had crossed to an island in the Wisconsin.

Thus ended this pursuit of these fleeing, terrified and starving Indians, who had reached a small Island in the Wisconsin river, in a famishing and pitiable condition, without food or the means of obtaining it. The water of the Wisconsin was at that time inimical to fish life, hence, they could not even obtain a single fish to sustain their famishing bodies. Thus were these children of Shem left in the most critical condition they had ever been. The clouds had closed in upon them on all sides without a single ray of reasonably well-grounded hope of escape. After ascertaining that their pursuers had left the immediate locality, but feeling assured that the relief of their absence was but temporary, and that they would soon return with renewed vigor and strength to renew the pursuit, Black Hawk found it impossible to obtain canoes sufficient to transport all his people down the Wisconsin, and therefor divided them up. One portion going down the river, the other endeavored to reach the Mississippi overland. Neapope and his twenty-five men left behind to watch the movements of the army, basely deserted and sought shelter and safety with the Winnebagoes. Blustering blatherskite, he was as cowardly, as noisy and as treacherous as blatant.

With reaching the Island in the Wisconsin, Black Hawk's band were completely subdued, not by war, but famine. Their wish and strong desire had been to return to their home west of the Mississippi, ever since they made the discovery that they had been deceived by the misrepresentations of Neapope about promised aid and assistance from the British and the Indian tribes of Illinois. As before shown, they could not descend Rock river, and now they were endeavoring to reach the Mississippi for the purpose of crossing it at any point soever they could.

Black Hawk says: "Here some of my people left me and descended the Wisconsin, hoping to escape to the west side of the Mississippi, that they might return home. I had no objection to

their leaving me, as my people were in a desperate condition, worn out with travelling, and starving with hunger. Our only hope to save ourselves, was to get across the Mississippi. But few of the party escaped. Unfortunately for them, a party of soldiers from Prairie du Chien, were stationed on the Wisconsin, a short distance from its mouth, who fired upon our distressed people. Some were killed, others drowned, several taken prisoner and the balance escaped to the woods and perished of hunger. Among this party, were a great many women and children. I was astonished to find that Neapope and his party of spies had not yet come in, they having been left in my rear to bring the news if the enemy were discovered. It appeared, however, that the whites had come in a different direction and intercepted our trail but a short distance from the place where we first saw them, leaving our spies considerable in the rear. Neapope and one other retired to the Winnebago village and there remained during the war. The balance of his party being brave men, and considering our situation as their own, returned and joined our ranks. Myself and band having no means to descend the Wisconsin, I started over a rugged country to go to the Mississippi, intending to cross it and return to my nation. Many of our people were compelled to go on foot for want of horses, which, in consequence of their having had nothing to eat for a long time, caused our march to be very slow. At length we arrived at the Mississippi, having lost some of our old men and little children, who perished on the way with hunger."

Such is the straight-forward, pitiful story of the desperate straights to which these poor people had been reduced by privation, fatigue and hollow-eyed famine, when, after fleeing and fighting for several days, they reached the Island of the Wisconsin, where their sufferings were increased for want of food. On the 23d of July, Gen. Henry's entire command started for the Blue Mounds, under the guidance of some Winnebagoes, which place they reached in safety, and there met Gen. Atkinson with the balance of the army, both regular and volunteer.

To add to the inefficiency and utter incompetency of Gen. Atkinson as a field commander, he was jealous of the volunteers, and illy brooked the thought that this branch of the service should have accomplished anything; hence, in arranging the order of his march from the Blue Mounds, Gen. Henry's brigade was placed in the extreme rear to perform baggage guard duty, while the spy battalion of Maj. Dodge was placed next in order toward the tail of "Grannie" Atkinson's military kite. But man proposes many foolish things which revert back like boomerangs, and such proved true in this case.

CHAPTER XXIX.

On to the Massacre—The Pathway is Indicated by Buzzards and Crows—The Sacred Flag of Peace again Fired upon by the Whites—Wonderful Military Ability of Black Hawk—Heroic Mothers Swimming the Mississippi with their Children on their Shoulders, or Carrying them in their Teeth—How Na-wa-se Saved her Child.

When gaunt-eyed famine's ghastly form
Rides on the wind and guides the storm;
When friends forsake and foes assail,
And sorrows come like pelting hail,
And hope recedes at every breath,
How gladly, then, we welcome death.

Gen. Atkinson assumed command of the army in April, and was from that time on devoting his time and talent to kill or capture Black Hawk, yet he had neither fought with or even seen Black Hawk or any member of his band up to the time he left Fort Kuskanong, July 25th, with an army of several thousand to follow the trail of Black Hawk's band of less than 200 warriors. Gen. Atkinson's army struck the Wisconsin river at Helena, a few miles below the island to which Gen. Henry had chased the Indians a few days previous. Here the army crossed the river on rafts, and spent a day in searching for Black Hawk's trail without finding it. The old chief, on leaving the little island to which he had been chased by the army of Gen. Henry, had most effectually broken his trail to throw off pursuit. A few Winnebagoes had accompanied the Sauks in their long flight before Henry's army, and knew where to find a few canoes, by means of which the women and children had safely reached the island, while Black Hawk and fifty braves held the soldiers at bay at the bluff.

By means of these few canoes a considerable portion of the women and children descended the Wisconsin river, while the others marched down that river in the shallow water near the edge for a distance of some ten miles, and then struck out to the north bank and followed it down some fifteen or twenty miles farther, where the band divided up—not into squads, but as individuals—and struck off for the high bluffs of the Mississippi in a northerly direction, but ere many miles they all came together again and

marched in a body. Upon reaching the north side of the Wisconsin river on the 26th, Gen. Atkinson dispatched a spy battalion up the river to pick up Black Hawk's trail leading from the island. After an all day's search they returned to Helena without tidings. Again were the volunteers thoroughly discouraged, and ready to revolt and disband.

It was supposed, and correctly so, that Black Hawk had struck off for the Mississippi, a distance of from sixty to eighty miles, with the view of recrossing it and returning to the Iowa river, whence he started about a month before. The prospect of this long march through a God-forsaken wilderness of swamps and hills had a decidedly depressing influence on these volunteer soldiers, with whom murmurings were deep and plentiful. But ere they had gone but about five miles down the north bank of the Wisconsin, they struck the trail of Black Hawk as it left the water to resume along down the bank. This at once restored their courage and good spirits. They now followed the trail readily, for, indeed, it was clearly pointed out to them by those scavengers of the forest—large flocks of blinking buzzards and carrion crows, which were feasting upon the dead bodies of the Indians and their ponies, which marked their trail. But after following down the river bank some fifteen miles, it seemed to dissolve into a confusion of individual trails. This would have bothered and delayed them badly but for the aforesaid buzzards and crows, which were seen circling around a certain spot away to the north. When the head of the army was pointed thither and upon reaching the spot indicated, several dead Indian bodies were found. From thence on to the Mississippi buzzards and crows were the pilots and guides of the pursuing army. The country over which the Indians had fled was decidedly of a wild and broken character. Now climbing a steep hill, then descending into deep ravines whose muddy bottoms seemed determined to detain and hold imprisoned whatever of animal life attempted to pass over them. Then came long lines of thickets interlaced with vines and bristling with briars and thorns. Three long and weary days were occupied in reaching the Mississippi. Provisions they had in abundance, but pasture for their horses was not only scarce, but for many miles at a stretch there was none. As a natural consequence many a fine horse broke completely down, and was left by its rider to die in the wilderness while the owner marched on foot. The deplorable condition of the fleeing Indians became

more apparent every mile, and in addition to the dead bodies of women and children, their pathway was lined with kettles, blankets and other articles to enable them to still keep marching on. At 10 A. M., on the 2d of August, the army reached the east bluff of the majestic Mississippi. The Indians were at the edge of the river but a short distance off, making preparations to cross over. Some had already reached the other shore.

Several canoe loads of women and children had been started across the swift running current, but from the emaciated condition of the occupants, the canoes drifted down with the current to, and below Prairie du Chien. A few managed to reach the shore at the town and were taken out by the citizens and nursed back to life. Others perished of hunger or were drowned in their feeble efforts to reach the shore. Wabashaw's village was located 120 miles above Prairie du Chien. He was the principal or head chief of the Sioux, and the hereditary enemy of the Sauks, as well as the personal enemy of Black Hawk, on account of sundry drubbings administered him and his tribe by the latter in times gone by. Wabashaw was now friendly to the whites in this fight. Capt. Throckmorton, with the steamboat Warrior, had been dispatched to Wabashaw's village from Prairie du Chien, to inform him that Black Hawk was heading towards the Mississippi with the evident design of crossing back to the west side and returning to his home on the Iowa, and to urge the Sioux chief to intercept him if he approached the Mississippi within his territory, and request him to picket the east bank of the river between his village and Prairie du Chien.

We give the following letter written by Capt. Throckmorton immediately after his most inhuman and dastardly action on the afternoon of August 1, 1832:

“ PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, August 1, 1832.

“ I arrived at this place on Monday last, (July 30th), and was dispatched with the Warrior alone to Wabashaw's village, 120 miles above, to inform them of the approach of the Sacs, and to order all friendly Indians to this place. On our way down we met one of the Sioux band, who informed us that the Indians, our enemies, were on Bad Axe river to the number of 400. We stopped and cut some wood and prepared for action. About 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon (August 1st), we found the gentlemen (Indians), where he stated he left them. As we reached them they raised a white flag, and endeavored to decoy us, but

we were a little too old for them, for, instead of landing, we ordered them to run a boat on board, which they declined. After about fifteen minutes delay, giving them time to remove a few of their women and children, we let slip a six-pounder loaded with canister, followed by a severe fire of musketry, and if ever you saw straight blankets, you would have seen them then. I fought them at anchor most of the time, and we were all very much exposed.

"I have a ball which came in close by where I was standing, and passed through the bulkhead of the wheel-room. We fought them for about an hour or more, until our wood began to fail, and night coming on we left and went to Prairie du Chien. This little fight cost them twenty-three killed, and of course a great many wounded. The next morning, before we could get back again on account of the fog, they had the whole army of Gen. Atkinson upon them. We found them at it, walked in and took a hand ourselves. The first shot from the Warrior laid out three. I can hardly tell you anything about it, for I am in great haste as I am now on my way to the field again. * * We brought down thirty-six prisoners, women and children. * * I tell you what, Sam, there is no fun in fighting Indians—particularly at this season, when the grass is so very bright. * * We had sixteen regulars, five riflemen and twenty of ourselves."

And by this letter Capt. Throckmorton wrote himself down in history as a second Nero or Calligula—as heartless as a stone, remorseless as the sea and cruel as death. He speaks of the affright he gave these poor human souls by "letting slip a six-pounder loaded with cannister," as if they were wolves or other wild animals, and admits that they displayed a white flag, and turns off the subject by saying "they endeavored to decoy us." Decoy what? He was upon a war steamer of the United States, and an officer in the regular service. His boat was not only well supplied with heavy guns, but also with soldiers, while he saw on the banks of the river a large congregation of famishing women and children. He waited about fifteen minutes for them to remove their women and children, he says, but he does not claim that he notified them to remove them, nor that he gave them the least intimation that he was about to open fire upon them. Such a brute not only was a disgrace to the service but a slander upon the word man. He cannot be excused by calling him a dude, for that was long before the existence of those pests of society. To

call him coward would be to admit that he had some of the attributes of manhood, which would be flattering the cold-blooded butcher.

Twenty-three poor, emaciated human beings, under a white flag, trying to surrender, were sent into eternity by this villainous brute, who had the unparalleled effrontry to boast of the murders he had committed. If we knew no other name to call him by we should call him devil. No common devil; but the veritable Belzibub, the elder.

Black Hawk says: "We had been here (on the bank of the Mississippi), but a little while before we saw a steamboat, the *Warrior*, coming. I told my braves not to shoot, as I intended going on board so that we might save our women and children. I knew the captain—Throckmorton—and was determined to give myself up to him. I then sent for my white flag. While the messenger was gone, I took a small piece of white cotton and put it on a pole, and called to the captain of the boat and told him to send his little canoe ashore, and let me come aboard. The people on board asked whether we were Sacs or Winnebagoes. I told a Winnebago to tell them we were Sacs, and wanted to give ourselves up. A Winnebago on the boat called out to us to run and hide, that the whites were going to shoot. About this time one of my braves had jumped into the river bearing a white flag to the boat, when another sprang in after him and brought him to the shore. The firing then commenced from the boat which was returned by my braves, and continued for some time. Very few of my people were hurt after the first fire, having succeeded in getting behind old logs and trees which sheltered them from the enemy's fire. * * After the boat left us, I told my people to cross if they could, and wished—that I intended going into the Chippewa country. Some commenced crossing, and such as had determined to follow them remained, only three lodges going with me. Next morning at daybreak a young man overtook me and said that all my party had determined to cross the Mississippi, that a number had already got over safe, and that he had heard the white army last night within a few miles of them. I now began to fear that the whites would come up with my people and kill them before they could get across. I had determined to go and give myself up to the Chippewas, but reflecting that by this I could only save myself, I concluded to return and die with my people, if the Great Spirit would not give us another victory.

During our stay in the thicket, a party of whites came close by us but passed on without discovering us."

Black Hawk on his return from his intended flight to the Chipewewa nation, began a series of movements, blinds and feints never surpassed by a military commander, to gain time for the passage of his famishing people across the Mississippi. The Indian encampment was on the east bank of that river, a short distance below the mouth of the Bad Axe river.

The army under Gen. Atkinson reached the east bluff of the Mississippi about a mile above the mouth of the Bad Axe on Thursday, August 2d, at about 10 A. M. The river bottom was over a mile wide and studded with heavy timber with dense underbrush, vines and tall weeds. For the purpose of holding the army in check, the old chief, with about twenty braves, stole back near the bluff in advance of the approaching army, and concealing themselves behind trees, logs, and in thickets, opened fire on the advance guard. This brought Gen. Atkinson to the front to form his line of battle and direct a charge upon—the weeds and brush, for the wiley old chief with his handful of braves had stolen back through the high weeds and brush to form for another and similar attack. These ruses and feints were kept up until the army came to a large and apparently very fresh trail leading from the Bad Axe across the portage toward the Mississippi, above the mouth of that small river, which completely misled Gen. Atkinson. It was a simulated trail, and a ruse of Black Hawk's to throw his pursuers off the trail leading to the point where the women and children were embarking in their canoes as fast as they could be obtained. They had but few canoes. These plied back and forth as rapidly as the poor emaciated paddlers could paddle. This simulated trail had been made by taking blankets and wetting and then dragging them from the edge of the river Bad Axe up over its sandy bank, presenting the appearance of a large number of people having crossed the Bad Axe and then moving across the portage toward the east bank of the Mississippi. Gen. Atkinson followed this trail, which led him directly away from the Indians. But Gen. Henry, who, as before shown, had been substantially degraded and placed in the rear to follow the main army, without special order or assignment, was too shrewd to be deceived by this false trail, and upon striking it, instead of following the army of Gen. Atkinson, he struck down the little stream and soon found the real trail at the foot of a high bluff bordering

the river valley, on the edge of a wooded swamp, drift-wood and underbrush. The trail was broad and quite fresh. He halted and ordered his men to dismount and leave their horses. He then formed his command in line for a charge, sending on an advance guard of eight men. These men advanced rapidly until they came in sight of the river, where they were suddenly fired upon. Five of the eight men were killed or mortally wounded. The remaining three threw themselves behind trees and there remained until the arrival of the main body of Henry's brigade, which came hastily on, deploying right and left from the center. At the sound of the bugle a charge was made, when every soldier rushed forward with alacrity—the more so because each and every one of them felt that since they had united with the main army under Gen. Atkinson, after the affair at the Wisconsin river, they, as well as their brave commander, had been slighted if not degraded by being placed in the extreme rear.

The concealed Indians who had fired upon the advance picket line, after one discharge fell back to the main body of the Indians, who were taken by complete surprise. Their spies had seen the main army strike off on the false trail, and thereby assumed that at least for some hours they were safe from attack. They fought stubbornly, but only on the defensive, and fell back step by step, from one covert to another, closely pursued by the impetuous Henry and his brave men, until they reached the bank of the Mississippi. Here they were compelled to come to a stand, when a desperate struggle ensued. A bayonet charge was ordered, which drove them into the river and onto a small willow island.

Gen. Atkinson with the regulars, and Generals Posey's and Alexander's brigades, having heard the firing, came rapidly to the scene of action, but the work was done before their arrival. Majors Ewing's and Dodge's battalions together with a small force of regulars were ordered to charge upon the refugees on the Island, and waded through the river up to their arm-pits to reach it. They soon killed or captured the already half dead Indians who had sought refuge there, shooting those who attempted to escape to the other shore by swimming. Nor was there any discrimination in the slaughter. Women and children suffered the fate of the warriors. A pretended excuse has been offered for the the bloody deeds here enacted, which is that the squaws were dressed and looked so much like the Indians that the soldiers could

not discriminate between the sexes. This excuse is untenable and worthless. The women were unarmed, and their dress was dissimilar to that worn by the Indians, while their faces were free from war-paint. Like an evil genius or bird of ill-omen, Capt. Throckmorton, with his steamboat *Warrior*, reached the scene of action just as Gen. Henry drove the fugitives into the Mississippi, and opened a disastrous and terrible fire upon the poor wretches who were struggling with the waves of the Mississippi. Men, women, and children, some on their ponies but the greater portion, without aid, were buffeting the rapid stream, to be swept into eternity by the terrific discharges of his heavy guns charged with grape and canister. Many a dusky mother either lashed her infant between her shoulders or wrapped it up in her blanket, seized hold of it with her teeth, sprang into the swift current and struck out for the other shore, fully three hundred rods off, to either sink, never to rise again, or to be mangled and cut to pieces by the shot and shell from the *Warrior*, until, as if mortified at "man's inhumanity to man," the broad face of the "father of rivers" blushed to a scarlet red. Few of the many who attempted to save themselves by swimming, were successful. Na-wa-se, a brave young mother, having deposited her little baby-boy under a bush, participated in the fight until she saw all was lost, then running for her child, she seized hold of the skin on the back of its little neck with her teeth and sprang into the river; holding its head as well as her own above the waves, she struck out bravely for the other side. Though weak and emaciated almost to a skeleton from starvation and privation, her love for her child buoyed her up, and gave her strength and endurance. On she went, while shot and bullets were falling like hail all around her, dealing death to many who were struggling in the tide close by,—she seemed to have borne a charmed life. On she pressed, still carrying her child in her teeth until beyond the reach of rifle shot, when she was fortunate enough to catch hold of the tail of a pony. To this she held fast and reached the west side of the Mississippi, so much exhausted, however, that she fainted away and lay in a swoon for nearly an hour upon the bank before she came to. Her child was safe and all right, except his mother had marked him for life. Her teeth had bitten through its tender skin above and below, but the sides had been of sufficient tenacity to carry it over. The mother and child

survived the ordeal, the latter becoming a chief and was named "Scar Neck," in commemoration of the event which saved his life.

After the arrival of Gen. Atkinson's army at the scene of action Lieut. Robert Anderson heard the moaning of a child near where he happened to be standing. Following the direction of the wailing he soon found lying in the tall grass the dead body of a young mother, lying upon her little daughter of some four summers, with a badly fractured and mutilated arm. The cruel bullet that broke her little left arm above the elbow passed on through the heart of her mother, who was doubtless fleeing with the child in her arms when the dread messenger came to summon her to the spirit land. The gallant hero of Fort Sumpter immediately relieved the poor little sufferer from the weight of its dead mother, and took its poor emaciated form in his arms and tenderly bore it to a surgeon, who found that amputation would be necessary. This he did while the poor little starvling was gnawing away at an army biscuit, and not a moan escaped its lips during the operation. This poor little sufferer was sent to Prairie du Chien and kindly cared for, under the direction of Col. Taylor, and lived to be known as the "one-armed squaw." No admission by the whites has been made that the Indians on this occasion ran up a white flag. They probably did not do so, since they had learned from sad experience that the white soldiers would most assuredly disregard it if they did.

Black Hawk says: "Early in the morning a party of whites being in advance of the army came upon our people, who were attempting to cross the Mississippi. They tried to give themselves up. The whites paid no attention to their entreaties, but commenced slaughtering them. In a little while the whole army arrived. Our braves, but few in number, finding that the enemy paid no regard to age or sex, and seeing that they were murdering helpless women and little children, determined to fight until they were killed. As many women as could, commenced swimming the Mississippi with their children on their backs. A number of them were drowned and some shot before they could reach the opposite shore. One of my braves who gave me this information piled up some saddies before him when the fight commenced to shield himself from the enemy's fire, and killed three white men. But seeing that the whites were coming too close to him, he crawled to the bank of the river without being discovered and hid there until the enemy retired. After hearing this sorrowful news I started

with my little party to the Winnebago village, at Prairie LaCross. On my arrival there I entered the lodge of one of the chiefs and told him that I wished him to go with me to his father,*—that I intended to give myself up to the American war chief and die, if the Great Spirit saw proper. He said he would go with me. * * During my stay at the village the squaws made me a white dress of deerskin. I then started with several Winnebagoes and went to their agent at Prairie du Chien and gave myself up. On my arrival there I found to my sorrow that a large body of Sioux had pursued and killed a number of our women and children who had got safely across the Mississippi. The whites ought not to have permitted such conduct, and none but cowards would ever have been guilty of such cruelty—a habit which has always been practiced on our nation by the Sioux. The massacre which terminated the war lasted about two hours. Our loss in killed was about sixty, besides a number that were drowned. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained by my braves exactly, but they think they killed about sixteen during the action. I was now given up by the agent to the commanding officer at Fort Crawford."

Black Hawk, it will be remembered, with about twenty braves had been endeavoring to lead the army of Gen. Atkinson up the river, and had succeeded. Hence, he was several miles up the Mississippi during the real engagement, and heard of it through the Indians who had escaped, as before stated. He very justly termed this so-called battle of the Bad Axe, (because it occurred near the mouth of that small stream), a massacre.

Gov. Ford estimated the Indian loss at 150 killed, and as many drowned in the river, and fifty prisoners. The latter, as we have already seen by Capt. Throckmorton's letter, were but thirty-six—all women and children. Not a solitary Indian was taken alive. The army were upon the march of death, and wanted no Indian prisoners. From the action of the Indians when attacked by Gen. Henry, there can be no reasonable doubt, but Black Hawk's statement that "they tried to give themselves up, but the whites paid no attention to their entreaties, and commenced slaughtering them," is true. Black Hawk, their leader, was away, but had himself tried to surrender to Capt. Throckmorton the day before, and for that purpose run up a white flag, but only to see it outraged and twenty-three of his people, men, women and

*Indian Agent Gen. Street.

children killed by one charge of canister from a six-pound cannon. Words cannot excuse this most inhuman massacre, unless we beg the question by pronouncing the Indians mere dumb brutes or wild animals, without any of the attributes common to humanity. It matters but little whether only sixty or three hundred were killed. The infamy is the same. The suffering of this merciless massacre challenges our belief in the justice and mercy of the omnipotent. The loss [on the part of the whites was twenty killed and twelve wounded. Among the killed were Lieut. Samuel Bowman, of Green County, and private Wm. Hutchings, of Perry County. Of the killed, five belonged to the regular army, six to Dodge's battalion and seven to Henry's brigade, and one each to Posey's and Alexander's. We are not able to give all the names of the killed and wounded in this action, as the muster rolls fail to give this much desired information. With this massacre the so-called Black Hawk war of 1832 closed. Black Hawk's band was virtually crushed, though by no means annihilated. They still exist as a separate band of the Sauk nation with their own organization, and live in a different locality from that of the Peace, or Keokuk's band.

All things considered, Black Hawk's retreat from the Four Lakes, in Wisconsin, to the Mississippi, hampered with the women and children of his band, with all their worldly goods, "traps and calamities;" without means of transportation, provisions, arms, or ammunition, pursued by a well-armed, well-fed force of white soldiers of at least five to one, through an unknown and trackless wilderness of nearly two hundred miles, surrounded by a host of treacherous Indians who claimed to be his friends while they were secretly aiding and assisting his enemies, and not only willing but eager to give them information of his designs, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground, his display of military tactics and finesse, the fertility of his manoeuvres, feints, ambuscades and ruses, rival in grandeur the celebrated retreats of Xenophon and Hannibal, and were never excelled by any military commander on earth. No general could excel him in "snatching victory from the very jaws of defeat." Bold and quick of perception, he was wonderfully able in his rapidity of execution. No military captain ever had a more absolute and complete control over his men than did Black Hawk. Add to these the fact that he was at that time past sixty-five years of age, and we have some conception of the transcendent abilities of

this Julius Cæsar, if not Napoleon, of the Indian race. Let it not be said, as some writers have essayed to do, that he was not an Indian chief, but merely a coarse, ambitious brave, without tact or talent. He was a brave chief and a leader of men, whose courage, skill and general ability demanded a better fate, to say nothing of the eternal justice of his cause, as we have shown from the indubitable facts and circumstances leading up to his final and pitiable overthrow.

After the massacre at the mouth of the Bad Axe, the regulars, with Gen. Atkinson and staff, boarded the steamboat *Warrior* and went down to *Prairie du Chien* or *Fort Crawford*, where Col. Zachary Taylor was in command, and the volunteers marched overland to that place, where they met Gen. Winfield Scott, who had been sent from *Fortress Monroe* with 1,500 regulars in June, to take command of all the military forces, but had been detained at *Chicago* on account of the ravages of the Asiatic cholera. To him Gen. Atkinson surrendered his command, and returned with his staff to *Jefferson Barracks* to again resume its command.

The *Illinois Mounted Volunteers* were ordered to *Dixon, Ill.*, and mustered out of the service of the *United States* August 15, 1832, and returned to their respective homes to recount to their neighbors and friends the wonderful deeds of personal heroism they had performed. Many of them boasting, "I, too, have killed an Indian," even though it were a squaw or pappoose. The muster-rolls of the 177 companies of *Illinois Mounted Volunteers* called out by Gov. Reynolds and mustered into the service of the *United States* in the so-called *Black Hawk War* of 1832, show an aggregate of 7,787 men, rank and file, exclusive of field officers, teamsters, surgeons, etc. The actual number all told was not less than 8,000. Add to this the regulars, and we have 10,000 *United States soldiers** besides their Indian allies from the *Potawatamies*, *Sioux*, *Winnebagoes*, *Menominees* and *Kickapoos*, and the volunteers from *Michigan* and *Missouri*, there were fully 12,000 men engaged in driving *Black Hawk* and his band back across the *Mississippi*, and taking from them by force and arms that which was theirs by law and justice.

With less than 400 braves and warriors at any time in his command, hampered with the women and children of his band and their worldly effects, without arms, ammunition, camp

*The volunteers having been mustered into the military service of the *United States* became *United States soldiers*.

equipments, provisions, clothing or transportation, yet holding a well-armed mounted enemy of over ten to one at bay for months, and then retreating and defending his flank and rear for a distance of nearly two hundred miles through an unknown and trackless wilderness, living upon bark, roots, berries and herbs, the world's history furnishes no parallel to the achievements of this aged son of the forest, nor does it record so stupendous a farce, in a military point of view, as the entire military management, movements and actions of the United States soldiers by Gen. Atkinson in this so-called war. With an army of several thousand brave soldiers at his command, he was nearly four months in the effort to drive Black Hawk, at the head of but 368 Indian soldiers, back to the west side of the Mississippi, and finally resorted to bribery for the capture of the old chief after his band had been virtually annihilated at the mouth of the Bad Axe (August 2, 1832).

Black Hawk really surrendered himself through the Winnebagoes, whom he supposed were his friends, or at least neutral, but the one-eyed Decori, and lying Cheators, who were entrusted by the Winnebagoes to deliver Black Hawk, attempted to make capital out of this trust, and claimed when they delivered him to Gen. Street, August 27, 1832, that they had captured him. Decori said: "Father, we deliver these men into your custody. We do not even entrust them to your brother, the chief of the warriors, but to you, because we know you are our friend. We want you to keep them safe; if they are to suffer we do not want to see it. Wait until we are gone before it is done. Father, many little birds have been flying about our ears of late, and we thought they whispered to us that there was evil intended for us, and we now hope they will let us alone. My father, we know you are our friend, because you take our part; this is the reason we do what you tell us to do. My father, you say you love your red children; we think we love you more than you love us. My father, we were promised much good if we would take these people. We wait to see what good will be done for us. My father, we have come in haste and are tired and hungry; we now put these men in your hands."

Fools and children tell the truth. This fool lets the secret of his base treachery out by saying, "We were promised much good if we would take these people," etc.

The other villain spoke as follows: "Father, I am young, and don't know how to make speeches. This is the second time I have spoken to you before the people. My father, I am no chief, I am no orator, but I have been allowed to speak to you. My father, if I should not speak as well as others, still you must listen to me. My father, when you made the speech to the chiefs, Wau-kan, Decori, Caramanee, and others, the other day, I was there; I heard you; I thought what you said to them you also said to me. You said if these two (pointing to Black Hawk and Winnesheik) were taken by us and brought to you, there would never more be a black cloud hung over your Winnebagoes. Your words entered into my ear, into my brain, and into my heart. I left here that same night, and you know you have not seen me since until now. I have been a great way; I have seen much trouble; but when I remembered what you said, I knew what you said was right. This made me continue and do what you told me to do. Near the Dalles, on the Wisconsin, I took Black Hawk. No one did it but me. I say this in the ears of all present, and they know I did it; and I now appeal to the Great Spirit, our Grandfather, and the earth, our Grandmother, for the truth of what I say. Father, I am no chief, but what I have done is for the benefit of my nation, and I hope to see the good that has been promised to us. That one, Wabo-kee-Sheik (the Prophet), is my relative—if he is to be hurt I do not wish to see it. Father, soldiers sometimes stick the ends of their guns into the backs of Indian prisoners when they are going about, in the hands of the guards. I hope this will not be done to these men."

Neapope, with some six of the warriors left by Black Hawk at the Four Lakes, to watch the movements of Gen. Atkinson's army, had been brought in as prisoners to Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien, two days before the arrival there of Black Hawk, Winnesheik, Powesheik and Nasine-wis-kuk, or Elk, and Nas-eus-kuk, or Thunderbolt, Black Hawk's two sons, and about nine other chiefs and braves of the Sauks, making a total of twenty, of whom nineteen were Sauks, and Powesheik a Fox.

Upon the conclusion of the speeches of Decori and Cheators Gen. Street said: "My children, you have done well. I told you to bring these men to me and you have done so. I am pleased. I assured the great Chief of the Warriors (Gen. Atkinson) that if these men were in your country you would find them and bring them to me, and now I can say much for your good.

I will go down to Rock Island with the prisoners, and I wish you who have brought these men especially to go with me, with such other chiefs and warriors as you may select. My children, the great Chief of the Warriors, when he left this place, directed me to deliver these and all other prisoners to the Chief of the Warriors at this place, Col. Taylor, who is here by me. Some of the Winnebagoes south of the Wisconsin have befriended the Saukies, and some of the Indians of my agency have also given them aid. This displeases the great Chief of the Warriors, and your Great Father, the President, and was calculated to do much harm. Your Great Father, the President, at Washington, has sent a great war chief from the far east, Gen. Scott, with a fresh army of soldiers. He is now at Rock Island. Your Great Father, the President, has sent him and the Governor and Chief of Illinois to hold a council with the Indians. He has sent a speech to you and wishes the chiefs and warriors of the Winnebagoes to go to Rock Island to the council on the tenth of next month. I wish you to be ready in three days, when I will go with you. I am well pleased that you have taken the Black Hawk, the Prophet and others prisoners. This will enable me to say much for you to the great Chief of the Warriors and to the President, your Great Father. My children, I shall now deliver the two men, Black Hawk and the Prophet, to the Chief of the Warriors here. He will take care of them till we start to Rock Island."

Col Zachary Taylor then said: "The great Chief of the Warriors told me to take the prisoners, when you should bring them, and send them to Rock Island to him. I will take them and keep them safe, but I will use them well and send them by you and Gen. Street when you go down to the council, which will be in a few days. Your friend, Gen. Street, advises you to get ready and go down soon, and so do I. I tell you again, I will take the prisoners. I will keep them safe but I will do them no harm. I will deliver them to the great Chief of the Warriors and he will do with them and use them in such manner as shall be ordered by your Great Father, the President."

Now, as a matter of fact, as shown by Black Hawk's statement, he had surrendered himself to the Winnebagoes at Prairie La Crosse, hence the boasted act of Cheators of his taking him prisoner was false. Yet, Black Hawk was too noble to expose his falsehood, and willing that the Winnebagoes should make all the capital out of his surrender they could, discreetly held his tongue.

In a few days Lieut. Anderson reached Fort Crawford on board the steamboat, as stated by him in a former chapter. Having been attacked with cholera on his way up from Rock Island, he was quite feeble, and Col. Taylor assigned his Adjutant, Lieut. Jefferson Davis, to assist him in taking the Indian prisoners down to Rock Island; but on reaching that place the cholera was raging fearfully, and Gen. Scott did not permit the boat to land, but sent them on down to Jefferson barracks, where Gen. Atkinson received the captive Indians and placed them in close confinement, and further humiliated them by what the old chief terms "a mortifying and altogether useless punishment."

Black Hawk's language is as follows: "On our way down I surveyed the country that had cost us so much trouble, anxiety and blood, and now caused me to be a prisoner of war. I reflected upon the ingratitude of the whites when I saw their fine houses, rich harvests and every thing desirable around them, and recollected that all this land had been ours, for which I and my people had never received a dollar, and that the whites were not satisfied until they took our villages and our graveyards from us and removed us across the Mississippi.

"On our arrival at Jefferson Barracks we met the great War Chief, White Beaver, who had commanded the American army against my little band. I felt the humiliation of my situation; a little while before I had been leader of my braves, now I was a prisoner of war, but had surrendered myself. He received us kindly and treated us well. We were now confined to the barracks and forced to wear the ball and chain. This was extremely mortifying, and altogether useless. Was the White Beaver afraid I would break out and run away? Or was he ordered to inflict this punishment upon me? If I had taken him prisoner on the field of battle I would not have wounded his feelings so much by such treatment, knowing that a brave War Chief would prefer death to dishonor."

This act of Gen. Atkinson in loading this old chief with a ball and chain while a prisoner within the walls of the barracks, is sufficient to tarnish his good name, and send him into history as a petty tyrant. Thus ended the so-called Black Hawk war of 1832. Fertile must be the brain that would conceive, and erratic the hand that would write the word WAR, in connection with these outrages, persecutions and massacres, all under the pretense of a hostile invasion of the State of Illinois, when, as we have shown

by undisputable facts, that with the exception of a few days, while passing up from Keithsburg to Prophetstown, they did not touch the lands claimed by the United States as being ceded under the Quashquamme treaty of 1804. That they came as families on a visit to their cousins, the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies. That during the entire trip from Keithsburg to Stillman's Run they had not molested any of the white settlers or their property. That they were pursued into the Pottawattamie territory and brutally attacked by Stillman's men when bearing a white flag, and seeking an interview with the commander of the approaching soldiers with a view of being permitted to peaceably return down Rock river to the Mississippi, thence down that stream to the Iowa and up to their Iowa home. Up to this time, with the exception of a general affright and consequent scare of the settlers near Rock Island, no harm to the white people had ensued from Black Hawk's return to Illinois. Having been attacked by Maj. Stillman in the outrageous manner described, like all animated nature, he endeavored to sting the foot that trod on him. Having failed to enlist the Pottawattamies in his cause, he immediately left the State of Illinois by the only practicable avenue of escape—Rock river—and passed up that stream with his canoes to the Four Lakes in the Territory of Michigan, now Wisconsin. Thither he was followed by Gen. Atkinson, together with large reinforcements from the Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes, who should have been his friends, and the ever vengeful Sioux—his hereditary enemy. Hunted as if his band was a pack of ravenous wolves, fresh from the destruction of a sheep-fold, they were shot down on sight.

As usual, these massacres were followed by a so-called treaty, under and by which the United States obtained about thirty millions of acres of the finest land in the northwest, embracing the eastern portion of the State of Iowa and western part of Wisconsin. Nor were the United States content with obtaining the title of Black Hawk's band, but compelled Keokuk's band and the Fox nation to unite in the cession, although neither of the latter had any lot or part in Black Hawk's movements east of the Mississippi. This treaty can be found on page 374, official treaties of the United States, and is as follows—omitting formal heading :

" TREATY OF FORT ARMSTRONG.

" SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1832.

"Articles of a treaty of peace, friendship and cession, concluded at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, Illinois, between the United States of America, by their commissioners; Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott, of the United States army, and his Excellency, John Reynolds, Governor of the State of Illinois, and the confederated tribes of the Sac and Fox Indians, represented in general conference by the undersigned Chiefs, Head-men and Warriors. Whereas, under certain lawless and desperate leaders a formidable body, constituting a large portion of the Sac and Fox nations, left their country in April last, and in violation of treaties commenced an unprovoked war upon unsuspecting and defenceless citizens of the United States, sparing neither age nor sex; and whereas, the United States, at a great expense of treasure, have subdued the said hostile band, killing or capturing all its principal chiefs and warriors, the said States, partly for indemnity for the expenses incurred and partly to secure the future safety and tranquility of the invaded frontiers, demand of the said tribes, to the use and benefit of the States, a cession of a tract of the Sac and Fox country bordering on said frontier, more than proportional to the numbers of the hostile band who have been so conquered and subdued.

"Article 1. Accordingly, the confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes, hereby cede to the United States, forever, all the lands to which the said tribes have title or claim (with the exception of the reservation hereinafter made), included in the following bounds, to-wit: Beginning on the Mississippi river, at the point where the Sac and Fox northern boundary line, as established by the second Article of the treaty of Prairie du Chien, of the fifteenth of July, one thousand eight hundred and thirty, strikes said river, thence up said boundary line to a point fifty miles from the Mississippi, measured on said line, thence in a right line to the nearest point on the Red Cedar of the Iowa, forty miles from the Mississippi river, thence in a right line to a point in the northern boundary line of the state of Missouri, fifty miles, measured on said boundary from the Mississippi river; thence by the last mentioned boundary to the Mississippi river, and by the western shore of the said river to the place of beginning. And the said confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes hereby stipulate and agree to remove from the lands herein ceded to the United States on or

before the first day of June next; and in order to prevent any future misunderstanding, it is expressly understood that no band or party of the Sac or Fox tribes shall reside, plant, fish or hunt on any portion of the ceded country after the period mentioned.

“Article 2. Out of the cession made in the preceding article, the United States agree to a reservation, for the use of the confederated tribes, of a tract of land containing 400 square miles, to be laid off under directions of the President of the United States, from the boundary line crossing the Iowa river, in such manner that nearly an equal portion of the reservation may be on both sides of said river, and extending downward so as to include Keokuk's principal village on its right bank, which village is about twelve miles from the Mississippi river.

“Article 3. In consideration of the great extent of the foregoing cession, the United States stipulate and agree to pay to the said confederated tribes annually for thirty successive years, the first payment to be made in September of the next year, the sum of \$20,000 in specie.

“Article 4. It is further agreed that the United States shall establish and maintain within the limits and for the use and benefit of the Sacs and Foxes, for the period of thirty years, one additional blacksmith and gunsmith shop, with the necessary iron and steel, and, finally, make a yearly allowance, for the same period, to the said tribes, of forty kegs of tobacco and forty barrels of salt, to be delivered at the mouth of the Iowa river.

“Article 5. The United States, at the earnest request of the said confederated tribes, further agree to pay to Farnham & Davenport, Indian traders at Rock Island, the sum of \$40,000, without interest, which sum will be in full satisfaction of the claims of said tribes, and by the latter was, on the 10th day of July, 1831, acknowledged to be justly due for articles of necessity furnished in the course of the seven preceding years, in an instrument of writing of said date duly signed by the chiefs and headmen of said tribes and certified to by the late Felix St. Vrain, United States Agent, and Antoine LeClair, United States Interpreter, both for said tribes.

“Article 6. At the special request of the said confederated tribes, the United States agree to grant by patent in fee-simple, to Antoine LeClair, Interpreter, a part Indian, one section of land opposite Rock Island, and one section at the head of the first rapids above said Island, within the country herein ceded by the Sacs and Foxes.

“Article 7. Trusting to the good faith of the united bands of Sacs and Foxes, the United States have already delivered up to these bands the great mass of prisoners made in course of the war by the United States, and promise to use their influence to procure the delivery of other Sacs and Foxes who may still be prisoners in the hands of the United States; but the following named prisoners of war now in confinement who were chiefs and head-men shall be held as hostages for the future good conduct of the late hostile bands, during the pleasure of the President of the United States, viz: Muk-ka-ta-mesh-a-ka-kaih, or Black Hawk, and his two sons, Wauba-ke-shiek, the Prophet, his brother Na-pope, We-shut, Ioway, Pomaho, and Cha-ku-pa-shepa-ha, the Little Stabbing Chief.

“Article 8. And it is further stipulated and agreed between the parties to this treaty, that there shall never be allowed in the confederated Sac and Fox nation, any separate band or village under any chief or warrior of the late hostile bands; but that the remnant of said hostile bands shall be divided among the mutual bands of the said tribes according to blood—Sacs among Sacs, and Foxes among Foxes.

“Article 9. In consideration of the premises, peace and friendship are declared, and shall be perpetually maintained between the United States and the whole confederated Sac and Fox nation, excepting from the latter, the hostages before mentioned.

“Article 10. The United States, besides the presents delivered at the signing, to give a striking evidence of their mercy and liberality, will immediately cause to be issued to the said confederated tribes, principally for the use of the Sac and Fox women and children whose husbands, fathers and brothers have been killed in the late war, and generally for the whole confederated tribes, articles of subsistence, as follows: Thirty-five beef cattle, twelve bushels of salt, and cause to be delivered for the same purpose in the month of April, next, at the mouth of the lower Iowa, six thousand bushels of maize or Indian corn.

“Article 11. At the request of the confederated tribes, it is agreed that a suitable present shall be made to them, or the one pointing out to any United States agent authorized for the purpose, the position or positions of one or more mines supposed by the said tribes to be of a metal more valuable than lead or iron.

WINFIELD SCOTT,
JOHN REYNOLDS.

Sacs—Keo-o-kuck, or he who has been everywhere; Pache-pa-ho, or the stabber; Pen-the-naay, or the noise maker; Wau-kee-kum-mee, or clear water; O-saw-wish-kan-no, or yellow bird; Pacca-takee, or the wounded lip; Winne-wen-qua-soit, or the terror of men; Mau-noo-tuck, or he controls many; Wau-we-an-tun, or the curling wave.

Foxes—Wau-pe-lo, or he who is painted white; Tay-we-man, or medicine man (strawberry); Pow-e-sheik, or the round bear; An-nau-mee, or the running fox; Na-taw-e-qua, or the jealous woman; Mee-she-wun-quan, or the dried tree; May-kee-sa-mau-kee, or the wampum fish; Chaw-cosaut, or the prowler; Kau-kau-kee, or the crow; Mau-qui-tee, or the bald eagle; Ma-she-na, or cross moose; Kau-kau-ke-maute, or running bear; Wee-she-kau-kee-shuk, or he who steps firmly; Wee-co-mee, or good fish; Paw-qua-nay, or the runner; Ma-hua-wai-be, or wolf-skin; Mes-see-quaw-kaw, or hairy neck; Wau-pe-shaw-kaw, or white skin; Wash-shin-wampee-teh, or broken tooth; Man-nee-quakee-she, or between two days; Paw-puck-kee-kaw, or standing fox; Tay-e-shuk, or the falling bear; Waupee-mawkee, or the white loon; Wau-co-see-nee-mee, or the fox man."

It will be observed that neither Gen. Scott nor Gov. Reynolds claim to act as a commissioner *plenipotentiary* of the United States, nor even as agent, in making this treaty. Indeed, they assert no authority of any kind as being delegated them to act for or on behalf of the United States. From its blundering composition and wording, it must have emanated with Gov. Reynolds. It assumes a state of facts that never existed, to-wit, that the Sauks and Foxes were a confederated nation. It further assumes that the Foxes took part in what he terms the late war, which was not true. It admits that indemnity for the expenses of the war was the chief object of the treaty. The two first payments, amounting to \$40,000, were made to Farnham & Davenport, leaving the already famishing Indians, who had raised no crops for two years, to fast two years more before they should receive any benefit from their annuities, and as a striking evidence of their mercy and liberality * * thirty-five beef cattle and twelve bushels of salt to feed at least 2,000 people. Liberality unparalleled! If they lived to April following, they should have 6,000 bushels of maize. Under Article 8 "there should never be any separate band or village under any chief or warrior of the late hostile bands; but that the remnant of said hostile bands shall be

divided among the *neutral* bands," etc. What he meant by this we can not see. But, in as much as this so-called treaty was reported to the proper department at Washington and laid before the United States Senate and confirmed, it mattered not whether the hero of Lundy's Lane and the Old Ranger were authorized and empowered to make it or not for and on behalf of the United States. But on behalf of the Indians, Black Hawk and seven others, who were the chiefs and head-men of the Sauk Nation, were then restrained of their liberty and imprisoned at Jefferson Barracks, and neither signed this instrument, nor were they asked so to do or consulted in the matter; and as shown in Chapter 11, under the universal Indian law, these lands could not be sold and conveyed in that way, even though their head-men and chiefs had executed the instrument. All they could have done was to recommend the cession and submit the proposition to a vote of their people in the popular assembly, when, if carried by a majority vote of the assembly, the chiefs might make the conveyance, and not otherwise.

CHAPTER XXX

Ravelings and Sequence—The White Beaver Shows the White Feather—"You no Hit-tie Me, by Gar"—Dastardly Attempt to Lynch Col. Davenport for Obeying the Orders of his Superior in Rank—Neapope Attempts to Assassinate Him for the Same Act, but gets Badly Squeezed and Discouraged.

Such is the sorrow-laden tale
Of outrage, wrong and woe,
From which we sadly lift the veil
Of fifty years ago.

On the 14th of June, 1832, Gen. Atkinson, who had been bottled up in the stockade at Dixon for a month, started for the stockade known as Fort Wilbourne, where the city of LaSalle now stands, accompanied by his personal staff and a small escort, on horseback. Among those who comprised his staff were such illustrious names as those of Albert Sidney Johnston, Robt. Anderson, Wm. S. Harvey, and several others of nearly equal fame. The distance is but about forty-four miles, and at that time there was no direct traveled road leading from Dixon to LaSalle, hence he struck out across the open prairies, giving a wide berth to every point of timber in his route that he could escape by riding around, lest he might run into an Indian ambush, of which he seemed to be in mortal dread. When this party of future great military men who, including their escort, numbered about fifteen men, had gone about half way to LaSalle, they discovered about twenty-five mounted men emerging from a point of timber, near the head of the Sublet creek, coming directly towards them on a keen run. Whether Gen. Atkinson had a field-glass or not we are not advised. Be this as it may, he took this approaching party of horsemen to be a band of Sauks; when sinking his spurs into the sides of his horse, he led the van in a twenty-mile race,—as he supposed for his life,—to Fort Wilbourne, the balance of his party following close to his horse's heels. The General happened to ride the swiftest horse, and won the race.

Now, it so happened that early that morning Gen. Strawn, who commanded the 4th Brigade of Illinois Militia, sent Capt. Geo. B. Willis, of Putnam county, with twenty-five brave men from Hennepin, across the Illinois river on a scout for Indians or "Indian signs." Passing rapidly north, Capt. Willis reached a point of timber near where the village of Sublet now stands, when he espied Gen. Atkinson and party crossing over the prairie some miles to the southwest, and supposing they were the fellows he was looking for—Indians—he made a dash for them which resulted in an even race of about twenty miles, through woods and prairies, sloughs and thickets, Atkinson well to the front and on the lead. Willis, though not gaining much ground, was still confident and determined to capture his quarry, and never let up his break-neck speed until satisfied that his game were making for Fort Wilbourne, which place they reached several minutes in advance of the determined Captain and his brave neighbors. It was a clear case of mistaken Identity, which cost Capt. Willis the bitter ill-will of the commander-in-chief, who declared he would rather be killed out-right than be chased twenty miles through dub and mire, creeks and ponds, momentarily expecting an ambushade. This act cost Gen. Atkinson the respect and confidence, not only of the army, but of the entire people of the United States, and was the direct means of causing a world of anxiety and unrest among the pioneers of Northern Illinois, who thereby lost all confidence in his ability to command an army. Even the soldierly and prudent Gen. Scott, on being informed of this ill-timed prudence of Gen. Atkinson in suffering himself to be driven like a deer before a hunter by a mere handful of his own men, without ascertaining who they were and what were their intentions, that he said, "this will be the last of Gen. Atkinson as a military commander," and his prediction seems to have come true, since after the so-called battle of the Bad Ax, in which he really took no part, he sank into absolute oblivion and non-entity.

Neither Gen. Johnston nor Anderson mentions this fiasco in their recollections of the Black Hawk war. Perhaps they either took no pride in it, or else because too personal, since they were in the race, but the gallant Harney, who died quite recently, in a conversation many years after its occurrence, in speaking of this war, said that "this race from our own men was the d—dst piece of tomfoolery I ever participated in, as well as the biggest

scare I ever had." Gen. Atkinson keenly felt that he had not only disgraced himself, but the whole army, by his cowardly act, and from thence forward he seemed to lack confidence in himself and became distrustful of everybody else.

Soon after Stillman's defeat, Capt. I. C. Pugh, of Decatur, with his company from Macon County, was sent to Ottawa to erect what was then called a fort, for the protection of the pioneers in that locality. Selecting the highest peak on the south side of the river, which was probably 100 feet above the river's surface, and 300 yards away from any known supply of water, he erected a substantial stockade thereon and named it Fort Johnson, in honor of his Colonel, James Johnson. Aside from the worse than folly of building a fort where water could not be had in case of a siege, Fort Johnson was pleasantly situated, for hot weather at least, since its location or site was loftily airy.

In this stockade many pioneer families sought and received shelter and comparative safety. But Capt. Pugh's men were seized with an itching desire to return to their homes with the other members of the 5th regiment, and were mustered out of service on Sunday, May 27th, and went to their homes in Macon County, but in the meantime Col. Isaac R. Moore's regiment from Vermilion county,—of thirty days' volunteers, enlisted to perform guard duty until the mustering in of the second army called to rendezvous at Hennepin, June 10th, should be ready for the field, reached Ottawa, May 25th.

As shown in a former chapter, this regiment was composed of eight companies, with 350 men, rank and file. These companies were distributed at various places from Princeton to Chicago, to either build or guard stockades. Capt. M. L. Payne built one at Napierville which bore his name. Another was erected around the cabin-home of the Rev. Stephen R. Beggs, (who still survives) at Plainfield, which was named "Fort Beggs." Another on the highest peak of the bluff in West Joliet, which was not inappropriately called "Fort Nonsense,"—a worse location could not have been found within fifty miles. Several other stockades were built by this regiment, and guarded by them by dividing up the eight companies into squads and half companies. Part of one of these companies relieved Capt. Pugh in command of Fort Johnson, Sunday, May 27, 1832, but we have forgotten the name or names of the officers in command.

These men were called the "Hoosier Company," and in one respect resembled the Heathen Chinees—peculiar. Good feeders and sound sleepers, fair drinkers and broilers, they made day lively between wrestling, fighting, foot-racing, and horse-racing, and the nights hideous with maudlin songs, coarse jokes and vulgar stories, which, though hard to bear, had to be endured by the frontiersmen and their families, who were compelled to witness all these things, because they were thrown into their presence and under their protection, by the surrounding circumstances, and could not escape. Among those domiciled at Fort Johnson were the widowed mother of the late George E. Walker, then Sheriff of LaSalle County, with her family of three sons—George E., Wilbur F., and David, (the latter is still living), and several daughters, one of whom was Miss Elizabeth—but always called Bet'y—then a young woman of some twenty summers, and a very worthy girl. (We had no ladies in those days, they were women and girls, instead of misses and ladies, for that was before the advent hereaway of the milliner, who has since that time, by the use of various cosmetics and cunning devices transformed our Scriptural women into ladies.) Miss Walker was washing a few light articles of her wearing apparel, when one of this so-called Hoosier Company, a coarse brute, standing fully six feet in his boots, approached her and threw at her feet a filthy old woolen shirt, ordering her to wash it. Of course she promptly informed him that she was not a washer-woman, and was only rinsing out a few duds for herself. Thereupon this great burly coward—for no brave man will condescend to insult a woman, more especially if she be both young and handsome, as Miss Bettie Walker then was—in a peremptory tone, again ordered her to hustle herself in doing it, for he wanted to wear it the next day, adding that he was a soldier and an officer, and expected his orders would be obeyed. Bursting into tears, Miss Walker proceeded at once to her sister, wife of Vital Vermett, and related what had occurred, she soon found her husband, to whom she told the whole story.

Mr. Vermett, than whom no man in Northern Illinois at that time was more extensively known, and who died in Libby Prison during the war of the rebellion, was a small-sized but close-built, wiry Frenchman, of undaunted courage and remarkable strength for a man of his weight, coupled with a finished education in the art of self-defense, having been a professional in Paris before coming to the United States. He proceeded at once to demand

an apology from the Hoosier, who looked down on the little dark-featured Vermett with a contemptuous smile as he opened his broad right hand, bringing it around with a sweep, evidently intending and expecting to brush him aside as he would a voracious house-fly, but was suddenly brought to a realizing sense of his mistake by a sharp lick from the right fist of the Frenchman square upon his nose, which brought the claret in no stinted quantities, while his ears were saluted with "You no hittie me, by gar," followed in quick succession by blows upon his neck, breast, mouth and eyes, each accompanied with expressions similar to the above, varied by calling the Hoosier "a dirty tog." As a matter of fact, Vermett, by a dexterous motion of his left arm, threw the intended slap over his head and countered with his right fist, landing a stinger on the Hoosier's proboscis. A ring was formed by the bystanders in a trice, and the unequal fight went on. The Hoosier became rattled with the first blow from Vermett, and rushed at him with sledge-hammer blows without caution, prudence or precision, and never succeeded in hitting his wiley, skilled and really able adversary, while the sympathies of the entire crowd, though largely composed of members of his own company, were with the "little 'un" or "banty," as they called Vermett, who struck the Hoosier just when and where he pleased from the start, and forced him all around the ring, accompanied with the oft repeated assurance, "you no hittie me, by gar," or "you dirty tog." It was a Bantum chasing a Shanghai, or a David pursuing a Goliath all over the field, while the bystanders shouted to the "little 'un," or "banty, go in and finish the big 'un,"—"two dollars to one on the banty,"—"five dollars on the little 'un,"—"dollars to walnuts on the little 'un." And the little one did go in and soon succeeded in virtually blinding the big fellow, and making him cry for quarters, which were only granted on condition that he would apologize to Miss Walker, which he then and there did.

Our little Frenchman of course felt elated over his complete success in chastizing the brute who had so shamefully insulted his sister-in-law, and received the hearty plaudits of nearly every body who witnessed the neat manner in which he did the job, and had he been content with the laurels he had won and was justly entitled to, he might have remained the hero of the Fort, but he soon made a grave mistake, and was over-matched. After his easy victory, he strutted like a turkey gobbler in the spring, and boasted that he could whip the whole Hoosier Company, one

at a time. This bold *defi* raised the slumbering devil in the breasts of other members in this company, and another one "shied his castor in the ring." He was of an entirely different mould and build. Instead of being tall and bulky, he was of medium height with close, well-knit frame, strong and active, and had witnessed the scientific manner in which the little Frenchman had done up his fellow soldier, and resolved to pursue an entirely different course of tactics; resorting to the backwoods fashion of biting and gouging. As they entered the ring he doubled himself up in a heap and made a lunge head-foremost for his antagonist, received a stinging blow from Vermett on the top of his head, raising a good sized walnut thereon, but this did not prevent his reaching the Frenchman, around whose head and neck he entwined his brawny arms with the hug of a bear, taking Vermett by a complete surprise, who vainly struggled to break loose, in which effort he ran his left hand into the Hoosier's face, striving to push him off so as to enable him to deal him a few stunners with his right. But the Hoosier was a thorough-bred snapping turtle, and seized hold of Vermett's thumb, just above the first joint, with his teeth, and held on like a bearded steel-trap. This was more than the Frenchman had contracted for, and a great deal more than he could endure, hence he cried out in agony, "take him away, take him away, he is bitie like zee tam tog," while his lithe little frame oscillated and squirmed like that of a transfixed eel, and his swarthy countenance assumed a deathly pallor. Seeing the pittiabie and completely cowed condition of the recent hero of the Fort, the bystanders jumped forward and pulled the belligerents assunder, but the steel-trap mouth of the Hoosier refused to yield its prey, so that in releasing the imprisoned thumb, a considerable portion of the skin and part of the nail were left behind. When released from his painful imprisonment, the little Frenchman cast a pitious look upon his sadly lacerated and bleeding thumb, shrugged his shoulders, saying, "I no wantee to fight zee tog; I wantee to fight zee mans." And thus was our little hero ingloriously defeated when flushed with an easy victory in a just cause but a few minutes before. "You no hittie me, by gar," however, became a by-word at Fort Johnson, while, "take him away, he is bitie like zee tam tog," was but seldom heard.

A few days after this affair occurred, a squad from this company turned their horses into the nice garden of our old friend,

Alexander K. Owen, (quite recently deceased) which was situated some four miles south of Ottawa, while the old Sucker,—as Mr. Owen was generally called,—and family were at Fort Johnson. Mr. Owen was in the habit of going out to his farm every day and reached there just as these vandals were saddling their horses, after they had completely destroyed the garden, including the flower-beds, in which Mrs. Owen took special delight, as she was a fine florist, and had expended much labor and expense in procuring and cultivating them, and were about departing for other pastures green, or gardens bright to destroy.

To say that Mr. Owen was mad would be entirely too mild. He was furious and made a rush for a burly trooper, whom he supposed was the commander, with the avowed intent of giving him a drubbing, but as he came within a few feet of this trooper the latter said in a mild kind of a way: "I don't want a fight with you, Yankee, but would like to trade hats with you," and suiting his action with his words, he removed an old wool hat from his head and let it fall to the ground, and then seized hold of the fine, broad-rimmed, new straw hat from Owen's head and placed it upon his own, spurring his horse to escape a vicious blow aimed by Mr. Owen at his retreating body. As a matter of fact the hat thus forcibly taken from Mr. Owen was a very nice one and had cost his most excellent wife many days in plaiting and making. Mr. Owen would not deign to touch the old wool hat left by this burly bully, who rode rapidly off, and Mr. Owen went back to the fort bare-headed. He was uniformly a christian gentleman, but on this occasion he used sundry expressions which sounded very much like profanity. Mr. Owen was a leading farmer of Grundy county, Illinois, for many years after these transactions occurred, and died quite recently in Missouri, at the advanced age of 82 years. We gave in a former chapter the bombastic proclamation of Col. James M. Strode, as Colonel of the 27th Regiment of Illinois Militia. This was also composed of eight companies, all from Jo Daviess county, and were mustered in during the months of May and June, remaining in service to September 6th, and were among the last to be mustered out. It really did more hard service than any regiment in the campaign. These companies were commanded by Captains Milton M. Maugh, 130 men; Nicholas Dowling, 50 men; Clack Stone, 47 men; Charles McCoy, 52 men; Benjamin J. Aldenrath, 75 men; H. H. Gear, 80 men; Samuel H. Scales, 40 men; James Craig, 64 men, and

Lambert P. Vansburgh, 77 men; total, 575, rank and file, exclusive of field officers. Major Buckmaster had an odd battalion of three companies under his command. They were those of Capt. Aaron Armstrong, from Madison county, 50 men, and Captains Holder Sisson, 60 men; Joseph Napier, 37 men, from Cook county. These companies were scattered along the northern frontier; that of Capt Armstrong was stationed at Fort Walker, in Cook county.

There were several companies of Illinois mounted volunteers under the immediate command of Gen. Atkinson, as an odd battalion, under Captains John Sain, of Fulton county, 56 men; William McMurtry, of Knox county, 67 men; Asa F. Ball, of Fulton county, 40 men; J. W. Kennedy, of Rock Island county, 23 men; Peter Butler, of Warren county, 60 men, and James White, of Hancock county, 60 men; total 306 men, rank and file. There were two other companies from Jo Daviess county attached to Major Dodge's battalion: Capt. Jonathan Craig, who joined at Fort Winnebago, as before stated, and Enoch Duncan, with 134 men. This large company was raised by Capt. James W. Stephenson, who, on being elected Major, was succeeded by Capt. Duncan. Surgeon and Editor Adison P. Philleo enlisted as a private in this company. They were in the field in May and remained until September 14th. Capt. William Gordon, of St. Louis, Mo., raised and commanded a company of mounted volunteers, known as spies. These were selected men from other companies. Ex-Lieut. Gov. Menard was his first lieutenant. There was but twenty-nine of them, and they remained in service from June 22 to August 14, without casualty.

Besides this there were nine other companies of Illinois volunteers under the immediate command of Gen. Atkinson: Captains Cyrus Matthews, of Morgan county, (Infantry) 48 men; George McFadden, of LaSalle county, 35 men; Samuel Smith, of Green county, 52 men; Benj. James, from Bond county, 29 men; John Stennett, from Schuyler county, 57 men; M. L. Covell, from McLean county, 52 men; (the late Gen. Gridly, of Bloomington, was a private in this company;) John S. Wilbourne, of Morgan county, 31 men; Solomon Miller, from St. Clair county, 59 men, and Elijah Iles, from Sangamon county, 72 men. In this company Abraham Lincoln, Maj. John T. Stuart, Gen. James D. Henry, Captains Jacob M. Earley and Jacob Eby enlisted as privates, making a total of 464 men.

There were in addition seven independent companies, as follows: Captains Jacob M. Earley, from Sangamon county, 46 men, enrolled June 16th and mustered out July 10th (Abraham Lincoln and Maj. John T. Stuart were again privates in this company as well as Gen. Henry, but he kept being promoted); Seth Pratt, (county not given) 51 men, stationed at Fort Armstrong from April 21st to June 3d,—they were probably from Rock Island county,—Alex. D. Cox, (county not given) 26 men, mustered in May 28th and out June 15th; James Walker, from Cook county, 25 men, mustered in June 25th and out August 12th; Wm. Warnick, from Macon county, 40 men, mustered in June 4th and out September 24th; Alex. M. Jenkins, from Jackson county, 52 men, mustered in June 16th and out August 10th; B. B. Craig, from Union county, 50 men, mustered in June 19th and out August 10th; Wm. C. Ralls, from Schuyler county, 26 men, from May 27th to June 15th; Alexander White,* from Adams county, 48 men, from May 26th to June 15th; Charles S. Dorsey, from Tazewell county, 26 men, from June 8th to July 9th,† and Earl Pierce (county nor date of enrollment is not given), whose muster roll shows fifty names. In addition to these was the infantry battalion of Maj. Thomas Long, from Sangamon county, two companies, Captains Jacob Ebey and Japhet A. Ball, with 93 men, enrolled April 21st and mustered out May 25th.

These, together with those given in previous chapters, comprise the 177 companies of Illinois volunteers of the campaigns of 1832. All of them, except three companies, were cavalry or mounted volunteers, each volunteer furnishing his own horse. Next to a lot of soldiers laboring under the influence of a panic or stampede, the most unreasoning and senseless, and at the same time dangerous, combination of men is a mob of armed people whose passions have been aroused, not infrequently by false rumors and misrepresentations. They will not adhere to reason or listen to argument, but madly rush on to commit an unlawful act, taking the law in their own hands and scarcely ever in the right. Such a

* Abraham Lincoln's name appears on the muster-roll of this company May 26th, but on the 27th he enlisted in Capt. Iles' company, and probably withdrew from Capt. White's company.

†, "Said company ranged on the portion of Tazewell county and prevented the settlers from leaving their homes."—John Reynolds, Commander-in-Chief Illinois Militia. Why the settlers on the Mackinaw, in Tazewell county,—a hundred miles or more from the scene of action,—should require the services of a company of mounted volunteers "to prevent them from leaving their homes" is not very clear to our mind. Nor does his Excellency attempt to give any reason whatever therefor.

mob sprang up hydraheaded among the disbanded volunteers at Rock Island, after the war was over, and but for the timely action of Major-Gen. Scott, a great crime might have been committed.

We left Keokuk with his 200 braves and warriors at Rock Island, where they arrived on board the steamboats *Enterprise* and *Chieftain* with the soldiers under Gen. Atkinson, at about 2 o'clock on the morning of April 12. This timely arrival saved the fort, and defeated not only Black Hawk's powder plot but all his objects and aims. Had their arrival been six hours later, they probably would have been compelled to retire from the mounted guns of Fort Armstrong in the hands and under the management and control of Black Hawk, as explained in a former chapter. Keokuk had started upon a moment's warning, as it were, and without supplies of food. Thus, when he reached Rock Island he was entirely without supplies of any kind.

Col. George Davenport was then, and for 16 years prior thereto had been, at the head of the commissary department of Fort Armstrong, to whom Gen. Atkinson gave an order for the distribution of the same rations to Keokuk's Indians that he did to the other soldiers. His ponies had been left some twenty miles below at the point where he hailed the steamboats and went on board. Having ascertained that Black Hawk had not molested the white settlers at and near Saukenuk or anywhere else, and that he and his band had peaceably passed on up Rock river, Keokuk's mission was accomplished, and he with his Sauks returned to their homes on the Iowa. He only staid upon Rock Island two days, during which time he and his braves drew regular army rations and took with them two more days' rations to last them home. This was certainly as little as Gen. Atkinson could have done. The noble Keokuk asked no pay for time or danger. His action was in fulfillment of his promise to his many white friends, at and near Rock Island, with whom he had lived on terms of perfect good will and friendship for many years, that their lives should not be taken by his rival, Black Hawk, while he lived. But when these Illinois volunteers, who had been sent to Rock Island to be mustered out, heard that Col. Davenport had furnished rations to the Sauks, they became furious with rage and excitement, and with yells and shouts of "lynch the traitor," made a wild rush for his stockade to

mob him. But he closed the gate and held them at bay until he succeeded in sending a messenger to Gen. Scott at Fort Armstrong, only half a mile distant.

On hearing of the perilous condition in which his friend and companion in arms, "the hero of Lundy's Lane," lost no time in dispatching a detachment of regulars under the interpred Capt. Phil. Kearney, with orders to those would-be desperate volunteers, to immediately retire to their quarters and promptly arrest and confine in the guard-house in the Fort all who disobeyed this order. But the approach of these regulars on the double-quick with the bold Phil Kearney several steps to the van, was amply sufficient to impress the howling mob with the idea "that discretion is the better part of valor," and they silently slunk away. No real harm having been done, no arrests were made, but when these volunteers were fully assured in the premises, and comprehended that Col. Davenport had simply obeyed orders in furnishing rations to Keokuk's Indians, and that Keokuk had gone to Rock Island to fight his rival—Black Hawk if needs be, to save the lives of his white friends, at and near Rock Island, and that Col. Davenport had served with rank of colonel in the regular army of the United States for ten years—and really saved the day at Lundy's Lane, by his timely arrival from a distant point, throwing his regiment like an avalanche on the British after Gen. Scott was severely wounded—they were overwhelmed with shame at their dastardly conduct, and were willing to make amends to the extent of their power. For this same act of official duty did Col. Davenport make the villainous Neapope and brutal Pash-e-pa-ho, who were next in rank to Black Hawk, and giants in stature, but arrant cowards and as treacherous as death—his mortal enemies.

Shortly after the close of the war and their release from imprisonment, these two chiefs entered into a conspiracy and diabolical plot in connection with a few other desperate Sauks, to murder Col. Davenport for what they considered his aid to Keokuk, and his hostility to them and their cause. This plot also included the assassination of Antoine LeClair the interpreter. But Col. Davenport was never without a faithful spy among these Indians. Sometimes he would use Joe Smart or Gowkey, both of whose wives were squaws, but more generally, and with much greater safety to the spy, he made a confidant of one of the Sauk squaws to whom he had rendered some act of kindness, which

she never forgot and never failed to acknowledge. Hence, he was constantly posted as to all that was transpiring of danger to himself, at least, among these Indians. The details of this plot of assassination were substantially as follows: Neapope and Pash-paho, with another cut-throat Sauk, were to ascend the Mississippi in a large pirogue or canoe, landing on the north side of the island near the Davenport residence and trading house, where Pashepaho and the third would-be assassin were to conceal themselves in the willows on the river's bank and there await the return of Neapope who was to go to the store ostensibly on a friendly visit to the Colonel and invite him to take a walk to the river and examine his new pirogue, and, as, all unconscious of danger or treachery, the unsuspecting victim approached their place of concealment, Pashepaho and his accomplice were to rush upon, tomahawk and scalp him and then place his dead body in the canoe and sink it in the middle of the Mississippi. This done, they were to adopt the same tactics in inducing LeClair to "shuffe off this mortal coil."

The Colonel's informant in this case was a squaw whom he had befriended on several occasions, and her timely warning was so full and accurate that he was not only advised of the whole plan in detail, but of the time when and identical place where it would be attempted, hence he was not only ready but rather anxious for the denouement. Nor had he to wait beyond the time fixed by these conspirators for the appearance of the chief actor upon the stage. The day was excessively hot and the hour 3 p. m. when the massive form of Neapope approached the open door of the store of Col. Davenport. Apparently he was unarmed and wore a forced smile on his coarse, brutal face. As he passed the threshold he was met by the Colonel, to whom he offered his hand with the salutatory words, "boozhu boozhu nekon," or how do you do, my friend, which the Colonel received in a decidedly warm kind of a grasp. Over six feet in stature Col. Davenport weighed fully 300 pounds, and possessed the strength of a Buffalo with the grip of a vise. Throwing all his strength of grip around the hand of this treacherous attempting assassin, the Colonel literally crushed flesh, bones, ligaments and sinews, into a jumble of torturing agony, causing Neapope to howl like a wolf, scream like a panther, cringe like a whipped spaniel and twist and squirm like a skinned eel.

Nor was this all that disturbed the guilty wretch. At that moment his practiced ear caught the unmistakable sound of

clicking gun-locks, while his quick eye perceived several loaded guns pointing directly at his guilty heart, in the hands of such deadly shots as Farnham, Smart and Gowkey. Still grinding and crushing the hand of Neapope, the Colonel led him back to a table covered with the glistening blades of scalping-knives, accompanying the act by applying to him the most approbious epithets to the Indian ear he could think of, such as "lying cur, dirty dog, and squaw pappoose," he bid him select the knife he preferred should be used in taking his worthless scalp-lock. Like applying the thumb-screw to an ancient engine of torture, the Colonel held him in his vise-like grip, while he repeated to him in detail his intended assassination with such accuracy that the terrified scoundrel admitted the whole plot and begged, like the craven he was, for his forfeit life. Keeping him there for several minutes, each of which seemed an hour to the culprit, Col. Davenport made him place his concealed weapons on the table, and then leading him to the store door spurned him forth sprawling to earth,—as he would have spurned a vicious, snarling dog,—with the toe of his boot, bidding him pick himself up and budge, never to show his evil countenance there again, under penalty of being shot down like a mad dog.

· This was Neapope's last visit to the premises of Col. Davenport, or Rock Island.

Though defeated in their attempt upon the life of Col. Davenport, these conspirators were loth to return home without accomplishing some part at least of their assumed task of assassination, hence they attempted to murder Le Clair, who lived on the north side of the Mississippi, where the city of Davenport now stands. Leaving Pashapaho and the other Indian concealed in the brush near where they landed their pirogue, Neapope walked up to the residence of Le Clair, who was sitting out on the veranda of his little French-styled house, smoking his long-stemmed pipe. To reach the veranda, a stairway ran up from the ground, passing through the floor of the veranda at about its center. Just as Neapope's head came through the floor of this veranda he received several sudden experiences, which were alike surprising and painful. The ominous clicking of several gun locks, united with the peremptory order of LeClair, "Halt where you are, or you are a dead Indian," caused him to suddenly attempt a hasty retreat, only to run against the sharp point of a bayonet in the hands of a sturdy Frenchman, ordering as well as admonishing him to

stay where he was. When Le Clair—who had been advised by Col. Davenport of the entire plot—came up to the head of the stairs and charged him with the intended crime, then made him deposit upon the floor his concealed arms, which he had procured from his comrades at the river, and with a well-aimed and terrific kick under the jaw, sent the burly Neapope spinning to the foot of the stairs, where he remained, limp and limber as a cloth, for several seconds ere he recovered consciousness and locomotion. When finally able to walk, he started for his pirogue, with a mental determination, no doubt, of abandoning, and forever, this, to him, unhealthy and unsafe location.

It will be remembered that even before the first difficulty in 1831, Black Hawk's band had resolved to kill Col. Davenport, Le-Clair, and St. Vrain, because they had urged the Indians to abandon Saukenuk and their cultivated lands adjoining and follow Keokuk's band to their new homes on the Iowa river. But St Vrain had been killed near Kellogg's Grove in the spring of 1832. Black Hawk admits that he consented to and advised the assassination of these three men in 1831, but after conferring with Col. Davenport this scheme was abandoned. There is no evidence tending to show that he was ever cognizant of this real attempt of Neapope upon the life of Col. Davenport, much less that he took part in the conspiracy. Neapope's plot having been exposed it signally failed, and was the last attempt of the Indians to assassinate either Col. Davenport or Mr. Le Clair. The discomfitted and thoroughly humiliated Neapope gave that locality a wide berth thenceforward.

The confidence of the people of those days in the reliability and veracity of the public press was phenomenal, especially so upon all subjects pertaining to the Indian difficulties. No matter how extravagant and unreasonable the statement might be, if printed, its authority was thereby established beyond the reach of doubting Thomases. If the newspapers said Black Hawk was a British spy, he was a British spy, and nobody dare question this established fact. If it was published that Black Hawk was strongly entrenched at the Four Lakes with an army of from one to two thousand warriors, that settled that point beyond doubt. No one stopped to think that Indian forts and entrenchments, like the fabled "hen teeth," are few and far between.

Even the usually cautious Gov. Ford says, p. 130 of his History: "Gen. Atkinson, having heard that Black Hawk had

concentrated his forces at the Four Lakes and *fortified his position, with the intention of deciding the fate of war by a general battle.*"

The noble little Governor did not stop to think what he was saying, or he would probably have left unsaid that Black Hawk was fortifying or that he intended to decide the fate of war by a general engagement—things that live in fiction, but never in fact with the Indians.

The Indian neither has the means to build nor the art to plan a fortification, and seldom, if ever, were known to seek a general field-fight. Their maxim is to "kill the enemy and save their own men." They steal upon their enemy and take every advantage they can, but never risk an open, general field-fight. Their only fortifications are constructed of brush palisades around their principal villages, which are about as effective against cannon as a June frost in the manufacture of ice cream. The offspring of whisky and lust from its inception, followed again by the use of that self-same direst curse to both white and red men—whisky—mingled with cunning, deceit and cupidity on the part of the French traders, again fanned into a flame by the whisky hell on Vandruff's Island and blown to a conflagration at Stillman's Run by the same agency, the so-called Black Hawk War was brought into existence; and, as shown by the clearly established facts, was one of the most cruelly oppressive and utterly indefensible general acts of the American Government. Yet in its result it added about 80,000,000 of acres to the public domain at a nominal cost of about \$690,000. The soldiers who participated in this cruel war, of course, were not to blame for engaging in it, for they neither knew or cared to know the causes leading thereto. It was their duty to obey their country's call, follow and defend her flag whithersoever it was borne, without stopping to question the motive or investigate the cause.

There were many causes combined which made the campaign a long and tedious one, chief among which were the difficulties of subsisting a large army of cavalry in the wilderness, without army wagons, supply trains or roads of any kind. Another serious obstacle to overcome was the utter absence of a knowledge of the country through which the army had to pass, or of the location, strength or intentions of these Indians, and their want of confidence in their Indian guides. Add to this the contempt these Illinois volunteers had for their commander-in-chief Gen.

Atkinson, after his ignominious flight from Capt. Willis with but a handful of Illinois militia, as before related, besides the painful uncertainty and solicitous inquiry as to what stand the Pottawatamies, Winnebagoes, Foxes, Ottawas, Chippewas and Kickapoos would eventually take; while back of all this, and more potent than all other elements of uncertainty and doubt, was the question most mooted, and a belief seemingly well-founded, that the British Government was urging Black Hawk on, furnishing him with arms, ammunition and supplies, and that he was fleeing toward Canada for the purpose of leading the American troops into an English and Indian ambushade and death trap; or, in other words, that Black Hawk and his little band were being used by the British as a cat's paw to commence war against the United States.

This suspicion was strengthened if not established, as then erroneously believed by many, at least, by the fact that Black Hawk not only wore the red coat and uniform of a British colonel, but carried the British flag on his return to Illinois that spring, and also displayed them in his conferences with the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies.

It is worthy of note that the array of prominent names in our national history who took part in these events is simply enormous. Gen. Jackson was President, Zachary Taylor and Abraham Lincoln, who were afterwards Presidents, Jefferson Davis, late President of the so-called Confederate States, Generals Winfield Scott, David Twiggs, Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert Anderson, William S. Harney, Phillip Kearney, — Brady, — Reilley, E. P. Gaines, Henry Atkinson, — Street, Lewis Cass, then Secretary of War, etc., etc., were participants, while the names of those who then were, and those who afterward became, prominent in civil life is phenomenal,—among whom are Governors John Reynolds, Thomas Ford, Thomas Carlin, Joseph Duncan, Zadok Casey, and Stinson H. Anderson of Illinois; Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin. Judges Sidney Breese, Walter B. Scates, Richard M. Young, Theophilis W. Smith, James Semple, Joseph Gillespie, of Illinois, and Charles Dunn, of Wisconsin, (who was then Captain of an Illinois company). United States Senators O. H. Browning and William A. Richardson were privates in the so-called war, together with hosts of others whose names will be found in the appendix. Should we attempt to give the many supposed "hair-breadth escapes" of pioneer white men from the

scalping-knife of the Sauks,—when, in fact, the supposed hostile Indians were Pottawattamies, and not hostile to the white people as a whole, but had a few old scores to adjust, and took special delight “in scaring the palefaces,” as told the writer by “Capt. John,” a Pottawattamie brave,—we could extend this work to an indefinite length, but, believing that as a rule they were not real, or in other words, they were simply practical jokes played by the Pottawattamies more for fun than vengeance, we refrain from inserting any of them. Yet, we have no hesitancy in saying, that the feelings of the great majority of the Pottawattamies, as well as the Winnebagoes, were with the Sauks, and that two causes prevented them from active participation in a general attempted massacre of the pioneer white settlers of all the territory lying between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers—first, the influence of their head chiefs, and, second, want of fire-arms and ammunition. These two nations were in constant communication with the Sauks, and quite a number of their younger warriors actually joined Black Hawk but deserted him before he reached the Four Lakes.

Of the twenty Sauk prisoners sent down to Jefferson barracks nearly all of them were released on parole within a few days after their arrival. But Black Hawk and his two sons, Nasin-e-wiskuk, the Handsome, generally called Jack, and Nas-eus-kuk, or Thunderer, Winnesheik, the Prophet, Neapope, or Broth, were held as prisoners of war until the spring of 1833. In March of that year Keokuk went down to the barracks, taking Black Hawk's wife and daughter with him, and offered to pledge his life for the good behavior of his almost life-long rival in case he should be released. This noble act was at once reported to Gen. Jackson, who ordered the prisoners to be sent to Washington city, and directed that Keokuk be requested to accompany them, with Le Clair, the interpreter. This order was promptly obeyed, and on the 22d of March they reached Washington city. This party consisted of Black Hawk, his two sons, Nasinewiskuk and Naseuskuk, Winnesheik, Neapope and Powesheik, as prisoners, Le Clair, the interpreter, Keokuk, wife and son, Appinooce, Wapello, Pashepaho, or Stabber, and Nashaskuk, as guests. President Jackson was surprised and pleased with the magnificent physique of these Indians and their very dignified and manly bearing. While contemplating the old chief, prompted by pride at being thus silently gazed at by the Great

Father, he drew himself up to his greatest altitude, and as if answering the question—President Jackson was looking but not speaking—“who are you?” Black Hawk said, in a fine, manly voice: “I am a man and you are another,” which conveyed in one short sentence a world of thought. “By nature and birth your equal—from the fortunes of war your prisoner, but still a man—you are no man.” Instead of taking offense at this brusque address Old Hickory was much pleased. Brave, generous and noble himself, he read all these qualities in the features of him who stood before him—a prince among his people—but now a captive. His big heart went out in sympathy to the captive old chief until the hero of New Orleans felt like embracing him. In a moment’s time a great change was effected. Instead of further incarceration his chains were ordered to be stricken off and the captive clothed in suitable habiliments to attend a banquet, to which he was then invited.

When ordering these prisoners sent to Washington city the President’s intention was to confine them at Fortress Monroe, but on meeting Black Hawk, face to face, he read too much of the true nobility of character in the old and lately powerful, but now powerless and humbled chief, to warrant the further indignity and humiliation of being placed again in chains and close confinement, and determined upon an entirely different and more humane course. Instead of ordering him sent to Fortress Monroe he liberated him and made him the recipient of numerous presents and kindly attentions, and then sent him from city to city, and place to place, where he met hearty welcomes and kindly receptions, greeted with public meetings and fine orations. Among those who made speeches of welcome to this Julius Cæsar of his race were the great orators, Edward Everett, at Boston, and John A. Graham at New York. But all this could not restore to him the many loved ones of his band who had been sent to the land of dreams before that chattering ghost—starvation—nor right the wrongs committed on him and his nation by the robbing of their birthright—their vast domain and ancient homes—by means of the bogus Quashquamme treaty.

In point of patriotism, Illinois did gallantly in sending to the field one-half her population subject to military duty, while her women, in many instances, showed courage and pluck worthy of the wives and daughters of the Spartans. They not infrequently stood guard all night, rifle in hand, with the courage,

will and skill to shoot down on sight any prowling savage who might approach their cabin homes, and while their husbands were away with the army, they tilled the corn, garnered the wheat and oats, and should their fences be insufficient to prevent stock from scaling them and eating up the growing crops, they thought it not unwomanly (as in the case of the late Mrs. Mary Loyd, of Ottawa,) to go into the timber, fell trees, split rails and build their fences higher.

We here close our history of these transactions. In many respects our labor has been a sad one—a kind of constant admonition that the language of the great poet,

" Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn,"

is literally and strictly true.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Biographical Sketch of Black Hawk from his Birth up to the So-Called War of 1832.

A chieftain he by right of birth,
 And patriot true as lived on earth;
 His steady nerve and iron will
 Gave him great power for good or ill;
 An orator and statesman hold
 With character as pure as gold.



BLACK HAWK.

MUCK-E-TE (black) MESHE-KI-AH-KIAH (sparrow hawk) literally Black Sparrow Hawk, but known by the name of Black Hawk, was born at Saukenuk, three miles south of Rock Island, in the year A. D. 1767. The son of Piasa, and great grandson of Nanamakee, or Thunder, whom Black Hawk claimed was the founder of the Sauk Nation. Black Hawk stood about five feet ten inches in his moccasins, and was remarkably straight and erect. His shoulders were broad, arms long, but his feet

and hands were small. His complexion was quite dark for an Indian, yet his features were Anglo-Saxon. High forehead and rather a long face, and in general contour of features he resembled Gen. Jackson and Sogay-e-wattra, or Wideawake, the celebrated Seneca chief, whom the white people call Red Jacket. Born near the same time, but a long distance apart, (Red Jacket near Buffalo, New York, Black Hawk at Saukenuk, Illinois,) they were wonderfully alike in form, features, station, and future prospects. Each was the elder son of the war chief of his tribe, and heir apparent to the chieftancy of their Nations. Both were orators and warriors. Red Jacket was

the Demosthenes, Black Hawk the Julius Cæsar, of their races. The former excelled upon the rostrum—the latter upon the field of battle. Ambitious from their infancy, they labored long and assiduously to accomplish their desired ends. Red Jacket sought the flowery field of elocution—Black Hawk the rugged path of war. Red Jacket withdrew to the solitude to cultivate his voice and gestures, with a limped stream for his mirror and the silent trees for his auditors, while Black Hawk formed companies, battalions and brigades from the small papposes, and imagined he was leading armed hosts to victory on the war path. Red Jacket studied nature to enable him to appeal to the feelings of his fellow men. Black Hawk studied it to enable him to follow the trail of his enemy, and read his designs and intentions from the slight traces left, on the march. Both followed the same trail—ambition—and were successful in the achievement of their object—greatness. Cotemporaries, they were neither friends, rivals nor enemies, for they never met. Their theaters of action were too far apart for them to be brought in contact. Yet they each had a command in the war of 1812-14, but on opposite sides. Red Jacket for, Black Hawk against, the United States. In size, build, and general outline of form and features, Gen. Jackson, Red Jacket and Black Hawk were very similar. Nor did the resemblance stop here. Each was a born leader of men, and had an iron will of the “by the Eternal” stamp. Black Hawk was active as the gazelle and strong as the elk, with powers of endurance which were miraculous. Shrewd, cunning, and cautious, with natural diplomatic qualities, yet inordinately vain. Boundless in attempt, he was absolutely stupendous in achievement, when his means are taken into consideration. Whatever mortal man dare attempt, that dared he. Brave as Hannibal, yet kindly hearted as a woman, hospitable and generous. Of his entire history we have no record. That he lived, hunted, fished, and played, as other Indian boys, until about his 15th year, is probable. He says, “I remember that I was ashamed to look where our young men stood before I could take my stand in the ring as a warrior.”

During the younger days of our hero his nation was almost continuously at war with the Osages. When only fifteen years old he had a hand to hand rencontre with one of their braves, overcame and dangerously if not fatally wounded him. For this gallant deed he was received and acknowledged as a brave with

the right to paint his face, adopt his medicine bag and select his totem, and was placed among the braves of his tribe. He adopted as his totem the tail feathers of the Black Sparrow Hawk and thereby came his name. Soon after his successful combat with the Osage brave he accompanied his father Piasa* and a considerable force on a raid into the territory of the Osages, who were their hereditary enemies). A desperate battle ensued, and young Black Hawk kept close beside his father until he encountered an Osage brave in single combat, killed and scalped him. This fired the ambition and courage of Black Hawk to a wild degree. Seeing an enemy a short way off, he rushed upon and felled him to earth with a well-directed blow of his tomahawk, then thrust his lance through his breast, tore off his scalp as he had seen his father do to the Indian he had killed, and with it returned to his father's side, who smiled approvingly upon his son, the embryo hero and patriot. This was his first scalp taken, and confirmed his right to the title of brave, and entitled him to join in the scalp dance, which he did on their return to Saukenuk. Naturally bold and venturesome, he now began a life of daring seldom equaled. Although but a mere youth in point of years, he made a series of raids into the territory of the Osages at the head of a small party. His first venture was with barely seven men. He killed an Osage and pressed forward until he found the number of the enemy were ten to one, and that they were ready to repel his assault, when he beat a hasty retreat, without meeting with any casualty. His success on this daring raid gave him such a reputation for courage and skill, that he now could raise a large body of warriors. Soon after this he again made a raid into the Osage country at the head of a hundred well-armed warriors.

In this raid the enemy had received information of this intended attack, and fled into Missouri, but he soon struck and followed their trail to a large village, which he approached with great caution, lest he should walk into an ambush, but only to find the village deserted. He and his men had been on short rations several days. Here his men all deserted him except five braves and returned to Saukenuk. Too proud to return without a scalp or striking a blow, he, at the head of these five braves, followed the trail of the Osages leading from their deserted village, fully determined to leave their dead bodies in the land of

*Pronounced Py-a-saw.

their enemies or bear back some trophies to Saukenuk. The chase lasted several days, for this little band of half a dozen, with a boy leader, had to move very slowly and cautiously. They finally fell in with one Osage warrior and a boy, whom they dispatched and scalped, and then hastily returned home. Thus, it appears, that he wedded daring and danger while a mere child and became their boon companion throughout his subsequent long and eventful life. Wherever and whenever danger could be found, if glory might be achieved by encountering it, Black Hawk was not only ready but eager to embrace it. The war-path was his pastime and delight, while the war-whoop was music to his ears. But on his return to Saukenuk from this raid the fact that he had not been able to prevent the mutiny and desertion of the warriors virtually destroyed his prestige and influence, hence he was unable to raise another squad of adventurers for over three years, during which time the Osages assumed the part of aggressors, and made many raids into the Sauk territory, committing various outrages and murders, which aroused a deep feeling of revenge.

This feeling enabled young Black Hawk, now 19 years old, to raise an army of 200 Sauk braves and warriors to punish the perpetrators of these outrages. With this force he struck out boldly into the Osage country, and soon encountered a well-armed band of Osages, equal in numbers to his own, and a general battle, if Indian fighting may be so called, ensued. Black Hawk was everywhere, leading and encouraging his men. Wherever the fight was most stubborn and desperate there was the trim form of Black Hawk dealing deadly blows, while his stentorian voice sent forth his terrible war-whoop. Many an arrow, lance and tomahawk was sent hurling through the air at his person, but none took effect. He seemed to bear a charmed life. After several hours fighting from trees, stumps, logs and other coverts the Osages gave way. During this severe battle the young Black Hawk killed five Osages with his own hands and took their scalps. By accident he killed one squaw, which gave him much pain. She was decently buried without being scalped, while the dead Indians were left by the victorious commander to rot where they fell. Black Hawk's loss in this engagement was nineteen killed and a much larger number wounded. That of the Osages was much larger.

Black Hawk's warriors on this occasion were the flower of the nation, and had all seen service before. Although tired and fatigued by their march they fought like demons. After burying his dead and making rude litters to carry home his severely wounded, the young commander retraced his steps and reached home to receive a grand ovation, followed by the scalp dance. The Osages were so severely punished in this battle that they steered clear of the Sauk territory for a long time thereafter.

The Cherokees, an ancient enemy of the Sauks, had decoyed and killed a number of Sauk squaws and papposes while the Sauks had been at their hunting grounds in Missouri. To punish them, Piasa, at the head of a small band, started for their country on the Merimac of Missouri, and Black Hawk accompanied him. They were met by a superior number of Cherokees, and a severe fight ensued. Piasa was wounded early in the engagement by a poisoned arrow which passed through his right thigh, and proved fatal. When the father was wounded the son assumed command. Burning for revenge on the slayers of his father, the young commander led a desperate charge against the enemy, and had the satisfaction of soon seeing them in a rapid disorderly flight.

In this fight he killed three Cherokees and wounded several. On returning to his father with the glad tidings of victory, he found him dying, and remained by his side until the vital spark departed, and then carefully and tenderly carried his dead body back to Saukenuk, that his ashes might slumber beside those of his ancestors upon the foot of the promontory overlooking Saukenuk. Like the mortal remains of Joseph which were taken from Egypt back to Jerusalem by the Israelites for burial, so was the dead body of Piasa taken from the land of the Cherokees, back to Saukenuk for interment. In this engagement the loss to the enemy was twenty-eight killed and many wounded, while the Sauk loss was but seven. Their victory, however, was a dear one to the Sauks, since in its accomplishment they lost their great war-chief, Piasa. Black Hawk now succeeded to the office of war-chief and the possession of the great medicine bag of the noted Nanamakee which had descended down from father to son in regular order. This excursion had resulted so disastrously in the death of their great war-chief, that instead of feasting and dancing on the return of this war party, Saukenuk was draped in mourning, and as the funeral cortege bearing the body of their

late chief slowly and sadly entered the village the air was filled with lamentations and woe. After the remains were interred upon the brow of the promontory immediately east of Saukenuk, and a suitable memorial post erected to mark the last resting place of Piasa, his son, now about twenty years of age, made a solemn vow to the Great Spirit that in token of his sad chastisement by the death of his father while on the war-path, he would withdraw from all secular affairs and abandon the war-path for five long years, during which time he would wear constant mourning and devote his energy and strength to fasting and prayer; and immediately blackened his face and kept in mourning, living on one meal a day during these five years in fulfillment of his vow. His only occupation besides his religious rites during that period was an occasional hunt or a few hours spent in fishing, but always by himself. He eschewed all company, games, and mirth. In the meantime, the hereditary enemies of his tribe, the Osages, made several raids into the territory of the Sauks, committing many outrages and murders.

At the expiration of Black Hawk's five years of penance, feeling that the Great Spirit had heard and answered his petitions for forgiveness, and lifted the veil from His benign countenance and again smiled approvingly upon him, he with a small party of warriors again made a raid into the land of the Osages, but only found six of the enemy. Against so insignificant a number his manhood would not permit him to fight. He, however, took them prisoners, treated them humanely and delivered them to the Spanish commander at St. Louis, to be held as hostages for the good behavior of their tribe. But unfortunately, the Osages, irritated by this act, instead of desisting from depredations on the Sauks, increased them. This action aroused the indignation of the young war-chief to the highest pitch, and resolved him to attempt the utter annihilation of the treacherous Osages. For that purpose he commenced to recruit and arm a powerful force, and soon had an army of 500 Sauks and Foxes and 100 Iowas enlisted, armed and equipped for the expedition. This was in 1792 and was probably the most stupendous army ever assembled in the wilds of the then far west.

Six hundred armed Indians for that time and place was simply a most powerful army. With this force he marched into the Osage country, and, after many days' travel, struck the trail of a large number of the enemy, and followed it to a village of some

forty lodges, which he attacked and killed all its inhabitants, except two squaws, whom he took prisoners. In this fight Black Hawk claims to have dispatched seven Osage warriors with his own hands. This was a severe blow to the Osages, and completely humbled them, so that they ceased to molest the Sauks for several years.

Burning with a desire to more fully avenge the death of his father on the Cherokees, even to their extermination, Black Hawk, soon after his return from his successful expedition against the Osages, recruited an army to go to the land of the Cherokees. At the head of another large army, he entered their territory, but these wily Indians kept out of his reach. Five only of them were found, and they were women and children. These he took captive, but released four of them, and took the fifth—a beautiful young woman, back with him to Saukenuk. While deeply hating the Cherokees, as a nation, he was too brave and magnanimous to wreak his vengeance on their women and children. The young squaw whom he took prisoner, was kindly treated, and after remaining with her captors a few months, was permitted to return to her people in Missouri. Many skirmishes took place during the succeeding few years between the Sauks and surrounding Indian nations, but nothing of special importance to the life of Black Hawk, until his nation was attacked by a small confederacy comprised of the Chippewas, Kaskaskias and Osages, which was the commencement of a long and tedious campaign, in which seven regular Indian battles, and numerous skirmishes, took place. During this campaign, Black Hawk claims that he himself killed thirteen of their warriors.

It was during this war, which extended through several months, that Black Hawk, then about 35 years old, showed his master abilities as a general. He always came off victorious. Brave as a lion, he inspired all around him with that most essential element of success in battle—courage—which brought victory to his banner. His successes now became phenomenal among these Indian tribes, who lost all hope of overcoming or even resisting him; hence this little confederation withdrew from the Sauk country, dissolved their confederacy and returned to their own country. Black Hawk returned in triumph to Saukenuk, bearing with him the slain of his band in the last battle, where the solemn rites of the Sauks were performed, and the bodies deposited in their chippianock or cemetery on the western brow of the promontory.

After two weeks spent in mourning for their dead, feasting and dancing began over their signal victories. Up to this time the Sauks had never come in contact with any American white men. Their associations had been with the Spanish and French, but more especially the former, who then owned the entire north-western territory, but soon after sold it to the French, who in turn sold it to the United States.

Black Hawk visited St. Louis, immediately after the cession from Spain to France, where, he says: "Every countenance seemed sad and gloomy. I inquired the cause, and was informed that the Americans were coming to take possession of the town and country, and that we were to lose our Spanish father. This news made me and my band exceedingly sad, because we had always heard bad accounts of the Americans from the Indians who had lived near them. We were very sorry to lose our Spanish father, who had always treated us with great friendship. A few days afterwards the Americans arrived. Seeing them approach, we passed out at one door as they came in at the other. We immediately embarked in our canoes for our village on Rock river, not liking the change. On arriving at our village we gave out the news that a strange people had taken possession of St. Louis, and we should never again see our generous Spanish father. This information cast a deep gloom over our people."

After the purchase of the Louisiana territory by the United States from France, in 1803, Lieut. Pike visited Saukenuk and informed them of the change of ownership, distributed various presents to the Sauks, and presented them with an American flag which they hoisted beside their British one. He asked them to lower the British flag and deliver him their British medals. This they declined, and told him they desired *two fathers*. Soon after occurred the affair at Cuvre settlement described in Chapter IV, which led to the so-called treaty of 1804, and the difficulties described in the so-called Black Hawk War of 1831-2.

It will be observed that the Sauk tribe had no knowledge of or intercourse with the citizens of the United States prior to 1803, and then had a decidedly unfavorable opinion of them, so that when the soldiers came up from St. Louis to erect Fort Madison, these indians were terribly excited over the matter and ordered them off. But upon being assured that the object was to build a trading house at that place so as to sell them goods at a very low

price, they became partially reconciled. But when Elskwatawa, the great Shawanee Prophet and brother of Tecumseh, visited them in the interest of the latter, and among other things told them "If you do not join your friends of the Wabash the Americans will take this very village (Saukenuk) from you," their suspicions were keenly aroused, but still they declined to join the Tecumseh confederacy. After the battle of Tippecanoe, in which several Winnebagoes were killed and the return of the survivors home, they planned an attack on Fort Madison, when a considerable force of Sauks, under Black Hawk, united with them. They reached the fort in the night. Their spies reported about fifty men in the fort, who marched out each morning for exercise. Hence they concealed themselves near the fort to attack the soldiers as they came out next morning, and then rush into the fort. Black Hawk crept close up to the gate and dug a hole in the ground with his knife, large enough, with the use of a few weeds, to hide his person. He was so close to the fort that he could hear the measured tread of the sentinels on their beats. But when the gate to the fort was opened in the morning no troops came out, but instead, a solitary young man walked out so close to Black Hawk in his concealment that he could have knifed him. He walked down toward the river, almost to the line of the concealed Indians, and then returned to the fort, without the least suspicion of the danger he escaped by a hair, as it were. Soon thereafter the gate was again opened to let four men out for wood, then another man came out of the fort and was killed by a Winnebago. The other four then ran to the fort but two of them were shot down by the Indians, who immediately took shelter under the river's bank, out of reach of the guns of the fort. A desultory fire was kept up all that day without effect on either side. Many burning arrows were shot into the roofs of the buildings in the fort, setting fire to several of them, but these fires were quickly put out by the garrison. The next day Black Hawk took a shot at the cord by which the flag was hoisted and cut it in twain the first shot. Firing was kept up all that day, when the ammunition of the Indians gave out, and the siege was raised, and the Indians returned home. The Indians lost one killed and had another wounded. This brings us up to the war of 1812-14, in which Black Hawk was an actor.

Seeing that war was inevitable, and wishing to keep the Indian tribes of the Northwest at peace, President Madison directed

that the head men of the various Indian nations be sent to Washington City to confer with them, and endeavor to keep them neutral. The Sauk chiefs who had been to Washington City, after conferring with the President and his cabinet, returned with the information that his desire was to have their tribe keep out of the fight, and remain where they were and keep quiet, and that the British traders would not be permitted to trade with them, but the American traders at Fort Madison would let them have all the goods they needed. This news was well received by the tribe, who agreed to follow the President's advice and keep out of the war between the British and the United States.

The squaws were especially well pleased at the news, which would keep their husbands, sons and lovers from the dangerous war-path. When the time came for them to leave Saukenuk for their hunting grounds in Missouri, they cached their corn, etc., and started in fine spirits by the way of Fort Madison, where they expected to procure guns, ammunition, blankets, knives, etc., on credit, to be paid for on their return in the spring in peltries and furs. The season had been a bountiful one for crops, and the tribe were in excellent spirits when they reached the Fort. They were the more pleased to find the trader had an abundance of the goods, such as they needed for their winter's hunt. But when they asked for credit, he refused. This was a most cruel, crushing disappointment to the Indians, who had no present means of payment. Sleep nor rest these poor disappointed Indians could not. All was dark and foreboding in the Indian camp. But the devil, ever on hand for evil, put in an appearance early the next morning, in the shape of an Indian sent by La Gutrie, a French-English trader, to inform the Sauks that he had landed at Rock Island with two keel boats loaded with nice goods for their special use. The news, coming as it did when all was dark and gloomy, when, like Moses, they had been led to the Mount, and beheld the promised land, only to feel the realizing sense of bitter disappointment. Before them, at their hunting grounds in Northeastern Missouri, game was abundant. Within their sight, but beyond their reach, were guns, ammunition, and nice warm blankets. They had been told at Washington City they could obtain these coveted goods on credit, and pay for them on their return in the spring in peltries and furs, as they had been doing for several years before that time. But when they applied, their application was rejected. It was at this critical moment

La Gutrie's emissary appeared, and was hailed as a messenger direct from the happy hunting grounds.

Early that day the entire nation turned their faces back toward Saukenuk and the two boat loads of goods. The cunning La Gutrie sent a large quantity of nice tobacco and an abundance of pipes with his Indian emissary, who distributed them among the Sauks with a liberal hand. What, between plenty of pipes and tobacco and the anticipation of a large number of presents they had been assured awaited their return to Saukenuk, the trip back was a pleasant one. When these Indians approached within sight of La Gutrie's tents, they sent up a loud shout of joy, fired guns and beat their tom-toms and burst into songs of joy. To this La Gutrie replied by firing guns and running up the British flag upon Rock Island. He then hastened to the foot of the Island to welcome the Sauks who came up the Mississippi in their canoes. After a general hand-shaking he brought forth the calumet or peace pipe which was lighted and passed from mouth to mouth in token of amity and peace. Then distributing a large number of presents of a trivial but gaudy character among the squaws and papposes, this vicegerent of Satan had accomplished his end. "And I looked and beheld a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and hell followed with him." Fatigued and worn by long travel and loss of sleep, the Indians retired for the night, and on the morrow they purchased on their own terms and conditions of payment the two keel-boat loads of Indian goods. While the Indians were dividing their goods up between themselves, La Gutrie improved the time by calling Black Hawk aside to stuff him full with the wealth, strength and munificence of the British government. Among other things, he said Col. Dixon was then at Green Bay with twelve boats loaded with nice goods, guns and ammunition. That he desired to raise a band of Indian braves at once to go to Maj. Dixon, and that the trader at Peoria was raising a body of Pottawattamies for Dixon's army. This bait was too tempting; Black Hawk swallowed it, and immediately raised a band of 200 braves, with whom he proceeded to Green Bay, where he and his braves were well received and kindly treated and furnished with new guns, red blankets, and plenty to eat and smoke.

Col. Dixon well understood the inordinate vanity of the Indian character, and called their chief "Gen. Black Hawk," saying: "You will now have to hold us fast by the hand; your English father has found out that the Americans want to take your

country from you, and has sent me and my braves to drive them back to their own country. He has likewise sent a large quantity of arms and ammunition, and we want all your warriors to join us." He then gave him a medal, and assigned him to command all his Indian allies. Had these Indians have been treated as they had been promised they would be, and furnished with a few hundred dollars' worth of weapons, ammunition and clothing for their winter's hunt on credit, La Gutrie's emissary would have returned from the DesMoines without them, and Black Hawk would never have fought on the side of the British. He and his braves were engaged in but three battles—that of the river Raisin, near Malden, January 22, 1813, under Gen. Proctor, where the brutally savage English general turned over his prisoners to the tender mercy of his savage allies to be tortured. In this savage work Black Hawk had no heart, and prevented his braves from taking any lot or part therein.

He says: "I immediately put a stop to it, as I never thought it brave, but base and cowardly to kill an unarmed and helpless foe." The other was the attack on Fort Meigs May 5th. The Americans were entrenched behind heavy clay embankments, against which the Indians could make but poor headway. They said they "could not fight people who lived like ground-hogs." After a siege of several days the British Gen. Proctor abandoned it and returned to Malden.

His next and last battle was against Fort Stephenson, Ohio, where the gallant Croghan defeated the British and their Indian allies with such fearful slaughter that Black Hawk became disgusted and determined to leave the British service. He says: "I was tired of being with them. Our success being bad and having got no plunder I determined on leaving them and returning to Rock river. That night I took about twenty of my braves and left the British camp for home."

Had not his foolish vanity led him to wear the red uniform coat of a British colonel of cavalry after his return, his short term of unimportant service with the British would probably have soon been forgotten, and he fully forgiven, but he kept it constantly prominent by wearing not only the military coat but red blanket. Red with him, as well as Red Jacket, was a favorite color.

The events which transpired at Saukenuk during his absence leading to the election of Keokuk as their war chief and the

division of the Sauk Nation are set forth in Chapter I. His description of the manner of fighting by the British and Americans on his return home amused his people immensely. "Instead of stealing upon each other and taking every advantage to kill the enemy and save their own people, as we do, which in us is considered good policy in a war-chief, they march out in open daylight and fight regardless of the number of warriors they may lose. After the battle is over they retire to feast and drink wine as if nothing had happened. Then they make a statement in writing of what they have done, each party claiming the victory, and neither giving an account of half the number killed on their own side. They all fought like braves, but would not do to lead a party with us. * * Their chiefs will do to paddle a canoe, but not to steer it. The Americans shot better than the British, but their soldiers were not so well clothed nor so well provided for."

We have not been able to ascertain the date of Black Hawk's marriage, or the name of his wife. He had, however, but one wife. In speaking of her on his return home in 1813 from the war, he says: "It is not customary for us to say much about our women, as they generally perform their part cheerfully, and never interfere with business belonging to the men. This is the only wife I ever had or ever will have. She is a good woman and teaches my boys to be brave." He was bitterly opposed to a plurality of wives, which was quite common among his tribe. "The Great Spirit made one woman for one man, that is enough, and the Great Spirit knows what is best," was his remark on different occasions.

As a husband and father Black Hawk was a model of the highest type, even of christianity. Kind and affectionate, affable and indulgent, but not to effeminacy. His household was ruled and governed by kindness, dignity and firmness. To him were born three fine sons and two daughters. His eldest son and younger daughter died near the same time in 1820, when he withdrew from Saukenuk and built a small lodge near the centre of his corn field, about midway between Saukenuk and Rock Island. Here he lived secluded from his nation and the world for nearly two years. He says: "In my distress I left the village and built my lodge on a mound in the corn-field and enclosed it with a fence, around which I planted corn and beans. Here I was with my family alone. I gave everything I had away and

reduced myself to poverty. The only covering I retained was a piece of buffalo robe. I blacked my face and resolved on fasting for twenty-four moons for the loss of my two children, drinking only water during the day and eating sparingly of boiled corn at sunset. I fulfilled my promise, hoping that the Great Spirit would take pity on me."

A deep-seated piety ran through every act and deed of our hero throughout his entire life. Speaking of the Great Spirit, a synonymous term for our GREAT JEHOVAH, he says: "Every one makes his feast as he thinks best to please the Great Spirit, who has the care of all beings created, * * * believing that whatsoever is, is right. If the Great and Good Spirit wished us to believe and do as the whites, he could easily change our opinions, so we could see, think and act as they do. We are nothing compared to His power, and we feel and know it. We have men among us like the whites, who pretend to know the right path, but will not consent to show it without pay. I have no faith in their paths, but believe every man must make his own path." What more beautiful faith, confidence and reliance in the all-wise, just and powerful God could be expressed than is presented in the simple language of this son of the forest. How beautifully he sets forth the Christian faith, that if we would be saved we must unite good deeds with faith, justice and mercy. He points out with a beautiful simile how we should worship. "We should thank the Great Spirit for all the good he has conferred upon us. For myself I never take a drink of water from a spring without being mindful of His goodness."

What higher type of Christian humility and dependence can be found than this? From an Indian standpoint, Black Hawk was too tender-hearted and humane to suit their idea of a great brave. From the white man's standpoint, his purity of character, large humanity, and implicit faith and trust in God, were such as around which the noblest inspirations of the Christian cluster and delight to linger. Black Hawk was unquestionably, when considered all in all, warrior, statesman, diplomat, and Christian, the peer if not the superior of any Indian of his age, and he lived in the age of great men of his race, Tecumseh, Red Jacket, Black Thunder, Shaubensee, and many others. While it is true that in his younger days he was a thoroughbred savage, and believed in scalping his victims, he never resorted to torturing them, and as he reached his middle age he not only quit scalping, but

discouraged it altogether. Although he could not entirely change the innate savage nature of his followers upon this subject so as to prevent that barbarous custom, he did much in modifying their views. In his private life, daily walk and conversation, he was a model of the highest and noblest order.

During his absence in 1812-13, the son of an old companion in arms of his had been killed and brutally mutilated by a party of white people, leaving the old man to perish of hunger. Black Hawk found him at the point of starvation. To an appeal made on him to avenge the death of his son by this poor old Sauk, Black Hawk promised him he would do so. This young man had been adopted by Black Hawk, hence he felt a keen interest in him, and was terribly shocked to hear of his cruel death. It seems he was out hunting and had killed a deer, and hung it upon the branch of a tree after dressing it, when a white man, as shown by the tracks in the snow, came upon, captured and took him across the river and down towards Fort Armstrong, and then shot him, tearing and mutilating his face in a shocking manner, stabbing him in several places, and lastly scalping him. Upon being assured that the death of his son would be avenged, the old man turned his eyes towards sunset, heaved a deep sigh, and died with his hand resting in that of Black Hawk. On leaving the lodge of this old dead man, Black Hawk perceived that his footsteps had been followed by a white man, who was in the act of shooting him when he was discovered. His gun snapped, and Black Hawk took him prisoner,* and turned him over to his young men with the injunction, "Treat him as a brother, as I have concluded to adopt him in our tribe."

Black Hawk collected thirty braves the next day for the purpose of fulfilling his promise to his deceased friend and avenge the death of his adopted son. He told them of his pledge to the old man just before his death, when they eagerly entered into the proposed raid. They went down the Mississippi in their canoes to the place where Fort Madison had stood, but now abandoned, thence on down to Cape Gray, where he, with one brave, landed, and the others went on down to the mouth of the Quiver river. Black Hawk and companion soon encountered two white men, who were riding rapidly towards them, and both fired. Their horses gave a wild spring at the discharge of the guns, and their riders both fell to earth. They rushed upon them, when one of

* Elijah Kilbourn.

them rose and ran. Black Hawk pursued and was gaining on him, when the white man came to a pile of rails, seized a stick, and struck at his pursuer. As he turned his face to Black Hawk, the latter recognized him as a friend who had taught his tribe the art of plowing. No further pursuit was made, and the white man was permitted to escape.

Black Hawk started back to where he had left his companion, and met him bearing the scalp of the other white man. They proceeded on to the place where the supposed dead man had lain, to find him gone, but soon met the unfortunate scalped man, staggering along on his feet like a drunken man, all covered with his own blood. This made Black Hawk shiver like a leaf, brave as he was. He ordered his brave to put the poor soul out of his misery. Black Hawk turned his back to avoid the sight while the deed was done.

A short distance from them the chief saw a couple of white boys hiding in the undergrowth. They were safe. He thought of his own two bright sons of similiar age, and passed on. The other members of his party here joined him, when they crossed the creek to await the pursuit which Black Hawk felt sure would follow. In a few minutes a party of mounted white men came trooping after them. Black Hawk's little band fired on them, but killed only the leader of the white men. The whites then rushed upon, and surrounded them, forcing them into a sink-hole at whose bottom weeds and small bushes were growing. The Indians then loaded their guns and awaited a charge, which soon came, killing one of them, but the whites lost one of their own men. The entrapped Black Hawk full of resources, now used his knife in digging a hole under the side of the sink-hole, and his men did likewise to conceal their bodies from sight of their besiegers. The white men tried every means within their knowledge and power to dislodge them, but in vain, and as night approached, withdrew, when Black Hawk and party left their tight quarters, and being fully satisfied, returned to Saukenuk. They had killed three white men and lost one Indian.

Black Hawk now resolved to leave the war-path for good and live a quiet and retired life with his wife and children on the Iowa river, returning thanks to the Great Spirit for His protecting care over him through the many battles and wars in which he had been engaged. But this he could not do. His reputation as a warrior and commander was too great to be suffered to retire, while on the

other hand, his vanity was too readily inflated by a little flattery to allow him to remain long in private life.

Shortly after his return from his raid to avenge the death of his adopted son, he was visited by a delegation from the Missouri, or Peace band of the Sauks, who exhibited five scalps of white people whom they had killed, and urged Black Hawk and his followers to go with them to join the British. This he declined to do, and advised them to return to their homes and told them the war between Great Britain and the United States was over and peace declared. Black Hawk was now living on English river, a tributary of the Iowa. Soon after this a number of his band with six kegs of powder visited him and informed him that the war was not over, and that the British had just taken Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, and wanted his band to again join them against the United States. This bait was too tempting, and he took it.

The day before this some half dozen keel boats loaded with soldiers for Prairie du Chien passed up the Mississippi. Then he determined to follow, hoping to capture one or more of them. He raised a company and started overland up the river and overtook the boats about midway of the rapids. One boat was badly managed and drifted ashore and ran hard aground. Its sails were lowered. They tried to push it off but failed. Black Hawk opened fire on this boat, which was returned by the soldiers. Fire arrows were then sent into the sails which enveloped the boat in a sheet of fire. One of the other boats dropped anchor and swung in close to the one on fire and took off the soldiers, except the killed and wounded. Another of the boats came back, dropped her anchor, which, however, did not hold and the boat drifted ashore. The Indians attacked this last boat but received no response. Supposing it deserted, Black Hawk ordered his men to board it, but their rush cost them two lives. The men on the boat sprang out and opened fire on the invaders, driving them off, then shoved off the boat and escaped down the river without losing a man.

This gallant act of the boat captain pleased Black Hawk. He says: "I had a good opinion of this war chief. He managed better than the others. It would give me pleasure to shake him by the hand."

The Indians now put out the fire on the burning boat to save the cargo. Black Hawk says: "I found several barrels of whisky on this boat whose heads I knocked in and emptied the bad

medicine in the river." He also "found a box full of small bottles and packages, which appeared to be bad medicine also, such as the medicine men kill the white people with when they are sick." He, however, captured many new muskets, considerable ammunition and clothing, with which he returned home. This virtually ended Black Hawk's war record prior to 1832. On his return from this expedition he says: "I hung up my medicine bag, put away my rifle and spear, feeling as if I should want them no more, as I had no desire to raise other war parties against the whites unless they gave me provocation." His desperate struggle during the campaign of 1832 is fully described in the foregoing chapters of the so-called Black Hawk War, which established for him a reputation among the greatest generals of the world.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Black Hawk's Captivity and Release—Specimens of his Wonderful Eloquence—His Death, Burial, Resurrection, Reburial, and Final Cremation.

"He stood erect, alone, sublime in form,
Like tower of strength exposed to thunderstorm;
His calmness, boldness in the trying hour,
Imposed an awe, as if from magic power;
And thus shall lofty virtue, truly grand,
In firm integrity forever stand."—*Levi Bishop.*

Following the lead of Prof. Samuel G. Drake, many writers upon the so-called Black Hawk War of 1831-2, and the life of the old chief, have erroneously charged him with being imprisoned in 1828, under the name of Ka-raz-hau-sept-ha, for complicity with Red Bird, a Winnebago chief, in an attack upon a couple of keel-boats loaded with commissary stores for Fort Snelling. Some have further erroneously stated that Red Bird was a Sioux chief. This latter assertion rendered the whole thing ludicrous, since the Sauk and the Sioux could no more commingle and unite than fire and water. Black Hawk never bore the name of Ka-raz-hau-sept-ha, and took no part in Red Bird's attack on those keel-boats, and never was imprisoned by the white people for an alleged crime,—his only confinement being at the close of the so-called Black Hawk War in 1832.

Alike erroneous is the somewhat general belief that he participated in the battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813, as aid-de-camp to the celebrated Tecumseh, or Couchant Tiger. While he was a great admirer of Tecumseh from the information he received of the dash and push of that renowned Shawanee chief, their territories were so far apart that he had but a slight personal acquaintance with Tecumseh, and was never his ally, although engaged in the war of 1812-14, on the same side, and participated with him in two or three battles. Inordinately vain, Black Hawk undoubtedly became jealous of the attention paid Tecumseh by Gen. Proctor, and mortified at the terrible drubbing Maj. Crogan

and his little band of heroes administered to the British and their Indian allies at Fort Stephenson, he became disgusted, and really deserted the British cause before the battle of the Thames was fought.

It will be remembered that immediately after the attack on Fort Stephenson, at Lower Sandusky, Black Hawk, with only twenty of his braves stole away from the British camp in the night and returned to Saukenuk on Rock river. Hence, he was hundreds of miles away from the place when the battle of the Thames was fought. Elskwatawa (Tecumseh's brother) visited the Sauks to enlist them in Tecumseh's great confederacy scheme, but they declined. This declension was no doubt largely influenced by Black Hawk's inordinate vanity and aversion "to play second fiddle to any man." He never brooked the idea of a superior officer, and boasted that he had won an hundred battles and was never defeated. Had the Couchant Tiger offered to make him commander-in-chief of the confederacy, he and his band would doubtless have joined it.

After Black Hawk with his two sons, Nasinewiskuk and Naseuskuk, Winnesheik, Neapope, Pashepaho, etc., were sent from Jefferson Barracks to Washington City, where they had an interview with President Jackson, as given in Chapter XXX, they were taken to Baltimore, where the President met and gave them the following good advice :

"When I saw you in Washington, I told you that you had behaved very badly in going to war against the whites. Your conduct then compelled me to send my warriors against you, and your people were defeated with great loss, and several of you surrendered, to be kept until I should be satisfied that you would not try to do any more injury. I told you, too, that I would inquire whether your people wished you to return, and whether, if you did return, there would be any danger to the frontier. Gen. Clark and Gen. Atkinson, whom you know, have informed me that your principal chief and the rest of your people are anxious you should return, and Keokuk has asked me to send you home. Your chiefs have pledged themselves for your good conduct, and I have given directions that you should be taken to your own country. Maj. Garland, who is with you, will conduct you through some of our towns. You will see the strength of the white people. That our young men are as numerous as the leaves in the woods. What an you do against us? You may kill a few women and

children, but such a force would soon be sent against you as would destroy your whole tribe. Let the red men hunt and take care of their families. I hope they will not again raise the tomahawk against their white brethren. We do not wish to injure you. We desire your prosperity and improvement. But if you again make war against our people, I shall send a force which will severely punish you. When you go back, listen to the counsels of Keokuk and the other friendly chiefs. Bury the tomahawk, and live in peace with the white people on the frontier. And I pray the Great Spirit to give you a smooth path and a fair sky to return."

Black Hawk, in reply, thanked the President for his liberty, and said the tomahawk had been buried so deep that it would never be resurrected, and that his remaining days would be spent in peace with all of his white brethren.

From Baltimore they were taken to Philadelphia by steamboat, thence to the city of New York, and a general reception given them at Castle Garden and were shown a balloon ascension; thence to the city hall, where Hon. John A. Graham delivered the following speech:

"Brothers, open your ears. You are brave and have fought like tigers, but in a bad cause. We have conquered you. We were sorry last year that you raised the tomahawk against us, but we believe you did not know us then as you do now. We think in time to come you will be wise and we shall be friends forever. You see that we are a great people, numerous as the flowers of the field, as the shells on the seashore or the fishes in the sea. We put our hand on the eastern and at the same time the other on the western ocean. We act together, if some times our great men do talk long and loud at our council fires; but shed one drop of whiteman's blood, our young warriors, as thick as the stars of the night, will leap on board of our great boats, which fly on the waves and over the lakes—swift as the eagle in the air—then penetrate the woods, make the big guns thunder, and the whole heavens red with the flames of the dwellings of their enemies. Brothers, the President has made you a great talk. He has but one mouth. That one has sounded the sentiments of the people. Listen to what he has said to you. Write it on your memories—it is good, very good. Black Hawk, take these jewels, a pair of topaz earrings, beautifully set in gold, for your wife or daughter, as a token of friendship, keeping always

in mind that women and children are the favorites of the Great Spirit. These jewels are from an old man, whose head is whitened with the snows of seventy winters—an old man who has thrown down his bow, put off his sword and now stands leaning on his staff, waiting the commands of the Great Spirit.

Look around you; see all this mighty people, then go to your homes, open your arms to receive your families. Tell them to bury the tomahawk, to make bright the chain of friendship, to love the white men, and to live in peace with them, as long as the rivers run into the sea, and the sun rises and sets. If you do so you will be happy. You will then insure the prosperity of the unborn generations of your tribe who will go hand in hand with the sons of the white men, and all shall be blessed by the Great Spirit. Peace and happiness, by the blessings of the Great Spirit, attend you. Farewell."

This truly eloquent and noble speech was interpreted by Le Clair, then interpreter to Black Hawk and his little party.

When Mr. Graham finished his address, Black Hawk's fine wiry form rose slowly up, and, in a calm, dignified voice he replied: "Brother—We like your talk. We like the white people; they are very kind to us; we shall not forget; your counsel is good; we shall attend to it. Your valuable present shall go to my squaw. We shall always be friends."

Black Hawk and his friends—now prisoners no more—were then introduced to the Mayor and other leading citizens of New York, and taken in carriages and shown everything they supposed would be of interest to them, and treated to a fine display of fireworks that evening. The ladies showered on them presents of fine needle work, dressing cases and fancy articles, supposing the wives and daughters of these sons of the forest knew how to use and would appreciate them. The latter they did, while the former were but sealed mysteries. But mirrors were always a welcome gift to the squaws. That which most surprised these Indians, was the man going up (as they supposed, to the Great Spirit) in a balloon. Black Hawk pays a lefthanded compliment to the ladies of Gotham thus: "They were very kind, very good, very pretty—for palefaces." From New York they went to Albany, thence to Buffalo, Detroit and then to Prairie du Chien, thence down the Mississippi to Rock Island. Keokuk had returned home in advance of Black Hawk.

Maj. Garland who had charge of the party, convened a council at Fort Armstrong, to which Keokuk, Wapello, and other chiefs were summoned. Keokuk and party reached the Fort on the day fixed for the council quite promptly on time, but Black Hawk, always standing on his dignity, did not go because Maj. Garland had not personally invited him. LeClair was sent for him and told him that the council had convened and were waiting for him, thereupon he came to the Fort where the council commenced its deliberations. Maj. Garland opened the council by saying the object of its convening was to deliver Black Hawk to Keokuk. He then read an order from the President to the effect that the old chief was under the special care and custody of Keokuk, and must follow his advise and be governed by his counsel in all things. This was wormwood and gall to the fellings of Black Hawk. Indeed, it was the most terribly humiliating stroke ever aimed at his head. Death would have been preferable to this humiliation. His little band fully entered into his feelings. He might be coaxed—driven, never. Every feeling of pride and honor was insulted by the Major's speech. This old Nestor rose, his eyes shooting fire, and made a very bitter reply. Perhaps it is well this speech was not reported, since Black Hawk himself said of it, "I am sorry I was so hasty in reply to this chief, because I said that which I did not intend."

Col. William Davenport (no relation to Col. George Davenport), who had known the old chief well for many years, interposed between the imprudent Maj. Garland and the deeply insulted old chief, and effected a truce, then patched up a peace. But President Jackson's scheme of uniting the Sauk nation under Keokuk was a dead failure. Fifty odd years have come and gone, but the schism in the Sauk tribe created in 1812-14 still exists, and probably will continue until they have become extinct as a nation.

Black Hawk says of this speech of Maj. Garland: "I do not know what object the war chief had in making such a speech, or whether he intended what he said, but I do know it was uncalled for and did not become him." Of Col. William Davenport, Black Hawk speaks thus: "If our Great Father (the President) were to make such men our agents he would much better subserve the interests of our people as well as his own. * * * Our agents ought always to be braves. I would, therefore, recommend to our Great Father the propriety of breaking up the present Indian establishment and creating a new one, and make the

commanding officers at different frontier posts the agents of the Government for the different nations of Indians."

While "swinging round the circle" Black Hawk was asked for his opinion upon almost every conceivable question, among which was his opinion upon the best mode of getting rid of the negroes. This was a poser. After some time for consideration, his reply was: "Let the free States remove all the male negroes within their limits to the slave States; then let our Great Father buy all the female negroes in the slave States between the ages of 12 and 20 and sell them to the people of the free States for a term of years—say those under 15 until they are 21, and those of and over 15 for five years, and continue to buy all females in the slave States as soon as they arrive at the age of 12 and take them to the free States and dispose of them in the same way as the first, and it will not be long before the country is clear of the black-skins, about which, I am told, they have been talking for a long time, and for which they have expended a large amount of money. * * If the free States did not want them all for servants we would take the balance in our nation to help our women make corn." This proposed system of colonization would doubtless in time reduce the "black-skins," but probably increase yellow-skins.

Black Hawk emphatically denied that he ever made war upon women and children, as follows: "Before I take leave of the public I must contradict the story of some of the village criers (newspapers) who, I have been told, accuse me of having murdered women and children among the whites. This assertion is false! I never did, nor have I any knowledge that any of my nation ever killed a white woman or child. I make this statement of truth to satisfy the white people among whom I have been traveling, and by whom I have been treated with great kindness, that when they shook me by the hand so cordially they did not shake the hand that had ever been raised against any but warriors."

This statement is doubtless true, as shown in the preceding history, unless the three Sauks who accompanied the Pottawattamies in the Indian Creek massacre participated in it. They were *particeps in criminis* at least, even though they may have been instrumental in sparing the lives of Sylvia and Rachel Hall. Black Hawk was not only vain of his

prowess as a military commander, but extremely sensitive, and always looking for an insult, real or imaginary. Especially was this true after his overthrow. Invited to dine with a white friend with whom he had been on intimate terms for years, and at whose hospitable table he had partaken of many hearty meals with the family, a captain who was a cadet was also invited to dinner. Fearing the young officer might feel degraded by sitting at the same table with the old chieftain, his host intimated to Black Hawk that on account of having the young officer to dine he would have to wait and eat at the second table. The old chief straightened himself up, while his eyes flashed fire, the muscles about his neck twitched, and his whole frame seemed excited, and in a voice in which was concentrated all the scorn of his haughty nature he replied: "I know the white man is a chief, but I was a chief and led my warriors to victories long before his mother knew him. Your meat my dogs should not eat," and turning upon his heel he left the house, never to enter it again.

In almost every essential of life, character and ability, the prototype of Julius Cæsar, Black Hawk was a natural as well as trained orator of no common ability, while as a conversationalist he had few equals. Full of fine imagery and apt illustrations he never descended to the plane of vulgarity and seldom indulged in the humorous. He felt and acted as though he had a great mission to perform, and diligently bent all his energies to its accomplishment. That mission was the amelioration of the physical condition of his tribe. As an illustration of his wonderful imagery and forcible illustration, we give his conversation with Elijah Kilbourn as stated by him a few years since in the "Soldiers' Cabinet," published in Philadelphia in 1855. Mr. Kilbourn was the person referred to in the last chapter as having followed Black Hawk from Lower Sandusky on his return from the British army, in 1813, to the Rock river country, with eleven other American scouts from Pennsylvania, and attempted to kill him as he left the lodge of his old friend, whose son Black Hawk had adopted.

We give Mr. Kilbourn's own language: "We had been scouting through the country that lay about Fort Stephenson, when early one morning one of our number came in with the intelligence that the fort was besieged with a combined force of British and Indians. We were very soon after in our saddles, bearing down

with all speed in that direction, for the express purpose of joining in the fight, but on arriving we found that the enemy had been signally repulsed by the brave little garrison under command of Maj. Crogan. Our disappointment at learning this was, however, in a measure lessened when we learned that Black Hawk, the leader of the savages, had, soon after the termination of the battle, gone with some twenty of his warriors back to his village on Rock river, whither we instantly determined to follow him. At sunrise the next morning we were on his trail, and followed it with great care to the banks of a stream. Here we ascertained that the savages had separated into two nearly equal parties, the one keeping straight down the banks of the stream, while the other had crossed to the other side and continued on toward Rock river. * * * It was at last decided that it would be far more safe for all hands to separate and each man look out for himself. This resolve was no sooner made than it was put into execution, and a few minutes more found me alone in the great wilderness. * * * I encountered nothing very formidable until some two hours before sunset, when, just as I emerged from a tangled thicket, I perceived an Indian on his knees at a clear, sparkling spring, from which he was slaking his thirst. Instinctively I placed my rifle to my shoulder, drew a bead upon the savage, and pulled the trigger. Imagine, if you can, my feelings as the flint came down and was shivered to pieces, while the priming remained unignited. The next moment the savage was upon his feet, his piece leveled directly at me, and his finger pressing the trigger. There was no escape. I had left my horse in the woods some time before. The thicket behind me was too dense to permit me to enter it again quickly, and there was no tree within reach of sufficient size to protect me from the aim of my foe, who, now finding me at his mercy, advanced, his gun still in its threatening rest, and ordered me to surrender. Resistance and escape were alike out of the question, and I accordingly delivered myself up his prisoner, hoping by some means to escape at some future period. He now told me in good English to proceed in a certain direction. I obeyed him, and had not gone a stone's throw before, just as I turned a thick clump of trees, I came suddenly upon an Indian camp. * * * As we came up all the savages—some six or eight—rose quickly and appeared much surprised at my appearing thus suddenly amongst their number, but they offered me no harm, and behaved with most marked

respect to my captor, whom, upon a close inspection, I recognized to be Black Hawk himself. 'The white mole digs deep, but Mucketaimeshekiabkiah flies high and can see far off,' said the chieftain in a deep, guttural tone, addressing me. * * He then informed me that he had told his young men that they were to consider me a brother, as he was going to adopt me into the tribe. * * The next morning my captors forced me to go with them to their village on Rock river, where, after going through a tedious ceremony, I was dressed and painted, and thus turned from a white man into an Indian."

In about three years he escaped from his captivity. Strangely enough some nineteen years after his capture Kilbourn was "employed," as he says, "by the Government as a scout, in which capacity it was acknowledged I had no superior; but I felt no pride in hearing myself praised, for I knew I was working against Black Hawk, who, although he was an Indian, had once spared my life, and I was one never to forget a kindness; and besides this I had taken a great liking to him, for there was something noble and generous in his nature."

Mr. Kilbourn was the man whom Black Hawk took prisoner at Stillman's Run, as stated in a preceding chapter, and Black Hawk again spared his life and liberated him. Mr. Kilbourn says: "Gideon Munson and myself were taken prisoners. * * Munson, during the afternoon, seeing, as he supposed, a good opportunity to escape, recklessly attempted to do so, but was immediately shot down by his captors. I now began to wish that they would serve me in the same manner, for I knew that if they recognized me I should be put to death by the most horrible tortures. Nothing occurred, however, to give me any real uneasiness upon this point till the following morning, when Black Hawk, passing by me, turned and eyed me keenly for a moment or so, then stepping close to me he said in a low tone: 'Does the mole think Black Hawk forgets?' Stepping away with a dignified air he now left me, as you may suppose, bordering on despair, for I knew too well the Indian character to imagine for a single instant that my life would be spared under the circumstances. I had been adopted into the tribe by Black Hawk, had lived nearly three years among them, and by escaping had incurred their displeasure, which could only be appeased with my blood. Added to this I was now taken prisoner at the very time that the passions of the savages were most highly wrought upon by the mean

and cowardly conduct of the whites.* I therefore gave up all hope, and doggedly determined to meet stoically my fate. Although the Indians passed and repassed me many times during the day, often bestowing on me a buffet or a kick, yet not one of them seemed to remember me as having formerly been one of their tribe. At times this infused me with a faint hope, which was immediately after extinguished as I recalled to mind my recognition by Black Hawk himself. Some two hours before sunset Black Hawk again came to where I was bound and, having loosened the cords with which I was fastened to a tree, my arms still remaining confined, bade me follow him. I immediately obeyed him, not knowing what was to be my doom, though I expected none other than death by torture. In silence we left the encampment, not one of the savages interfering with us or offering the slightest harm or indignity. For nearly an hour we strode on through the gloomy forest, now and then starting from its retreat some wild animal that fled upon our approach. Arriving at a bend of the river my guide halted, and turning toward the sun, which was rapidly setting, he said, after a short pause: 'I am going to send you back to your chief, though I ought to kill you for running away a long time ago after I had adopted you as a son, but Black Hawk can forgive as well as forget. When you return to your chief I want you to tell him all my words. Tell him that Black Hawk's eyes have looked upon many suns, but they shall not see many more, and that his back is no longer straight as in his youth, but is beginning to bend with age. The Great Spirit has whispered among the tree tops in the morning and in the evening, and says Black Hawk's days are few and he is wanted in the Spirit land. He is half dead, his arm shakes and is no longer strong, and his feet are slow on the war path. Tell him all this, and tell him too,' continued the untutored hero of the forest, with trembling emotion and marked emphasis, 'that Black Hawk would have been a friend to the whites, but they would not let him, and that the tomahawk was dug up by themselves and not by the Indians. Tell your chief that Black Hawk meant no harm to the pale-faces when he came across the Mississippi, but came peaceably to raise corn for his starving women and children, and that even then he would have gone back, but

* Referring to this statement of Mr. Kilbourn, he says: "Soon after preparing to camp we saw three Indians approach us bearing a white flag, who were taken prisoners. * * One of the party that bore the white flag was, out of the most cowardly vindictiveness, shot down while standing a prisoner in camp."

when he sent his white flag the braves who carried it were treated like squaws, and one of them inhumanly shot. 'Tell him too,' he concluded with terrible force, while his eyes fairly flashed fire, 'that Black Hawk will have revenge and will never stop until the Great Spirit shall say to him *come away*.'

"Thus saying he loosened the cord that bound my arms, and giving me particular directions as to the best course to pursue to my own camp, bade me farewell and struck off into the trackless forest to commence that final struggle which was decided against the Indians."

We may search in vain in the world's history for a more beautifully metaphorical speech than this of Black Hawk. "Tell him that Black Hawk's eyes have looked upon many suns, but they shall not see many more, and that his back is no longer straight as in his youth, but is beginning to bend with age. The Great Spirit has whispered among the tree tops in the morning and in the evening, and says Black Hawk's days are few, he is wanted in the Spirit land. Tell him too that Black Hawk will have revenge, and will never stop until the Great Spirit shall say to him, *come away*."

And where can we find a more God-like example of heaven-born mercy and forgiveness, than this of Black Hawk, in sparing the forfeit life of Kilbourn, the scout, a second time. Mr. Kilbourn and eleven other white men had hounded his track from the Maumee, in Ohio, to Rock river, Illinois, for the purpose of capturing or killing him, and came upon him while prostrate quenching his thirst at a spring. Thus taking him at this disadvantage he had drawn a bead upon him, and pulled the trigger of his rifle, but the God of Black Hawk and of Kilbourn, the God of the heavens and the earth, willed that the swift messenger of death should not then be sent. The flint was shattered to atoms, the powder failed to explode, for the spirit of Black Hawk was not yet wanted in the Spirit land, and Kilbourn's life was spared by the noble-hearted old chief, who perceived that his antagonist was practically unarmed by the accident, and was too generous to kill an unarmed foe. Without assistance he took him prisoner, and then, to show him a lesson of magnanimity and mercy, he not only forgave the attempt upon his life but adopted him into his tribe as his own son and caused the Sauks not only to treat him kindly but to trust him, and after living with them about three years, without any cause from the Indian's standpoint, he

deserted them and returned to his own people, where he remained for about sixteen years, when, as a government scout, he led Stillman's ill-fated expedition against his benefactor, and was again taken prisoner by the Sauks. In view of these facts the act of Black Hawk in restraining himself and controlling the vengeance of his band from wreaking the most savage death upon this man, whose life was now doubly forfeited, is a marvel. Determined to again save Kilbourn's life, and knowing that there existed among his braves and warriors a deeply seated purpose to inflict upon the prisoner the most diabolical tortures they could invent, he was afraid to intrust the delicate mission of conducting Kilbourn to a place of safety to any one, hence he assumed that task in person, although then he had seen sixty-five winters.

Notwithstanding the fulsome stories told by the one-eyed Decori and lying Cheators, Black Hawk voluntarily surrendered himself to Gen. Street through the Winnebagoes, who were supposed by him to be neutral, but in reality had aided and assisted the white people. His speech to Gen. Street, on surrendering himself a prisoner of war, is one of the gems of Indian oratory. "The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell all round me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shown on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He now surrenders himself a prisoner to the white men. Let them do with him what they please. Black Hawk is no coward. He can stand torture and is not afraid of death. He has done nothing for which an Indian should be ashamed. He has fought for his country, his squaws and pap-pooes against the white men, who came year after year to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the causes of this war. The white men should be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians and drive them from their homes. But the Indian is not deceitful, and neither lies or steals. An Indian who is as bad as the white men could not live in our nation. He would be put to death and his body cast by the wayside, to be devoured by the wolves.

"The white men are bad schoolmasters; they carry false looks and deal falsely. They smile in the face of the Indian to deceive and cheat him. They shake us by the hand to gain our

confidence, and make us drunk to ruin our wives. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us, but they followed on and beset our every path and coiled themselves among us like so many snakes, whose touch was poisonous, until we, like them, became hypocrites, liars, adulterers and lazy drones—all talkers and no workers. Soon there was no deer in the forest, and the opossum and beaver had fled. The very springs were drying up, and our squaws and papooses were without food. * * We then called a great council, when the spirits of our fathers arose and bade us avenge our wrongs. * * Our plans have all failed, and I now surrender myself as a prisoner. Do with me whatever you wish. My sun is already setting behind the clouds which conceals us from the spirit-land, and I hear the voices of my sacred ancestors saying, Black Hawk, *come away.*”

On his return from Washington City in 1833, Black Hawk joined his wife and children (two sons and one daughter) at their recent village on the Iowa where he remained comparatively quiet until 1837, when he joined Keokuk and other leading chiefs of his nation, and again visited Washington City to confer with the President for the purpose of effecting a peace between the Sauks and Foxes on the one side, and the Sioux on the other, who had been especially hostile since the brutal murder by the latter of the poor famishing women and children of the Sauks who had escaped the guns of Gen. Henry and the steamboat, Warrior, at the Bad Axe, by swimming the Mississippi, to be pursued and slain by the vengeful Sioux. The effort proved abortive.

From Washington City Keokuk, Black Hawk and party proceeded to Boston, where they were received at the State House by Edward Everett, then Governor of Massachusetts, and welcomed to the great State of Massachusetts by him in a neat address as follows:

“Chiefs and Warriors of the United Sacs and Foxes: * You are welcome to our hall of council. Brothers, you have come a long way from your homes to visit your white brethren. We rejoice to take you by the hand. Brothers we have heard the names of your chiefs and warriors. Our brethren who have traveled in the west have told us a great deal about the Sacs and Foxes. We rejoice to see you with our own eyes. Brothers, we are called Massachusetts. This is the name of the red men who

*Gov. Everett followed the common error, that the Sauks and Foxes were a united tribe instead of merely allies, as they were.

once lived here. Their wigwams were scattered on yonder field, and their council fire was kindled on this spot. They were of the same great race as the Sacs and Foxes. Brothers when our fathers came over the great water they were a small band. The red man stood upon the rock by the seaside and saw our fathers. He might have pushed them into the water and drowned them; but he stretched out his hand to them and said 'Welcome white man.' Our fathers were hungry and the red man gave them corn and venison. They were cold, and the red man wrapped them in his blanket.*

"We are now numerous and powerful, but we remember the kindness of the red man to our fathers. Brothers you are welcome! We are glad to see you. Brothers our faces are pale, and yours are dark but our hearts are alike. The Great Spirit has made His children of different colors, but he loves them all. Brothers you dwell between the Mississippi and Missouri. They are mighty rivers. They have a branche far East in the Alleghenies and another far West in the Rocky Mountains, but flow together at last into one great stream and run down into the sea. In like manner the red man dwells in the West and the white man in the East by the great water, but they are all one band and family. It has many branches, but one head. Brothers as you entered our council house you beheld the image of our Great Father, Washington. It is a cold stone; it cannot speak to you, but he was the friend of the red man and bade his children live in friendship with the red brethren. He is gone to the world of Spirits, but his words have made a very deep print in our hearts, like the steps of a strong buffalo in the soft clay of the prairie. Brother, (addressing Keokuk,) I perceive your little son† between your knees. May the Great Spirit preserve his life my brother. He grows up before you like the tender sappling by the side of the great oak. May they flourish for a long time together and when the mighty oak is fallen on the ground may the young tree fill its place in the forest and spread out its branches over the tribe. Brothers I make you a short talk and again bid you welcome to our council hall."

To this speech Keokuk made a very eloquent reply, but Black Hawk was the great attraction. After other chiefs had spoken, his lithe frame rose erect, and he delivered a very dignified and sensible

*The Governor does not tell us *where the blankets came from.*

†Appanooce, now head chief.

speech, but he was not the orator that Keokuk was. (We have not been able to obtain these speeches.) Many fine presents were then made to the Indians by Gov. Everett. Black Hawk and Keokuk both received an elegant sword and brace of pistols.

Soon after his return from this trip the old chief moved his family farther west to the DesMoines river, where he had previously built a log cabin, and made this his home. His family consisted of wife, two sons and their wives, and one daughter with her husband. He was too old to hunt, but his annuities furnished revenue to keep him comfortably, and he turned his attention to the improvement of his land, and in a short time had a very comfortable home, and by no means an inferior farm, even for a white man. His house was a place of resort for the curious as well as many truly philanthropic white people. All were received with genuine hospitality and never went away hungry. At a celebration of the 4th of July, 1838, at Fort Madison, he was a specially invited guest and the most conspicuous object. His tall, trim-built body, broad shoulders and the peculiar tip to his nose attracted the attention of everybody. One of the regular toasts was: "Our illustrious guest, Black Hawk,—may his declining years be calm and serene, as his previous life has been boisterous and full of warlike incidents. His attachment and present friendship to his white brethren fully entitle him to a seat at our festive board."

To this Black Hawk replied: "It has pleased the Great Spirit that I am here to-day. I have eaten with my white friends. The earth is our mother—we are on it, with the Great Spirit above us—it is good. I hope we are all friends here. A few summers ago I was fighting against you. I did wrong, perhaps, but that is past and buried, let it be forgotten. Rock river was a beautiful country; I liked my villages, corn fields and the home of my people, and fought for it. It is now yours. Keep it as we did; it will produce you good crops. I thank the Great Spirit that I am now friendly with my white brethren. We are here together; we have eaten together; we are friends. It is His wish and mine, and I thank you for your friendship. I was once a great warrior. I am now poor. Keokuk has been the cause of my present situation,—but I do not attach blame to him. I am now old. I have looked upon the Mississippi since I have been a child. I love the great river, and have dwelt upon its banks from my infancy. I look upon it now. I shake hands with you, and as it is my wish, I hope you are my friends."

From the time he located on the DesMoines he seldom left his home. A deep-seated melancholy had taken possession of his faculties and held them imprisoned. Yet he was always kind to his family and friends, and courteous to strangers, who always found—

His cabin door was open wide
To bid the weary stay,
And welcome was his fireside
To trav'ler on his way.

While on his second trip East, in 1837, he stated that he could and would do more towards establishing good feeling between the white and red people than forty treaties. He adopted civilized apparel on his first trip to Washington City, and continued to wear coat, pants and vest as long as he lived. Towards Keokuk he entertained feelings of bitter antagonism, which were never reciprocated, so far, at least, as external indications went, by Keokuk. The hate seemed to exist on the part of the old chief only. Keokuk was backed by a large majority of the Sauk nation and supported by the United States Government; hence his position and standing were invulnerable to any attack within the reach of the old dethroned lion. This he fully understood and abstained from the effort, but his feelings occasionally found vent in spite of his efforts to keep them under control.

BLACK HAWK'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

About the 17th of September, 1838, accompanied by the head men and chiefs of his little band, who, despite all efforts of Keokuk and the United States Government to force them to abandon Black Hawk and recognize Keokuk as their head chief, still adhered to him, he started from his quiet home in Iowa for Rock Island to receive the annuity under the so-called treaty of Fort Armstrong, of September 21, 1832.

He had gone but a short distance, however, ere he was taken quite ill, and an immediate return to his cabin home on the north-east quarter section 2, township 70, range 12, Davis county, Iowa, followed. Here his tired spirit lingered upon the boundary line between the known and the unknown, doubting which path to take, until the 3d of October, when he heard the loved voice of Piasa, his father, from the unknown territory beyond the river, saying: "Black Hawk, your earthly path is ended; come away." Then, with a calm reliance upon, and a fixed faith in the Great Sowana, his wearied spirit fluttered across the line at the age of seventy-one years.

He was buried near his cabin in a full military uniform presented him by the cabinet of President Jackson, in 1833. In his military cap was his totem—a bunch of the tail feathers of the black sparrow-hawk. His body sat upon a board sunk some fifteen inches below the earth's surface, and the earth was then filled in again. His entire bust was therefore left erect above ground. Puncheons were then placed over him so as to form a wooden cone some four feet high, which was sodded over with blue grass. At the head of his grave stood his flag-staff, some thirty feet in height, bearing a silken flag, emblazoned with the stars and stripes. Indian-like, he was always partial to jewelry and ornamentation, and for that purpose his ears were perforated in several places for rings, while he also wore a large silver crescent in his nose, until by some accident the septum was torn, leaving a ragged little piece protruding down about the eighth of an inch.

He had been presented with three medals, one by President Jackson, one by ex-President John Quincy Adams, and the other by the city of Boston, which were suspended around his neck in his conical tomb. Gen. Jackson had given him a sword, and Henry Clay and the English General, Dixon, had each given him an elegant cane. These were buried with him, the canes on his right, the sword on his left side. Here would we fain leave him sweetly slumbering on the north bank of the lovely Des Moines, whose softly rippling waters kept up a requiem for the dead; but vandal hands spoiled the scene. An American Arab, a certain Dr. Turner, of Lexington, Iowa, visited this solitary grave, July 4, 1839, and robbed it of its tenant, sword, canes, medals and jewelry, and sent the body to Alton, Ill., where the skeleton was wired together. From there it was sent to Warsaw, Ill. On discovering that their father's grave had been robbed of its tenant his sons were nearly frantic and demanded the return of the body. Gov. Lucas, of Iowa, took immediate measures for its discovery and return, which were successful, and the body was delivered to his sons in the early part of 1840, who restored it to its conical tomb again. But here it remained but a short time ere vandal hands again carried it away and placed it in the Burlington, Iowa, Geographical and Historical Society, where it was consumed by fire in 1855, with the entire collection of the society. A slight punishment for so great a crime against humanity.

Like the widow's son, Black Hawk's* mortal remains found several resting places and burials. Like him, too, he was the purest and best of his race and true to his every obligation, and although no "monument representing a beautiful virgin weeping over a broken column with time unfolding her ringlets and counting her hair" has been erected to his memory, his noble devotion to the welfare of his nation, coupled with his many virtues and few vices, constitute a monument far more stable and enduring than sculptured marble or beaten brass to him who was as good as he was great.

We close this sketch by quoting the last sentence of his autobiography: "May the Great Spirit keep our people and the whites always at peace is the sincere wish of BLACK HAWK."

*He belonged to the secret order of Medicine Men, which is simply Free Masonry.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Biographical sketch of Keokuk, the Cicero of the Red Men.

"All the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men."—*Shakespeare.*



KEOKUK.

LIKE Tecumseh, the great orator and warrior of the Shawanees, Keokuk, or the Watchful Fox, was not a hereditary chieftain, but rose from humble parentage to the head chieftancy of the Sauk nation by his wonderful eloquence and deep knowledge of human nature, united to fine personal appearance, courage and military skill. Born in Saukenuk, in 1788, he was by twenty-one years younger than Black Hawk. In stature he was about five feet eight inches, heavily built, close, com-

compact frame, short legs, small hands and feet, and possessed great activity and strength, united to a constitution like iron; he excelled all his tribe in feats of strength, speed and endurance. His color was several shades lighter than that of Black Hawk, while the general contour of his face and features was decidedly anglo-saxon. The high cheek bones and coarse hair were absent. His face was rather round, forehead broad and high, nose Grecian, mouth, though not small, was firmly set, showing intelligence and firmness. Possessing these great natural advantages, he was ambitious, and, of course, vain. A born horseman and great admirer of the beautiful, his weak points were whisky, women and horses. With such a physical formation, sickness was unknown to him. Hence, he grew up and matured at an early age.

At fifteen he was a man, and the most daring horseman of his nation. With such fondness for horses, he soon became not only the best trainer of horses, but the best judge of them.

When but barely fifteen years old he accompanied the warriors of his tribe upon the war-path against their hereditary enemies, the powerful Sioux, whose name signifies and means the enemy. In an encounter between the Sauks and Sioux, a burly Sioux brave, seeing this bold boy—Keokuk—mounted upon a magnificent pony, took a fancy to the pony, and attempted to kill the boy to get his horse. But "he counted without his host," for Keokuk placed his lance at proper rest, and rushed at the Sioux with the speed of the wind. With equal fury on came the Sioux. The encounter was fierce and short. Keokuk's lance passed through the breast of the Sioux, who fell from his horse, carrying with him his opponents spear, which had pierced his heart. This deed built for young Keokuk a wonderful reputation. The Sioux were admitted to be the best horsemen among all the Indian nations. Hence an encounter with them when mounted was shunned as the deadly Upas by other tribes. But this young David of the Sauks had triumphed over a Goliath of the Sioux and thereby established his right to all the privileges and honors of a first-class brave among the most noted braves of his nation, and hailed by every member of his tribe with admiration and delight. This signal victory was esteemed as a national triumph, in honor of which a great feast was given, when he was formally admitted a member of the braves, with the additional franchise of being permitted to appear on horse back on all public occasions. This latter privilege was especially grateful to the embryo great orator and chief, and was never after limited, qualified or revoked. Within a few years thereafter he was advanced to the position of chief of the fourth grade, or that of the Eagle, which he occupied in 1812, when Black Hawk left Saukenuk with 200 braves to join the British. How Keokuk became the war chief has been fully described in Chapter I. At what age he married (he only had one wife, notwithstanding he has been credited with six at a time), we are not able to state. In every sense of the word he was a grand specimen of Indian manhood.

The most daring as well as the most graceful horseback rider of his nation, he was always well mounted. Should it prove upon trial that some other Indian of his nation had a swifter horse than his, that horse Keokuk would have, cost what it may.

Elaborate and ornate in dress, no Indian excelled him in the display of rich jewelry or fine trappings for his horse. Bold, he was enterprising to the boarder of recklessness, still as a rule he was politic. These qualities so combined in him as to encircle him in a halo of genuine romance which made him the idol of his nation, but more especially with the women. He was a great traveler, and had visited all the surrounding nations, always traveling on horseback with an imposing retinue which never failed to impress those he visited with the belief that he was truly a great brave. In signing the treaty of Fort Armstrong, of September 21, 1832, he had affixed to his signature "the man who has been everywhere."

His saddle was of the Spanish style, while his arms were of the latest and most approved used by the white men. He usually wore a robe elaborately ornamented with porcupine quills, and the gaudy colored feathers of the wild drake and other richly plumaged birds. As a dancer he was as famous as Shamus O'Brien.

He had many war exploits of a minor character. They were generally skirmishes with their mortal foes, the Sioux, whose territory bordered that of the Sauks on the north. On one occasion while on his fall hunt with a body of his warriors, a large war party of Sioux came dashing without warning upon him and his little band of warriors. Both sides were mounted. The Sioux were the better horsemen, excelled in number and armed for war, while his men were simply armed for the chase. The place of attack was an open plain far from timber. A less self-possessed and prompt leader than Keokuk would have sacrificed his band in an attempted fight or a desperate effort to meet a superior foe in a general battle. But Keokuk was neither to be frightened nor led into a desperate field fight. He immediately threw his horses into a compact circle, ordered his men to dismount within the circle, having their horses for a breastwork. His men were by far better marksmen than the Sioux. On came the howling Sioux within easy range, when a well-directed volley from the Sauks sent them prancing back beyond rifleshot. After a short consultation among the Sioux another charge was made with like result. Indeed, the horses of the Sioux refused to approach the second time within range of the deadly bullets of the Sauks; hence the Sioux were forced to abandon the attack, and withdraw with the loss of several men and horses killed and wounded,

while the Sauks escaped unscathed. Though Keokuk, like Ethan Allen, never captured a fort with its garrison solitary and alone, he stampeded a large war party of Sioux while engaged in their war-dance, solitary and alone, and thereby saved his women and children from slaughter. With nearly his entire band of braves and warriors, he left his village unprotected to go on his fall hunt, and with a few men he drew up one evening on a high elevation on the prairie near the dividing line between the lands of the Sauks and the Sioux, when he saw—near a strip of timber a few miles off—a large party of Sioux holding a war-dance. He knew that it meant an attack upon his village during the absence of himself and warriors. Keenly feeling the danger threatening his defenceless loved ones in the absence of their natural protectors, and the impossibility of collecting his warriors, who were scattered all over the country in small hunting parties, together in time to be of any avail, he promptly decided to go in person to their war-dance and frighten them out of all further thought of attacking his unprotected village. Leaving his few warriors on the hill with orders to remain there for at least an hour, and in the meantime if he did not return or let them hear from him, they might feel assured he was either dead or a prisoner in the hands of the Sioux, then they should hasten to their village and remove the people before daylight the following day, directing them to scatter in small companies and conceal themselves in the surrounding thickets and keep hid for a day or two; but if they heard his war-whoop they should answer it with a will and rush to his rescue.

With these instructions he left his friends, and started for the Sioux encampment. Riding along leisurely until within hailing distance, he sent the cruel Spanish spurs into the sides of his gallant steed, who sprang forth like a suddenly loosened cannon ball and rushed on towards the Sioux's war dance. Hearing the pattering of swiftly flying feet, and catching a glimpse of the horse and rider making directly for their dancing circle, a gap was instinctively opened for their entry. Thundering along came Keokuk, until the war post was reached, when the horse was brought to a sudden halt beside it, and he asked for their war chief. The utterly unexpected sight and daring act of the Sauk chief threw the Sioux into consternation and confusion to such a degree that several seconds passed ere they gained a sufficient

composure to understand or comprehend that the daring chief of the Sauks was in their very midst. When their war chief presented himself Keokuk said: "I come, sir, to inform you that you have spies and enemies in your camp, who have told me this war-dance is gotten up to enlist warriors to make an attack upon my village in my absence with my warriors on our fall hunt. They must be liars, however, for it cannot be possible you are such a coward and poltroon as to make war upon women and children in the absence of their protectors. But if they have spoken the truth, then know, proud chief, the Sauks are prepared to give you a hot reception."

This bold act and defiant speech brought back the Sioux from their consternation and affright to a realization of the fact that instead of a messenger from the spirit-land, Keokuk, their mortal enemy, was within their reach, when a rush was made toward him, but again applying the spurs and loosening the reins, his noble horse bounded away like a rocket and fled. So sudden and swift had the approach and departure of this daring chief's movements and actions been, that they were not fully comprehended until Keokuk was really beyond the reach of danger, ere a real effort was made by the Soux to capture or kill him.

After he had escaped from the circle of dancers around the war post and was receding through the darkness beyond their camp, a few random shots were sent in his direction without effect. Rallying from their consternation, horses were mounted in hot haste and a chase began. Keokuk, who had calculated on this, purposely slackened his speed to lead his pursuers on in his pursuit. Soon a large number of well-mounted Sioux were in hot chase of the daring Sauk. As he came within hailing distance of his friends on the hill (with a number of mounted Sioux close after him) Keokuk's war-whoop welled forth on the night air and was immediately answered by his friends from the hill, who started at full speed to meet their chief. This ended the chase and decided the fate of the village. The Sioux, on hearing the war-whoops from the hill, naturally supposed they were being led into an ambuscade, and not only halted but turned and fled back to their camp in fear and consternation, to report that Keokuk's entire band were on the war-path and rapidly approaching the Sioux encampment. It was now in order for the Sioux to light out on short notice, which they did, and lively, too. All further thought of attacking Keokuk's village ceased, while they in turn were expecting an attack from Keokuk. Thus, by a bold stroke

of policy, did Keokuk save the lives of his women and children—a deed with scarcely a parallel in history, and worthy of the highest praise for masterly conception and brilliant execution. Yet, when calmly considered, we can very clearly see he ran but little risk in the execution of his daring plan. He well understood the Indian character and their strong belief in the supernatural and visionary. He also fully appreciated the fact that while they could hear the rapid footfalls of his gallant steed as he came thundering on to their circle, they could not see him until in their very midst on account of their lights, while he could very clearly see them as he approached the war-dance. The dancers instinctively opened a gap in their ring to escape being trodden to death by the swiftly approaching horse and his rider. On reaching the war-post he was at least comparatively safe, because they dare not shoot him there for fear of killing their own men. He also fully understood that they would soon recover from their first startling fright at his unceremonious and demonstrative arrival. Hence he said what he came to say and then started his spirited charger with the speed of the wind, ducking his head to a level with his horse's mane, away he went over the prairies from the light into the darkness. He had reached a point beyond the range of rifle shot ere a gun was fired, and then came to a halt to await the pursuit he well knew would ensue. Nor had he long to wait ere a body of mounted Sioux were on his track,—just what he wanted. He led them on to hailing distance of his few followers on the hill, when he sounded forth his war-whoop, which was responded to by them, which caused the Sioux to 'bout face and scud back faster than they came.

But the early recollections of the white pioneers of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers delight to linger around the memory of Keokuk for his deeds of daring, not upon the war-path, but to prevent war and save their lives, together with their helpless, defenceless dear ones, as shown in Chapters XVI., XVII. and XVIII. Deeds which should never be forgotten and worthy the pen of a Macaulay and a Headly to set them forth in apt words.

Prof. Catlin, in "North American Indians," says: "Keokuk (the running fox) is the present chief of the tribe, a dignified and proud man, with a good show of talent and vanity enough to force into action all the wit and judgment he possesses, in order to command the attention and respect of the world. There is no Indian chief on the frontier better known at this time or more highly

appreciated for his eloquence as a public speaker than Keokuk ; as he has repeatedly visited Washington and other of our Atlantic towns, and made his speeches before thousands, when he has been contending for his people's rights in their stipulations with the United States Government for the sale of their lands. After I had painted the portrait of Keokuk at full length he had the vanity to say to me that he made a fine appearance on horseback and that he wished me to paint him thus. So I prepared my canvas in the door of the hospital which I occupied in the Dragoon Cantonment, and he flourished about for a considerable part of the day in front of me until the picture was completed. The horse that he rode was the best animal of the frontier, a fine blooded horse, for which he gave the price of three hundred dollars, a thing that he was quite able to, who had the distribution of \$50,000 annuities annually amongst his people. He made a great display on this day, and hundreds of dragoons and officers were about him and looking on during the operation. His horse was beautifully caparisoned, and his scalps were carried attached to the bridle-bits."

George Catlin was evidently more able with the brush and palet, than with pen and paper. Hence his colorings with the latter are extravagant in the extreme. How Keokuk should be "quite able to pay \$300 for a fine blooded horse because he had the distribution of \$50,000 annuities, annually," unless he intended to accuse him of being a robber of his own people, is not readily perceived, while "annuities annually" is decidedly refreshing, while his statement that Keokuk appeared at a treaty with his "horse beautifully caparisoned and his scalps attached to the bridle-bits," shows a reckless disregard of facts. Had Prof. Catlin paid any attention to Indian law he would have never made an insinuation that an Indian chief was rich because he handled the annuities of his tribe. He ought to have known that such statement was false, as Chief Keokuk was entitled to five shares, and no more ; but if paid in goods he had first choice. Beyond this he neither received, touched or handled a dollar's worth of their payments. This illguarded and thoughtless assertion of Prof. Catlin contains two other and more vicious elements which are an indirect charge against Keokuk of appropriating the money, goods and effects of his band to his own use, and personal extravagance in paying \$300 for a "fine blooded horse" when a good horse might be purchased for \$50 since this was in 1835 when values were low.

In 1837, when Keokuk, with his wife and son, accompanied by Black Hawk and other Sauk chiefs, were in the city of New York, they attended a public lecture given by Mr. Catlin, on the North American Indians, illustrating his subject by exhibiting his paintings of the most illustrious Indians. When he placed before them Keokuk, mounted on his favorite horse, he says, "They (the Indians) all sprang up and hailed it with a piercing yell. After the noise had subsided, Keokuk arose and addressed the audience in these words: 'My friends, I hope you will pardon my men for making so much noise, as they were very much excited by seeing me on my favorite war-horse, which they all recognized in a moment.' LeClair was with them and interpreted Keokuk's words." Mr. Catlin further says that some one in his audience intimated that his painting of Keokuk's horse was an imposition—that no Indian on the frontier rode so good a horse. "This was interpreted to Keokuk, when he arose again, quite indignant at the thought that any one should doubt its correctness, and assured the audience that his men, many of whom had never heard of this picture being painted, had recognized the horse the moment it was presented, and then asked them why they thought he could not ride as good a horse as any white man. Mr. Le Clair then informed the audience that he had sold the horse to Keokuk for three hundred dollars, and that he was the finest horse on the frontier, belonging either to red or white man, and that the painting was so perfect that he recognized the horse at first glance." With his brilliant talents and comely form, Keokuk had his weaknesses, chief of which was his love for the white man's fire-water. He finally became what among white men would be termed "a steady drinker."

Although seldom drunk, he was a persistent drinker. Add to this an imperial disposition and pompous bearing, his people grew somewhat restless under his rule, when petty schisms, and cabals were suffered to spring up which finally culminated in deposing Keokuk and electing Hard Fish as his successor. Hard Fish was what would now be termed a dude, or lack-a-daisal youth. Keokuk called him by the patriarchal name, Father, and counseled obedience to his orders. But the position lately honored by a Keokuk was too dignified and arduous for a Hard Fish. He struggled hard to hold it, but could not, and was forced to yield it back, and Keokuk was again at the helm. Though defeated, Hard Fish and his gentes, who were numerous and powerful,

kept up a constant rivalry and intrigue, month after month and year after year, occasionally succeeding in placing Hard Fish at the head, only to be superseded by the more powerful Keokuk.

Thus matters continued for several years until 1848, when Keokuk died at the Sauk reservation on the Marie de Cygne, or Mother of Swans river, Franklin county, in the State of Kansas, and was buried within about five miles of the place of his death, near the Sauk Agency house. So sudden was his death that suspicions were aroused that he had been poisoned through the connivance of Hard Fish, his rival. This belief became so general among the band as to sink Hard Fish in infamy and obscurity, and elect Appanooce, Keokuk's only son and child, to the head chieftaincy of the band, which position he now holds, and has continuously held for nearly forty years. Appanooce, or the Born Chief, resembles his father in form and features, and is an able and accomplished chief.

Keokuk never solicited war, but, on the contrary, peace, hence he did not acquire distinction as a great brave among his people. His intellect and finesse were of a higher plane than those of his nation, hence his great ability as a general was not appreciated by his tribe. But as an orator his reputation extended all over the United States, among red men and white men, while his good sense, liberal views and innate worth were such as to command the respect of everybody who came in contact with him, and he could be relied upon on all occasions to uphold the right. At the treaty of Prairie du Chien in 1825, defining the boundary lines of the various Indian tribes of the Northwest, serious complications and difficulties arose so that the plenipotentiaries of our Government were greatly in dread of assassination. In their perilous condition they made known to him their fears and commenced to explain the cause which gave rise to them, but were cut off by his interruption through the interpreter: "I understand the whole matter, and have come to assure you that I have already taken the necessary steps to prevent these difficulties, and will throw around you 200 Sauk braves, for whose fidelity I will pledge you my life." Then, at a preconcerted signal, fully 200 well-armed, tall, athletic Sauks surrounded the building where the Council convened, and allowed no one to pass through their lines without permission from their chief.

His knowledge of Indian laws and customs was such that his advice was sought on many important questions affecting the

interests of other Indian nations than his own. Time and time again was he sent from Saukenuk in the wilds of Illinois to Washington City to confer with the Indian Department upon their affairs. Frequently was he called upon to express his views before the committees of Congress upon Indian affairs, and so great had become his reputation as an orator that when known that he was going to speak before these committees or the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the grave judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, together with the heads of the departments and foreign ministers, would go to hear him. This, too, although he did not speak a word of English and his speeches had to be interpreted; but his intonation of voice, fine figurative thoughts and finished gestures were absolutely entrancing. Pitted at one time against half a dozen of the ablest orators of the Sioux before the House Committee on Indian Affairs, he literally demolished them. Nature made him an orator, while practice perfected what nature began. Hence he was one of the very ablest speakers of his time, white or red.

The mortal remains of Keokuk, as shown by the following letter from Hon. C. F. Davis, president of the Keokuk Savings Bank and treasurer of the Keokuk Monument Committee, have been removed from Kansas to Keokuk, Iowa, to be placed under a suitable monument now in process of erection, viz.:

“KEOKUK, IA., October 24, 1884.

“P. A. ARMSTRONG, MORRIS, Ill.:

“*Dear Sir*—Your letter of 20th inst. to Messrs. Hagerman and McCreary is handed me for reply. To your interrogatives relative to the old chief ‘Keo-kuck,’ I answer in their order:

“*First*. I learned from his son, who was in this city July 4, 1883, that his father died about June, 1847, on the south bank of the Marie de Cygne river, in Franklin county, Kansas, and was buried at the agency, about five (5) miles from where he died.

“*Second*. I procured at that time from his son, who is the only child now living, and chief of the remnant of his tribe, permission in writing to remove his father’s remains to this city; also consent of the Secretary of the Interior Department for such removal. A few of our citizens furnished the money to defray the expenses of such removal. In October, 1883, Dr. J. M. Shaffer and myself went to Ottawa, county seat of Franklin county,

Kansas, and found several old citizens familiar with the location of Keo-kuck's grave, who went with us to the spot. We found the grave, with others, located about three and a half miles south-east of the village of Pomona, in said county. The grave was covered with a white marble slab, 3x6 feet, on which was inscribed the following :

SACRED
To the Memory of
KEO-KUCK,
A Distinguished Sac Chief.
Born in Rock Island in
1788.
Died in April, 1848.

(You will note the discrepancy between the date of death as given by his son and that upon the slab.) We secured the remains, and, together with the slab, brought them to this city, where they are now in my possession.

“*Third.* It is intended to erect a monument to his memory, and an effort is now being made to secure the necessary funds by popular subscription. The remains will not be interred until such monument is ready for erection.

“C. F. DAVIS.”

Quoting from a circular headed, “Keokuk Monument Fund,” we find the dimensions of the design for this intended monument are as follows: “Bottom base, 8 feet 2 inches square; statue, 6 feet 8 inches high; die, 4 feet 3 inches square; extreme height, 36 feet 6½ inches.

“It is intended to erect this monument by popular subscription, the name of each subscriber to be recorded in a book, prepared for the purpose, and to be deposited in the base of the monument when erected, together with the remains of the old chief, Keokuk. * * * The location is that part of Rand Park, north of the city, on the high bluff overlooking the Mississippi river, the Government Canal, and the monument may be seen from the three States of Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri. The statue will be a life-like image of the old chief, and such inscriptions and emblems displayed on the disc as may hereafter be determined upon. It is desired to have the monument completed, ready for dedication July 4th, 1885.”

The officers of this association are: Geo. D. Rand, Chairman; J. M. Shaffer, M. D., Secretary; C. F. Davis, Treasurer.

In the selection of the place and the adoption of the plan of this beautiful tribute of respect to the memory of Keokuk—the Solomon of his race—a happy combination of thought, act, and circumstances are blended, producing harmony, symmetry and beauty. How very meet that the lovely Bluff City, bearing the name of this illustrious ruler of his nation, should honor his memory by the erection of a suitable monument commemorative of his noble deeds of humanity, and what better or more fitting place for its location than the highest peak within her border,—keenly suggestive of the lofty genius of him whose thoughts and deeds were as far above those of other men, as this high peak stands above the surrounding country.

Here let a granite column be erected, whose polished surface shall be the first object to greet the sun in his coming, and the last to reflect back his brilliant rays; while upon its head the declining sunlight shall dally and linger as if loth to leave. Here let his mortal remains rest beside the majestic Mississippi, upon whose banks he was born, raised, lived, loved, and labored, and from whose rapidly flowing torrent he imbibed, in early youth, lessons of speed, force, and grandeur, imbuing his mind and permeating his whole soul and body with those elements, until he became a living, breathing, engine of thought, act, and deed. And how suggestive is the flood of this mighty river, as it comes pouring down with resistless force and matchless speed, without stop or hindrance, rushing on to the gulf, of the flood of time, upon whose bosom all human life is rapidly and uninterruptedly borne, on, on, on to that other and far more mysterious gulf—eternity. It is meet and proper that this polished column should be surmounted by a life-size statue of this noble chieftain in an attitude representing some one of his many noble deeds of humanity and daring.

What more appropriate position than that of standing erect with right arm extended as if to command attention or invoke a blessing upon the natural enemies of his race, as when he stood beside the war post of Black Hawk*—surrounded by armed and infuriated demons, howling for vengeance—the advocate of peace and protection of defenceless women and helpless children. And since the location of this monument is such as to overlook a portion of the three States whose inhabitants owe his memory a debt of gratitude they never can pay—

*See Chapter XVIII.

for his noble services in saving their lives and country—how striking would be this emblem of those deeds. Here let it stand perched upon this lofty peak betwixt the earth and sky, with arm outstretched, invoking the devine protection of the Great Spirit upon the heads of that people whose guardian spirit he was when living. Yet were he permitted to dictate the attitude, he doubtless would be mounted upon his favorite war-horse with lance at proper poise, leading a charge against the hereditary enemies of his nation—the Sioux.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Pow-e-sheik, or the Round Bear, the Great Chief of the Musquawkies, or Foxes, and the Tristram Burgess of His Race.

"What a dull, plodding, tramping, clanking world the ordinary intercourse of society would be without wit to enliven and brighten it."—*Anon.*



POW-E-SHEIK.

A VERY general impression obtains among white people that the Indian is a cold, stoical being, incapable of any emotional feelings other than revenge. This is quite erroneous. On the contrary, as a rule, and with indeed few exceptions, the Indian delights in perpetrating as well as enjoying a witticism or sharp joke, united with a quick appreciation of the ludicrous. Pow-e-sheik was not only witty, but sharp as a whip in financial transactions, and

had the field of commerce been open to him he would have proven himself a rival of Jim Fisk and Jay Gould. Born at the principal village of his nation, Musquaw-kenuk—where the great city of Davenport, Iowa, now stands—in 1813, he was the grandson and hereditary heir of Muck-e-te-nan-a-makee, or Black Thunder, who was the greatest chief and purest patriot the Foxes ever produced, and by all odds their ablest orator. Though living in 1832, he was very old and feeble, and had virtually ceased to act as head chief for several years prior to this time. Wapello (the prince, or he who was painted white) was really the war chief as well as head-man when Black Hawk determined to recross the Mississippi in 1832, on account of the age and infirmities of Black Thunder, for Pow-e-sheik was then

but 19 years old, and had not yet, and, indeed, would not assume the duties of the position of great head chief during his grandfather's lifetime.

It has been aptly said that extremes meet and coalesce. This doctrine would seem true as illustrated by the friendship which sprung up between the handsome young prospective Fox chief Pow-e-sheik and the homely Sauk chief Neapope. Dissimilar in form, features, build, mind, taste and inclination—Neapope tall, angular, coarse, brutal and untruthful; Pow-e-sheik short, handsome, polished and the soul of honor, in a few words he was as pretty as a pink, and the pink of politeness—yet a strong friendship existed between these Indians, which lasted during their entire lives. Hence, when Black Hawk and Neapope determined to return to Saukenuk, Pow-e-sheik, who then had no following, being of the truly romantic age, readily consented to go with them, but had no command whatever. Having followed the fate of Black Hawk up to the Four Lakes he then left him and sought shelter with the Winnebagoes, who surrendered him to the commander at Fort Crawford after the battle of the Bad Axe, but he was only held captive a few days; there being no proof that he had taken any part in the war other than a mere spectator, he was liberated and returned to his tribe in Iowa, where he found that his aged grandfather had been dead several weeks. Soon after his return to Iowa, he was declared Head Chief and successor to his grandfather, the late Black Thunder. Brave, honest, and full of wit, fun and frolic, he was as playful as a fat young bear. Such was the most popular chief of the Foxes.

Under section 6 of the treaty of September 21, 1832, given in chapter 29, ante, one section of land where the city of Davenport now stands, and another section lying seven miles up the Mississippi above Davenport, on the same side of the river, at the head of the first rapids above the island of Rock Island, where the village of Le Clair is now located, were awarded Antoine Le Clair, official Indian interpreter, for his services as such. The section where Davenport stands embraced Musquawkenuk or Musquawketown, then their principal village, while the other section also belonged to the Foxes, and since these Indians took no part in the Black Hawk war, they could not well see why their lands were taken from them. More especially were they perplexed to understand why these two sections of their land should be taken from them and given to Le Clair. As a natural

result they hated Le Clair with the very bitterest vim and never forgave him for accepting them, for they believed he had robbed them out of this land. Nor was this the only cause Powesheik had for disliking the interpreter. Le Clair was very penurious and extremely stingy, qualities which were foreign to Powesheik's nature, and specially offensive to him. While Powesheik was a sharp business man and made close trades, he was very benevolent, liberal and generous, hence the little Fox chief let no opportunity pass unimproved to show his contempt of, or to annoy, Le Clair.

Powesheik and Keokuk accompanied Black Hawk, Neapope, Winnesheik, Pashepaho and the other Sauk captives to Washington City in 1833. Whenever and wherever these Indians traveled on foot they went in pairs. Black Hawk with the Interpreter Antoine Le Clair always in the lead, followed by the tall Neapope and Winnesheik, Powesheik and Keokuk bringing up the rear. The contrast between the tall straight form of Black Hawk with his long easy steps, and the short but powerful body of Le Clair, whose father was French and mother a squaw, and whose stature was but five feet and five inches, while his weight was then fully two hundred pounds and afterwards exceeded three hundred pounds, with his short bow-legs waddling along like a duck and making about two steps to Black Hawk's one, was ludicrous in the extreme. Everybody of course wanted to see the renowned Black Hawk, and made anxious inquiries as they were passing on the streets and sidewalks "which is Black Hawk?" Powesheik, although he did not speak English, soon caught the meaning of this inquiry, and as promptly pointed the inquirer to the squat form and bushy head of Le Clair, as the veritable and redoubtable Old Black Hawk, much to the annoyance of Le Clair, but greatly to the mirth and amusement of the Indians. Under Section 3, of the so-called second treaty of Fort Armstrong of September 21, 1832, before referred to, the United States agreed to pay the Sauks and Foxes annually for thirty years the sum of \$20,000 in *specie*. When the first payment came due, an assistant paymaster started from Washington City with this large amount of money for Rock Island, where it fell due and payable September 21, 1833. But on reaching Pittsburgh, Pa., he could not resist the temptation to speculate on these Indians—a practice which had been long before inaugurated and from which other United States officials had grown wealthy. He therefore invested this \$20,000—excepting

enough to pay transportation—in gew-gaws and toys, cheap prints, looking glasses, beads and tinsel and shipped them down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to Rock Island, where they were landed, and the paymaster erected his tepee or paymaster's tent, unboxed a portion of his goods, displaying them to the best advantage the circumstances would permit—and sent word to these Indians to come and draw their annuities, which were distributable per capita after their chiefs had each taken the number of shares they were entitled to under their tribal law. The Indians came swarming for their respective shares, but when the paymaster was about to begin the distribution he discovered that Powesheik the head Chief of the Foxes was absent, and knowing that as such chief he was entitled to five shares, and when paid in goods to the first choice, he had to wait for him. Searching parties were sent out to bring the tardy Powesheik to the Island, but soon returned with the unwelcome tidings that Powesheik was *esquabby*, or in plain English, drunk—very drunk, indeed too drunk to walk, talk or stand. Here was a dilemma which could only be overcome by time, and the paymaster was forced to close up his goods and wait for another day, which he did reluctantly, accompanied by a homily upon the pernicious influence firewater had upon the Indians as well as white men, but never a word about cheating “poor Lo” by dishonest paymasters.

As a matter of fact, Powesheik had purposely become drunk that day. Knowing that the annuity was then due, and seeing the dry goods boxes being unloaded from the steamboat on the bank of Rock Island, he very readily perceived that the old, old story of peculating by the Government officials upon the Indians was being attempted in this payment, and he then and there determined to prevent it for one time at least, and while revolving in his own mind how he could thwart the paymaster he adopted, partly on purpose and partly by accident, his good-sized plain drunk. Great was the disappointment of the squaws and pap-pooes at seeing so many pretty things almost within their reach, yet beyond their possession. The paymaster dismissed them with an order for them to return early the following day, and scarcely had the sun appeared above the horizon in the east ere a host of Indians were crowding around the little tepee, but Powesheik was again absent, when a messenger was sent over to his lodge, who soon returned with word that the little chief was again drunk, so very drunk as to be stupid and entirely helpless.

This news seemed to entirely rattle the paymaster, who then said: "The Great Father at Washington cannot and will not stand such conduct. This payment must be made at once, but I will allow another day for Powesheik to get sober and come for his annuity, and if he does not do so early to-morrow morning (being the third day), I will box up the goods and ship them back," which would cause their annuity then due to lapse or go over to the next year, and thereupon he closed up his goods and withdrew. This threat being interpreted to the Indians, the squaws, who were now half crazy for some of his gew-gaws, became badly frightened and appealed to the two wives of Powesheik to endeavor to have him there the next morning, which they promised to do, and did in this way: They immediately entered their canoe, paddled over the north branch of the Mississippi and went directly to his lodge, where they found him in a deep stupor. Picking him up they carried him to the edge of the river and doused him under the water, and held him there for several seconds and then drew him up to breathe, when down he went again; keeping up this ducking process until they had churned the whiskey pretty well out of his stomach; they then took him home and gave him a good substantial meal, but kept him, to all intents, a close prisoner until the morrow. One wife lay on each side of him during the night to grab and hold him from escaping to get more whisky. In the morning, after giving him a good breakfast, they oiled and combed his hair and presented him a neat clean suit all through, so that he looked like an Indian dandy (and really he was a very pretty Indian); they led him by main strength down to the bank of the river, entered their canoe and paddled over to the island. Owing to his being somewhat obstreperous, they were late in reaching the paymaster's tent, who was in a bad humor, fretting, chafing and scolding at the delay, and the noble Keokuk had just closed a conciliatory speech in which he tried to excuse what he termed an occasional weakness of his friend, the Fox chief, as the latter arrived.

On seeing Powesheik approaching his tent the paymaster, in an angry tone, complained of the expense and annoyance he had been submitted to by the drunkenness of one Indian. Though he did not understand what the paymaster was saying, Powesheik readily understood that he was angry, when, straightening up, while fire fairly flashed from his eyes, and in an extremely angry tone of voice he said: "No more of that. I am neither a

squaw nor pappoose. I am a man and a Chief, and allow no one to abuse me or question my motives." The paymaster saw he had made a mistake and hastened to apologize, but was cut short by an abrupt interference from the chief, who said, "I would like to ask the father* a question. Suppose I should sell you a horse, for which you pay me, but you are to come for him at some future time agreed upon, during which I am to keep the horse and the money. When the time is up and you come for the horse, I say I have traded your horse for a cow; I cannot give you the horse, for he is gone, but you may have the cow in his stead. Would you be compelled to take the cow in place of the horse under the white man's law?" "Certainly not," replied the paymaster. "Your answer is entirely satisfactory and conclusive of this case. The treaty provides for the payment of \$20,000 in specie, which you have traded for calico, beads, gew-gaws, tinsel and trifles to please the fancy of our squaws and papposes, and to cheat and defraud us. We can neither eat nor wear them, nor trade them for food or clothing, hence we do not want and will not take them. You have repeatedly said that if we did not take your goods to-day, you would box them up and ship them back, and that we should get no payments this year. I advise you to do so at once; for be assured we will not touch them;" saying which he turned upon his heel and proceeded directly to his canoe, which he entered, and rapidly paddled to the north side and went to his lodge; taking his pipe, filling and lighting it, he lay down upon a white bear-skin and commenced to smoke.

The paymaster now became thoroughly alarmed, and saw disgrace and ruin staring him full in the face, from which the only escape was by conciliating the little Fox chief whom he had estimated as but a drunken little scamp, hardly worth noticing, and had started out on that line to be suddenly brought to a realizing sense of the fact that he was in contact with the ablest business man he had ever met or heard of among the Indians, and unless he could prevail on him to accept the goods he clearly saw that he was ruined financially, while his bondsmen were jeopardized, and his summary dismissal from the service must follow.

In his great distress he appealed to Keokuk and Wapello for assistance, and begged them to follow the little chief home and

*All United States officers were called father by the Indians.

by any means in their power induce him to consent to the acceptance of the goods, adding that, if necessary, they might offer him a large present as a consideration, and that any agreement they might make with Powesheik which should result in his accepting the share of this annuity going to his tribe he would confirm. These generous chiefs, fully appreciating the situation, started at once for Powesheik's lodge, where they found him resting and smoking, and at once broached the object of their visit, and urged him to forego his prejudice against accepting goods in place of money this time, etc. Powesheik listened courteously to what they had to say, and then told them in a dignified tone and manner that, while sympathizing with the paymaster in his peculiarly bad situation, since the goods had been bought and paid for out of the \$20,000 which was not his but belonged to the Indians, he could not and would not consent to accept goods in place of the specie, as provided by the terms of the contract, and assured them that all arguments they might offer would not change his resolution on that subject. That he had witnessed so many similar transactions whereby the cunning, tricky palefaces had cheated, wronged and defrauded the unsuspecting and confiding Indians that, while yet a boy, he had made a vow to the Great Spirit that if permitted to reach the head chieftaincy of his nation he would put a stop to such transactions, which vow he held as sacred and inviolable.

They then attempted to bribe him by saying that a little bird had sung in their ears as they left the Island saying "tell Powesheik that the father now on the Island will make him rich with presents, if he will permit his squaws and papposes to take the pretty goods which the father has brought them." Hardly had they ended this sentence ere Powesheik dropped his pipe, sprang to his feet with a yell and made a rush for his scalping knife saying "dare you attempt to bribe me, I will have your hearts' blood," as he made a dash for the door of the lodge by which Keokuk and Wapello had just escaped, and now running for life for their canoe at the edge of the river, closely pursued by the thoroughly irate Powesheik. The race was a close one between these three Indian chiefs. Keokuk and Wapello obtained about one rod the start and ran side by side for the bank of the Mississippi where they had drawn the prow of their canoe up so as to detain it from drifting off, closely pursued by the maddened

Powesheik with scalping knife in hand, eager for their blood. He was the fastest runner of the three and was decreasing the distance at every jump, notwithstanding fear lent wings to the heels of Keokuk and Wapello. It really seemed to be an impossibility for their escape from danger, if not death, but as they came within a jump of their canoe, they sprang almost simultaneously into the river-end of it which sent it far out into the river like a shot from the momentum of their rapid approach, while Powesheik, sure of his victims, was brought to a realizing sense of their escape by plunging head foremost into the Mississippi. So intent was he on overtaking them that he did not observe the river until he fell into it. On reaching the shore, dripping wet, he shook his knife at them with a threat of future punishment, and returned to his lodge by no means mollified by his ducking.

But the mental condition of the paymaster, upon hearing the report of Keokuk and Wapello, accompanied with the assurance that all hope of effecting any kind of compromise, was bordering upon desperation. To do what he had threatened in case Powesheik was not there on the third day, he dare not, since the whole fact of his attempted speculation would then become public, and he also felt morally sure that he could not induce those he purchased the goods from to take them back except at a ruinous discount, hence he must either send them to St. Louis or Chicago, and selected the latter. Then came the difficulty of transportation. He succeeded in hiring a sufficient number of ox teams and old schooner shaped wagons to take them over-land nearly 200 miles, where he found a poor market for them, and only succeeded in realizing about 50 per cent. on his goods, which left him fully \$10,000 short, or in plain English he was a defaulter to that amount, and was dismissed the service while his bondsmen made good the amount to the Government, and the payment due these Indians that year was not made, but went over to the next. Fortunately this did not materially affect the Indians, because Davenport & Farnham, representing the American Fur Company, furnished them guns, ammunition, blankets and food as they previously had done, to be paid from their peltries and furs or from their next annuity, when it would be \$40,000 instead of \$20,000.

By referring to the so-called treaty of Fort Armstrong of September 21, 1832, it will be observed that Article 2 reserves 400 square miles along the Iowa river for a home for the Sauks and Foxes. This reservation was divided into two equal parts, each

tribe taking a half, the Sauks below, the Foxes above. It took the white pioneers of Iowa but a short time to make claims and improvements on all the then considered best lands—*i. e.*, where timber and prairie were contiguous, between the Mississippi and the upper end of this reservation; and, indeed, on all sides of it; and still they were not satisfied, but wanted this reservation; more especially that part which these Indians were cultivating. Such was the demand and pressure for these lands, that the government was urged to purchase them. On the other hand the white settlers had located right up to the line, and their horses and cattle were playing havoc with the Indians' poorly-fenced corn fields, so that their proximity was offensive to the Indians, which fact made them quite willing to sell and go farther west. When a proposition was made by the United States for the purchase, they were ready and willing to sell, and all preliminary matters were speedily arranged by the Indians, which resulted in fully authorizing and empowering Powesheik to consummate a sale and cession of the share of the Foxes in these reserved lands, and he, accompanied by Mr. Le Clair, the official interpreter, were taken on to the city of Washington by the sub-Indian agent to consummate the sale. Arriving there in the evening, the first thing after breakfast on the morrow, Powesheik directed Le Clair to inform the agent that he desired to be taken to the office of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, before going to the office of the Secretary of the Interior Department, where the so-called treaty was to be consummated. To the question made by the agent, "What does he want to go there for?" Powesheik promptly answered "business," with which answer the agent had to be content, though laconic enough to suit even a Jingle.

Upon reaching the office of that functionary the chief asked the expense of surveying, platting and selling the Government land per acre, and on being informed "twenty-five cents," he asked how much per acre the Government received for their lands, and was informed "one dollar and twenty-five cents." "Does it ever receive more or sell for less?" "No; that is the price fixed by Congress." Thanking the Commissioner for the information, he signified his readiness then to see the Secretary of the Interior, and was conducted thither. When he was asked if he was ready to conclude the sale and cession of these two hundred square miles, he answered in the affirmative. The Secretary then read and Le Clair interpreted to him a draft of what is called a treaty,

and asked him if the draft was satisfactory, to which he, after a few moments, during which his mind seemed absorbed, as if solving a difficult mathematical problem, replied: "I am satisfied with the conditions and general terms of the written paper, but not with the price. If I am correct in my calculations you are only giving me twenty cents an acre; I want fifty cents." The secretary answered: "You are correct in your calculations; twenty cents an acre is the highest price the United States ever pay for the Indian title to the public land, and that is the price we are giving you in this treaty." Powesheik replied: "I do not think any previous treaty for the cession of the Indian title to their lands should form a basis in this, for several reasons, one of which is the fact that these lands are all choice, lying, as they do, along the beautiful Ioway river, with abundance of timber as well as splendid prairie, well watered, and no waste land except that taken by the river, which abounds with fish. Another and important reason is the fact that it embraces not only the land where our principal village is located but also our corn-fields, which are ready broken up for the pale faces to plant their crops." To which the Secretary replied: "True, they may be all you say they are, but that will make no difference to the United States, because it only gets one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre whether the land be good or bad, improved or wild." "But it only costs your Government twenty-five cents an acre, as I was informed by the Commissioner of the Land Office before coming here to-day, to survey, plat and sell these lands, which leaves one dollar per acre clear profit. Now, I am willing to divide this profit with you; I will take one-half and you the other." "We could not for a moment seriously think of doing so; we are giving you the highest price, and can give no more than twenty cents per acre." "I have been informed that there is a rule or custom among the white people, when about exchanging one commodity for another between which there is a difference in value, if the parties cannot agree upon what that difference should be, one offering less and the other claiming more, for the sake of a trade, as you call it, they split the difference between them or divide. That this custom or rule has become so general among your people that if either party refuses to split the difference he is called a hog. Now, I am no hog, and hope you will not be. I am willing to split the difference in the net value of these lands and will take fifty cents an acre, and let you have the other fifty cents."

Thereupon further conference was broken off until the next day. In the meantime the Secretary presented the subject to President Jackson and Cabinet. Old Hickory at first manifested considerable agitation over what at first thought seemed an unreasonable demand, but in a moment burst out in a hearty laugh over the shrewd cunning of Poweshiek, and after some comment the Secretary was authorized to increase the price to thirty cents an acre as the utmost limit. When informed of the action of the President and Cabinet, Poweshiek said: "I am sorry the Great Father and his Council are not willing to split the difference and divide with me, but since I have come so far to make the treaty I will consent to the price now offered if the Great Father will give me and my band the right to cut all *coon* and *bee-trees* we may find on these lands." Perceiving no covert meaning in this proposition it was readily accepted and inserted in the treaty, which was then duly executed.

Possession was to have been given on the first of the following September, but when that time came these Indians made no kind of effort to move off. In the meantime white pioneers were growing impatient to settle on the cultivated lands, and kept besieging the sub-agent of this tribe to enforce the treaty. Thus urged, he called on Poweshiek about the first of November and told him his time was up, and he must give up the immediate possession. To which the little chief replied: "I am not yet ready to move." "But you must get ready, and at once." "There is no must about it; I am going to stay as long as I want to." "What do you mean? Do you mean to defy the United States?" "No; but I have a perfect right to stay until I am ready to go." "How so?" "Because I had a clause inserted in the treaty which permits me and my tribe to cut all *coon-trees* and *bee-trees* we may find on these lands." "Certainly, nobody questions your right to cut such trees; but what has that to do with your right of possession?" "Everything. How can we *cut them till we find them*? We have not yet finished hunting for them." The sub-agent had nothing more to say, but reported the whole matter to Gov. Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, who reported to the President.

The President laid the matter before his cabinet and recommended the summary removal of these Indians at the point of federal bayonets. But more pacific counsels prevailed, which resulted in another compromise of an additional 10 cents per acre

which amounted to over \$1,200 more money for the Indians, greatly to the satisfaction of the greatest financier of his race. Immediately after effecting this arrangement, Powesheik and his band gave up the full possession of these lands, but before leaving he gave what he called a feast, to which he invited many of his white neighbors, who honored the occasion with their presence. After eating a hearty meal, whiskey was passed freely around, and Powesheik became decidedly *esquabby* and loquacious, making them one of his characteristic speeches, in which he said: "My heart is sad at being compelled to part with my white brothers, with many of whom I and my people have lived in peace for several winters, and with some of whom I have been *esquabby* for a week at a time; and I flatter myself that you will miss me when I am gone, and that you will think kindly of me, with all my faults and oddities, believing that my heart is good and tongue straight. Why, my friends, (waving his right arm as if passing over the belt of timber lying along the bank of Iowa which for the distance of a mile was literally infested with the log-cabin whisky-shops of worthless white men), the very woods will weep when Powesheik is gone." He had been one of their best-paying as well as most constant patrons.

A few years after this Powesheik, with his own immediate gens or family and a few *attaches*, returned to Davenport to visit the scenes of their childhood and renew the monuments or marks of affectionate remembrance of their dead, who slumbered in their Chippiannock upon the high bluff overlooking the majestic Mississippi. They had traveled over-land from early morning until 4 P. M. without food. Reaching Davenport they encamped close beside the pasture fence of Mr. Le Clair, who had fenced off a portion of his section of land lying there for a pasture for his stock. Pitching his wig-wams, Powesheik sent one of his men to the residence of Mr. Le Clair, with an order for one beef and two hogs to feed his weary, hungry people. This Mr. Le Clair promised, but failed to do. Night came on apace, but no food, when the poor fatigued women and children as well as men sought their beds dinnerless and supperless.

The morning came, but still no food. Powesheik called his messenger and questioned him as to whether he had delivered his order of the day before to Mr. Le Clair in person. On being assured that he had done so, Powesheik waited until about 9 A. M. without further tidings from Le Clair, then taking his rifle,

accompanied by a few of his men, he went into the field or pasture and shot down one of Le Clair's work-oxen, and left his men to dress it, while he proceeded to look for hogs. Scarcely had he shot the ox before Le Clair's teamster came on the ground to yoke up the work oxen to do some hauling, and finding one ox dead, he rushed back to Le Clair's house and informed him of what had befel his best ox. Seizing a loaded gun, Le Clair started for the scene, declaring he would shoot Powesheik on sight. Rushing up to the Indians who were skinning the ox, he inquired for the Chief, and was informed that he had gone in search of hogs. But as a matter of fact, Powesheik had taken his position behind a large oak tree near by to await events. Fairly foaming with rage, Le Clair started directly toward the tree where Powesheik stood, to be suddenly brought to a stand still by the voice of Powesheik, "Halt." Le Clair attempted to present his gun, but soon gave up the effort, on being told "drop your gun or I'll shoot." He saw the Indian's rifle covered his breast, and that his life hung upon a slender thread, and obeyed. He then asked Powesheik why he had killed his work-ox. The Chief replied, "I need and must have food for my hungry people. I sent an order to you yesterday for one beef and two hogs, which you promised to fill. You know Powesheik, and that he pays his debts. The meat did not come, and my tired, hungry people were forced to retire without a mouthful to eat. I waited until late this morning, but neither food or tidings of you came. I then shot down the fattest beef I found in your field, but did not know it was your work-ox. Yet if I had known it, I should probably have done as I did. If I did you justice I would shoot you down where you now stand, as I would a worthless, snarling dog. Every dollar you are worth was the gift of the Foxes. Yet you permit me and my large company here to suffer for food when you have plenty."

Le Clair agreed to furnish all the food he might need and drop the quarrel. Mr. Le Clair had grown wealthy for the time and place, and his squaw-wife desired to put on style like the white women. A new frame dwelling was built with a parlor, which must be carpeted. She visited St. Louis for the purpose of properly furnishing this new house, and purchased a parlor carpet of the most extravagant figures and colors, red and yellow predominating. This was put upon the parlor floor, leaving—as was the custom then—a space between the outer edge of the carpet and

wall, of some twenty inches of naked floor, upon which to set the chairs—for, as they believed, the feet of the chairs would tear and ruin a carpet if placed thereon.

On a dark, lowery day, when the outside world was mud, dub and mire, Powesheik, with some dozen of his boon companions, at his suggestion visited this parlor to see, as he said, "Le Clair's new blanket." Marching up Indian file, Powesheik, at the head, entered the nice parlor with dirty, wet feet. Le Clair's little adopted daughter saw them enter, and ran across the street to his store and told him "Powesheik with about fifty Indians are destroying mamma's new carpet." Seizing a scalping-knife in each hand, Le Clair started for the parlor with murder in his heart, but on reaching the open door leading into the parlor he dropped his knives and burst out into a convulsive fit of laughter at the comical sight presented. Powesheik, in advance, was marching around the outer edge of the carpet, lifting the chairs as he came to them and placing them carefully on the carpet, followed in single file by the other Indians, admiring the "new blanket." Not one of them had stepped on the carpet.

Aware of the proneness of the Indian nature to believe in dreams and visions, Joseph Smith, the self-styled Mormon Prophet, sent for Powesheik, with Le Clair as interpreter, to visit Nauvoo. On their arrival he conducted them with a mysterious kind of air to his *sanctum sanctorum*, closed and locked the outer door, and with long face and sanctimonious voice, related to them that in a dream the Great Spirit had appeared and directed him to rise up and travel to such a wood, such a tree and log, dig in the earth, when knowledge would be disclosed to him; how he obeyed, and found the will of the Great Spirit inscribed upon brass tablets; that he was unable to read them when found; how he prayed for an understanding heart that he might comprehend the writing upon the tablets; how the Great Spirit again appeared to him in a dream and told him how to read them, etc. To all of which the chief listened with an attentive ear. When Smith ended his wonderful story he produced four small brass tablets, on which cabalistic characters were delicately etched, and about as significant to any living being as crow-tracks. Powesheik asked permission to examine them. Smith passed them to him with great dignity and consideration. Powesheik took them in his hands and examined them, seriatim, face, back, sides and ends, and then burst out into a good, jolly, boisterous laugh, at which

the Prophet, with well-feigned horror, inquired the cause of this, to him, ill-timed hilarity. To which Powesheik, checking his laughter with effort, replied: "I was laughing over the fact that the Bad Spirit placed these trinkets in the ground to fool the pale-faces, and you were the first to find them, thereby proving you to be the chief among the fools of the white people." Smith ceased all further effort at making Mormons of the Indian race.

Let it not be said an Indian cannot be witty. Reader, have you ever found a round pile of pebble-stones, whose location and formation were a puzzle. If so, charge it to the account of the Indians to mark the location of a *crim. con.* Each Indian, on passing the spot, deposits a small stone or pebble until quite a monument is erected to commemorate, and at the same time condemn, the folly.

This is their mode of stoning adulterers, and making them and their act ridiculous as well as odious. But there is a peculiar kind of real amusement to the depositors in such case. They have a hearty laugh as they cast down their pebble or stone, as if too ludicrous for anything. This is a decided improvement over the Jewish custom of throwing stones at the persons instead of ridiculing them by the slow erection of miniature monuments to their folly.

In all places, and under every circumstance, whisky-vendors are an element of discord. Especially is this true among the Indians. Fully appreciating this fact, Gov. Dodge, when trying to conclude a treaty with the Foxes on one occasion, put all the whisky-vendors under arrest before convening the council. On arriving at the meeting to consider the proposed treaty, Powesheik looked all round as if in search of something lost. On being asked what he was looking for he replied: "My friends, the pale-faces, who sell the fire-water. I am afraid they have met with some misfortune. I cannot sit in council until I know they are safe." And thereupon he left the council. Gov. Dodge was forced to release them before Powesheik would re-enter the council.

Like the Sauks and Pottawattamies, the Foxes are reduced to a mere handful in number. Their home is near Tama, in the State of Iowa, where they are eking out a kind of precarious existence, trying to farm. There are less than three hundred of

them now living. George L. Davenport,* elder son of the late Col. George Davenport, is their official interpreter and general agent. He spends the greater portion of his time among them in endeavoring to teach them the white man's ways. Some of them are becoming quite thrifty, but are incompetent to meet the shrewd white man in the field of trade and barter. Hence Mr. Davenport is compelled to keep up a constant vigilance to prevent their being fleeced. Powesheik has gone on the long trail, leaving several children and grand-children. His sons are well-educated, for Indians, and are great newspaper readers and amateur politicians. The entire tribe have long since adopted the white man's apparel and imitated him in their domiciles and habits of living, but the white man's fire-water has been their special bane. However, since the adoption of the prohibition amendment to the State Constitution of Iowa, it is hoped they will be, partially at least, relieved of this curse. They own their farms in severalty, but not with power of sale and alienation without consent of the tribe, as we are informed.

* Mr. Davenport died at their village in 1885, since this article was written.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Biography of Shaubencee, the Great Sanguenash of the Illinois Pioneers, his Birth, Marriages and Life up to 1833.

" See him from nature rising slow to art.
To copy instinct then was reason's part.
Thus, then, to man the voice of Nature spake:
Go, from the creatures thy instructions take.
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physics of the field;
Thy arts of building, from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plow, the worm, to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale."—*Pope*.



SHAUB-E-NEE.

SHAUB-E-NEE, or, Built like a Bear, was by far the most widely known and universally respected Indian of the Illinois frontier, and, in many respects, the most noted Indian of his time, though the contemporary of Tecumseh, Red Jacket, Black Hawk and Keokuk. His was the age of great men among the Indians. Though the grand-nephew of the great Pontiac, the most celebrated Indian the Ottawas ever produced, Shaubencee was not an hereditary heir to the

chieftaincy, yet he was from a chieftain's stock and in position to make himself a chief with but little effort. Born at the principal village of the tribe known as the Ottawas, in Canada, in the year 1775, he was raised and educated there, but moved with a branch of his tribe into what was then a part of the territory of Michigan—now State of Wisconsin—about the year 1800. We use the word educated with a full understanding of the word—not in

book learning, for he had none—yet was he educated, and that, too, liberally in all the Indian lore of his day. Forests, brooks, creeks, rivers and lakes were his books, from which he drank deeply of the hidden secrets of nature, and learned, not only woodcraft, but a knowledge of the nature, habits, peculiarities and eccentricities of all animal, bird, fish and insect nature, and imbibed lessons of wisdom from the flight of the birds, howlings of the wolf, trails of the bear and affright of the meek-eyed deer. In form, stature, complexion and features he more closely resembled Tecumseh than any other prominent Indian. A born leader of his tribe and race, he possessed that magnetic power which overcame all opposition. From infancy he was strong, rugged and hardy. It is doubtful if he ever was sick in his life up to a short time before his death. He was five feet nine inches in height, but owing to his body being very long in proportion to his limbs, he appeared several inches taller than he really was. His chest and shoulders were very broad, neck large and head of the Websterian size. His weight when we first knew him in 1831, was about 200 pounds. He was then 56 years of age, but his weight increased to about 240 pounds before his death. His hands and feet were remarkably small, with nicely tapered limbs, while his features were of that remarkable character which once seen were never forgotten. On viewing the elegant life-size oil painting of this celebrated chieftain by E. S. Webber, the finished portrait painter, of Streator, Ill., Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, said: "Shaubenee comes fully up to my idea of the perfect physical formation of man as designed by the Omnipotent."

In his youth he excelled all competition in the manly feats of strength, speed, and endurance. Strong as the buffalo, swift of foot as the elk, yet with all this, as gentle as a woman and kindly hearted as a child. Full of fun, wit and good humor, there was neither levity or buffoonery in his nature. Fear to him was a mere word whose meaning he never comprehended. Being brave he of necessity was truthful, since none but cowards condescend to lie. What Shaubenee agreed to do that he did. His great strength, skill and knowledge of woodcraft and human nature naturally advanced his good standing in his nation. At the early age of thirty he became the great war chief of his tribe. That like the great Pontiac, he was ambitious in his youth need not be contradicted. He soon became a famous brave and commander and a terror to all the enemies of his nation.

The Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawattamies were allies, if not a confederacy, and sprang from the once powerful confederation known as the Pequotamies, and bound together by the ties of consanguinity and extensive intermarriage, while their laws, customs, language and religious beliefs were almost identical. Hence they seldom made war upon each other and were for many years a confederated band or tribe under the same Head Chief.

About the year 1800, as we are told by Miss Frances R. Howe, of Porter Station, Indiana, in a letter of February 15, 1882, who is a grand niece of Shaubenee, "An extended hunting excursion brought him (Shaubenee) from the Ottawa country into the Pottawattamie hunting grounds, where he was kindly received by a chief and his family. The young stranger made such a fine impression on the chief and his wife that they gave him their daughter in marriage. All went smoothly for a while, but one day her relatives began to find fault with the foreigner. The fault-finding developed into an open quarrel when Shaubenee in great disgust expressed his determination to live no longer with such people, and leaving his wife he started on his homeward journey. She upbraided her relatives for their harsh words to her husband. But before sundown he returned thoughtful, sedate, silent, and remained with his wife and her tribe until she felt old age creeping on apace, so that she was no longer capable of performing the duties and labors assigned to an Indian's wife, and besought him to take a younger woman into the lodge to be a maid servant, and in accordance with Indian custom, a second wife. But such arrangements never are successful. Like Abraham, Shaubenee when he saw that his wife did not like the woman, and whereas she only found discomfort where she thought she would have relief from hard labor, sent the young woman kindly back to her own family. This is his matrimonial record, and his marriage with the daughter of a Pottawattamie chief was the cause of his change of tribe. Shaubenee was not at the Chicago massacre. He was, however, with Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames."

The Pottawattamie wife of Shaubenee was Wiomex Okono, daughter of the then principal chief of the Prairie band of the Pottawattamies, whose home and village were located where the great city of Chicago now stands. He being then a chief, and she the daughter of a chief, their betrothal and marriage were essentially different from that of a mere brave or warrior. Instead of hanging around the lodge of his *inamorata*, blowing a flute

or singing a love ditty to gain her favor, a chief was expected to make love in a more dignified style. To pop the question by waiting until his intended was asleep, then stealing like a thief in the night, with a small torch in his hand, to the bedside of the sleeping beauty, gently awaking her, and forcing an immediate decision of her fate, by blowing out the light if she accepted him for her husband, or turning her back towards him if she rejected him, was too undignified for a chief. He must pursue an entirely different course, uniting dignity with utility in proposing marriage. A feast was an indispensable part of the marriage ceremony in high life among these Indians as a rule, hence the presentation of a fine lot of game to the bride elect was the mode of putting the interesting question. The result of one day's hunt was the offering required, and the larger the amount of game to present, the more urgent and impassioned the appeal. With this fact as a stimulus, it may safely be presumed that Shabenee started early on that eventful day when he set out to woo and wed a wife. Love and ambition gave wings to his feet, strength to his arm, and firmness to his aim, so that ere nightfall he returned laden with a great variety of the finest game, which he cast at the feet of the blushing maiden whose hand he sought, and she with a gracious smile accepted the offer and commenced at once to prepare for the wedding feast to which the principal chiefs were invited. Theirs was a wedding in high life, for Shaubenee was an Ottawa chief while Wiomex was the daughter of a Pottawattamie chief. Many aristocratic weddings have taken place at Chicago since that time, but none in which the high contracting parties were any nearer being nature's noblemen. The *menu* or wedding feast of these children of the forest, though not set forth on embossed paper in letters of gold, nor spread upon damask and served on silver and gold, or even porcelain dishes, was substantial, delicious and healthful, and had bills-of-fare then been known and used by these Indians, we presume that of this marriage feast would have read as follows :

Roast bear and bison, elk and moose,
Roast deer and turkey, brant and goose;
Baked woodchuck, antelope and coon,
Baked squirrel, rabbit, duck and loon;
Broiled pheasant, chicken, lark and quail,
Broiled woodcock, plover, snipe and rail;
Fried lobster, turtle, fish and crabs,
Fried eels and clams, fried eggs and squabs;
Boiled maize, potatoes, rice and squash,
Boiled pumpkins, beans and succotash;

Parched acorns, artichokes and corn.
 Parched roots and nuts of various form;
 Wild apples, cherries, grapes and plum,
 Wild berries and wild honeycomb;
 Their beverage was God's water, pure;
 Their dining-hall, the open air.

Following the Indian law, Shaubenee, by marrying a Pottawatamie squaw, thereby virtually expatriated himself from his own tribe, the Ottawas, and became a Pottawattamie. Had he not been a chief such would have been his status. But being a chief among his own tribe, and belonging to the gens of Pontiac, it was purely elective with him whether he would be considered an Ottawa or Pottawattamie. He endeavored to remain an Ottawa, yet living with the Pottawattamies. This, as shown by the letter of Miss Howe, created ill feeling against the "foreigner," as she expresses it, resulting in "an open quarrel," which induced him to start for his own country, leaving his wife with her people. But after considering the matter over he returned ere night to his wife. Whether, in our parlance, Mrs. Shaubenee refused to leave her own home to follow her husband to his people and country or not we are unable to state. That she did not do so is doubtless true. After this flare-up between him and his wife's relatives, Shaubenee determined to remain with his wife and her people, and at once entered into active Indian life, where his great physical and mental abilities soon won the confidence and admiration of his adopted nation and placed him at the head of their braves and warriors ere he was 40 years of age. And when the great Tecumseh was making his desperate effort to create and organize a general Indian confederacy in 1810-12, he was among the first to enlist in that desperate enterprise. Although a chief of the Pottawattamies, he retained the position of war-chief in his own nation (the Ottawas) and was made second in command to Tecumseh, the great Shawanee chief, and materially aided and assisted him in organizing, drilling and equipping his warriors, for it should be borne in mind that no soldiers are more thoroughly drilled than those of the Indian. Although his home was then at Chicago, Shaubenee was off bearing messages and organizing other Indian tribes in August, 1812, when Senogewone,* or Rock in the Water, planned and executed the Chicago massacre. Shaubenee has frequently told us personally that he took no part in that terrible affair, and knew nothing about it until after it was committed. That the grand-nephew of Pontiac should be trusted

*This chief has been very generally called Snachwine, but erroneously so.

and honored by Tecumseh, who was endeavoring to follow the plan of that powerful chief, is no wonder, even independent of the fact of his relationship to Pontiac, for the young war chief of the Ottawas possessed a personal appearance which attracted attention and commanded respect and confidence at sight.

We have had many conversations with this old chief about the events of the terrible battle of the Thames, and as to how or by whom Tecumseh was killed. This subject was a sad one to him, and as a rule he turned the subject of conversation into some other channel. He, however, was clearly of the opinion that Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, afterwards Vice President of the United States, was the man who killed the great Shawanee chief, and that he did so with his holster pistol. When Tecumseh fell Shaubenee was close by his side, and being next in rank, he assumed the command, and ordered his men to retreat, and to scatter, which they did like a brood of little wild turkeys when frightened from their mother, as he not only expressed it but imitated by the motions of his body. This was his first and last battle against the white people. Up to this time his entire war experience had been gained while fighting with the people of his own race, whose courage and mode of warfare were familiar to him. But now he had met in the shock of battle a nation who were not inferior to the Indian in any respect and vastly their superior in many, especially in their war implements and order of battle, which he clearly foresaw would eventually force the Indians to yield up their lands step by step until all would be absorbed. While fleeing from this battlefield through the woods and brush like a frightened deer chased by a pack of baying hounds, Shaubenee made a solemn vow to the Great Spirit that if he would spare his life and permit him to return in safety to his home he would never again make war against the white people. He reached his home unscathed and strictly observed his vow from thenceforward to the day of his death. But in doing so his good standing and popularity with his own people and race began to ebb and flow to the sea of doubt and distrust, which finally stranded him high up on the shore of censure, and eventually suspended him from the position of chief in both tribes and relegated him to privacy, while Senogewone, the butcher of the Chicago massacre, came to the front, and his descendant, Shawnee-see, now occupies the position once so ably filled by Shaubenee, whose two sons are now merely privates instead of chiefs.

Up to the time of his marriage with Wiomex Shaubenee was known as Chambly.

Whether, because he was born near the village of Chambly, in Canada, we have not been able to ascertain. By that name his signature appears among the Ottawa chiefs as late as the treaty of Prairie du Chien, of August 19th, 1825. To the treaty of Portage des Sioux, of July, 1815, his name appears as Chaw-caw-be-nee. To that of Prairie du Chien, of August 24th, 1816, it is written Chamblee. We find it again signed Shaubenas, Chabanez and Chaumlee. Again we find it spelled Cheboni, Shab-e-neai, Shabbana, Shabaneh, Shaub-a-na, Shab-e-nay-way, Shaubana, etc. When visiting his children in 1880, we made an effort to arrive at the proper orthography of this name from the sound as pronounced by them, having ourself, however, a decided impression that the correct way to spell it was Shab-o-neh. But on hearing them speak it we were forced to abandon our position. His then three living daughters, Cebequa, Moquska and Matwa-weiska, pronounced it Shaub-nee, as if but two syllables, while his sons Matwa and Obnessa pronounced it Shaub-e-nee, with the accent on the first syllable, hence we have adopted the orthography we use as being the most correct, and are fortified in this by letters written by two of his nieces, who are well educated,—the Misses Rose and Frances R. Howe. While Shaubenee was large, Wiomex, his Pottawattamie wife, was a monster in size and flesh. She was fully as tall as her husband and several shades darker colored.

For many years before her death she was so large that she never pretended to sit upon a chair, bench or wagon seat. When riding in their little democrat wagon she sat flat down in the center, and filled the box from side to side. We made several efforts to ascertain her weight, but failed. She must, however, have weighted about 400 pounds. When she became fleshy her name was changed to Coconoka, or Conoka, which signifies the Fat Squaw. She became the mother of four sons and four daughters, three of whom are still living (in 1886.) About thirty years after his first marriage Shaubenee took a second wife, in the person of Ne-be-ba-gua, or Sleep Walker, a Kickapoo squaw. She was so named because she was addicted to walking in her sleep—a somnambulist. In the selection of his wives the old chief sought extremes. If Conoka was fleshy, Nebebaqua was lean, besides being

short. Her weight did not reach ninety pounds. It will be remembered that Miss Howe states that Shaubenee took her to his lodge to relieve Conoka of the duties and labors of the lodge, and at her special request, but the experiment proved unsatisfactory.

That he did send or take her back to her own people and nation is true. By her he raised one son—Obnessee—who is, of course, under tribal laws a Kickapoo, and resides with that nation on their reservation in Jefferson County, Kansas, and is the most prominent farmer there, and very kind to his half-brother, Matwa, and half-sisters, Moquska and Matwaweiska. Being an extensive wheat grower (for an Indian), he supplies them with all the wheat they need, gratuitously. The Pottawattamie and Kickapoo territories lie within twelve miles of each other. This little Kickapoo wife survived Shaubenee by nearly twenty years, and died in 1878 at the home of her son, Obnessa, or, He is Going to Fly,—so named because when an infant he was very active and continuously on his feet, jumping. The children of Conoka were Pypogee, or Pepper, generally called Pyps, or Smoke, and sometimes Billy Shaubenee; Matwas, or Grumbler, so named on account of his egregious appetite and grumbling for more to eat when a child; Ce-be-qua, or River Woman, because she was born near the Illinois river (just above Starved Rock); Moquska, or Bear Woman, because she was very large and fleshy from the time of her birth; Mary, and Watwaweiska, or Climbing Squirrel, because she had a perfect mania for climbing sapplings or trees when a child. Pypogee was killed in Iowa, and Cebequa died quite recently at her home on the reservation in Kansas. She was the wife of Yaubee, a worthless, drunken Indian, who is still living.* She, as well as her deceased brother, Smoke, left a family of children. In addition to these, Conoka gave birth to twin sons, who were buried in the woods at Shaubenee's Grove, in DeKalb County, Illinois. They were a beautiful pair of children, and were some ten or twelve years of age. Their death was a very sad blow to the noble Shaubenee, who made regular pilgrimages to the beautiful grove where his loved ones were buried, and there threw himself prone upon his face over the little green mounds, bedewing them with his tears. Here he would lie for hours at a time, pouring out his orisons to the Great

*Shaubenee despised Yaubee, and forbid him to enter his lodge, but finally Yaubee succeeded in stealing Cebequa from Shaubenee's village and married her. Shaubenee was very indignant over the affair, and consulted Messrs. Glover & Cook, now of Chicago, to see if the white man's law could undo the deed, and restore his daughter to him.

Sowana, or God over all, imagining and fully believing that he was in communion with his lost ones on the other side of the silent river. He, like Black Hawk, never had a doubt of the existence of God, or of his all powerful control over the destinies of all animate nature, from the smallest insect up through every grade of life to the angels in heaven.

From the time when he entered into the covenant with the Great Spirit, that if his life were spared and he was permitted to return in safety to his people from the bloody field of the Thames, he would never again bear arms or make war upon the white people, Shaubenee turned his back upon the war-path and followed the path of peace, and was superseded as war chief by Wabanssee, or a Little Light. This Indian's name has been written in as many different ways as that of Shaubenee, the general orthography of the name being Wauponsee, which, however, is clearly erroneous, since the Pottawattamies had no sound in their language representing the letter p, nor had the Sauks or Foxes any sound in their language representing the letter b. Thus Wapello, in their language, was Wabello in the Pottawattamie tongue. The reason why we find Indian names so differently spelled is the fact that as a rule the interpreters were ignoramuses, without the least knowledge of the fundamental principles of Indian languages. Many of them could not read or write in any language, and the clerks who wrote these Indian names endeavored to give the sound as they heard the name pronounced. Although Shaubenee ceased to be the war chief of his adopted tribe, he was too great and active to be forgotten or slighted, and was advanced to a more influential position, that of head-man or peace chief, not only of the Pottawattamies, but of the Ottawas and Chippewas, who were virtually a confederation from 1812 to 1832. During these twenty years Shaubenee was the most powerful and influential Indian of the three nations. He presided over their councils and decided all questions of tribal law. In brief, his power and authority in deciding all questions of dispute, involving life and the rights of property, were absolutely supreme. Cautious, prudent and wise, his decisions were acquiesced in by all with scarcely a murmur.

Uniformly dignified he, however, possessed a deep rich vein of wit and humor, which betimes were extremely amusing. Like Keokuk, he was a famous horseman and rider, and in his younger days kept and owned the best ponies he could find. Like Tecumseh and Keokuk, he was a great traveler, here to-day and

a hundred miles away to-morrow, and seldom remained over one day at any place.

The Sauk and Fox custom of painting their newly born sons white or yellow at their birth, and alternating, was also observed by the Ottawas, Pottawattamies and Chippewas. Shaubenee was a yellow, hence that was his predominating color, or as the painters say "ground color," to which he was at liberty to add any other color he chose. From 1813, when Shaubenee with his command fled from the battlefield of the Thames, up to 1827, when the Winnebago war began, he remained with his adopted tribe, who were on terms of peace and good-will with the white people, his principal villiage being at and near Chicago.

When the Winnebago trouble occurred the white people at Chicago were alarmed because, in the language of Col. Gurden S. Hubbard (who died lately at Chicago): "We received no aid from the Indians of Big Foot's band. We thought it strange at the time, and they decamped in the morning. The news brought by Gen. Cass made us suspect Big Foot.* That same day we sent Shaubenee and Billy Caldwell† to Big Foot's village as spies to ascertain what the Indians' intentions were. Caldwell secreted himself in the woods, sending Shaubenee into the camp. He was immediately seized, but by his presence of mind and shrewdness he was soon liberated and escorted by Big Foot's Indians for half a day's travel towards Chicago. As they passed near where Caldwell was concealed he gave him a signal not to join him.

"Caldwell reached Chicago about two hours later than Shaubenee, who reported that he was questioned as to the quantity of of guns and ammunition the traders had at Chicago, which led him to think an attack was contemplated. Big Foot admitted he had joined the Winnebagoes to drive the whites from the country, urging Shaubenee to act with him, who replied that he would go home and call a council of his braves and send an answer. There were here in Chicago only about thirty whites able to bear arms."

But the so-called Winnebago war only existed in the name. A few massacres had been committed upon the frontier white settlers on the Mississippi, either by designing white people and charged to the Winnebagoes or by these Indians, resulting, of

* Big Foot visited Chicago for his annuity, and acted very coldly towards the whites while there.

† A half-breed who rendered gallant services to the white people at the Chicago massacre, August 15, 1812. His father was a British officer and his mother a squaw.

course, in a so-called treaty and cession of land by these Indians to the United States. Hence, one or two murders were a God-send to those pioneers who were not killed, for it meant more land for their use and occupancy.

During the summer of 1825 a Pottawattamie Indian, by the name of Nomaque, while on a drunken spree with a lot of Frenchmen, at Peoria, Illinois, killed one of them, named Pierre Landri, and was arrested and had his preliminary examination, which showed a strong probability that the fatal deed was done in self-defense, but he was held for his appearance at the November Term of the Peoria County Circuit Court to respond to the action of the Grand Jury, under a bond of one thousand dollars. Shaubenee offered to become his bondsman and was accepted, that, too, upon his verbal promise to deliver the body of Nomaque, if living, to the Sheriff of said county on the first day of the November Term, 1825. The Grand Jury found an indictment against him for murder, and, true to his promise, early on the morning of the first day of the court Shaubenee, in company with the prisoner, appeared at the residence of Samuel Fulton, the Sheriff of said county, and surrendered him up. When brought to trial, which occurred immediately after the indictment was found, Shaubenee employed Henry Starr and David Blackwell to defend the prisoner. The trial was short and Nomaque convicted of murder, as might naturally be expected. He was an Indian, and therefore had no rights in the minds of the frontiersmen. The case was taken to the Supreme Court, where the verdict and sentence were set aside, the indictment being bad and the jury who tried him were packed. (See Breese's Report, *Nomaque, an Indian, v. The People*, p. 145.) But the court further ordered "that the prisoner remain in custody for thirty days from Dec. 21, 1825, (day of decision), in order to enable the local authorities to take measures to bring him again to trial."

Shaubenee again became his bondsman and he was released. At the Spring Term, 1826, of the Peoria County Circuit Court, a new indictment was found against the prisoner. Shaubenee had surrendered him up to the Sheriff before the second indictment was found. Again Shaubenee offered to become responsible for the presence of the prisoner when his case was reached for trial, but now his offer was refused. Peoria county had no jail and, (quoting from a history of Peoria County), "there being no secure jail, the Sheriff kept him under guard at the house of a

Mr. Allen. One night about a dozen drunken Indians went to rescue him and attempted to enter the door for that purpose. Allen sprang out of a back window and, seizing a clap-board, rushed about to the front of the house and laid about him with great fury. He felled four of the Indians to the ground before they could recover from their consternation, when the others retreated. * * From that time forward until the May Term, 1828, of the Circuit Court, Nomaque roamed at will without hindrance, and a *nolle prosequi* was entered by James Turney, the Attorney-General."

This story about the heroic deeds of Mr. Allen with a clap-board—one man against twelve Indians—seems Falstaffian, and was undoubtedly manufactured and told by himself. The Indians did rescue him, and that too without the least opposition. After the escape of Nomaque the Sheriff called on Shaubenee and demanded his surrender. To which Shaubenee replied "Find him if you can. I offered to become responsible for his delivery but you refused to accept my offer. I am under no obligations to return him and will make no effort to do so."

Nomaque fled to the territory of the Sauks, and was one of the Indians killed at Stillman's Run. Shaubenee was always kind to the white people and aided and assisted them whenever and wherever he could, in hunting up their strayed horses and cattle, sending them venison, berries, game, and vegetables. While he took no kind of stock in the white man's religion, he was very respectful and kind to the pioneer ministers of the gospel, or as called by the Indians, "Men of the Great Spirit," of whatsoever denomination. But as a general rule the pioneer preachers were of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Elder Jesse Walker, mentioned in Chapter XXV, came from Tennessee to Illinois Territory, in 1805, to do missionary work, and located at South Ottawa, in 1824. He built a mission house, on Fox river, as before stated, in 1826.

But the deeds of humanity and noble daring around which the hearts of the pioneers of the Illinois river cluster and delight to linger, were his heroic efforts to save their lives during the so-called Black Hawk war of 1832, an extended statement of which appears in Chapter XXIII, to which the readers is referred. For the performance of these grand deeds he was ostracised by his nation and race, and we are pained to say, he was afterwards robbed by the white people, and for years and years during his old age, he was without a home or a country, and played like a

shuttlecock back and forward between Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Illinois, penniless and neglected alike by red men and white men. His village and summer home was at what is called Shubenee's Grove, on sec. 23, w. $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 25 and e. $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 26, T. 38, r. 3 east, 3d P. M., in what is now Dekalb Co., Ill., from 1825 until 1836, when his nation were compelled to leave Illinois and cross the Mississippi. His winters were generally spent on the Illinois river bottom, among the heavy timber on the south side a few miles above Starved Rock, in LaSalle county, where numerous deep canons approach from the south, affording a fine shelter for his people and their ponies against the fierce winds and storms of winter. The title to the two sections of land at Shaubenee's Grove was vested in him under the 3d Article of the treaty of Prairie du Chien, of July 29, 1829, before referred to. As this treaty contains much valuable information, we here insert it at length :

"ARTICLES OF A TREATY

Made and concluded at Prairie du Chien, in the Territory of Michigan, between the United States of America, by their commissioners, Gen. John McNeil, Col. Pierre Menard, and Caleb Atwater, Esq., and the United Nations of Chippewa, Ottawa, and Pottawattamie Indians, of the waters of the Illinois, Milwaukee, and Manitouck rivers.

"Article 1. The aforesaid nations of Chippewa, Ottawa, and Pottawattamie Indians do hereby cede to the United States aforesaid all the lands comprehended within the following limits, to wit: Beginning at the Winnebago village, on Rock river, forty miles from its mouth, and running thence down the Rock river to a line which runs due west from the most southern bend of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river, and with that line to the Mississippi river opposite to Rock Island; thence up that river to the United States reservation at the mouth of the Wisconsin; thence, with the south and east lines of said reservation, to the Ouisconsin river; thence southerly, passing the heads of the small streams emptying into the Mississippi, to the Rock river aforesaid, at the Winnebago village, the place of beginning. And, also, one other tract of land described as follows, to wit: Beginning on the western shore of Lake Michigan, at the northeast corner of the field of Antoine Ouilmette, who lives near Gross Pointe, about twelve miles north of Chicago; thence, running due west to the Rock river aforesaid; thence, down the said river to

where a line drawn due west from the most southern bend of Lake Michigan crosses said river; then east along said line to the Fox river of the Illinois; thence along the northwestern boundary line of the cession of 1816 to Lake Michigan; thence, northwardly, along the western shore of said lake to the place of beginning.

“Article 2. In consideration of the aforesaid cession of land, the United States aforesaid agree to pay to the aforesaid nations of Indians the sum of sixteen thousand dollars, annually, forever, in specie; said sum to be paid at Chicago. And the said United States further agree to cause to be delivered to said nations of Indians, in the month of October next, twelve thousand dollars worth of goods as a present. And it is further agreed to deliver to said Indians, at Chicago, fifty barrels of salt, annually, forever. And, further, the United States agree to make permanent, for the use of the said Indians, the blacksmith’s establishment at Chicago.

“Article 3. From the cessions aforesaid, there shall be reserved, for the use of the under-named chiefs and their bands, the following tracts of land, viz.: For Wau-pon-eh-see, five sections of land at the Grand Bois on Fox river of the Illinois, where Shay-tee’s village now stands. For Shab-eh-nay, two sections at his village near the Paw-Paw Grove. For Awn-kote, four sections at the village of Taw-meh-nang, on the Fox river of the Illinois.

“Article 4. There shall be granted by the United States, to each of the following persons, (being descendants from Indians), the following tracts of land, viz.: To Claude Lafranboise, one section of land on the Riviere Aux Plains, adjoining the line of the purchase of 1816. To Francois Bourbonne, Jr., one section at the missionary establishment, on the Fox river of the Illinois. To Alexander Robinson, for himself and children, two sections on the Riviere Aux Plains, above and adjoining the tract herein granted to Claude Lafranboise. To Pierre Le Clerc, one section at the village of the As-sim-in-eh-kon, or Paw-Paw Grove. To Waish-Kee-Thaw, a Pottawattamie woman, wife of Daniel Laughton, and to her child, one and a half sections at the old village of Nay-au-say, at or near the source of the Riviere Aux Sables of the Illinois. To Billy Caldwell, two and a half sections on the Chicago river, above and adjoining the line of the purchase of 1816. To Victoire Pothier, one half section on the Chicago river, above and adjoining the tract of land herein granted to Billy

Caldwell. To Jane Miranda, one quarter section on the Chicago river above and adjoining the tract herein granted to Victoire Pothier. To Madaline, a Pottawattamie woman, wife of Joseph Ogee, one section west of and adjoining the tract herein granted to Pierre Le Clerc, at the Paw-Paw Grove. To Archangel Ouilmette, a Pottawattamie woman, wife of Antonie Ouilmette, two sections, for herself and her children, on Lake Michigan, south of and adjoining the northern boundary of the cession herein made by the Indians aforesaid to the United States. To Antonie and Francois Le Clerc, one section each, lying on the Mississippi river, north of and adjoining the line drawn due west from the most southern bend of Lake Michigan where the said line strikes the Mississippi river. To Mo-ah-way, one quarter section on the north side of and adjoining the tract herein granted to Waish-ke-Thaw. The tracts of land herein stipulated to be granted, shall never be leased or conveyed by the grantors, or their heirs, to any persons whatever, without the permission of the President of the United States.

“Article 5. The United States, at the request of the Indians aforesaid, further agree to pay to the persons named in the schedule annexed to this treaty, the sum of eleven thousand, six hundred and one dollars; which sum is in full satisfaction of the claims brought by said persons against said Indians, and by them acknowledged to be justly due. (A.)

“Article 6. And it is further agreed, that the United [States] shall, at their own expense, cause to be surveyed the northern boundary line of the cession herein made, from Lake Michigan to the Rock River, as soon as practicable after the ratification of this treaty, and shall also cause good and sufficient marks and mounds to be established on said line.

“Article 7. The right to hunt on the lands herein ceded, so long as the same shall remain the property of the United States, is hereby secured to the nations who are parties to this treaty.

“Article 8. This treaty shall take effect and be obligatory on the contracting parties as soon as the same shall be ratified by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof.

In testimony whereof, the said John McNeil, Pierre Menard, and Caleb Atwater, commissioners as aforesaid, and the chiefs and warriors of the said Chippewa, Ottawa and Pottawattamie

Nations, have hereunto set their hands and seals, at Prairie du Chien, as aforesaid, this twenty-ninth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine.

JOHN McNEIL,
PIERRE MENARD,
CALEB ATWATER,

Commissioners.

Sin-eh-pay-nim, Kub-suk-we, Wau-pon-eh-see, Naw-deh-say,
* Shaw-way-nay-see, Naw-geh-to-nuk, Meek-say-mauk, Son-ka-
mock, Chee-chee-pin-quay, Man-eh-bo-zo, Shah-way-ne-be-nay,
Kaw-kee, To-rum, Nah-yah-to-shuk, Kaw-gaw-gay-shee, Maw-
geh-set, Meck-eh-so, Awn-kote, Shuk-eh-nay-buk, Sho-men, Nay-
a-mush, Pat-eh-ko-zuk, Mash-kak-suk, Poo-kin-eh-naw, Waw-
kay-zo, Mee-chee-kee-wis, Es-kaw-bey-wis, Wau-pay-kay, Michel,
Nee-kon-gun, Mes-quaw-be-no-quay, Pe-i-tum, Kay-wau, Wau-
kaw-on-say, Shem-naw.”

* Still living and head chief at Silver Lake, Kan.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Pottawattamies are Removed West of the Mississippi in 1836 by the United States, and Shaubenee Accompanied Them—His Title to the Two Sections of Land in De Kalb County, Ill., Declared to be but a Usufruct and Sold by the Government to White Men—His Eldest Son Killed in Iowa by Sauks or Sioux—Shunned and Spurned by His Own People He Returns to Illinois to Die, and is Buried in the Morris Cemetery.

“Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot
Though thou the waters warp
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not—*Shakespeare.*”

Under article 7, of the foregoing treaty of July 29, 1829, these Indians had the right of occupancy of the lands ceded until they were sold by the United States. In the summer of 1835 a large portion of them were sold, and in the fall of that year the Indians were ordered to move off, and in October, under the direction of Capt. J. B. F. Russell, they bid farewell to the scenes of their childhood and graves of their ancestors and moved into the then territory of Iowa. The place of birth is sacred to all people—to the Indian it is especially so on account of their customs and traditions.

No people of earth pay greater respect to their dead, or have a higher reverence for the graves of their ancestors. Shaubenee was no exception to this rule. To part with his home and country where he had lived, labored and loved, was a cruel blow. To be separated from his people was equally so, while duty to his tribe as their head-man impelled him to go with them. But little did he then think that by going West with his tribe until they were safely located he thereby forfeited or in any manner or form affected his title to the 1280 acres reserved to him in the foregoing treaty. The greater portion of this was timber land of a decidedly superior quality; still there was some prairie land for cultivation which had been fenced and cultivated to corn, beans, pumpkins, squashes and tobacco for many years. Scarcely had he left the State of Illinois, though temporarily absent (since he intended to return), ere a regular squabble began between the white settlers of that

vicinity over the possession, not of his land but of the timber growing thereon. Nearly every rail tree was cut and split and the rails used in fencing other lands in the vicinity. In this way the land was denuded. Even the large trees whose shady boughs sheltered the little mounds under which reposed the remains of his children, were felled by the ruthless axe of the timber thieves, and in the scramble the small posts planted at the head of these little graves of his lost ones, to point out where their young lives had entered the spirit land, were run over and knocked down and the mounds razed to the ground, so that when this noble old chief paid one of his annual pilgrimages to the last resting place of his children, every landmark was obliterated. Seeking and locating the spot as nearly as he could, Shaubenee, who had risked life, limb and fortune in defense of the whites—for he led a hundred of his braves against Black Hawk, in the wild chase from the Four Lakes, in Wisconsin, to the mouth of the Bad Axe—threw himself prone upon the earth, which he called his mother, and poured out his orisons, mingled with tears and moans, to the great spirit. Could we wonder if in that impassioned appeal he may have called upon the All-Powerful for punishment upon the vandals who had stolen his timber and desecrated the graves of his lost children? Every year he visited this lonely spot, renewing and repainting the little posts which marked their graves. But in the mean time that section of the country became settled up by the white people and his land was too tempting a bait to remain in plain sight untaken.

Application was made for its purchase from the United States, and in 1849 it was sold by the Government to individual white men, and the proceeds arising therefrom went into the United States Treasury, where they still remain, while Shaubenee's children, especially the two younger daughters, who are widows with small children, are absolutely suffering for food and clothing. Like Cardinal Woolsey, well might Shaubenee exclaim: "Had I served my God with half the zeal I served (the palefaces), He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies."

In answer to an inquiry made by us we received the following letter :

“ DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, GENERAL LAND OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21, 1880. }

“ HON. P. A. ARMSTRONG, MORRIS, Ill. :

“ Referring to your letter of the 16th inst., I have to say: The reservation for Shab-eh-nay of Sec. 23, the W. $\frac{1}{2}$ of Sec. 25 and E. $\frac{1}{2}$ of Sec. 26, T. 38 N. of R. 3, E. Illinois, was made under the third article of the treaty concluded at Prairie du Chien July 29, 1829, with the Nations of Chippewa, Ottawa and Pottawattamie Indians. It further appears from the files of this office that Shab-eh-nay left his reservation and went west of the Mississippi to live, and it was subsequently held by the Department that he only had a usufruct right to the tracts above described, and having left there to live elsewhere, they reverted to the United States to be treated as other public lands, and in accordance with this decision, said tracts were disposed of for cash by this office in the year 1849.

“ J. M. ARMSTRONG,
“ Acting Commissioner.”

It is true that by the wording of Article 3 of this treaty the *fee* was not disturbed or conveyed to the United States by the Indians any more than if a farmer should make a deed to his neighbor of all his farm except the forty acres on which his house was located conveyed that part; hence, we can not see the logic or justice of this decision of the Commissioner.

Under a subsequent treaty at Chicago, in September, 1833, with these same Indian tribes, it was provided that all reservations of lands made in former treaties to the Indians *should be held and taken as grants in fee simple, with full power vested in the reservee, his heirs and assigns, to sell and convey the fee.* This treaty was reported to the United States Senate *but never confirmed* by it. Thus was this noble old chieftain robbed of his home and heritage when the winds of seventy-four winters had chilled his blood, stiffened his limbs, shattered his nerves, and frosted his hair, so that his step was feeble, eye dim, and arm weak. He could no longer stalk the deer or shoot the wild turkey.

He was drawing a two hundred dollar annuity from the United States for services during the Black Hawk war. This materially aided him in procuring clothing for himself and family. About

one hundred acres of his land were broken and had been cultivated. This he rented as best he could and derived a small income in that way. Once a year he returned to his home at this Grove. His right and title to these two sections of land had never been questioned by anybody.

About the year 1845 he sold all of this land, except one hundred acres (on which his children were buried), to Azell and Orrin Gates, at a fair price, receiving but a small cash payment, giving a contract of purchase by which the deferred payments were extended through many years, with interest to be paid annually. He constituted a Mr. Norton his agent to rent his one hundred acres reserved and collect the interest, etc., on the Gates contract. But when payment of an installment on this contract was about falling due, in 1850, he was informed of the perfidy of the Messrs. Gates, and that they had laid the matter before the Commissioner of the General Land Office, accompanied by their own and other affidavits setting forth that he had abandoned his land and left the State with the intention of living with his nation west of the Mississippi, and thereupon the Commissioner had, upon that *ex parte* showing, declared his rights to his land forfeited to the United States, and that the men to whom he had sold it had purchased the title from the United States at government price, or a dollar and a quarter an acre, which completely prostrated him. He came to receive the money due on his contract, together with the accumulated rents upon his hundred acres of improved land, to find all gone,—land and rent dissipated by this decision of the Commissioner of the General Land Office. His large frame was convulsed, his eyes filled with bitter tears, his strong limbs trembled and weakened under their burden until he fell prone upon the earth, weeping and moaning like a disconsolate child with a broken heart. Here he remained for a long time, then rising, he beat his breast with his hands, his eyes fixed on space, while sobs and wails filled the surrounding air. Then drawing forth his paint-bag and glass he painted his entire face black, and then sought the shade of a tree in a secluded spot in the grove, where, like Jacob of old, he wrestled with the Great Spirit several days without food or water, invoking that pity from on High which he could not find on earth, in this his sorest need. An outcast and scapegoat of his nation and race, and a stranger among the natural enemies of his people, his condition was such as to call forth pity and commiseration from any human heart not made of stone.

Thus was this poor old Saugenash driven from his own land and Eden by those who should have taken special delight in doing him honor for the good he had done. Slowly and sadly he left Shaubenee's grove (his no more forever) and wended his way to a grove on Big Rock creek, now in Kendall County, Ill., near Plano, where he pitched his camp and remained several weeks, without knowing what to do or where next to go. Here he was visited by many of the early pioneers and kindly treated. His faithful wife Conoka, together with three daughters and a few grandchildren, were with him. The white people of that vicinity supplied them with food and eventually succeeded in restoring the old chief to comparative cheerfulness.

From 1851 to 1857 Shaubenee spent his time chiefly in traveling and visiting. In the meantime his tribe sold and ceded their lands in Iowa and located on a reservation in Northern Missouri, and on July 5, 1846, another treaty was executed by which they again left their homes and accepted a tract of land in Jackson County, Kansas, some fifteen miles north of Topeka, thirty miles square, where they still reside. Having been superceded by Shawnesse as chief, and lost the confidence and respect of his people, this new home of his people had no attractions for Shaubenay. Hence, he merely visited it, but never lived there. During the interim between 1851-7 he visited the place of his birth and early manhood in Canada, and traveled all over Northern Illinois visiting the early settlers, with whom, as a general thing, he was well acquainted. All of them received and treated him kindly.

With the late George E. Walker he was on very intimate terms. Mr. Walker furnished him with all he needed in the way of blankets, guns and ammunition. He was a member of the firm of Walker & Hickling, leading merchants of Ottawa, Ill. Being familiar with Shaubenee he knew his sterling integrity and nobility of nature, and in the significant expression of those times "he left the latch-string of his cabin always out" for Shaubenee. The late Lucien P. Sanger, who possessed a small body but giant soul, then living at Ottawa, started a subscription paper to raise money to purchase a home for the old chief in the spring of 1857. Five hundred dollars were readily raised, with which, under the advice and selection of Shaubenee, he purchased twenty acres of timber land lying on the south bank of the Illinois river in Grundy county. Knowing that under the laws of the

United States an Indian could not hold title to real estate in fee, as shown in a former chapter, Mr. Sanger caused the title to be taken in the name of the Judge of the Circuit Court of LaSalle County, Illinois, "in trust, however, for the following uses and purposes, to-wit: This grant to be held in trust for the use and benefit of Shabana, Indian chief of the Pottawattamie tribe, and his heirs forever, the use, rents and profits thereof to be enjoyed by the said Shabana and his heirs exclusively." The deed bears date June 27, 1857.

The ladies of Ottawa, not to be outdone by the men, took it upon themselves to build a house thereon, which they soon succeeded in doing.

The good people of that locality celebrated the 4th of July that year in grand style, with Shaubenee mounted on his favorite pony to lead the van in the procession. Engaging a large hall they gave a ball that evening, as announced from the stand before the oration, "for the purpose of raising funds to build a house for the old chief." The attendance at the ball was very large and the price of tickets high, which resulted in a nice beginning towards the accomplishment of the desired object. One of the belles of that city, believing herself to be the most beautiful lady at the ball, proposed that Shaubenee should select the prettiest lady in the hall. The proposition was accepted with hilarious approval. When all the ladies were seated around the hall, and the old chief was informed by his friend George E. Walker of what they wished him to do, he accepted the task, and with a broad smile on his face and a merry twinkle in his eye, which meant fun, he started at the lower end of the hall, and by a sign made them understand that he wished them to rise *seriatim* as he came to each, and then required them to walk up the length of the hall and back again, and be seated ere he examined the next. This he did to each and every lady in the hall, examining their dress, form and gait as critically as a horse jockey would have examined a horse before purchasing him. None escaped the examination, old or young, including Conoka, his enormously fat squaw-wife. When all had been examined in this way he approached his wife, slapped her on the shoulder, accompanying the act with "Much big, heap prettiest squaw." This produced one loud shout of approval—not of his judgment of beauty, but of his knowledge of human nature. Had he selected one of the many really beautiful

young ladies, by that selection he would have offended the rest, but by selecting his old squaw-wife he turned the whole affair into a huge joke.

With the money realized from this ball and voluntary contributions a story and a half frame house, 16 by 24 feet, was erected on the 20 acre tract on the S. E. quarter Sec. 20, T. 33, R. 6, which had been purchased through the instrumentality of Mr. Sanger. But the old chief and his squaw never occupied it. They were unalterably opposed to the white man's ways and modes of living. This house stands on the river bluff some thirty rods south of the Illinois river. His children, grandchildren and relatives, including Joe Bush, occupied the house, while Shaubenee and wife lived in a wig-wam or tepee in a small ravine near by.

But he was afflicted with a disease of the kidneys, which terminated his existence on the 17th of July, A. D. 1859, at the ripe age of 84 years, and was buried in a lot donated to him by the Morris Cemetery Association, located about two miles east of Morris. Having known and respected him for nearly thirty years, we acted as one of the pall-bearers. His body was placed in an elegant casket, and his funeral was very largely attended. His friend, Mr. Geo E. Walker, came from Ottawa to pay his last respects to the old chief, and also acted as a pall-bearer. His wife and three daughters, together with several relatives, attended as mourners. His favorite daughter, Mary, died about a year prior and was buried in the same lot.

On the 30th of Nov., 1864, his widow, Wiomex Okono, or Conoke, while driving across the Mazon creek some three miles southeast of Morris, with a little granddaughter, Mary Okono, in her lap, was thrown or fell out of her little Democrat wagon, falling face downward and on top of the child; both were drowned in the edge of the creek in about six inches of water. The child was probably killed by the immense weight falling upon it. The old lady's arms were around the child when found. Both were dead, yet warm, when discovered. Her little team of ponies were close by. It is supposed that she let her ponies drink at the creek, and while their heads were down the line caught under the wagon tongue, and in pulling on the lines she turned the ponies' heads so as to cramp the wagon until it tipped the wagon box up, when she fell out on her face with her

arms under her and was too helpless to turn over, and strangulated in the shallow water. She and her grandchild were buried beside the husband and grandfather, making four Indian graves in this beautiful "city of the dead." While no monument has been erected to the memory of Shaubenee, his grave is decorated every decoration day by Miss Jennie A., sister of Gov. Wm. Gross.

For the conduct of Shaubenee in the Black Hawk war of 1832 he incurred the most implacable hatred of the Sauks of Black Hawk's band, especially that of the villainous Neapope. While on a hunting expedition in the fall of 1837, in Northern Missouri, Shaubenee's encampment was attacked and Pypogee, or Pyps, the eldest son, killed by a small party of Indians supposed to be Sauks, but possibly Sioux. Pyps was a fine sample of Indian manhood—tall, straight, strong, active and brave. He left one bright son, Smoke, well remembered by the people of Morris and vicinity, particularly by the boys of 1857 to 1864, as the little Indian who beat them out of many a penny and quarter dollar by the use of his bow and arrows, shooting at the coin placed in a split stick at thirty paces. Although reported that he died in Iowa many years ago, Smoke died at the reservation in Kansas in 1885. He was educated at the mission school on the Pottawattamie reservation, and wrote a beautiful hand, spoke our language fluently, and was a most remarkably handsome Indian. He, in many respects, resembled his grandfather, Shaubenee. His general build, taper limbs, small feet and hands were perfect copies, but his features were much smoother and complexion lighter. While about the same height, he was not nearly so large as his grandfather when at the same age.

While living on his little farm in Grundy county, Shaubenee frequently visited Ottawa, and crossed the Illinois river at that point on the then toll-bridge. Mr. Walker had given the bridge-tender orders to permit the chief and his family to cross whenever they desired and send the bill to him for settlement. Now it so happened that on a certain day in the spring of 1859, the regular bridge-tender was absent, leaving a man in his place who had not been advised about Shaubenee's crossing to be charged to Mr. Walker. The old chief, with about a dozen relatives from Canada, who were visiting him, attempted to cross, and were stopped by the new toll-gatherer. Shaubenee was terribly offended at being refused the right to cross, but the new man was obdurate,

and Shaubenee and friends were compelled to wait where they were until he could send word over to Mr. Walker. It was some time before he succeeded in getting a message to his friend, but, when received, Mr. Walker sent a peremptory order back that he and his family should be allowed to cross as often as they pleased unquestioned. On learning this Shaubenee's face was all smiles, and he started across the bridge. Reaching the north end he wheeled his pony round, uttering a waugh as a signal to his followers to do likewise, and rode back again to the south end. This he kept up all that afternoon without leaving the bridge. Back and forward, over and back he rode, closely followed by his little escort in Indian file. Their little ponies seemed to vie with each other in

" Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,"
To the gentle undulations of the bridge.

The sight was an amusing one. As the old chief reached either end of the bridge he gave an order in Indian to 'bout face and march. This he kept up for hours, to show the new bridge-tender that Shaubenee was a big Indian, and would ride on the bridge as long as he pleased—that, too, without paying toll or having his rights questioned.

In November, 1857, we were in Joliet, and put up at the Exchange Hotel, and were assigned to a room fronting the street on the west. Arising a little after daylight, we opened the window blind of our bed-room, when our sight was attracted to an Indian slowly walking up and down the sidewalk on the west side of the street opposite the hotel, beating his arms around his body to keep up a circulation of blood. A high, tight board fence stood on the west of the sidewalk, close up to which we beheld three persons lying, well wrapped in blankets. On reaching the street we were greeted with "boozhu coozhu nicon" (how do you do, my friend) in the familiar voice of Shaubenee. His wife, daughter and grandchild were sleeping sweetly and comfortably under the shelter of the board fence, wrapped in their own blankets, to which the old chief had added his while he kept watch and ward during the long cold night over his sleeping loved ones, although he was over four score years of age. Always considerate of the rights and comfort of others, Shaubenee was diffident and cautious in approaching the home of a white man. He had reached Joliet late the night previous, and was too diffident to awake anybody to ask for shelter. Finding this high fence would ward off

the fierce western wind, he arranged his wife and child with his little grandchild so they could be comfortable, and gave them his own blanket, while he kept himself from chilling by constant exercise. Tell us not that he who did this act of human kindness had no soul to save,—or if he had,—he was a heathen or idolater, and therefore must be damned. Would to God the world were filled with just such heathen idolaters as Shaubenee. We should then have a better world and a fuller heaven.

A younger brother of his came from Canada to visit him in 1858, remaining several months. He, like Shaubenee, was fond of liquor. But unlike the old chief, he would get drunk. Shaubenee never did. He drank ardent spirits, but never to such an amount as to become intoxicated. But his Canadian brother did, and when drunk was noisy and pugnacious. These brothers were at a saloon in Seneca, Ill., in August of that year, when the younger one became quite drunk and decidedly noisy, much to the annoyance of Shaubenee, who endeavored to keep him quiet, but in vain. Finally the old chief seized hold of his drunken brother, and hustled him into the street. This incensed, instead of quieted him, and he fairly roared with rage. Whereupon Shaubenee ran back into the saloon and filled a glass nearly full of raw whisky, with which he returned to his obstreperous brother and placed it in his hand. In a moment its contents went down his throat. This did the business in short meter. His legs became too weak to bear the weight of his body, when he sank down to earth—dead drunk. Shaubenee then dragged him up against the saloon, where he was shaded from the sun, and left him to sleep off the effects of his debauch. These are a few instances showing the intimate knowledge Shaubenee had of men and means.

He never forgot a kindness, and, unlike all other Indians with whom we have been acquainted, he never avenged an injury, yet his memory of them never failed. Although he often visited white people, and as a rule was welcome to every cabin in his earlier days in the locality, and alike to the houses of the white people in his later days, he seldom took a meal or spent a night with them. He was a great stickler for the traditions and customs of his race and nation. Like Red Jacket, he had little faith in the Christian religion, yet he believed in a future state of punishment to the wicked and reward to the virtuous and good, and that there was one great ruling being or God over all, whom he worshiped as the Great Spirit. Shaubenee's widow and

immediate family remained at their little home on the south side of the Illinois river, in Grundy county, after his death until she and the grandchild were drowned. They, however, got on poorly, since they were compelled to rely upon Joe Bush, a worthless, drunken half-breed relative. After the death of the old lady—who was born at Chicago in 1778, and consequently 86 years old at the time of her death—Joe Bush went to Michigan, and the children and grandchildren joined their tribe on their reservation in Kansas. Neither of Shaubenee's sons came back with him after going west of the Mississippi. Yawbee, the husband of Cebequa, Shaubenee's oldest daughter, as before stated, is a worthless brute. Moquska, the second daughter, was a widow. Mary and Matwaweiska, his younger daughters, were unmarried when in Grundy county, Illinois. Mary died of consumption in 1858.

Under the treaty of July 5, 1846, a tract of land thirty miles square was set off as a reservation to the Pottawattamie Indians. Under a subsequent treaty of February 27, 1867, this tract was diminished to eleven miles square and contains 77,357 57-100 acres. This land is nearly all nice prairie, stretching from the Little Soldier Creek on the east, across the Big Soldier Creek on the west. These two small streams have their rise north and flow south through the reservation. They are about eight miles apart and run nearly parallel to each other. The banks of both are skirted with timber of an inferior quality. Kansas has no good timber (or, at least, but very little good timber). When we visited these Indians in 1880, there were but 451 souls among them, all told—a pitiable remnant compared with their numbers in 1831-6, when we first knew them. There is no game in their reservation of any kind, except a few prairie chickens, quails and rabbits. We scarcely saw a bird of any kind during several days spent with these Indians.

The main object of the United States, in the treaty of February 27, 1861, was to citizenize these Indians. As an inducement in that direction, our Government agreed to convey in fee to each and every adult Indian who should take an oath of citizenship and to support the Constitution of the United States, a quarter section of land, and give him \$800 in money to help improve his land so given and to stock the same. Under this arrangement some sixteen hundred Indians became citizens and selected each his quarter section of land in the Indian Territory, south of Kansas. But the experiment, as might have been anticipated,

proved a dead failure. They had neither agricultural skill or knowledge and knew absolutely nothing about stock-raising. Nor were these all the difficulties. The whisky-vendor and patent right and lightning-rod thieves swooped down upon them like crows and buzzards around a carrion, and soon got their money and then their farms. The Indian is as helpless as a child in the way of business, and can never compete in the busy marts of trade with his more cunning, bold and unscrupulous brother, the white man. The Indians who declined this tempting bait called them "Mission Indians." This band who attempted to become citizens and farmers were under the leadership of the sons of Topenibe, the predecessor of Shaubenee as headman of the nation. Their failure was so pitiable that no inducement could afterwards be offered strong enough to encourage a repetition of the citizenship experiment.

The excess or difference between the original reservation of thirty miles square and the diminished tract to eleven miles square has been sold by the United States, realizing \$93,000, which is still in the United States Treasury, untouched by these Indians, except the annual interest. Of the 77,357 acres left 2,035 acres only are under cultivation, but as there are but 451 persons, the average per capita of cultivated land is a fraction over four and a half acres, which, if properly tilled, would produce an abundance for their support. The per capita quantity of land still in this reservation is a fraction over 172 acres. But their best farm lands are untouched, since they seek the timber and cultivate small strips of prairie adjacent thereto. There are 106 houses and a like number of families here. Of these families 102 are engaged in farming, with 1,150 head of horses. Nearly all of these, however, are Indian ponies. Some of these families have frame houses, but the greater portion have log cabins. Few of them, however, spend their winter months in these houses. They much prefer the wigwam for winter, and a protected spot in a ravine for its location. They neither raise or keep but few cattle, hogs or dogs. Chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys are raised extensively by them.

On the east bank of the Big Soldier is located what is termed a mission school. It is a wooden building, highly ornate in its construction, and three stories high, with mansard roof and gothic windows. This building is probably 40x50 feet square. Immediately north of this fine school-house is a fine large house,

built and used as a boarding-house for the school. East of this boarding-house is a good building used for a washing-house, and west of the school-house stands a barn, which is large and nicely built. Farther west stands a neatly-built and finely-painted one-story small frame building, where the books, records, etc., are kept, and the official business of the Indian agent, Dr. Lynn, is transacted. The agent resides at St. Mary, Mo., and is seldom at the reservation, but George W. James, Esq., keeps the books and accounts of the agency, lives near by, and is ever on hand. He in reality is the agent. An educated, high-toned Baltimorean, he went to the reservation as book-keeper to the agent some twenty years ago and married a half-breed, being the daughter of a Frenchman by the daughter of a Pottawattamie chief. Her maiden name was Catherine Bourdon. Her parents are still living in the reservation, and are counted as Indians. Mrs. James is a very handsome as well as intelligent woman. Educated at and a graduate of a Catholic convent, she may be called an accomplished lady. Were it not for her coarse black hair there is nothing in her appearance denoting Indian blood. She is a brunette, but by no means dark, yet she is numbered as an Indian. They have two daughters, the elder a brunette, the other a clear blonde. Mr. James has sunny hair, blue eyes and light complexion; his younger daughter is a correct copy of him in all these respects.

His wife, as an Indian, inherits a quarter section of these lands, which is located within half a mile of the Mission School. Of this, one hundred acres are fenced and cultivated. They have a very comfortable farm-house, which is well furnished and nicely kept by his squaw-wife—so, however, only in name. She is a welcome guest among the most fashionable white families at Holton, the county seat of Jackson county, and among the farmers residing near the boundary lines of the reservation, and dresses as stylishly as any of them, and has as fine a carriage and team as any in the country. She has three sisters and two brothers, all of whom have an English education. The girls go in the best of society.

This Mission School is in charge of a Miss White, from Kansas City, Mo. She has another young lady to assist her, and a widow lady keeps the boarding house and manages the laundry. A colored man has charge of the garden, farm, etc. The following official letter contains so much direct information that we here insert it:

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE,
POTTAWATTAMIE AGENCY, December 13th, 1880. }

HON. P. A. ARMSTRONG, MORRIS, Illinois :

Sir—It is not likely that I can give you any information in reference to the personal history of Shab-e-nay that you are not already possessed of. I learn from Eli G. Nadeau, a distant relative of the chief, whose mother he always visited when in this country, that he was always self-possessed, well clothed, reasonable in his views of men and their affairs, and zealous in advancing peaceful relations between whites and Indians. His son, Matwas, now resides on the Pottawattamie Reserve, in this agency, but has never participated in controlling the tribe or been invested by it with any authority. Of his daughters residing here, Ce-be-qua, wife of Yah-bee, lately deceased, was a good kind of woman. Moquska and Matwawieska are still living and are widows, and both very poor. All of his family are recognized as honest, inclined to industrial pursuits, and at least ordinarily industrious. The head chief of the Pottawattamies at this time is Shaugh-nes-see, a distant relative of Sen-oge-wone, the war-chief of the Pottawattamies at the date of the massacre at Chicago in 1812, which was, to a great extent, if not fully, due to his influence. The Prairie Band, now constituting the Pottawattamies, were the band that were led by Sen-oge-wone and his associates in the massacre. Shaugh-nes-see has as speaker his brother, Pis-she-dam. Mas-quas, a speaker of the tribe, represents the party of the late head chief, Pam-muck-muck, nephew of Wab-sai,* who was the son of Sen-oge-wone. The remaining councilmen of the tribe are Pam-o-zo, Man-ah-wuck, Kack-kack and Mat-sep-do, all braves.

“The tribe now numbers 451 persons present on the reserve, 280 in Wisconsin and about thirty in the Indian Territory. Their reserve contains 77,357 57-100ths acres of land, of this 2,035 have been put in a state of cultivation during the past seven years and 400 acres were broken last year. All of the cultivated land is enclosed by the most substantial fencing in the boundaries of the State of Kansas. The Indians have 1,150 head of horses and are rapidly gaining stock of all kinds. One hundred and two persons or heads of families are engaged in agricultural pursuits, who occupy 106 log and frame houses, generally well built and comfortable. The average attendance at their boarding

*White Skin.

school during the month of November, 1880, was 29 scholars. They do not express any desire to change their relations with the government and, in fact, are resolutely opposed to becoming citizens under any modified conditions. Their mutual dislike to any change has been intensified by the present unfortunate condition of 1,600 of their bretheren who became citizens by the provisions of the Pottawattamie treaty of Nov. 15, 1861. Their money was rapidly squandered, their lands sold, and they are now generally demoralized, worthless, and paupers. The class who became citizens were known as 'Mission' and 'Wood' Indians, both controlled by sons of Topenibe, the great peace chief of the Pottawattamies during the war of 1812.

"I would be glad could I forward you information regarding Shab-e-nay that would be useful, but these Indians know but very little of him, and I believe do not like him any too well. The financial condition of the Pottawattamies of the reserve is as follows :

Principal of Annuity.....	\$392,800 00
School Fund, Principal.....	86,000 00
Smiths and Assistants, Princippal.....	20,000 00
Improvement Fund, Principal.....	179,000 00
Proceeds of Sale of Surplus Land, Principal.....	93,000 00
Accrued Interest on Last Above.....	24,000 00
Total.....	\$794,800 00

GEO. W. JAMES."

In 1860 there were 2,180 Pottawattamie Indians on the reservation. Under the civilization act before referred to 1,400 of them became citizens in 1861, and about 200 more in 1862. When they became citizens with all the rights and privileges thereto attached including the right of suffrage, and to hold office, they were dropped as Indians. Hence the tribe was reduced to about 580 souls in 1862. In 1880 we find from the statement of Mr. James, 451 on reservation, 280 in Wisconsin and 30 in the Indian Territory, showing a total of 761, or an increase of 181 in about twenty years, which does not indicate their decadence and ultimate extinction, as is true, as a rule, with the other Indian nations.

Sen-noge-wone, or, Rock in the Water—which means that he was so much firmer than other Indians that he was a rock around which other Indians rippled like water—was the war chief of the Pottawattamies for very many years, and was superseded, in 1814, by Wa-ban-see.

Mas-quas, whose wife is the grand-daughter of Sen-noge-wone, says that during the war between the United States and Great Britain of 1812-14, Ke-me, or Nas-wah, a younger brother of Sennogewone "traveled towards the French where he remained until the close of the war, then returning to his tribe, he informed Sennogewone that the greater numerical force of the white people prevented the possibility of any success in war against them. Sennogewone soon surrendered and thereafter was not recognized as chief." But Wabansee, having taken part with the whites against Black Hawk in 1832, was pushed aside and superseded by Ogha-och-pees, eldest son of Sennogewone, who died soon after and was succeeded by Wabsai, who died in 1869, and was succeeded by Pam-muck-muck, his grandson. At his death, in 1874, Shaugh-nes-see was elected chief, and now holds that position. The treasonable conduct of Shaubenee and Waubansee, from the Indians' standpoint, in taking up arms against their race and relatives, the Sauks, killed their influence and ruined their standing among their nation and people. They were really looked upon by these Indians with that kind of loathing that we do upon the name and deeds of Benedict Arnold. Hence there was little show for the sons of either of them to gain or maintain any standing in their tribe.

Matwa, or, as Mr. James calls it, Matwas, the elder living son of Shaubenee, is now (1886) 80 years old. In form and build he bears a very striking resemblance to his father, but is much larger and coarser featured and of a darker color. His features resemble those of his mother and are void of expression. In a word he is a mountain of stolid flesh; five feet eleven inches in height and over 300 pounds in weight, is quite deaf and extremely reticent. He is a widower with three sons, Mijohn or Mitchell, Shaubenee and Anatawbe, and one daughter, Watwaweiska. His home is in the timber on the west bank of the Little Soldier, in a hewed log cabin. Here he lives during the warm weather, but invariably lives in a wigwam in winter. He cultivates a small farm at the edge of the woods, but is inordinately lazy and shiftless.

When, in June, 1880, we visited him in company with Mrs. Judith Bourdon as interpreter, in the vain hope of obtaining some information relative to his father, we found to our regret that he knew but little of his father's history, and was fully determined to keep what little he did know to himself. Observing that we were

making memoranda he suddenly refused to answer another question because, as he said: "You are using the white man's lying paper and may be cheating me out of my land or ponies." For several minutes he remained as close as a clam-shell. We finally instructed our interpreter to ask him if he remembered of living near Starved Rock, in Illinois, nearly fifty years before, and of going out one night to spear fish in the river accompanied by a little white boy who threw his spear into a large cat-fish and was pulled out of the canoe into the river by it, and of his rescuing the boy, who was still holding on to his spear. His face showed a little animation as he answered yes. On being informed that we were that self-same boy he extended his hand with "*Boozhunicon*;" but he was unable to give us any reliable data. Cebequa, Shaubenee's oldest daughter, wife of the drunken Yaub-bee, was very old and feeble and died in 1881. Her house was a large, well-built, hewed-log cabin, partially furnished and kept matchlessly clean. We saw neither bed or table there. She had but one son, whom she called John. He was the terror of the little boys when living in Illinois, from 1857 to 1864, with his little bow and arrow, winning their pennies. Her husband remembered us at sight, and said he had been drunk in Morris a hundred times. He inquired after many of the old settlers of Grundy county, especially L. W. Claypool, Jonah C. Newport, Henry Benjamin, C. H. Gould, Samuel Holdeman, Judge Hopkins, etc. Yaub-bee cultivates about eighteen acres. Mo-qus-kua, second daughter of Shaubenee, is a widow, fat, dark and fifty, with one daughter, Con-no-ke, now twenty-two years old. Mother and daughter live with Matwa. Matwaweiska, or Martha, as she was called when living in Grundy county, Illinois, is a widow for the second or third time. She is now about forty-two years old, and decidedly fine-looking and dressy. She dresses like the white women, except more ornate in the use of beads and silver jewelry. She is a good cook and very cleanly in her person. Living, however, in a wig-wam summer and winter, which is the very pink of neatness, but she is very poor and would suffer for food were it not for the kindness of Obnessee, her half-brother, the Kickapoo, and son of Shaubenee by Nebebaqua, his little Kickapoo wife.

Obnessee is quite a wheat raiser, and although the son of Shaubenee, he is a Kickapoo, since the gens always runs in the female line. He lives in the Kickapoo reservation in Jefferson county, Kansas, some twelve miles from the Pottawattamie reservation.

Obnessee furnishes her with all the flour she needs to support herself and three children. She has two sons, Shaubenee and Nan-wik-wa, or Four Faces, and one daughter, Wish-us-qus, or Turn up Nose. Nan-wik-wa, was about eight years old when we were there in 1880. We were scarcely seated ere he challenged us to play a game of euchre at five cents a corner. Obnessee, the Kickapoo son of Shaubenee, is a finely-built, tall, straight Indian, of good intelligence, and the father of several children, all of whom speak, read and write the English language. Such is the family of the noble old chief, Shaubenee, as we found them in 1879 and again in 1880.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Habits, Customs, Religious Beliefs, Legends, Myths and Mysteries of the Pottawat-
tamies—Shall Shaubenee's Grave remain without a Suitable Monument?

“ A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.”
While humbug with its winning way
Is sought and relished every day.

The Pottawattamie is a born gambler and sport. The interest on the \$392,800 which stands to their credit in the United States Treasury is paid semi-annually and amounts to about \$46 per capita, or \$23 at each payment. Always extravagant and improvident nearly every Indian among them is indebted to Nadeau, the trader, to the full amount of his semi-annual payment and has given him an order on the paying agent, so he draws their money direct from the government. To this rule, of course, there are exceptions, among the young men who are not married and live with their parents. Their semi-annual payment was made in June, 1880, while we were there, and the sight was very amusing. Some of them who had not hypothecated their payments, on receiving their \$23, did not go five rods away ere they would spread a blanket on the grass, pull out a deck of playing cards, and in groups of from two to six commence gambling at euchre for from twenty-five cents to one dollar a corner. This they kept up all that day, which was Wednesday. We found them there on Saturday of the same week and near there again on Sunday and Monday. They gamble away in this way until the more skilled or lucky get all their money and then stake their ponies, but never on trust or credit. The poney is brought in ready to be delivered ere he is gambled off. Horse-racing is very popular with them, and it is wonderful how fast some of their little brutes can run. They wager largely on their races, as well as on foot-races and ball-playing. While fierce gamblers among themselves, they have been bitten too often by the sharp tricks of the white professional gambler to hold

any commerce with them whatever. An Indian's memory of a swindle is long; the same trick cannot be played a second time on him. They look with deep suspicion upon every white man who crosses the boundary line of their reservation. Hence they will as a general thing neither answer a question propounded by a white stranger or even look towards him. Nor should this be wondered at, since they have been continuously swindled by the white man, ever since they went to this reservation.

Their first agent, one George Young, upon the diminution of their reserve, proved to be a first class scoundrel and swindler. Frightened at the aspect of affairs in Kansas during the war of the rebellion, a number of these Indians took their families and fled to New Mexico, where they remained until after the war was over. Aided by a disreputable lawyer by the name of Payne, this delectable agent made proofs of their deaths on the ground of seven years' absence without being heard from, and obtained for himself letters of administration upon their respective estates, and by simulated claims of indebtedness, obtained orders to sell and convey their lands, which he did, and then lived riotously on the proceeds. But finally they returned, to find their homes in possession of white people, and the money for which they had been sold dissipated and squandered. Of course Mr. Young and his accomplice skipped the country for the Indian Territory. His bondsmen, as administrator, were worthless, and the Indians, having neither money, property or friends, were unable to prosecute the thieves. Hence they escaped, unwhipped of justice, and at the expiration of three or four years Young and Payne returned to Kansas, and were never prosecuted for this monstrous outrage. But the mark of Cain is upon them. Shunned by the good and despised by the bad, they live in poverty and distrust.

Laziness is an Indian characteristic, to which rule the Pottawattamies are no exception. Hunt they cannot, for there is no game in their reservation to hunt, work they only do as a necessity. Their farms, however, are well-fenced, which is a necessity to protect their crops from their rapacious prairie pointer hogs and breachy little ponies. Their farms vary in size from six to eighty acres, generally, however, they contain about twenty-five acres. The prevailing fence is the old fashioned rail with stakes and sides. Their rails are but eight feet long, and of a very uniform size and length, so they make a good worm-fence and look well when laid up. Corn, pumpkins, squashes, beans, potatoes,

and tobacco constitute their main crops. Some of them have pretty fair orchards, while a few raise wheat.

MARRIAGE.

Imitating the demoralization of the white people, marriage contracts among the Indians are becoming extremely loose, while bastardy is growing more common. Much of this emanates from a barbarous legend and custom peculiar to these Indians, which is that when their nation was founded they were instructed that if they desired to raise their sons to be wise and brave, they must cause them to fast two or three days in each and every week, when from two to fifteen years of age. The natural result of this custom is that the Indians, if they live through the ordeal, are sickly and feeble, while the squaws are permitted to eat heartily every day and grow up strong and vigorous. Hence there are at least three squaws to two Indians raised to maturity.

The Indian law upon the question of the support of illegitimate offspring is simple, clear and decidedly effective; that, too, without delay, and therefore vastly better than our laws upon that subject. It is this: As soon as the child is old enough to wean the mother takes it to the home of its father's parents and leaves it there and returns home without it. The paternal grandmother of the infant is bound to take care of it. In all cases, as shown in chapter I, the women have complete control over the lodge and its management. Hence the grandmother is held responsible for the nurture of the illegitimate offspring of her son. If the grandmother be dead, then the eldest sister of the child's father has to become sponsor.

While we find several white men married to Pottawattamie squaws, be it said to the credit of the white women there is not one in the reservation with an Indian husband.

PUNISHING THE WIDOWS.

Upon the death of a wife her nearest female friends immediately select for him what they term a *spirit wife*. This spirit wife may be a married or unmarried woman, who becomes simply a monitor, but in no sense of the word a wife or mistress. She is not even expected to reside in his house or wig-wam. She is invested, however, with absolute control over his apparel and love affairs, while he, in turn, must obey and follow her directions to the letter in his personal dress and adornment, and is not permitted to make love to another squaw without the full consent of this spirit

wife. He may not comb or oil his hair or change his suit, no matter howsoever worn out or dirty it may become, without first obtaining her consent. Thus, if she is fully satisfied that he has committed any breach of her orders, she can punish him to her heart's content by making him wear the same suit until it drops from his body. When, in her judgment, his penance has been sufficient, she notifies the immediate relatives, fixing a day when they all meet at his house and have a feast. A new suit of clothes specially prepared for the occasion is put upon him; his hair is nicely combed and oiled, when he is turned out a full-fledged Lothario, with permission to woo and wed again as soon as he pleases. This course would work a hardship on some of the white widowers, who can scarcely wait to bury one wife before seeking another. Of all fools for women give us a widower for the palm.

A BARBAROUS LAW.

When the husband dies, no matter how many children he may have, or how poor he may have been, all the property, goods and effects he may have descend to his parents, brothers and sisters, in equal shares, thus robbing the widow and children of everything, and placing them at the mercy of rapacious relatives who may drive them forth from their homes, penniless, at any moment. They admit this law is an oppressive and unjust one, but defend it upon its antiquity. They are great sticklers for the laws, customs and traditions of their ancestors, and bitterly opposed to innovations of any kind or nature. This cruel law, however, "is honored more in the breach than in the observance."

THE SABBATH DAY,

They say, is an invention of the pale-faces, that the Great Spirit made all days alike for His red children; hence they have no Sundays, and observe no one day as more holy than the rest. Like the Sauks, they believe in the existence of two Gods or Great Spirits, the one good the other bad; the former ruling and governing the day, the latter the night,—the God of day being their friend, the god of night their enemy. Like them they believe the bad god is more powerful than the good; hence to him alone do they offer sacrifices.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Their theory of electricity is rather unique. They say thunder and lightning originate in the Spirit Land, where

"The shades of bison, elk and bear
Are ever seen abounding there."

No great hunter could be happy without pursuing the chase in the spirit land, nor could he enjoy the game unless dressed and cooked by his own faithful, loving squaw. Hence she follows him to the Land of Dreams. Although fish and game of the finest quality are abundant, yet there are times when it is wild and difficult to obtain, and the hunters are sometimes compelled to return to their lodges, tired and weary, with an empty game-bag, where they drop down and go to sleep. Their legend is substantially as follows: A great chief and hunter dies and goes to the Spirit Land, where, after a fruitless day's hunt, he returns to his wigwam, worn and weary, with an empty game-bag, and soon goes to sleep. As the dinner hour approaches his squaw goes to the game-bag for meat to prepare the dinner, but finds it empty. She thereupon approaches the sleeping hunter and asks him, "Where is the game for dinner?" but he does not heed or hear what she says. She repeats the question until her temper is roused beyond all endurance, when she runs her sharp fingernails into his eyes. This brings him to a sudden realization of something like a flash of lightning, accompanied with acute pain, which makes him fairly roar out. The concussion of the fingernails creates the *lightning* and his roar of pain is the *thunder*. This theory is quite as rational as that of old Atlas holding the world upon his shoulders and causing earthquakes by shifting his feet on the pedestal, or that thunder is the noise emitted from the chariot wheels of old Phœbus.

ST. VITUS' DANCE.

The grand-daughter of Shaubenee, when we visited the house of Matwa, in 1830, was suffering from a violent attack of this singular malady. To the question put to Moquska, the mother of the child, "What was the cause of this disease?" she replied: "She went to sleep on the bank of the creek, when a big snake came out of the water and struck her on the head." By this she either meant that the child while sleeping on the damp ground

contracted a severe cold which brought on that disease, or that the child may have had an attack of nightmare in which she imagined she saw a monstrous snake, the sight of which fractured and paralyzed her nervous system, producing the malady.

BURIAL OF A VISITING CHIEF.

We were shown the grave of a young chief who, while on a friendly visit to the Pottawattamies, sickened and died. He had ridden a fine Indian pony from his home in the Indian Territory, some two hundred miles south of this reservation, and was buried near the west bank of the Little Soldier, in a grave at the edge of the timber. Around his grave they erected a miniature cabin constructed of poles, covered with a steep roof of elm bark. His horse was then nicely groomed, mane and tail braided, saddle and bridle put on, led up beside the grave, where with a keenly-sharp knife his throat was cut, severing the main arteries. There the dying brute was held until his life ebbed out, when his body sunk to earth, dead. For his fee for killing the horse the executioner received the saddle and bridle. The horse is supposed to follow his master to the spirit land and serve him there as he did on earth.

THEIR MODES OF BURIAL.

They have two modes of burial, one in the ground, the other in a tree-top. As a general thing they bury their dead in the ground and erect various devices to point out where the spirit life of their lost loved one begins. Over the grave of a deceased chief or prominent brave they erect a monument of stone, completely covering the entire grave—say six feet in length and three feet in width, and four feet in height. These monuments are constructed of rubble stone laid up without mortar, but trimmed to line on the outer sides so as to make a smooth, straight line with square corners. The stone used is of good size and uniform thickness so the tiers or courses are level, and the pile looks substantial and rather artistic. Over the grave of a squaw or youth they place a steep-roofed, low casing, something like a chicken coop constructed of wooden ends and sides with elm bark covering. Near the edge of the prairie, on the east side of the timber along the Little Soldier, stands a large burr oak tree whose limbs grow at almost right-angles with its body. The tree itself is not tall and the limbs start out within ten or fifteen feet of its roots. Lashed to the limbs of this tree, resting in rough troughs, were no less than twenty-eight deceased Indian bodies June 1, 1880, when we

were there. These bodies were wrapped in a blanket, placed in the trough, and lashed to a limb of the tree with slips of elm bark or small withes. The stench emitted from this burial tree was stifling. A short distance south of this tree stands another burr oak of about half the size of the other, whose limbs grow like the larger one. This is their pappoose burial tree. In this tree we counted nine little coffins in like manner lashed to its limbs.

THEIR MEDICINE MEN.

Of all the filthy-looking, fantastically clad and paint-bedaubed specimens of humanity we ever beheld the Pottawattamie medicine men excel. We came face to face with one of them on turning a sudden angle in the road, in the timber on the Little Soldier, whose disgusting appearance made us shudder. The day was hot, yet this brute was literally loaded with bears' claws, snakes' rattles, the tails of coons, wolves and squirrels, while his head gear was made up of the wing and tail feathers of eagles, hawks, crows, owls and domestic chickens. These worse than useless creatures have a great influence over these ignorant people. The villainous compounds they administer to the sick are sufficient to kill a horse. No wonder they kill off the Indians. It boots not how fine a lot of lusciously ripe berries, cherries or plums they may find as their respective seasons approach, no Indian can eat them until these disgusting medicine men go through the ceremony of consecration by burning a few in a fire, and reciting some kind of nonsensical incantation. And yet there is in this idea of consecrating the first fruit of the season a striking resemblance to the customs of the ancient Israelites. "As for the oblation of fruits, ye shall offer them unto the Lord, but they shall not be burnt on the alter for a sweet savor." Leviticus, chap. 11, v. 12. "Let sacrifices be performed with the first fruits of the earth." *Archæologia Græca*.

THE FIDELITY OF A LITTLE DOG

made the subject of a beautiful conception. Wish-us-qus, or Turn-up-Nose, the granddaughter of Shaubenee, was a very bright and intelligent child of some five summers when we visited the Reservation in 1879. She had a small, spotted black and white, long-haired dog, which seemed to be a cross between a lap-dog and a whiffet, which was her inseparable companion. This little dog was ever by the side of the child, and watched her every

motion. During the season of flowers the child festooned the neck and decorated the ears and limbs of her little favorite with garlands of flowers, and in the winter she decorated it with ribbons. During the winter of 1879-80 this child died, and was placed in a little trough and suspended to a limb of the

PAPPOOSE TREE.

As if having a premonition of the death of its little mistress, this dog began the most pitiful howlings just before the child died, and after the death it became wild and ran off into the brush, where it kept up a constant wail. No one could induce it to approach. Even Matwaweiska, the child's mother, could not coax the dog to her. It avoided everybody, and staid away from the wigwam. The only way they could induce it to eat was by leaving food outside the wigwam at night, when—after all were asleep—it would approach and eat a little food, but sparingly. Its howlings and wailings were kept up almost constantly, night and day. The mother and friends of the deceased child construed this to mean,—in their simple faith,—that the child was unhappy in the spirit land for want of the companionship of her dog, and was calling it to come to her, and the dog heard the loved voice of its little mistress and was moaning and howling because it could not go to her. After some deliberation it was determined to send the spirit of the dog to accompany that of the child. To do this, no blood must be spilled, if there was, then the spell would be broken. With much difficulty they caught the dog, strangled it to death, and then festooned its neck, ears and feet, as the child was wont to do, and suspended it to the little coffin in the tree. But the rains came, swelling the bark tethers, and then came the hot sun, drying them up, cracking and breaking them, when down came the corpse of the child and dog. Having once been buried, it was sacrilege to touch them after they fell. Hence they were left where they fell, and the flesh was munched from the bones of this grandchild of the once mighty chief, by the hogs and dogs, leaving nothing to be seen of the remains, save a few pieces of cleanly picked bones, when we were there again in June of that year. These, however, were sufficient to make us shudder. We registered our solemn protest against such careless sepulture, while we wondered to what extent the bones of this child had been scattered, never to be collected again. But little it recks what becomes of the clay tenement after the spirit has taken its eternal flight to that land—

" Where buds and flowers of blooming spring
In brightest robes abound,
And sweetest odors constant bring
In never ceasing round."

MAS-QUAS, THE ORATOR, AND HIS SHIRT.

By far the most pompous and self-consequential Indian of the reservation is Mas-quas, the speaker, as he is termed by these Indians. He is really a fine specimen of Indian manhood. Like a pretty woman, he has made the discovery of his beauty or has been told of it, and believes it. Slightly above the average stature of his tribe, with a well-built frame, broad shoulders, full chest, intellectual head, and great dignity, Mas-quas is a power, among the little band, second to none. Having sent word to him that he might expect company on the 20th of May, 1880, accompanied by Hon. J. W. Pettijohn and wife, of Hoyt, Kansas, we paid him a visit at his comfortable farm house on the west bank of the Little Soldier creek, where our little party were hospitably received by the speaker and family. Mas-quas was in state dress and, of course, on his dignity. Upon his head was a black felt Kossuth hat, ornamented with the tail feathers of a white Leghorn Rooster. His feet were encased in Oxford ties, but the ties were bits of seagrass rope. His nether limbs were covered with a pair of Kentucky jeans pants ornamented with bands of seagrass rope around the ankles. Whether he wore a vest and coat we were unable to ascertain, for he had a white shirt with an immense ruffled bosom over all, which came down below his knees. This shirt was as white as white could be, and starched until it would nearly stand alone. We, however, were unable to enter into much of a conversation with him, notwithstanding his daughter, a beautiful Indian maiden of some sixteen summers, acted as interpreter and could speak English, as well as Indian, fluently. She was educated at their Mission school, and dressed like the white women. This is true of all the Indian women on the reserve.

They all dress like the white women of the laboring or poorer class, and old-fashioned at that. Their dresses were uniformly calico skirt and sacque. Mas-quas seemed extremely reticent and answered the questions put in monosyllables, and asked none in return. There being no deer in that vicinity they have no buckskin, hence from necessity the buckskin hunting shirt, leggings and moccasins are forced to give way to some other material for

dress. Both Indians and squaws simulate the white people's apparel, but the Indian wears his shirt outside his other clothes instead of next to his body. The women are very cleanly and good cooks. While they have no carpets and few of them use bedsteads, their stoves are kept shiningly black and their floors brightly scrubbed and as clean as soap and water can make them. A noted feature of these Indians is the almost total absence of dogs. In point of advancement toward civilization Shaubenee's immediate descendants have made the least. Indeed, they seem to have adhered more closely to the traditions and ancient customs of their nation than any other gens or family in the reservation, and are among the poorest off in every sense of the word. With the exception of Obnessa, the Kickapoo son, there is neither industry, energy or intelligence in the entire family. They have but little land under cultivation, although the head of the family is entitled to 160 acres as such, and 80 acres in addition for each child. Matwa has but 18 acres under cultivation, and that is of the poorest quality to be found in the reservation. Their best land being high rolling prairie, covered with the genuine blue-sage grass, rosin weed and rattlesnake's master, like the uplands of Illinois in an early day, remains untouched by the plow.

SHAUBENEE'S GRAVE.

Near the center of the beautiful Morris Cemetery, on lot 59, in block 7, on the most elevated ground, Shaubenee was buried, with naught to mark the end of his earthly path save an oak post at the head of the grave. This post was placed there at the request of his widow and in accordance with Indian custom. Shortly after his death a movement was inaugurated with a view to erect a suitable monument to the memory of him who sacrificed everything save life to the welfare of the white people, who were the natural enemies of his race. With a view to consult the wishes of his family as to what kind of monument they deemed most desirable, Charles H. Goold, Esq., of Morris, Ill., who was a trusted friend of the old chief and the keeper of his papers, and had carried on his correspondence, collected his bounty, etc., for years before his death, corresponded with Rev. David K. Foster, a nephew of Shaubenee, who is a minister of the gospel of the Methodist Episcopal Church under the jurisdiction of the Michigan Conference, and others. After conferring with the widow and children, Miss Rose Howe, a niece of the old chief, answered for them as follows:

“BAILEYTOWN, IND., Sept. 29, 1860.

MR. GOOLD: *Dear Sir*—Shaub-ee-nee's daughters are here and request me to write you that Mr. John H. Kinzie, of Chicago, wishes you to have the kindness to write him the circumstances of their father's death, also the date, his last words, and everything connected with the event, as he intends trying to procure for his family that money as the payment which the old chief was accustomed to receive from the Government.* The girls now desire me to say that their mother, Shaubenee's widow, desires that no monument should be erected above his grave, *as it was the chief's own dying request. As a chief, according to the customs of his nation, his pennon should be planted over his grave, but he desired that honor not to be shown him, saying nothing should mark his grave. His life had been mark enough for him.* His widow says since the Americans are willing to show kindness to his memory, they would be thankful if the expense of the monument would go to procure them food as they were always in want, frequently in distress, since his death. We are sorry to write this message as relatives of the great chief, whose actions you desire to write on a well-dressed monument. We thank you for the respect you show his memory. Glad would we be to see his bravery commemorated, and grateful to the people who could do justice to greatness, be its case white or red.

Yours, respectfully,

ROSE HOWE.”

Written in a most beautiful hand, on gilt-edged note paper, without a solitary error in orthography, this most splendid letter is worthy of a place among the highest order of literature, while in its tone and sentiment it is worthy the highest praise. Always modest, that self-same noble quality seems to have engrossed his last thoughts on earth. “I desire that not even my pennon be erected over my grave. I want no monument for my life has been mark enough for me.” Upon the receipt of this letter all farther effort towards the erection of a monument ceased and has never been renewed. Immediate attention, however, was given by the citizens of the city of Morris to the condition of the widow and family, who were found to be really in a lamentable condition for food and clothing. Prominent among those who promptly contributed to their relief were the late Henry Benjamin, John Barr and U. B. Couch, all deceased. For Mr. Benjamin

* Referring to his \$200 pension for services in the Black Hawk War.

the old chief had a special liking and adopted his name, calling himself Benjamin Shaubenee, the last year or two before his death. After the death of the widow, in the fall of 1861, Jo Bush, a worthless, drunken nephew of the old chief, assumed the management of the family, and what between trying to follow the white man's path and the Indian path at the same time, things went on from bad to worse. He was cruel to the women and brutal to the children. If money were given them he forced it from them and spent it in drunken revel. Two more deaths among them followed soon after that of the widow and grandchild. With Shaubenee's death his two hundred dollar pension ceased and was never resumed. From December 1, 1861, up to the summer of the next year, the remnant of Shaubenee's family lived a precarious life and at times suffered for food and raiment. They were then advised to either separate and obtain places among the the farmers and learn to work as the white people did or else return to the Pottawattamie reservation in Kansas. They finally resolved upon the latter course, when, through Mr. Goold, they obtained partial passes over the C., R. I. & P. R. R. to Atchison, Kan., and returned to their nation, where they have since remained. In the meantime the mortal remains of Shaubenee have slumbered beneath the shadows of the beautiful evergreens, through whose thick foliage the gentle breezes of heaven have kept up a solemn requiem to the memory of him who was as modest as he was brave, and as true to his every obligation as the sun. Here let him rest until the resurrection, when his name will be found among those "whom love of God hath blessed."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.



COL. GEORGE DAVENPORT.

Well skilled in arts of peace and war
He saw the danger from afar,
And felt the coming storm,
When savage war-whoops, fierce and fast,
Would ride upon each passing blast,
As couriers of alarm,
And bent his giant strength and will
To guard against th' impending ill
And save his countrymen.
Nor stopped he here—the Indian's hate
He labored hard to palliate,
And turn to peace again

The subject of this sketch was born at the manor on his father's farm in Lincolnshire, England, in 1783. Springing from good old English stock, he possessed a magnificent physique, strong constitution, and marked mental ability. The Davenports were quite a distinguished family in Lincolnshire, and his parents were intelligent, well educated and wealthy, hence young George's early life was a pleasant one, while his opportunities were far above the average, socially and in point of education. Standing six feet three inches, with massive chest, broad shoulders and powerful limbs, he was really a giant in size, and nature endowed him with a gigantic intellect.

Raised upon a farm in the country, he contracted habits of industry and early rising, which never deserted him, and possessing an inquisitive and active mind, he was not only a natural student, but a student of nature,—passionately fond of the natural sciences, while at the same time fully appreciating the more gentle study of belles-lettres. He was therefore a gentleman by birth and education, softened and polished by social contact with the best of society, at the Manor House, at home. Like nearly every boy raised in the country he was somewhat romantic in his views and ambition, and longed to see the more gilded side of the world, with a slight itching for a seafaring life; hence upon reaching his majority, in 1804, he enlisted as a common sailor on board a British merchantman, plying between Liverpool and New York, but his sailor life was suddenly terminated the first trip. His ship had made a pleasant voyage to New York and was just starting homeward, when one of the sailors was accidentally knocked overboard, and either could not swim or had been disabled so that he was sinking, when young Davenport sprang from the hurricane deck into the ocean to save his life. One of the ship's yawls lie near the ship, in line between Davenport and the drowning sailor, which he attempted to scale, but failed in doing. One leg struck the outer edge of the yawl, breaking his thigh bone like a pipe stem, but notwithstanding his broken leg he seized the poor sailor as he came to the surface, the third and last time, by his hair, and held his head above water until others came to the relief. For this gallant conduct he received the thanks of his captain and commendation of all who saw or heard of his act. It was deemed advisable to leave him at New York where he received the best of medical skill and kindly attention while the ship returned to England without him.

His physical health and condition being good, his broken leg healed with astonishing rapidity, so that in a few weeks he was able to walk and soon recovered entirely. He was then nearly out of money and a stranger among strangers in a strange land. He had some friends at Carlyle, Penn., whither he went and soon attracted the attention of Gen. Wilkinson, of the U. S. army, who was so much pleased with this manly youth that he offered him the position and pay of Sergeant in the regular army, which he accepted and mustered into the service of the United States, where his fine abilities as a man and a soldier were such as to win rapid promotion. When, in 1807, Gen. Wilkinson sent a detachment of soldiers down to New Orleans to arrest Aaron Burr, late vice president, and his alleged associates, on a charge of treason, Sergt. Davenport was put in command of the detail, but Burr escaped before the arrival of this detachment, surrendering himself to the civil authorities at Nachez. Sergt. Davenport, however, succeeded in arresting Dr. Bollamer and several others who were charged with being conspirators. (Burr was tried and acquitted and the others were liberated). The war of 1812-14 found Sergt. Davenport wearing the epaulets of a colonel in the regular army, and July 25, 1814, he did gallant service at the terrible battle of the Niagara, or Lunday's Lane. His regiment reached the battlefield from a distant point just in time to join Gen. Scott in his charge against the left wing of the British army, which turned the scale of battle and saved the day, but Gen. Scott was seriously wounded, and Col. Davenport personally superintended the carrying of the "hero of Lundy's Lane" from the field.

After the withdrawal of the American army from Canada, Col. Davenport was sent to the military division of the gulf, and took part in the battle of New Orleans, January 7-8, 1815. Being a very large-framed man he was now becoming quite fleshy, weighing fully 300 pounds, and was too heavy for either cavalry or infantry service, when at his own request he was relieved from field service and transferred to the commissary department, and in 1816 came to the island of Rock Island in that capacity with Col. Lawrence to build Fort Armstrong, and soon afterwards opened a trading house upon the island, which was his home thenceforward to July 4, 1815, when Fox, Birch, Baxter, and the three brothers Long, believing he had a large sum of money in his safe belonging to the United States, (he being then in command

of the old fort), and knowing that his family and employes were celebrating the ever glorious Fourth at the village of Rock Island, on the south side of the Mississippi, and that it was his habit to take a short nap in his easy chair each afternoon, they so measured their time as to softly enter his dwelling and slip upstairs to his room, where he kept his safe, stealthily steal up behind their sleeping victim, throw a blanket over his head, and then drawing it tightly around his head and shoulders they threw a lasso over his arms, pinioned them down beside his body, rendering him completely helpless. This done, they took the key of his safe from his pocket and attempted to open the safe, but failed. The lock was a combination one which they did not have. They then demanded the combination, which he refused to give. Their next step was to force it from him under threats of personal injury, but to no purpose. Finding that he was obdurate, they kindled a fire in the



COL. DAVENPORT'S HOME.

kitchen stove, got red hot pokers, etc., and taking off his slippers and stockings they applied these hot irons to the soles of his feet, burning them to a crisp, but still without obtaining the combination.

The next act of these fiends in human form was to take pincers and literally flay him alive, until human endurance could stand no more, and he gave them the combination, but there were less than \$400 in the safe. This they took and departed. But before leaving the house they placed his poor, bleeding body on his bed

and left him still bound, where he slowly bled to death. Upon the return of his family that evening he was still living. Dr. Gregg* was called, but too late, and thus this brave soldier, upright citizen and noble specimen of manhood was tortured to death. Had this robbery been committed two days earlier the robbers and murderers would have reaped a much richer harvest. He had made a large remittance to St. Louis but two days before. His mortal remains slumber in the beautiful Clippionnock Cemetery between Rock Island and ancient Saukenuk, with a magnificent monument to mark the spot. With the events narrated in our history of the Sauks and the Black Hawk War, Col. Davenport was more intimately connected than all other white men combined, and to repeat them here would be but re-writing that history. His home† on the island still stands where it was built in 1831-2, and was doubtless the first two-story frame house built in Northern Illinois. The frame is of hard wood timbers put together with braces and pins, and was, therefore, staunch enough to stand rolling over without racking. This is probably the most historic house in Illinois, (or Iowa, since it stands on an island between these States), and has given shelter and hospitality to more great men than any other private residence of the United States. It was at this house Jefferson Davis wooed and won the daughter of old "Rough and Ready," and had to run away with her to Louisville, Kentucky, to marry her. Col. Davenport was a charming entertainer of company, and his home was always open for the reception of visiting friends. A man of splendid financial talent, and the most successful manager of the Indians we have any knowledge of, Col. George R. Clark excepted. To his genius and ability were the Sauks and Foxes indebted for their advanced knowledge of the arts and sciences and successful cultivation of their corn. Take him all in all, Col. Davenport was the most noted character of the Northwest for about thirty years—stern, dignified and arbitrary when the exercise of these qualities were needed, but naturally kindly-hearted, affectionate and generous to a fault.

For a full detailed account of his murder and of the murderers, their trial, etc., see "The Prairie Bandits," by Col. E. Bonney. The three brothers Young, who participated in the murder of Col. Davenport, were hung at Rock Island, and one of

*The venerable Dr. P. W. Gregg was then and still is the U. S. Surgeon on Rock Island, and has filled that position for half a century.

† See engraving.

their bodies was placed in a barrel with enough whisky to preserve it, marked "Pure Old Gin," and shipped to a medical college at St. Louis, but on its arrival there the spirits had disappeared. The attention of the captain was called to this fact, when he excused it by saying the roustabouts had drank it, but on being informed that it covered the dead body of one of the murderers of Col. Davenport, the captain began to gag and heave, accompanying the efforts with the declaration that he had drank more than a gallon of the liquor himself.



Jacob Fry

The grandson of George Fry, who came to America from Germany in 1750, and settled near Boston. Gen. Fry was the son of Bernhardt and Hester Fry, and born in Fayette county, Kentucky, September 20, 1799.

When the oppressions of the mother country became too grievous to be longer endured in 1775, young Bernhardt Fry was among the first to shoulder his gun and join the patriot ranks to repel the "red coats" at Bunker Hill. Once in the long and sanguinary conflict, he remained in the ranks until victory perched upon the banner of the colonists.

The war over, and independence established, young Fry was united in marriage with Miss Hester Swigert, and moved to the then wilds of Kentucky, and located on a tract of timber land, in what afterwards became Fayette county, and cleared off the timber to make a home for himself and loved ones. With little means, save energy and a strong will to do or die, Bernhardt and Hester Fry were compelled to work hard and economize closely in order to "keep the wolf from their door." Jacob possessed a magnificent physical form, coupled with great strength and marvelous activity. Although his means of acquiring book learning in that locality were very poor, still he became reasonably well educated—not from books, but association, observation, and absorption from nature. Ambitious, energetic, and self-reliant, at the age of twenty he left the parental roof "in the dark and bloody ground," and struck out to build for himself a home and name, in the then extreme western frontier—Illinois—which had been admitted to the sisterhood of States the previous year. Reaching the place where the lovely city of Carrollton now stands, he selected as fine a tract of "Uncle Sam's land" as can be found in the State, and erected a small cabin thereon in which he kept "bach" for several years. Upon the organization of Green county, its seat of justice was located on the General's claim. (This occurred before any of these lands were brought into market by the United States.) The dignified, yet courteous bearing of the future General was such as to not only attract but command the respect of all with whom he came in contact. While yet a mere boy, he was appointed Deputy Sheriff, and at the next ensuing election elected to that office, and re-elected time and time again.

In 1835 he married Miss Emily, daughter of James Turney, who was at that time the Attorney General of the State. She was a lady of culture and of the highest order of talent, and made him a help-mate in the broader and more comprehensive meaning of the term. When Gov. Reynolds called for volunteers in 1831, "to drive Black Hawk and his British band across the

Mississippi," Gen. Fry was in command of the 2d Grand Division of the Militia, under the militia law then in force in this State, with the rank of Major General, but he volunteered as a "high private." Upon the organization of the 2d Regiment of mounted Illinois volunteers at Rushville, he was selected Lieutenant Colonel, with James D. Henry, Colonel. In 1832 he raised a company under the Governor's first call, and upon the organization of the army into regiments, he was selected by the Governor as the Colonel of the 2d Regiment, and led them from Beardstown to Oquawka, thence to the mouth of Rock river, where they were mustered into the military service of the United States by the then Colonel, Robert Anderson, (of Fort Sumpter fame), and thence up Rock river to Dixon.

He took no lot or part in Stillman's ill-fated expedition to Old Man's creek, and when the Illinois volunteers were mustered out at Ottawa, May 25-8, leaving the frontier to the mercy of the savages, he was one of the first to volunteer as a private to serve twenty days, by which time the second army of mounted Illinois volunteers would be organized and ready for the field. Upon the organization of the five companies who volunteered for guard duty, May 23, he was elected to the command with rank as Colonel, and James D. Henry, who was Colonel over him in 1831, was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel. Thus they changed places, and upon the organization of the second army of 1832, at Fort Wilbourne, he was elected to the Colonelcy of the Second regiment of the Third brigade, commanded by the gallant Gen. Henry, who led it all through the second campaign, from Fort Wilbourne, where the city of LaSalle now stands, to the Bad-Axe, in the then State of Michigan, where the war ended. With the commencement of the construction of the Illinois and Michigan canal, he was appointed by the Governor, and confirmed by the Senate, as one of the three Canal Commissioners to build that canal. He then removed from Carrollton to Lockport, Illinois, where he remained until the canal and its lands were turned over to the bond-holders, in the continuous discharge of the duties of his office. With the exception of a sojourn in California in 1850-1-2, during which time he was elected to and served in the State Senate of that young giant State, Gen. Fry was in the State of Illinois continuously, from 1819 to the day of his death, a period of sixty-two years, filling many offices of responsibility and trust as a civilian, and as a military officer he held positions of power

and great influence, but never abused his trust or transcended his authority. True as the magnet to the pole in all his public duties, he was true to himself and wronged no one, in thought, word or deed; hence he deserved and enjoyed the confidence and commanded the respect of all who knew him. Conservative and rather retiring in demeanor, still he was a man of decided convictions, with the courage to assert his opinions when occasion required.

In politics Gen. Fry was Democratic, and was appointed collector of the port of Chicago by President Buchanan in 1857, but when the schism sprung up between the President and Mr. Douglas he sided with the latter, and was of course removed to give place to B. F. Strother, an Administration Democrat, in 1860. He then returned to his old home at Carrollton, Ill.

Always true to the flag of his country, and although past three score years, he raised and organized the gallant Sixty-first regiment Illinois Volunteers, and led them to the front to crush out the rebellion, and baptized them in blood at the ensanguined field of Shiloh and other battle-fields; but, in 1864, his eyesight, which had been poor for several years, entirely failed, compelling him to resign and return home, to wait for the bugle-call of his companions who had crossed the silent river, and when it came he was ready to fall in line and keep step to the music of the mysterious, and follow his file-leader, Death, to the unknown, with an abiding faith and confidence in the great captain of his salvation. Fortified and sustained by the assuring consciousness of a long and useful life here and a blessed immortality hereafter, he quietly and gently bid a final farewell to his loved ones, and passed away January 27, 1881, leaving several children to mourn his loss, all of whom are prominent and highly-respected citizens.

Gen. James B. Fry, of the United States Army, is the oldest of the family, and held the trying and responsible position of Provost-Marshal General during the entire war of the rebellion.

To the youngest daughter of Gen. Jacob Fry (now Mrs. Julia Fry Ware) are we indebted for the fine engraving of the deceased General.



M. K. Alexander

The subject of the preceding engraving commanded the Second Brigade of the Second Army of Mounted Illinois Volunteers in the war of 1832. He was born in Elbert county, Géorgia, January 23, 1796. Gen. Alexander was of Scotch-Irish descent and Revolutionary stock. This branch of the Alexanders came from the north of Ireland, where they were a prominent and aristocratic family, and boasted of a peerage with a coat of arms.

Coming to America while the United States were British Colonies, they settled at Charlotte, Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, and when the colonists were roused in 1775 to resist British oppressions, no less than six members of this family participated in the celebrated Mecklenburg convention, and signed the first

American Declaration of Independence, known as the "Mecklenburg Declaration of May 31, 1775," which was drawn up and signed more than a year before that declared at Philadelphia was even thought of, and when the red dogs of war were unleashed, the Alexanders were found well to the front, armed for the fight, and both ready and willing to lay down their lives for the cause of independence.

Gen. Alexander was the fifth child of John B. and Barbara (*nee* King) Alexander, who moved to the then new State of Tennessee in 1804, and located first in Williams county, and then settled in Lincoln county, where, with sturdy strokes and willing hands, the giant forest trees were felled and a home made for the family. Here were the early days of Gen. Alexander spent, surrounded by nature in its most primitive state. The surrounding country at that time was comparatively but a howling wilderness.

Schools were few, and only the plainer branches of an English education were pretended to be taught. Availing himself thoroughly of these, and the further aid of his parents, he became fairly educated in the broader and more extended meaning of the term. Possessed of an active and inquisitive intellect and ambitious mind, he read lessons of profound wisdom from the great book of nature, whose ample pages were spread out before his eager gaze, urging him on, on to the investigation of her multitude of mysteries. In a word, it was to his inquiring mind a vast kaleidoscopic encyclopedia, embellished, ornamented and beautified by all that was grand and ennobling. Thus did he obtain, if not a scholastic, at least a liberal, education, qualifying him for the manifold duties he was called upon to perform in after-life.

During the war of 1812, though but a mere child, or at best a stripling, he enlisted in a Tennessee regiment, and was elected First Lieutenant of his company. This regiment was under command of "Old Hickory," who led them into Florida against the war-like Seminoles. After the capture of Pensacola, Gen. Jackson, with the main portion of his army, went to New Orleans, leaving the regiment of which young Alexander was a member to keep the treacherous Indians in proper subjection; hence, he was not permitted to take part in the glorious battle of New Orleans, much to his sincere regret. After the close of this war, he returned home an invalid for life. In consequence of long marches, tender years, privation and exposure, together with the

hot climate and foul miasmas of Florida swamps, his naturally vigorous constitution gave way, and almost completely broke down. From this severe shock he never fully rallied.

On the 16th of December, 1819, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary Shields, of Giles county, Tenn., and located in that county on a farm, and remained there some four years, and then came to the State of Illinois, and settled where the present beautiful city of Paris stands, where he opened a country store and cultivated a small farm.

Upon the establishment of a postoffice at Paris, he was appointed postmaster, which office he held continuously for twenty-five years. Edgar county, Illinois, was organized in 1823, and soon afterwards he was appointed clerk of the then county commissioners court, to which office he was elected by the voters of that county from time to time, up to 1837. In 1826 he was elected and commissioned Colonel of the Nineteenth regiment of Illinois militia, which position he held for many years. In December, 1830, he was appointed aid-de-camp to Gov. Reynolds, and in June, 1831, accompanied his excellency to Rock Island, in what is known as the Black Hawk War of 1831. After Stillman's defeat, May 14, 1832, in response to the Governor's call of May 15th, for 2,000 more volunteers, he raised a fine company of his friends and neighbors, and reported at Hennepin, Putnam county, June 10th. From there the assembled volunteers were ordered to Fort Wilbourne, where the city of LaSalle now stands, and organized into three brigades, by the election of their own commanders. Upon the organization of the second brigade, comprised of sixteen companies, all from the counties of Edgar, Clark, Crawford, Coles, Edwards, Lawrence, Wabash and White, he was elected to its command, and commissioned as a Brigadier-General by Governor Reynolds. This brigade was 961 strong, rank and file, exclusive of field and staff officers, and was divided into three regiments, with a spy battalion and a few detachments.

Notwithstanding the feeble health of Gen. Alexander, he led his command from Fort Wilbourne to the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Bad Axe, above Prairie du Chien, where the wiley old Black Hawk was brought to bay, and the war ended. His brigade was mustered out of service at Dixon, by order of Gen. Atkinson, August 15th, 1832, when he returned to his home in Paris. Under the ill-advised internal improvement law of 1837, he was

elected by the General Assembly as one of "the Board of Commissioners of Public Works," and upon the organization of the board was elected its President, which position he held until the whole system was abolished by the Legislature.

Uniting with the Presbyterian church, in 1830, Gen. Alexander was an active and highly respected member of that church, thenceforward to the date of his death, July 7th, 1856. He died at his home in Paris, surrounded by his family and friends, in the full hope of a blessed immortality. Of remarkably pure life and blameless conduct, Gen. Alexander possessed very many traits of noble character and lofty bearing. Always considerate of the rights and feelings of others, he seldom gave cause of offense, and in ordinary intercourse with all classes, he commanded alike their respect and confidence. Though an invalid and sufferer for over forty years, he seldom complained, bearing his affliction with Christian fortitude and resignation—waiting, still waiting the order of his Great Commander to join his companions who have answered the long roll-call and preceded him to that mysterious, unknown shore, and when it came he was found ready to fall in line, and with trusting heart and unfaltering step, march over the dividing line which separates life from eternity.



COL. JOHN DEMENT.

"I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant young—
More daring or more bold is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds."—*Shakespeare.*

The son of David and Dorcas (*nee Willis*) Dement, John was born at Gallatin, in the State of Tennessee, April 26, 1804. In 1817 his parents came to Illinois, and settled on a farm in Franklin county, which was then a mere wilderness, hence he received not even a common school education, yet he became fairly educated in the best learning of the time, and well educated in the every-day business of life, industry, economy, honesty and the necessity of early rising. By the practice of these virtues, without special effort to make friends by truckling or fondling, he soon found himself among the leading men, not only of his neighborhood and county, but of the State of his adoption.

At the age of 22 he was elected sheriff of his county, which office then made him *ex officio* collector of the revenue, and treasurer. At the age of 24 he represented his legislative district in the State Legislature, and was re-elected for another term at the age of 26. Ex-Judge James Hall, the historian, whom Black Hawk said "was a great writer," was at that time State Treasurer, but his office expired in December, 1830. He had warmly supported Gov. Kinney for Governor at the August election, hence he was obnoxious to the incoming Governor, Reynolds, against whom he made the Gubernatorial race. Having been on the bench for many years, where his fine judicial mind and splendid legal abilities had made for him a State reputation, besides serving one term as State treasurer, he was a strong candidate for re-election. Gov. Reynolds was a very shrewd politician and manager, and a fine judge of men and their availability, and having observed the tact, forensic ability and popularity of the young member of the House from Franklin county, he advised his friends in the Legislature to vote for Dement for State Treasurer. The first ballot showed about an equal number of votes for the two leading candidates, Hall and Dement, with a few votes scattered among other prominent men of the State. After balloting very many times, and several adjournments, Mr. Dement received a majority of all the votes, February 5, 1831, and was declared elected. The compensation or salary of the office was but \$800 per annum. He filled the office during the term of his election, and was re-elected for another term; but there was an effort being made to remove the capital from Vandalia to Springfield, and the good people of Fayette county being desirous of retaining the capital at Vandalia, urged Mr. Dement to run for the House again, where his splendid abilities as an orator and manager would be of more service to them in preventing the removal. Yielding to this demand he resigned his office of Treasurer, and was again elected to the House; but the task of keeping the capital at Vandalia was too great,—it went to Springfield.

In response to the Governor's call of April 16, 1832, for mounted volunteers to drive Black Hawk back to the west side of the Mississippi, Col. Dement, regardless of the danger of leaving the duties of his office of State Treasurer in charge of a subordinate, raised a company, 56 strong, of mounted volunteers, in Fayette county, where he was then a comparative stranger, and reported for duty at Beardstown, fully one hundred miles from

Vandalia, in six days. But whatever Col. Dement undertook to do, that he did. From Beardstown he marched to Oquawka, on the Mississippi, thence up to the mouth of Rock river, where he and his company were mustered into the military service of the United States, by Lieut. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumpter fame, assisted by lieut. Jefferson Davis, late President of the so-called Southern Confederacy, (it is but fair to say that the entire conduct of Mr. Davis during the Black Hawk war was highly commendable) under command of Brig. Gen. Henry Atkinson, of the regular army; and thence up that river to Dixon, but took no lot or part in Stillman's unfortunate expedition, and was bitterly opposed to the demand made by fully one-half of the Illinois volunteers, to be mustered out of service immediately after the Indian Creek massacre. When the order was given to march to Ottawa to be mustered out, he reluctantly obeyed, and was the first to tender his services to the Governor to remain on guard duty on the frontier until the second army, which had been called May 15, to assemble at Hennepin, June 10th, should be ready to take the field. This action so much pleased the Governor that he assigned him to his staff, with rank of Colonel. Whenever and wherever there was a dangerous mission to perform, between May 28, when the first army of Illinois mounted volunteers were mustered out, and June 19th, when the second army were mustered into the service, Col. Dement was the messenger. Brave, yet prudent and full of energy and push, the gallant little colonel seemed to court danger. When Capt. Bowyer, with his fine company from Col. Dement's county—Franklin—reported at Fort Willbourne, June 16th, Col. Dement signed his muster roll as private, but upon the organization of the spy battalion attached to the First Brigade, under the gallant Gen. Alexander Posey, Col. Dement was elected to its command with rank of Major, and commissioned as such by the Governor.

Always prompt in the performance of duty, Major Dement wasted no time in useless parade, but started at once for Dixon, where Col. Zachary Taylor, of the regular army—afterwards President of the United States—was in command. That had been an unusually wet season. Every rivulet had swollen into a creek, and every creek to a river, so that he and his brave citizen-soldiers were compelled to wallow through swamps and swim the streams in their passage. Col. Taylor met him on the east bank of Rock river, and informed him that he had arrived just in time, and that

he had a place to assign him,—directing him to swim his horses across the river, and report to him forthwith for orders. Composed of leading citizens of Southern Illinois, Col. Dement's command was made up of as fine fighting material as ever shouldered a musket, but when informed that they were to be sent into the very heart of the Indian country, where Taylor and his command of about one thousand regulars had declined to go, they marveled whether "Old Rough and Ready" took them for Shadrachs, Meshachs and Abed-negoes, that he should order them into the fiery furnace where he had not deemed it prudent to lead his regulars. Full of courage and enthusiasm, Col. Dement had great confidence in his men, nearly all of whom were his neighbors and friends. He scorned the thought of seeming either timid or reluctant in performing whatever duty might be assigned him by his superior officer, but for the purpose of letting his command distinctly understand that he had not sought to lead them to death, he requested Col. Taylor to read his orders to them when in line. This he did, but seemed annoyed at the request, and addressed Dement's command very abruptly, and ungenerously alluded to the unfortunate Stillman affair, intimating that the Illinois militia had a propensity to run away from danger, real or imaginary, and said that if they wished to sacrifice the reputation of the militia, already poor, they would then have the opportunity. This roused the ire of the gallant Dement, who replied rather gingerly that his allusions, if intended to apply to the Illinois Volunteers, were unjust and certainly uncalled for from men with the experience and drill of the regular army, who entrenched themselves behind the walls of a fort, while sending a handful of raw volunteers to a point of danger; then turning to his own soldiers, he told them that if any of them were unwilling to follow him into the lion's jaws, they could move out of the ranks. Not one of them offered to budge. Indeed, this colloquy had the effect of making a hero of each and every man in the battalion, which was 170 strong, rank and file. At the word mount and forward, march, they started for Kellogg's Grove, some thirty-six miles northwest of Dixon, where they arrived that evening, and the next day, June 25th, he fought the only real battle of the entire war, which is given in detail in chapter XXVII, ante, which see.

The command of Col. Dement were on active duty from thence on to the close of the war, at the battle of the Bad Ax, and mustered out August 7, 1832, which closed the military career of Col. Dement.

While in the service he made the acquaintance of Gen. Henry Dodge, afterwards Governor of Wisconsin and United States Senator. Being brave men, and having fought together, they became warm personal friends, and in 1835 Col. Dement and Maud Louisa, daughter of Gov. Dodge, were married, the issue of which marriage is one son, Hon. Henry Dodge Dement, present Secretary of State, and two daughters, one of whom is the wife of E. C. Parsons, a leading business man, of Dixon, Ill., the other the wife of G. H. Squires, of Troy, N. Y. His life companion still survives and occupies the elegant residence built by the Colonel, where he died January 17, 1883.

Col. Dement left Vandalia and located at Galena, in 1836, and was soon afterwards appointed Receiver of the Land Office by President Van Buren, to be removed by President Harrison, reappointed by Polk, removed by Taylor, reappointed by Pierce and Buchanan, and remained in that official position until the office was abolished by Congress and the records removed to Springfield.

He was elected in 1844 as a Polk elector, and aided in casting the vote of the Prairie State for Mr. James K. Polk. He was a member of every State constitutional convention except the first one (1818). In that of 1862 and 1870 he represented districts largely Republican, although he kept his membership with the Democracy. A man of quick perception, easy manners and pleasant address, he was an able and forcible orator, yet he was essentially a worker instead of an idler, or worse still, an incessant talker.

We served as a member of the legislative committee in the constitutional convention of 1862, of which Mr. Dement was chairman, and have no hesitancy in saying Col. Dement was one of the most high-toned and courteous gentlemen we ever met, and that his fine business talent and large amount of practical, everyday kind of sense made him a very useful and influential law-maker. Handling the public money, first, of his county then of the State, and, finally, the United States, not a dollar escaped unaccounted for. Such is a brief sketch of the late Col. John Dement, who was truly brave and bravely true,—and no true or brave man can be dishonest. These were the legacies he left for his children. Who could have left more or done better?



John Thomas

Born in Wythe county, Virginia, January 11, 1800. Col. Thomas is very nearly the counterpart of the late Thomas A. Hendricks in size, build, complexion, features and expression of countenance. He is the son of John and Jane (*nee* Smith) Thomas, and of Welch descent. His father was a blacksmith, but having a large family to support the proceeds arising from the forge in the country were insufficient, hence he united farming on a small scale as a means of gaining a livelihood and furnishing employment for his boys. Negro slavery then existed in Virginia, and nearly all manual labor was performed by slaves. Indeed, the white man or boy who condescended to perform hard labor was looked upon with a species of contempt even by the negroes, so that the Thomas boys were sneered at and taunted by the sons of

the surrounding slave owners, while the entire family were socially ostracised because they had the independence to earn their own bread by the toil of their own hands. His father was a born abolitionist and firm disciple of the now popular version of the Declaration of Independence, that "All men are created (*free*) and equal." So strongly was he opposed to human slavery that he would prefer the endurance of privation and ridicule to sumptuary ease and worldly honor through the unwilling and enforced labor of a downtrodden race, and had he been as rich as a Vanderbilt or Jay Gould he would not have owned a solitary slave. This abhorrence of human slavery so ruled the head that it permeated the entire household of the Thomases. Nor were the sneers, taunts, ridicule and social ostracism of their slaveholding neighbors the only annoyances this family were subjected to. The slave owners were also the owners of large plantations, so that there were not a sufficient number of white children within a public school radius to afford schools of any kind, and the family were not financially able to send their children away to a boarding-school. Thus did the blighting influence of slavery settle like a pall over Virginia's fair land, as fatal to common schools as the poisonous breath of the deadly Upas of Java is said to be to human life. Though deprived of the advantage and benefit of attending a public or common school, Col. Thomas was taught by his mother around the fireside the rudiments of a common school education, to which he added by the study of history, ancient and modern, a fair education, and by following that highest, purest and most independent life or occupation, farming, he contracted habits of industry, economy and early rising, which are infallible touchstones of success in every calling, occupation or profession; nor does any other occupation possess so ennobling an influence upon human life as that of tickling the bosom of Mother Earth until she yields forth her rich treasures for the support of her children.

Sick and tired of the petty persecutions of the slave-holders, and anxious to remove his children away from its contaminating influence, John Thomas, (the father), determined to leave his native State and seek a home in the West; hence, in the early spring of 1818, he moved to the then Territory of Illinois, and located upon a fine tract of Government land, near where the village of Shiloh now stands, in St. Clair county, April 28th, 1818, and erected thereon two log cabins, one for a

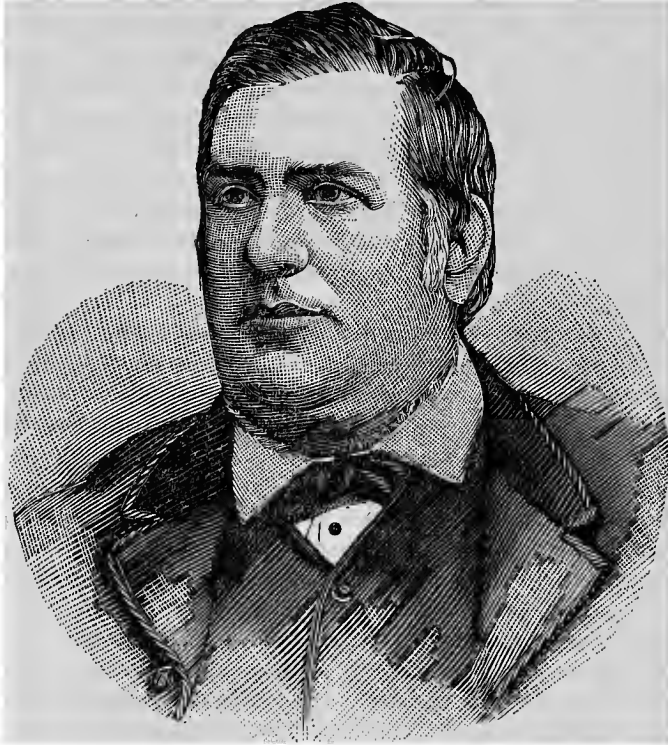
home for himself and family, and a smaller one for a blacksmith shop, and resumed his double business—blacksmithing and farming—where he continued to reside until the time of his death, in 1848. The Colonel remained with his parents, cultivating the soil, studying of evenings and rainy days such books as he was able to obtain until he reached his majority, and then left the parental roof to make for himself a name, home, and fortune. Deficient in scholastic acquirements, without money, land, stock, or other worldly goods, still he was rich in the possession and ownership in fee of a good constitution, sound health, fine form, strong frame, easy manners, pleasing address, energy and push, coupled with good morals, industrious and economical habits, liberal views, honest motives, and over and above all these, he was strictly and reliably truthful—qualities seldom uniting in a single individual. Yet when found, they constitute the very highest type of manhood, and not only merit, but command success, in whatever calling or enterprise their possessor may direct them. His first effort on leaving home was to better his education, to accomplish which he needed money to pay for tuition, board and clothes. He therefore hired out as a farm hand for the crop season of 1821, whereby he earned enough money to keep him in school the succeeding winter, and in June, 1822, he married Miss Arabella, daughter of Lt. Gov. William Kinney, of St. Clair county. Miss Kinney was a lady of fine talent and rare accomplishments, for the time and place of her birth, and belonged to one of the leading families of the State.

This young couple went immediately on to a farm and began an up-hill life, laboring, as they were compelled to, without proper implements of husbandry. For this was anterior to the use of even the rib-kicking shovel-plow. Wooden mould boards and wooden teathed harrows were then in vogue, while the sickle and cradle were used in harvesting their wheat and oats. But with cheerful hearts and willing hands, they worked their way smoothly along to comparative wealth in a few short years. Though a renter for the first six years of his married life, he laid up enough money to purchase and pay for a farm of his own, and soon thereafter had it well stocked, and from thenceforward he accumulated property at a rapid rate. Shrewd, far-seeing, and sharp, he kept investing in broad acres, which made him rich by the natural rise in its value. Lands for which he paid but a few dollars per acre, he has held until it has increased more than ten fold.

In response to Governor Reynolds' first call for mounted volunteers of April 16, 1832, to drive Black Hawk and his band back to the west side of the Mississippi, he raised a company of twenty-eight men, among his neighbors, in two days, and marched at their head to Beardstown, Illinois, and was elected and commissioned colonel of the First Regiment, April 28th. This regiment consisted of four companies under Capts. Simpson and Tait, of St. Clair, Barnsback and Little, of Madison counties, and were all under command of Gen. Samuel Whiteside, of St. Clair county, who led them from Beardstown to Oquawka, thence to the mouth of Rock river where they were mustered into the military service of the United States by the then Lieut. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumpter fame, by order of Gen. Atkinson. From thence they marched up Rock river to the Prophet's town, which they burned down, and thence to Dixon's Ferry—now the city of Dixon. Although he was reported as being killed at "Stillman's defeat," he did not accompany that ill-fated and badly advised expedition. From Dixon his regiment was marched to Ottawa and mustered out of service by order of Gen. Atkinson, May 28, 1832, and immediately re-enlisted in Capt. A. W. Snyder's company for twenty days, to protect the frontier, until the new levies should be in the field, but when these twenty-day volunteers were organized into a regiment he was elected major, with Jacob Frey, colonel, and James D. Henry, lieutenant colonel. This special regiment of twenty-day men, consisting of five companies, were mustered out at Dixon, June 21, when Col. Thomas returned to his home without being able to get a shot at a redskin. In politics Col. Thomas was a whig, up to 1854, when he was an active factor with Lincoln, Palmer, Trumbull and others in the formation of the Republican party, of which he has since been an active member. Elected to the legislature for the first time in 1838, he has, time and time again, been re-elected a representative. With perhaps the exception of Hon. Geo. W. Armstrong, of LaSalle county, he has served longer in the legislative councils of the State than any living man. Though he never attempts to make set speeches, he is a fluent talker and a man of fine judgment and clearly defined notions of right and wrong, and has always been regarded by his fellow-members as what may be termed sound and safe.

His first wife died several years ago, leaving five sons and five daughters, and by a subsequent marriage to Mrs. Magdalene

Holdner, he is the father of one son and two daughters—a baker's dozen—of bright, talented children, and although in his 87th year, he stands as erect as the forest pine and is quite active on his feet, and does not appear to be over 60 years old. Full of years and loaded with honors, he is enjoying the evening of his long and useful life surrounded by loving friends, and in the full enjoyment of all his faculties.



*Respectfully yours
B. Sacumpit*

Though not an orator as Brutus was,
Nor famous hero like Leonidas,—
In all the elements which go to make
The highest type of manhood, good and great,
He is the peer of any in the land,—
God's noblest work—a truly honest man.

Descended from a good old English stock, Bailey Davenport is the second son of the late Col. Davenport, whose biography is given on another page. Bailey was born September 9, 1823, at Cincinnati, O., and raised on the island of Rock Island with Indian children for associates and playmates. Living in the wilderness, common schools they had not, but his parents being educated people, he was taught the rudimentary elements of a common school education at home. His father being an officer in the regular army attracted to his home many finely educated military men, from whom young Bailey picked up much useful as well as scientific knowledge, and between the thoroughly practical education of the Indian, in wood-craft and cunning, and the arts and sciences of the white man, he became well educated in the wisdom of the world and worldly affairs, though he possessed but little book learning. By educated we mean the more comprehensive signification of the word—education which embraces a knowledge of the world and its ways, business, practical science and useful knowledge.

His father being engaged in mercantile trade with the Indians, and running trading houses at several places at the same time, young Bailey was placed behind the counter at an early age, where he learned to drive sharp bargains, which is a very desirable trait of character in a business man. This trait of character still clings to him, although now he is quite wealthy. Having acquired a rudimentary education in the common school education at home, he was sent away to a boarding school, while in his teens, whereby he acquired a fair scholastic education. But he had no fancy for or desire to become a professional man, his natural inclination and bent being for trade and commerce.

On leaving school he took the charge, management and control of one of his father's trading houses in Missouri, and managed it with marked ability and fine financial success up to the tragic death of his father, July 4, 1845, when he and his brother George L. (quite recently deceased) took charge of the large estate left by the Colonel. George L. married soon after the death of his father and went away from the paternal roof, while Bailey remained with his mother to the time of her death, which occurred but a few years ago. In stature, build, form and features Bailey is a faithful copy of his father, but not quite so heavy. Standing six feet two in his stockings, he weighs 265 pounds, and though past three score years, he has never used glasses, and is able

to read the finest print in ordinary light. He is, and always has been, a great reader, and is the possessor of one of the most choice as well as large miscellaneous private libraries in the State. What between the collections of the choicest old English books made by his late father, and the additions thereto by himself, the library of Bailey Davenport is decidedly a rare one.

Strictly a business man, whose word is his bond, yet Mr. Davenport is not oblivious to the excitement of politics, and takes a deep interest in everything tending to the development of our country and her resources, and has several times been elected to and served as Mayor of the city of Rock Island. A man of large financial means and public spirit, few men are more liberal than he—especially to the poor, to whom he gives with a liberal hand and a silent tongue. Even “his left hand knoweth not what his right hand doeth.” He is a good liver, and, strange to say, while he is a superior business man and full of business, he is a late riser. President of a bank, superintendent of a horse railway, extensively engaged in mining coal, running coal yards, together with agistrating nearly 3,000 acres of land near Rock Island, leasing buildings and lots which he owns in the three cities of Davenport, Rock Island and Moline, he keeps his own books of account. How a man of his age can manage all these affairs, much less keep his own books, is an absolute wonder. Yet he does it, and still finds time to be a very attentive and hospitable entertainer of his friends at his wigwam—a brick house, 104x114 feet in size—in the shape of a cross. He is contemplating the erection of a mansion, on the Italian villa plan, on the highest peak of the south bluff of the Mississippi, overlooking Rock Island and Davenport. For his personal kindness to us, and the great amount of new facts and circumstances connected with the events of our history, are we under lasting obligations.



John Strawn

Of Scotch-Welsh descent, the subject of the above engraving, was born in Buck's county, Pennsylvania, Nov. 26, 1791. The son of Isaiah and Rachel (nee Reed) Strawn, the future general and successful business man, was their second son and fourth child. Born upon his father's farm, in a sparsely settled locality, his opportunities for obtaining anything like a scholastic education were poor indeed. The ordinary three months of winter school of those times and that place was all he could obtain, but his time while in school was fairly well spent in acquiring a thorough familiarity with the rudimentary elements of an English education. Indeed, he excelled his class in all elementary studies, more especially orthography, penmanship and arithmetic. Standing five feet nine, he possessed a firmly knit and powerful frame,

coupled with great energy, activity and fixidity of purpose. The word *can't* had no real meaning to his iron will. What man had done that dared he try. His great activity of mind and body, united with no small degree of self-confidence and push, made him a leader of men, and that, too, without apparent effort on his part.

Raised upon a farm, he adopted that most noble calling and never abandoned it. His father was an early riser and assiduous worker. These most excellent qualities to the success of every profession and calling in life are indispensable to the thrifty farmer. These he practiced from early youth to hoary age, and they were active factors in bringing about his uniformly successful life. Like other men, he had some drawbacks, notably eccentricities and oddities, which were more or less expensive, financially and socially. His integrity to his obligations was never questioned, much less doubted, hence his verbal promise was equal to his bond, and both were never below par. On the 1st of January, 1813, he married Miss Mary McClish, daughter of a neighboring farmer of his native county, where he remained as a tenant until 1817, and then moved to Perry county, Ohio, then on the western border of civilization. The soil was rich but studded with heavy timber, hence he was compelled to fell and burn the trees, grub up the stumps, etc., to prepare his land for the plow. This he did and opened up a fine, large farm, remaining thereon to the fall of 1829, when he sold out and came to Illinois, locating near where the city of Lacon, the county seat of Marshall county, now stands, and when the sale of government lands was had he purchased some twenty-four sections, or 11,360 acres, of land lying in an oblong square, a large portion being heavy timbered land. In the selection and purchase of so much timber land he made the almost universal mistake which the early settlers of Illinois made, and, indeed, no man at that time for a moment supposed the prairies would ever be used for agricultural purposes because too far from timber, when, in fact, an acre of prairie land some twenty miles from timber was, and is, worth twenty acres of timber. Here he fenced and broke a large farm and erected buildings, and took a front rank as a successful farmer, but more especially as wheat-grower and stock-raiser.

Under the militia law then in force each organized county constituted a regimental district, and he was the Colonel for Putnam county, and when the first army of the Black Hawk War of 1832

was mustered out of service he called his regiment out to protect the Illinois frontier until the second army which had been called out under the Governor's call of May 15th, immediately after Maj. Stillman's disastrous and humiliating defeat, should be mustered in the service. His regiment was composed of the companies of Captains Robert Barnes, William Hawes, William M. Stewart and Geo. B. Willis, making 175 men, rank and file, and took every man subject to military duty. (See appendix for muster rolls). Putnam county then embraced all of Marshall and Bureau and part of Woodford and Stark counties, and constituted the Fortieth regiment of Illinois militia and the Fourth brigade, under command of Col. Strawn. It was a part of Capt. Willis' company which chased the commander-in-chief, Gen. Atkinson, with his staff, fully twenty miles under the impression they were chasing Indians, while Atkinson was firmly believing he was fleeing from Old Black Hawk, as described in Chap. XXX ante. His first wife, Mary, died at their farm, near Lacon, September 4, 1858, leaving nine children, William, born October 16, 1814; Rachel S., February 18, 1818; Mary Ann, February 28, 1820; Enoch, February 18, 1822; Caroline, June 5, 1823; Emily, October 4, 1824; Salome, June 26, 1826; Susan M., April 4, 1828, and Lovicey H., February 16, 1833, all of whom raised families of their own, and five of them, viz: William, Rachel S., Mary Ann, Enoch and Susan M., are now living at and near Lacon. In June, 1861, Gen. Strawn married Miss Mary Hoskins, who bore him a son, John M., born June 9, 1862. This wife dying in 1863, he married July 9, 1864, Miss Ellen Calvert, who survives him and bore to him two daughters, Mary R., born May 26, 1865, and Ella C., born July 7, 1868. His three younger children are still living, and with one exception, all his surviving children (eight) are living at or near Lacon. The difference between the ages of William, born October 16, 1814, and his half-sister Ella, born July 7, 1868, is nearly fifty-four years. William married Miss Helen Broadus, who is still living, Rachel S., Jesse Bane, deceased; Mary A., James Thompson, deceased; Enoch, Miss Van Buskirk, deceased; Caroline, deceased; William Thomas, Emily, deceased; D. Holland, deceased; Salome, deceased; Wm. Orr, deceased; Susan M., Enoch Owen, deceased; Lovicey, deceased; A. Pichreau; John M. is also married. Each of the first family raised families of bright, healthy and intelligent sons and daughters. In 1835 Col. Strawn was elected brigadier-general

of militia of the Fourth brigade, and although never in battle he was well skilled in the manual of arms and a thorough drill master. Having passed the allotted time of three score years and ten by over ten years, in leading an active and useful life, he died in the old brick house in which he had lived and prospered for nearly half a century, on the 4th of July, 1872, ripe in years and full of hope in a blessed immortality beyond the grave, leaving a large estate to his numerous heirs, all of whom are comfortable, as to this world's goods.



Zadok Casey.

Zadok Casey, who was at the time lieutenant-governor of the State, volunteered as a private, at Mt. Vernon, Ill., in the mounted company, commanded by Capt. James Bowman, in

May, 1882, and marched with his company to the place of rendezvous, on the Illinois river, and was there mustered into service; and though promoted to the office of paymaster of the Spy Battalion, he served in the ranks with his rifle until the capture of Black Hawk and the end of the war.

Gov. Casey's ancestors were from the north of Ireland, where the Casey family had been more or less prominent for several centuries. In 1381 Gov. Thomas Casey was commander of the castle of "Athlone," who, at his death, was succeeded by his son, John Casey. Another Casey, of the same name, in 1541, was favored by Henry VIII with a grant of the Carmelite monastery, of "Athboy," county Meath.

Stephen Casey was a representative of the borough of Mullinger. The Caseys were "chiefs of Rothcannon" in the barony of Puble-Brian.

John Casey, of Cork, was granted an interest in the barony of Duhallow, county Cork, in 1667. David Casey was bishop of Emly, in 1275.

From the old Irish Caseys was descended Admiral Comte Casey, who was a senator of France under Napoleon III. Branches of the old Irish stock were planted in America in colonial times. In the war for independence they were worthily represented by such sturdy, patriotic soldiers as Gen. Levi Casey, of South Carolina; Capt. Benjamin Casey, of Virginia, who fell in battle in Sept., 1777; and James Casey, of Morgan's riflemen. Lieut. Thomas Casey, of South Carolina, was one of the heroes of the Mexican war in the artillery arm of the United States service. Gen. Silas Casey graduated at West point in 1826, and after years of distinguished service was placed on the retired list; his work on *infantry tactics* gave him considerable reputation.

Gov. Zadok Casey, the subject of this sketch, was born in the State of Georgia, March 7th, 1796; he was the youngest of eight children—seven sons and one daughter; he emigrated with his father and mother to what is now Marion county, Tenn., where his father, Randolph Casey, died in 1813; he married Rachel King, in 1816, and in the fall of 1817, came with his mother, and his wife and one child, Samuel K., to the then territory of Illinois and located near the present site of Mt. Vernon, Ill.; here with his own labor he erected a dwelling and opened a farm, which was beautifully located, and which he called "Red Bud Hill."

When the county seat was located at Mt. Vernon, he was made one of the commissioners to make sale of the lots, and to have erected the necessary public buildings for the use of the county.

At the August election, 1822, he was elected to the lower house of the State legislature, which met at Vandalia, in December of that year, and one of his first acts as a legislator was to introduce and have passed a bill, creating the county of "Marion," which he had named "Marion" for his father's old commander in the revolutionary war. He continued to be re-elected and serve as a member of the house until 1826, when he was elected to the State senate, and served in that body until August, 1830, when he was elected lieutenant-governor at the same time that John Reynolds, the "old ranger," was elected governor.

When not engaged in legislative duties, Gov. Casey devoted his time in improving and enlarging his "Red Bud Hill" farm, and beautifying and embellishing the same. Whilst thus engaged, a call was made on his county for a company to serve in the "Black Hawk war," and he was one amongst the first to volunteer, as above stated, and march to the seat of war.

He participated in the skirmishes and battles of the campaign during the summer of 1832, and belonged to Maj. Jack Dement's Spy Battalion, and was engaged in the battle of "Kellogg's Grove" in June of that year, and was complimented by his commander for his coolness and courage in the face of the enemy;* his horse, "old Charley," having been shot twice during the engagement.

The records in the Adjutant General's office shows the following certificate, to-wit:

"I certify, on honor, that Zadok Casey volunteered in my company as a private, and proceeded to Fort Wilbourne, where, on June 17th, 1832, he was promoted to Paymaster of the Spy Battalion, and served as such to the end of the Indian war. He is therefore entitled to traveling pay as a private to Fort Wilbourne from this place.

"JAMES BOWMAN, late Captain."

"Mt. Vernon, May 16th, 1833."

At the first election for members of Congress, after the apportionment under the census of 1830, which occurred in August, 1833, Gov. Casey was elected to Congress from the Third District, comprising the southeast portion of the State, the State then only being entitled to three members.

*See Chapter XXVII for this battle.

He continued to be re-elected, and was a member of Congress until 1844, serving fourteen sessions, including several called sessions. He was constantly at his post, and unceasing in his attention to business. During the fourteen sessions he was a member of Congress, he was absent from his seat only one day and a half, and that from sickness.

His dignity, promptness and dispatch as a presiding officer were proverbial, and the consequence was that he was more often called upon to preside, while in committee of the whole, during his term in Congress, than any other member. He was urged to become a candidate for Speaker more than once.

Gov. Casey was the first member of Congress from Illinois who brought before that body the subject of a grant of lands to the State of Illinois to aid in the construction of a railroad from Cairo to Chicago and Galena. In the session of 1838-9 he introduced into the House, and had passed, a resolution to raise a committee to report on the feasibility of the question.

He was made chairman of said committee and made a report warmly urging the measure and showing its advantages, and though Congress was not then ready to adopt the measure, yet his report covered the whole ground and was the basis and foundation of the grant ultimately made, and he is entitled to the credit of originating the matter in Congress.

The resolution and report made by Gov. Casey will be found in the proceedings of that session.

Mainly through his exertions the "National Road" was constructed through his district to Vandalia, then the capital of the State. He saw in the future the grandeur and greatness of Illinois, if supplied with proper facilities for transportation, and was the active friend of and laborer for the establishment of railroads in the State, especially the southern part. In 1844 he retired from public life and devoted himself to the cultivation of his farm. But his old friends and neighbors would not permit him to remain out of their service. In 1847 he was elected a delegate to the constitutional convention that framed the State constitution of 1848, where he materially aided in the formation of that instrument, under the economical provisions of which the State was enabled to emerge from the heavy debt which had weighed down the energies of the people and proudly take her position among the foremost States in the Union.

He was elected a member of the House of Representatives in the first Legislature under the constitution of 1848—which he had assisted to frame—and made Speaker, and this materially aided in putting the new government harmoniously to work.

He was then elected to the State Senate, of which body he remained a member until his death, which occurred on the 4th day of September, 1862.

He left at his death, besides his widow, four sons, viz: Samuel K. Casey, who died in 1871, while a member of the State Senate; Dr. Newton R. Casey, of Mound City, Ill., who has served several sessions in the State Legislature; Col. Thomas S. Casey, who commanded the One Hundred and Tenth Illinois regiment in the late war, and more recently one of the Appellate Judges of the Fourth District, and at present a resident of Springfield, Ill.; Dr. John R. Casey, now an eminent physician and surgeon of Joliet, Ill.; and one daughter, who is the wife of Col. L. F. Casey, of Centralia, Ill.

Gov. Casey was a man of fine personal appearance, of great energy of character, conscientious and open in all his transactions, and as a public speaker had few superiors.

He was one of the men that, through a long term of public service in the State and National councils of the country, maintained the unsullied reputation of an honest man and faithful public servant.



Wm. Henry

The moon, as timid and bashful of the sun as a coy maiden of her lover, was slowly rising in the East, unveiling her pale face to the sun's declining rays, blushing with virgin modesty as she cast stolen glances at the God of Day while disrobing and retiring to his nightly couch in the West, and the pretty little stars, like a bevy of happy school children released from restraint, came trooping in the heavens with their bright round faces all covered with smiles, as they silently twinkled on the dwellers of the earth, when the quid-nunc and the wiseacre of an inland log-cabin village of twelve families were relating the latest news to the village blacksmith and cobbler at the only tavern of the town, as a lone horseman, dust-covered and travel-worn, slowly approached in search of food and rest. Mounted upon a

fine thoroughbred horse and dressed in Kentucky jeans, the traveler was a young man, nearly six feet tall, with broad shoulders, full chest, and powerful limbs. At the first glance his nativity was located as "the land of Boone," while his fine physique and courteous address won the respect of the assembled crowd. That log-cabin village was Jacksonville in September, 1825, now one of the loveliest cities, as well as the Athens, of Illinois. The log-cabin tavern was kept by Thomas Carson and his estimable wife, "Mother Carson," and the horseman was William Thomas, who gives as his reason for locating there in preference to other places, that he had traveled about as far as his money would take him, adding that there is no one who would not consider that a sufficient reason for stopping, besides being pleased with that section of country and the location of the village.

Born Nov. 22, 1802, in what was then Warren county, Ky., Judge Thomas was raised upon a farm and obtained only such scholastic education as could be obtained in a log cabin school house, as then taught in a winter's term of three months only. When Allen county was created, that portion of Warren county where the Judge was born became a part of the new county, and his father was elected its first sheriff and appointed William, then but eighteen years of age, his deputy. The sheriff was *ex-officio* collector of the taxes, and to the performance of this duty was young Thomas assigned, and in the discharge thereof he became familiar with the legal description and subdivisions of land as well as educated in financial transactions, which recommended him to the county clerk as a desirable person to assist him in the duties of that office, who appointed him deputy county clerk of Allen county, which office he held for two years, although his salary consisted of board, washing and clothing. "Only this and nothing more." Tiring of this salary he accepted an offer of \$200 a year as deputy county clerk of Warren county, where he remained about eighteen months and then entered the office of Gov. Moorehead at Bowling Green, Ky., as a law student, and was admitted to the bar July 5, 1824. After his admission he remained some time with Gov. Moorehead, and then entered the office of Hon. J. R. Underwood, but at a starving salary. Here he remained until the summer of 1826, when he determined to go west. Being the owner of a good horse, saddle and bridle, he packed an old-fashioned pair of saddle bags as full as they would hold with his most valuable worldly possessions, and like "Japhet

in search of a father," Judge Thomas started in search of a home and fortune in the wild West.

Having located at Jacksonville, he soon discovered that the *law* and the *profits* in that locality and at that time were such as to starve the lawyer to death who had no other means of earning or obtaining his daily bread—to say nothing of butter and cheese—hence, being compelled to adopt some other means or starve, he opened a school in a log cabin in the fall and winter of 1826-7, which was the first school of Jacksonville. The Winnebago war occurred in the spring of 1827, in which he enlisted and was made quartermaster and commissary of subsistence on the staff of Gov. Edwards. Among the many thousand names inscribed upon the roll of attorneys of this state, his is the forty-eighth. He was admitted in 1827, and holds the oldest license of any living lawyer in the state of Illinois.

Though a Henry Clay whig and the legislature was democratic, it elected him prosecuting attorney of the First circuit in 1829, but having no taste for the practice of criminal law, which brought him in contact with so much misery and crime, he soon resigned and returned to the more congenial practice of the common law and chancery, the latter being his favorite.

When Gov. Reynolds called for 700 mounted volunteers in 1831, to drive Black-Hawk and his band away from Sauk-e-nuk and to the west side of the Mississippi, Judge Thomas volunteered as a "high private," but upon the organization of the army at Rushville, Ills., he was made commissary of subsistence by the Governor, and placed on the staff of Gen. Duncan, and accompanied his command to Rock Island as such officer. So ably did he conduct the commissary department that when the first army of Illinois volunteers of 1832 was organized at Beardstown, he was again appointed to that office on the staff of Gen. Whiteside, and undertook to furnish supplies for an army of 2,000 men, marching through a trackless wilderness without army wagons or other means of transportation, except such vehicles and teams as he could hire in a new and sparsely settled country. Ox teams and schooner shaped wagons were then in demand. The chief supplies were purchased at St. Louis and shipped up the Mississippi by steamers to the mouth of Rock river, and there transferred to the flat-boats and barges which Gen. Atkinson had procured for transporting his command of the regular army to Dixon. Gen. Atkinson, of the regular army, assumed command of all the

troops, and ordered Gen. Whiteside, with his command of mounted volunteers, to proceed up Rock river by land as far as the Prophet's town—about half-way to Dixon—and there await his arrival. The whole country was so flooded by recent heavy rains as to render the passage of both parties up that river difficult and slow. The swift current of the stream was equal to the combined strength of all the men that could handle the oars, while the swollen little streams leading into the river delayed and impeded the horsemen under Gen. Whiteside, whose course followed the trail recently left by Black-Hawk and his band in their trip up Rock river. Evidences of burnt offerings by these Indians were found along the entire route from the mouth of the river to the Prophet's town, which greatly excited Whiteside's command, many of whom were naturally inclined to superstition. Reaching the village of the Prophet, and finding it deserted, they applied the torch to the hodenosotes, or bark houses, which soon reduced them to ashes. The burning of this village, together with the recollections of the sickening sights and disgusting smells—of "immolated dogs," as called by Gov. Reynolds—they had encountered on their way thither, produced a small sized panic when leaving their supply wagons, and in violation of orders they made what Gov. Ford called "a forced march to Dixon," hence they were practically without food or blankets. What provisions could be raised at Dixon—then Dixon's ferry—had been taken by Maj. Stillman and captured by Black-Hawk at Stillman's Run. Gen. Atkinson, with the supplies, was still buffeting the swift current of the swollen river, and was reported killed or captured with his entire command by Black-Hawk.

Such was the condition of affairs at Dixon on the 15th of May, 1832, when without a pound of flour or meal, a single loaf of bread or a pound of crackers under his control or within his reach, Judge Thomas was expected to furnish food for 2,000 hungry men.

Bread or crackers he could not get; meat he could while the hogs and cattle of the noble-hearted Col. John Dixon—whom the Indians called *Nachusa*, or the Indians' friend—lasted. The last hog and head of cattle, including the work oxen of Col. Dixon, had been slaughtered and divided into rations, when Gen. Atkinson arrived with the supplies.

The army assembled there were in the wildest state of excitement and terribly demoralized by the unfortunate affair at Stillman's Run, when Gen. Atkinson arrived, and he had not the

power to bring order and confidence out of confusion, which soon amounted to chaos, when the Illinois volunteers demanded to be discharged. This desire on their part was doubtless intensified by the Indian Creek massacre, which followed within a week after Stillman's defeat. Go home they would, hence they were taken to Ottawa, and mustered out May 25th to 28th, 1832.

In 1830 he married Miss Catharine Scott, who died some eight years ago, and although an octogenarian, he recently married Mrs. Leanna, widow of his life-long friend, the late Hon. Wm. O'Rear, with whom he is now living in retirement in his old age. In 1834 he was elected to the State senate, and in February, 1839, elected by a democratic legislature to the judgeship of the first judicial circuit.

While Mother Earth has her special seasons and localities for the production of excessive crops, Dame Nature, either because the impress is too strong and breaks the mould, or the use of her best materials is too exhaustive, is more economical and sparing in the production of her great men. Hence it scatters them along over long periods of time and at great distance of locality, not infrequently skipping over centuries and bounding over continents to produce a Cicero or Demosthenes, a Hannibal or a Napoleon, yet singularly enough, when in the proper mood, she produces them in batches or schools, and at no period or place in the history of Illinois, had she as brilliant a bar as the first judicial circuit when Judge Thomas presided. Here the martyred Lincoln, the self-sacrificed Douglas, the heroic Hardin and Baker, the silver-tongued McDougall and Lamborn, and the trumpet-toned Mills and McConnell, met in periodical tournaments and tested their relative skill and ability in the use of the legal lance, and each of them carried a decidedly free one. Time and time again did he represent the people of his legislative district in the State Legislature.

Truthfully may it be said that he was the author and champion of nearly every bill for the protection, care and education of the unfortunate of our noble State, and that to him are we indebted for the grandest system of public charities in the world—insane, blind, deaf and dumb, and reformatory. Besides inaugurating the State charitable institutions, he spent much of his time and talent without fee or reward in the erection of buildings and the inauguration of systematic modes for their management. An active member of the Methodist Episcopal church, he was the

moving spring in establishing the Illinois Female College, and contributed several thousand dollars to place it on a sound financial standing.

In 1861, when a commission was required to audit war claims, he was put at its head, and passed upon claims aggregating over \$2,000,000 with such justice and fairness as to avoid litigation. So high was his standing that without bond or indemnity he was entrusted with \$450,000 at one time, which vast sum of money he drew from the National treasury and brought to Illinois, to pay off war claims, and not a dollar of it escaped without a proper voucher. Having been in public life and held office nearly all his life, Judge Thomas is one of the few men against whose integrity not even a surmise or whisper has been uttered. Though a man of strictly temperate habits and fine industry, and never a fast liver, his liberality and charities have kept him poor in worldly goods, but his long and useful life are without spot or blemish. He will soon, *full* soon, pass off the stage, sustained and soothed by the conscientious assurances of having played well his part by living and leading a just and godly life, which was never warped by prejudice, seduced by bribery, or prostituted to political intrigue or ambition. Though somewhat eccentric—in many respects old-fashioned, in others peculiar—he may well thank God for these self-same qualities, which constitute a type of American character, now alas! growing scarce—very scarce, but of the highest order of manhood—independency of thought, indifference to style or fashion, unyielding integrity and unsullied honor.

APPENDIX.

MUSTER-ROLL OF ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS

IN THE

BLACK HAWK WAR OF 1831-2.

The names of volunteers marked thus, * subsequently became prominent as citizens or soldiers, so far as we remember or knew them.

† Killed.

‡ Wounded.

The muster-rolls of the first army of Illinois Mounted Volunteers, called out under the Governor's proclamation of April 16, 1832, and organized into four regiments, with a spy and an odd battalion, at Beardstown, Illinois, on the 28th of that month and placed under command of Brig. Gen. Samuel Whiteside. The field and staff officers were appointed by Gov. Reynolds, as follows :

FIRST REGIMENT—COL. THOMAS.

CAPT. JULIUS L. BARNSBACK'S Company, from Madison county, with Lieutenants Ryland Barrett and Jesse Bartlett; Sergeants Jacob Kinder, Mathias Hanlan, Stephen Gaskell and Henry Armstrong; Corporals Robert Murphy, John E. Sharpe, Isham M. Gilham and Isaac McLane.

Privates—Wm. Armstrong, David Armstrong, Martin S. Bartlett, Nicholas Bartlett, George Barnsback, Austin Bowles, Stephen Bowles, Wm. Burge, Charles Colyer, Jacob B. Cox, Fontleroy Day, Jno. Dove, Joseph Flinn, Aaron Ford, Henry Guthrie, John F. Gilham, Henry Hart, Jno. Hart, Wm. Hamilton, Aaron Hood, Chas. W. Johnson, James Johns, Wm. Kell, Jas. Knight, David W. Merry, Obediah C. Motly, James Norman, Robert Page, William Ralph, Lewis W. Scanland, Samuel Seybold, Levi Smith, E. C. Smith, James Semple,¹ John Van Hoozer, Jno. A. Wall, David Wall and Robert B. Weeks. Total, 49.

¹ U. S. Senator, etc.

CAPT. JOHN TATE'S Company from St. Clair county, with Lieutenants Joshua Hughes and Abraham V. Vandegriff; Sergeants Jacob Miller, Joseph Ogle, Wm. Tate and Geo. W. Hook; Corporals James Phillips, Jacob Phillips, Wm. Woods and Matthew Cox.

Privates—Robt. Ashlock, Charles Aspens, Peter B. Bear, Bonham Bear, James Blair, James N. Charles, Atason Dingle, Peter Dunn, Jno. Dunlap, J. C. Edwards, Geo. Glass, Ichabod Higgins, Robert Higgins, Christopher Hoit, Anthony Hootes, Samuel Hootes, A. H. Leach, Robert Leach, Jefferson Lyndon, Joseph Lyndon, James McClintock, Absolom Miller, John Million, Hopson Owens, Charles Owens, Elliott Owens, Wm. Phillips, Harland Patteson, George Perce, Jas. Powers, Jas. Rader, James Sample, Akerman Skinner, Francis Swellevant, Jno. Smith, John Starkey (promoted to be Major Second Battalion, First Regiment, April 28, 1832), and Samuel Wood. Total, 48.

CAPT. JOHN THOMAS' (promoted to the Colonelcy of the First Regiment) company, from St. Clair county, with Lieutenants Gideon Simpson (elected Captain April 28) and Geo. Kinney, also promoted to First Lieutenant, and Wm. S. Thomas; Sergeants John W. Woods, Parker Adams, Prettyman Boyce, James Nearen and Enoch Bridges; Corporals John McDonald, Andrew Terry, Jas. H. Ashby and Geo. West.

Privates—Isaac Abbott, John Bird, Joseph O. Casterline, Abner Crocker, James Davis, Sam'l B. Enochs, Robt. Ferguson, Daniel McHenry, Benj. Ogle, Richard Roman, Solomon Spann, Benj. Scott, Chas. Scott, Wm. Twiss and Joseph Welker. Total, 28.

CAPT. SOLOMON PRUITT'S Company, from Madison county, with Lieutenants Josiah Little (promoted as Captain and Pruitt made Lieutenant Colonel April 28), Wm. Arundell and Jacob Swegart; Sergeants Joseph Squire, James R. Wood and James Sanders; Corporals Thomas Atkins, John E. Hawkins, John Lawrence and Isaiah Dunagon.

Privates—Ben. F. Barrett, Newman Basey, Sanford Beck, Zachariah Barr, Madison Bridges, Enoch Chapman, Jos. Chapman, Wm. C. Cochran, Wm. Davis, Thos. Dickson, Jno. M. Dunagon, Cyrus Edwards, Wm. Eaves, Jas. Finn, Marcus Gillham, Josiah B. Gillham, Meeds A. Harris, James H. Hodges, Willis Humes, Jno. Harklerood, Samuel Job, Levi Job, Martin Jones, Geo. Jones, Wm. Kirkendall, Edward Kinyon, Jas. Linton, Vincent

Lee, Abel More, Lewis C. Lowell, Solomon Pruitt, Jr., Samuel Palmer, Absolom Roberts, Elijah Roberts, Elias Rice, Francis Rose, Wm. Roberts, Jr., Jonathan Rogers, Shadrick Sanders, Russell Starkey, Stephen Scarrillin, Wm. Sewell, Elias Smith, Christopher Stent, Jno. Solomon, James Sterell, Wm. Sewells, Jesse Wood, Phil. V. Walker, James Waddle and Thomas Whitesides. Total, 64.

Capt. John Thomas, of St. Clair Company, was appointed Colonel, and Capt Solomon Pruitt, of Madison Company, Lieutenant Colonel, and private John Starkey, of Belleville, Major.

SECOND REGIMENT—COL. FRY.

CAPT. LEVI D. BOONE'S¹ Company, from Montgomery county, with Lieutenants James G. Hinman and Absolom Cress; Sergeants C. G. Blackberger, Michael H. Walker, Israel Foogleman and Wm. M. David; Corporals Jno. Prater, Alexander T. Williams, C. S. Coffey and Newton Street.

Privates—James Brown, Samuel L. Briggs, Harrison Brown, Cobbert Blair, H. C. Bennett, G. W. Canins, Jno. Crabtree, Peter Cress, Geo. E. Duff, Michael Fanin, Wm. Griffith, Jas. Grisham, Johnson Hampton, James Hawkins, Benj. Halbrock, Joshua Hunt, Sam'l Isham, Wm. Jordan, A. H. Knapp, Eph. Killpatrick, Stephen Killingworth, Geo. E. Ludwick, Robt. A. Long, Thos. J. Mansfield, Wm. Mayfield, John K. McWilliams, Barnabas Michael, Samuel Peacock, Eli Rabb, James M. Rutledge, Wm. Roberts, Wm. D. Shirley, Daniel Steel, Curtis Scrivner, Thos. J. Toedd, McKenzie Turner, James B. Williams, Easton Whitton, Benj. R. Williams and James Young. Total, 51.

Dr. Boone says in a foot note: "Ben. B. Williams was discharged at Beardstown, April 27, * * solely because his horse was lost, and not for any offense or misconduct," and that Michael Fanin "lost a rifle-gun in service, appraised at \$18.

CAPT. WILLIAM G. FLOOD'S Company, from Adams county, with Lieutenants Edward L. Pearson and Thomas Crocker; Sergeants Nathan Stringfield, Granville Turner, Geo. W. Pollard and Samuel E. Pierce; Corporals Richard S. Greene, Wm. Watson, E. D. Parks and Jno. McDaniel.

Privates—Meredith Allen, Orestess Ames, Amos Bancroft, Erastus Beebee, O. H. Browning,² George Brown, David Beebee,

¹ Late Mayor of Chicago.

² Afterwards U. S. Senator and Secretary of the Interior.

Lewis Bolling, Sanford Burlingham, Geo. W. Coxe, Jno. Caldwell, well, James O. Clark, John Doty, Wm. Fortune, E. S. Freeman, Isaac Ferguson, Hiram Holmes, Jno. Howard, Thos. Johnson, Thos. Kinney, J. W. Laughland, Washington Lightfoot, Andy Malone, Michael Mast, H. W. Miller, Dan'l Moore, Sam'l Parker, Joshua Pierce, Hiram Pond, Simeou Popple, J. H. Ralston, Wm. A. Richardson,¹ John Sheney, Wiley V. Seehorn, Wm. Shaw, Lewis M. Smith, Solomon Streeter, James Thompson, Ebenezer Turner, Jacob Warrick, John Wood,² Archibald Williams,³ and Benj. R. Wilmot. Total, 55.

CAPT. BENJAMIN JAMES' Company, from Bond county, with Lieutenants Jno. McAdams and Wm. Clouse; Sergeants A. C. Mackey, James Johnston, Thomas Price and E. M. Gilmore; Corporals Elisha Paine, David H. Mills, Amos Holbrooks and Jordan Parker.

Privates—Abr'm Anthony, James Bradford, Wm. Cruthis, Geo. Dethero, James Durley, Thomas G. Donee, James Downing, Elisha Ellison, Jas. C. Galer, Jno. M. Gilmore, Josiah R. Gillispie, Francis Gill, Robt. Glenn, Thos. C. Gilham, H. B. Gwyne, Wm. Harlin, David Hunter, James D. Hooper, Thos. K. Hooper, Felix Jones, Jno. Lucas, Noah A. Lugg, J. E. Lyles, Jas. McAdams, Jesse McAdams, Sloss McAdams, Wm. McAdams, A. O. H. P. Mills, Eleazer McClure, Jonathan Morgan, James Mullican, R. B. Nicholas, Andrew Pender, L. H. Robinson, Daniel Royer, Calvert Roberts, B. E. Sellers, J. O. Volentine, Jno. West, James Walker, Jno. T. Walker and James B. Wolard. Total, 53.

CAPT. CHARLES GREGORY'S Company, from Greene county, with Lieutenants Thomas Chapman (promoted to Captaincy on the appointment of Gregory to the Lieutenant Colonelcy), Thomas Hill and Levi Whitesides; Sergeants Sherman Goss, Isaac Moore, Henry Phillips and Aaron Hart; Corporals Michael Hendrick, S. M. Pinkerton, Jno. F. Hart and James Finley.

Privates—Martin Burns, Squire Dunn, Jno. Duff, Daniel Duff, Elijah Elmer, Geo. I. Elmore, Ralph Elmore, Geo. R. Elmore, Richard Garrison, James Gilleland, Wm. Gilleland, Geo. Hazelwood, Wyatt Hazelwood, Israel Phillips, Albert Rule, Wm. Shelton, Jas. R. Spencer, Robt. Welch, Laban Wiggins and James Wood. Total, 32.

¹ Afterwards U. S. Senator.

² Afterwards Lieutenant Governor of Illinois.

³ Afterwards the leading lawyer of the State.

CAPT. JEREMIAH SMITH'S Company, from Greene county, with Lieutenants James Allen and Jacob Wagner; Sergeants Andrew Guest, George Doil, Wm. Thompson and Peter Thompson; Corporals Elihu Brown, Hardy Allen, Geo. Woods and H. K. Stubfield.

Privates—Jno. Baker, Wm. Broom, Sam'l Beeman, Hortio Bundy, Jno. G. Campbell, Jno. Campbell, Harris Carter, Richard Coats, Ben. Crabtree, Chas. Dunsworth, Jackson Dollerhite, James Fisher, Jacob Godwin, Jno. Hamilton, Bevis Hawkins, James Hodges, David Howe, M. D. Lorton, Jno. Lipincut, Jno. Miller, Sam'l Monday, Wm. Williams and Robert Young. Total, 35.

Capt. Jacob Fry¹ was appointed Colonel; Capt. Charles Gregory Lieutenant Colonel. We are unable to give the name of the Major of this regiment. Private Elam S. Freeman, of Quincy, was appointed Adjutant of the regiment.

THIRD REGIMENT—COL. DEWITT.

CAPT. JOHN HARRIS' Company, from Macoupin county, with Lieutenants Wm. G. Coop and Jefferson Weatherford²; Sergeants A. P. Peppidim, Jno. Lewis, Wilford Palmer and Travis Moore; Corporals Geo. W. Cox, Henry H. Havren, Sam'l W. McVay and Joshua Martin.

Privates—John Allen, John Bayliss, Reese Bayliss, Jas. Butler, Jno. Coop, Ransom Coop, Thedorus Davis, Miles Driskell, Wm. Ealum, Irum English, Levin N. English, Joseph Foss, Oliver Hall, Robert Harris, James T. Hall, Wyatt R. Hill, Geo. Matthews, H. W. McVay, Alexander B. Miller, Jno. Powell, Henry D. Rhea, Larkin Richardson, Lewis Solomon,³ Thomas Thurman, Hardin Weatherford and Richard Wall. Total, 37.

CAPT. WM. ROSS' Company, from Pike county, with Lieutenants Benj. Barney (elected Captain, and Capt. Ross appointed Lieutenant Colonel), Israel W. Bert and Lewis Allen; Sergeants Bridge Whitten, Hawkins Judd, Eli Hubbard and H. G. Horn; Corporals A. B. Lucas, Mathias Bailey, Wm. Mallory and Jesse Luster.

Privates—J. B. Allen, Wm. Adney, Wm. Blair, Alfred Bush, Joseph Card, M. W. Coffee, Robert Davis, Joseph Gall, L. A.

¹ Afterwards Canal Commissioner and a Brigadier General of the State Militia, and Colonel in the late war.

² Afterwards a gallant officer in the war with Mexico.

³ Judge Solomon still survives and has held many offices of trust and confidence

Garrison, Robt. Haze, E. Haskins, Chas. Kannada, Willis Lay, C. B. Lewis, S. W. Love, Jesse Lucas, Jno. McAtee, Andrew McAtee, Richard Morrow, A. C. Meredith, S. P. Mize, James O'Neil, Jno. Perkins, St. Clair Prewitt, Emery Swiney, Stephen Shipman, Lindsay Tolbert, Austin Wilson and Lucius Wells. Total, 42.

CAPT. ELISHA PETTY'S Company, from Pike county, with Lieutenants James Ross and Jno. W. Birch; Sergeants Jacob Brooks, Gilham Bailey, Joel Harpole and Cornelius Jones; Corporals Wm. Kinman, Wm. Gates, Ira Shelly and James Woolsey.

Privates—Ira Andrews, Garrett Buckalew, Caleb Bailey, F. P. Coleman, Joseph Cavender, Harrison Decker, Thos. Edwards, Benj. Fugate, James Greer, Edwin Grimshaw, Appolis Hubbard, Berry Hume, Francis Jackson, Sam'l Jeffers, Sims Kinman, Hiram Kinman, Thomas Kinney, Wm. Lynch, Joseph McLintock, Solomon Main, Thos. Moore, Mathew Mays, Owen Parkis, Samnel Riggs, Nathaniel C. Triplet and Wm. Wadsworth. Total, 37.

CAPT. WM. B. SMITH'S Company, from Morgan county, with Lieutenants Starkey R. Powell¹ and Willie Myers; Sergeants Samuel Givins, Richard Nelson, Peter Baker and W. I. Numens; Corporals Ab'm N. Mills, Thos. Shepherd, Felix Ray and L. C. Ragan.

Privates—Wm. Black, G. E. Bennel, Thos. Bristow, Isaac Chapman, R. H. Deaton, Abr'm B. Dewitt (appointed Colonel), Z. W. Flynn, Berry Hollans, John J. Hardin,² Aquila Hall, Jno. Laughrey, Ame McCall, Murray McConnell,³ James McKee, Wm. Miller, Richard Orre, Geo. Orear, Joel Potts, James Provines, Lemmon Plasters, Wm. Roberts, Chas. Runsdell, Geo. Smith, Lawrence Smith, Thos. Smith and Wm. James. Total, 37.

CAPT. NATHAN WINTERS' Company, from Morgan and Brown counties, with Lieutenants Jno. D. Pienson and Jno. D. Kirkpatrick; Sergeants Leander J. Walker, Wm. D. Johnson, David Grattan and Thomas J. Fox; Corporals Asa C. Earle, Bird Smith, James F. New and Geo. W. Sawyer.

Privates—Wm. Asher, James Adams, Jno. Axbey, Alex. Buell, Benj. Beasley, Jefferson Black, Arthur Bell, Cornelius Brown,

¹ Hon. S. R. Powell, now of Menard county, is still living, hale, hearty and jolly, and has been many times a member of the Legislature.

² Gen. Hardin was killed at Buena Vista, Mexico, while leading a desperate charge, at the head of the Illinois Volunteers—a brave and talented man.

³ A leading lawyer and Democratic politician. Fifth Auditor of the Treasury Department under Buchanan, and murdered in his office at Jacksonville, a few years since.

Jno. Carson, J. G. Campbell, David Campbell, Wm. G. Cox, Benj. Crisp, Asa Cooper, Wm. Coultis, Joseph Dew, Thomas Dixon, Presley Fink, Jno. Forsyth, Jno. Fulton, Thos. M. Gillham, Wm. H. Greene, Curtis Holmes, Jno. Hobson, Henry James, Samuel Johnson, Yancey Little, David Moore, Jas. Magee, Robt. D. Neal, Elijah Powell, David Rue, James B. Riggs, James Sawyer, Albert Wells and Stephen Wilcher. Total, 47.

Private Abraham B. Dewitt, of Morgan county, was appointed Colonel; Capt. Wm. Ross, of Pike county, Lieutenant Colonel; Alexander Beall, Major, and Murray McConnell, Adjutant, both of Morgan county.

FOURTH REGIMENT—COL. THOMPSON.

CAPT. ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S¹ Company, from Sangamon county, with Lieutenants Samuel M. Thompson (appointed Colonel April 30, 1832) and John Brannan; Sergeants Jno. Armstrong, T. B. Anderson, Geo. W. Foster and Obediah Morgan; Corporals Thomas Comb, John Plasters, Wm. F. Berry and Alexander Trent.

Privates—Urbin Alexander, Isaac Anderson, Pleasant Armstrong, Hugh Armstrong, Clardy Barnett, M. M. Carman, Royal Clary, Wm. Clary, Henry Cox, Wm. Cox, Jas. Clement, Wm. Cummings, Valentine Crete, Sam'l Dutton, Joseph Dobson, Nathan Drake, Cyrus Elmore, Travis Elmore, Jno. Erwin, L. W. Farmer, Wm. Foster, Wm. Greene, Isaac Gullihier, Henry Hadley, Jacob Heaverer, Wm. Hokeimer, Joseph Holimier, Jno. Jones, Richard Jones, Wm. Kirkpatrick, Allen King, E. T. Lamb, Jno. Y. Lane, Richard Lane, Thomas Long, B. Matthews, Usil Meeker, Wm. Marshall, John Mounce, Thomas Pierce, Calvin Pierce, Elijah Pierce, Royal Patter, David M. Pantier, Chas. Pierce, Michael Plaster,* R. S. Plunkett, David Rankin, Jno. M. Rutledge, David Rutledge, Eph. Sullivan, Chas. Sullivan, Jas. Simmons, W. T. Spruce, Sam'l Tebb, Joseph Tibb, Geo. Warburton and James Yartley. Total, 68.

CAPT. WM. C. RALL'S Company, from Pike county, with Lieutenants James Blackburn and Jno. Stumet; Sergeants Jno. M. Jones, Geo. W. Penney, Jas. Hunter and Jas. P. Hinney; Corporals Theo. Jourdan, Stephen H. St. Cyr, Jeremiah White and Alfred W. McHatton.

¹ Afterwards President of the United States.

Privates—Noel B. Ballard, Jas. Booth, Rosnel Bryant, Jno. Brisco, Johnson Chapman, Stephen Combs, Jeff. Coonrod, Jno. D. Crawford, Gab'l Dewitt, Jno. Davis, A. Earnest, D. Edmundson, L. Gay, R. H. Glenn, Thos. Hayden, Stephen Hambaugh, James Hill, J. Ives, M. Killian, Wm. McKee, Dan'l Moore, Wm. Morris, Lake Owen, Benj. Palmer, Jacob Richardson, Aaron Richardson, Thos. Redick, J. H. Starr, Thos. Sellars, L. Seaward, F. Till, A. Van Winkle, C. Vandeventer, Jacob Wilkerson and Benj. Wilson. Total, 48.

CAPT. M. G. WILSON'S Company, from Pike county, with Lieutenants Alex. Hollingsworth and Harvey Skiles; Sergeants Jno. B. Watson, G. W. P. Maxwell, Sam'l Hollingsworth and I. G. Randall; Corporals Ava Hollingsworth, Jas. Martin, David Frayner and L. B. Skiles.

Privates—A. Abbott, Thos. Abbott, Sam'l Bogart, Wm. Burnett, Geo. Butler, Wm. Cox, E. Collins, Adam Dunlap, Jas. Frakes, Wm. Guinn, G. H. Harrison, Abe Hollingsworth, John Hollingsworth, I. S. Holliday, Chauncy Hobart, G. Hills, N. Horney, Ishmael Hills, Samuel Horney, G. W. Justus, E. Kirkham, Wm. Lockhart, Rutherford Lane, Jno. McFadden, Robt. Murphy, Jno. Morgan, Willis Moore, Geo. Naught, Dan. Riley, J. Reno, Cobb Riley, Benj. Skiles, Wm. L. Wilson, M. Wallace, Henry Wright, Eli Williams and Wm. Young. Total, 48.

First Lieut. Samuel M. Thompson, of Capt. Lincon's Company, was appointed Colonel; Capt. Wm. C. Ralls, Lieutenant Colonel, and Capt. M. G. Wilson, Major, both from Pike county.

MAJOR JAMES D. HENRY'S SPY BATTALION.

CAPT. JOHN DAWSON'S Company, from Sangamon county, with Lieutenants Wm. Dickrell and Jno. Hornback; Sergeants Corbin C. Judd, Harrison McGary, Jno. Brewer and Jno. Rutherford; Corporals Thos. J. Knox, Jno. Wright, Seymour Vanmeter and Hugh McGary.

Privates—Joseph Black, L. Barney, Jno. Bracken, James Brown, Jno. Bridges, Benj. Burch, Hugh Barrett, Solomon Brundage, Benj. Cherry, Wm. Clark, L. Churchill, Wm. Crane, A. Dernon, David Dickerson, Sam'l Evans, Squire Foster, Geo. Greene, Geo. W. Glasscock, J. F. Garrard, Jesse Hornback, Jesse M. Harrison, Rob't Hughes, Elijah Iles,¹ Edw'd Jones, M. Killyon, Jerry Kelley, Jacob Killyon, Jno. Keys, Wm. Kelley, Geo. B.

¹ Afterwards a Major.

Lucas, Wm. Lobb, Jno. Martin, Jacob Martin, Jeff'n Martin, L. D. Matheny, Zachariah Monland, Joel Minor, Jno. Music, Zadok Morgan, E. J. Oliphant, Alfred Powell, Wm. L. Potts, Jonathan Pugh, Jno. Rogers, Jno. Reulpo, Jno. Ridgeway, Jas. Read, Jas. F. Reid, Joseph Reyborn, Jno. C. Strader, Clemens Strickland, Jas. Smith, C. Stone, Wm. B. Short, Jno. Stewart, P. A. Sanders, John Seoggins, Jas. Taylor, Chas. Turley, Adam Venus, Sam'l Wade, Jacob Williams, Joseph Wages, Wm. White, Jno. Ward, J. G. Warwick and M. Warwick. Total, 78.

CAPT. THOMAS CARLIN'S¹ Company, from Greene county, with Lieutenants Jesse V. Mounts and Geo. D. Laurens; Sergeants M. E. Rattan, David Thurston, Jas. Gilliland and Harrison Boggess; Corporals L. B. Edwards, Josiah Ashlock, Wm. Cook and Wm. Finley.

Privates—Joshua Abner, Jno. Ashlock, W. Banning, Preston Bogers, Jas. Carlin, Jno. Cask, Jno. Courtney, Edw'd Crabb, S. Crane, H. Dowdy, W. H. Dunlany, T. Edwards, E. Eldred, S. Eldred, Z. Finley, Wm. Gilliland, V. A. Gibbs, R. Herrick, Sam'l Hess, J. Hill, Wm. Hoskins, Jno. Hutt, Jr., Thos. Hooper, Jno. Jackson, Robt. King, Joseph Linder, Geo. Linder, Jas. Moore, David Moore, Wm. Pinkerton, J. F. Pinkerton, H. B. Pinkerton, L. Rattan, P. Reno, Jno. Redish, Jas. Short, Jno. W. Scott, Thos. D. Scott, R. H. Spencer, L. Tunnel, Wm. Tunnel, S. Thackston, Wm. H. Whiteside, Jno. B. Whiteside, Jno. C. Williams and Joseph Woodson. Total, 57.

CAPT. JOHN DEMENT'S² Company, from Fayette county, with Lieutenants Dempsey Yarborough and Abr'm Starns; Sergeants Wm. Bradford, Joseph Hickman, H. B. Roberts and Joel Thomas; Corporals W. B. Stapp, T. N. Gains, I. D. Taulbee and Amos Eakle.

Privates—Jas. Alley, M. Allen, R. Blackwell, E. Connor, J. W. Coventry, E. Cole, G. W. Dimond, Dan'l Doolin, Thos. Duncan, M. Duncan, H. Evans, J. Enos, Jno. Ewing, R. Gloss, M. C. Ginger, Robt. Greene, Jno. Harrington, J. B. Hawkins, G. W. Hickerson, Wm. I. Hackett, Thos. Jones, Henry Johnson, Wm. H. Lee, Jas. P. Leak, B. D. Moore, Wm. L. E. Morrison, C. Norris, Jno. F. Posey, A. J. Phelps, Jas. Patterson, N. Ryals, N. Sanburn, L. O. Shroder, Jno. Snyder, Jno. Shirley, Wm. Smith, Jno.

¹ Afterwards Governor.

² The late Col. Jno. Dement (see Biography), of Dixon, Illinois, afterwards commanded a battalion, and did the best fighting of the entire so-called war.

Smith, Jr., Henry Scroggins, J. T. B. Stapp, B. Whitefield, H. Wiley, Jno. A. Wakefield, James Whitlock, H. H. Walker and E. Yarborough. Total, 53.

James D. Henry, of Springfield, and who took the most prominent part of all in the so-called Black Hawk war, was placed in command, with the rank of Major, and Wm. L. E. Morrison, of Vandalia, Adjutant.

ODD BATTALION—MAJOR JAMES.

CAPT. THOMAS HARRISON'S Company, from Monroe county, with Lieutenants Edward T. Morgan and Thos. McRoberts; Sergeants Jas. Moore, Thos. Taylor, Felix Clark and Jno. Strong; Corporals Wm. McMoore, P. Hill, Wm. McNabb and Henry Hartlin; Farriers N. C. Johnston, Wm. Miller, Jas. Whitelock and J. M. Mc. Cornelius.

Privates—Shadrack B. Bond, Scipio Baird, Jno. Birch, Fulder Birch, Stephen Brooks, Geo. Clark, S. Carr, S. Easten, G. Fisher, M. Hoskins, M. Horin, Jno. James, Jno. Kidd, C. Lacey, Joseph Livers, Jno. McDaniel, J. M. Moore, Wm. Morgan, Jno. Modglin, Jas. McNabb, Jas. McCulah, J. B. Needles, Henry Neff, H. Nowlin, Jas. Preston, Wm. Ramsay, Jno. Rogers, Jno. Right, M. Shook, Calvin Smith, S. B. Snider, A. Starr, E. Todd, X. F. Trail, N. Triplett and B. M. Wyatt. Total, 51.

CAPT. DANIEL PRICE'S Company, from Shelby county, with Lieutenants Wm. Williamson and Hiram M. Trimble; Sergeants Len Moseley, E. Briggs, Wm. Price and M. McNear; Corporals Gideon Walker, Isaac Daniel, Jno. Green and Wm. Moore.

Privates—H. Austin, Geo. Ball, Jno. Cochran, Wm. Daniel, A. Daniel, Jeremiah Daniel, David Dauthat, D. Elliott, G. B. Frazer, Wash. Green, Wm. Green, J. B. Howard, Wm. Hooper, Jas. Hoosong, Isaac M. Johnson, Geo. Lee, Jno. Moseley, J. McLavi, A. Poe, Jno. Pardue, Wm. A. Richardson, Thos. Scribner, Jas. South, Wm. Smith, Wesley Smith, David Smith, S. S. Strong, Wm. Sherrill, Wm. Templeton and Chas. Welch. Total, 41.

CAPT. PETER WARREN'S¹ Company, from Shelby county, with Lieutenants Archibald Wynns and Robt. T. Brown; Sergeants I. M. Shell, Jno. McGuire, Levi Gorles and Jno. Perryman; Corporals Thos. Hall, Wm. Headen, Jno. Abbott, Thos. Lay, James Davis and Enos Ellis.

¹ Aterwards State Senator for many years.

Privates—A. Bell, Jno. Bergerman, Levi Casey, Nathan Curry, Jas. Cuink, James Dowthat, L. Dixon, Joel Elam, A. Frazier, Jno. Fleming, J. L. Fleming, Wm. Graves, Jas. Greer, M. Graham, Geo. Gordon, Jno. Hale, Jno. Hill, Jno. P. Hall, Jas. W. Johnston, I. O. Johnston, Henry Johnston, Thos. May, P. More, Wm. P. Owens, J. Pennyman, Sam'l Parks, Sam'l Rankin, D. M. Robinson, Jas. Ruthers, Wm. D. Roberts, Jno. Simpson, James Smith, D. F. Sullivan, A. Stamp, Geo. A. Vaughan, J. W. Vaughan, E. Woolen and Thos. H. Williams. Total, 52.

Thomas James, of Monroe county, was assigned to the command of this battalion with the rank of Major. Col. William A. Richardson, familiarly known as "Old Dick Richardson," for many years a leading politician of the State, and member of the National Legislature—both House and Senate—was appointed Quartermaster.

Gapt. Warren was quite a genius, and his muster-roll shows many odd entries. Opposite his own name appears this entry: "Elected April 24, 1832: on I. Cutter's horse." Opposite the name of his First Sergeant: "Elected: on I. Cutter's horse; pressed," etc.

ODD BATTALION—MAJOR LONG'S FOOT SOLDIERS.

CAPT. JAPHET A. BALL'S Company, from Sangamon county, with Lieutenants Alex. D. Cox and Jno. McCormack; Sergeants J. W. Duncan, Jas. McCormack, Wm. F. Cox and Chas. Day; Corporals H. Graham, Jno. M. Barns, Thos I. Clark and Rich'd Cox.

Privates—Hy Averill, Jno. Ball, J. D. Bagley, B. M. Blue, Jno. Brunsfield, J. Coleman, Thos. Cook, Wm. Donner, Thos. Galton, Wm. Gatlin, Jno. Gately, S. C. Hampton, S. W. Hawse, Joseph Hazlet, Jno. Hutton, A. Howard, L. C. Jones, Daniel Ketchum, Jno. Kendall, A. Lauterman, Thos. L. McKinney, E. Masee, Wm. Mitts, M. R. Menicks, Wm. McCormack, J. Mitts, Robert Patton, N. H. Spears, Chas. Smith, R. B. Sexton, Thos. Swearingter, G. Tempe, John Terry, Jno. Vincent, Jas. Ward, M. Wright and Dan. Waters. Total, 48.

CAPT. JACOB EBEX'S Company, from Sangamon county, with Lieutenants Edward Shaw and W. M. Neal; Sergeants T. I. Marshall, D. Meredith, J. B. Goble and D. S. Collins; Corporals Reese Williams, J. E. Haws, H. Renshaw and Wiley Blunt.

Privates—Wm. C. Atwood, J. Bashaw, Jno. Boyd, J. D. Byers, Jesse Byers, Joseph Brown, Jas. Carver, Phil. Clark, Isaac Clark, Geo. Catlin, Jno. Collins, Joseph Demin, Hy. Dickson, Jno.

Davis, M. Ferrill, G. W. Foster, S. Graham, Jno. Graft, Jas. Harper, F. A. Hamilton, Dan. Hatan, Jno. Hillis, Wm. Hazlet, J. Hinkle, S. Hedrick, Felix Herndon, Alfred Hash, G. B. Jones, Geo. Milton, D. McClees, Wm. Martin, L. McMenus, J. G. Newhouse, Wm. D. Russett, Jas. Rutledge, O. Rittenhouser, Thos. Sherrill, Thos. Stout, S. B. Scovill, Jas. Taylor, A. Vance, U. Woolverton, Jno. Whitmore and Jno. H. Wright. Total, 55.

In the Governor's call (of April 16) he did not specify whether he desired infantry or cavalry, or, as then termed, foot soldiers or mounted ones. He discovered his mistake soon after and issued a circular letter to correct it, but Major Thomas Long, of Springfield, had enlisted these two companies before the circular letter reached him, and on the 22d of that month he reported at Beardstown for duty and was accepted as shown in Chapter XX, ante.

First Sergeant Thomas I. Marshall, of Capt. Ebey's Company, was appointed Quartermaster April 29th, and Third Corporal Harman Renshaw was promoted to fill his vacancy, and Private Henry Dickson was promoted to third corporal.

But there were eight more companies at Beardstown, who had declined to enter either of these four regiments or three battalions, and therefore formed what the Governor called "unattached companies," or Spy Battalion, commanded by J. D. Henry, as major, as follows:

CAPT. DAVID CROW'S Company, from Adams county, with Lieutenants C. Howard and E. G. Lillard; Sergeants Jno. Crawford, Geo. Campbell, Jno. F. Battell and Jas. Crawford; Corporals D. Harty, C. Talbert, Jno. Fletcher and Jerry Stone.

Privates—R. Beatty, C. Campbell, Joseph Campbell; Isaac Crow, D. Dunlap, A. Edwards, Jas. Hatton, Alex. Hillary, Wm. Hines, A. Harty, Jno. Long, Jno. Lewis, J. McCoy, R. McCoy, Jno. Points, S. O. Payne, E. Riddle, Jno. Ruddle, Jno. Shepherd, E. Smith, S. Smith, Wm. Southward, Benj. Williams and A. Warrell. Total, 35.

CAPT. WM. T. GIVEN'S Company, from Morgan county, with Lieutenants Walter Butler and Thos. Wright; Sergeants J. Talkington, Jas. Pryon, Joseph Reynolds and A. Johnson; Corporals Jas. Thomas, Jas. Bryan, John Nall and J. Roland.

Privates—R. Buchanan, F. Burnett, W. C. Clayton, Jno. Clayton, Wm. H. Clayton, Geo. Deatherage, R. Greer, Wm. Gibson,

L. Haynes, B. B. Jackson, Fred. McDonnell, Sam'l Reynolds, Wm. Sollers, Jacob Smith, A. Tanohill, J. Thomas, H. Van Winkle, H. Vickers, D. Wiggs and William Weatherford. Total, 31.

CAPT. L. W. GOODAN'S Company, from Sangamon county, with Lieutenants John Reed and Wm. Cantrell; Sergeants A. Wood, H. Watson, Jno. Ridge and M. Humes; Corporals Jno. Kline, Wm. Smith, J. B. Jones, Geo. E. Cabeness and M. Brunts.

Privates—V. Archey, M. Archey, Jno. Baker, M. Brunfield, R. Brassle, D. M. Brink, Simon Bunts, Jno. B. Brown, Jas. Baker, Wm. Crow, Wm. Carpenter John Calhoun, M. Chilton, Wm. Constant, Wm. Davenport, Jesse Darrow, Chas. Dawson, Simon Ditson, Jesse Dotson, D. Dickerson, Asa Easter, Jacob M. Erley, N. Foster, Daniel Goode, Joseph Garet, Geo. Glasscock, Jno. Hurst, James D. Henry, Samuel Hamilton, Elijah Iles, N. Jones, Jas. Jones, Edw'd Jones, M. C. Kindle, R. King, J. Kirk, Jno. Keys, Wm. McCollester, Sam'l McKinsey, Uriah Mann, N. Mason, S. Malugon, Z. Malugon, A. Morris, J. McCoy, L. D. Matheny, T. M. Neale, S. O. Neale, E. P. Olesshart, Wm. Potts, R. Queens-ton, Geo. Robinson, S. Ramer, J. B. Rutlage, D. Richardson, J. Ralston, Robt. Richardson, B. O. Rusk, R. Radford, J. F. Reed, Benj'min Sims, J. Said, Wm. Steel, Thos. Sherrill, P. A. Sanders, John T. Stuart, James Sherrill, H. Thomas, Jas. Taylor, Jeff. Welch, J. Q. Wills and Wm. E. Wells. Total, 85.

This company was prolific in men of talent. John Calhoun was a man of towering ability, and afterwards Territorial Governor of Kansas. James D. Henry was the most accomplished military officer of the war, through whose daring and push it was brought to a close at the Bad Axe. Maj. John T. Stuart, of Springfield, died in 1885, and was a member of Congress and a leading lawyer. Elijah Iles and J. M. Erley each commanded companies after serving as privates in this company.

CAPT. THOMAS McDOW'S Company, from Green county, with Lieutenants James Whitlock and Silas Crain; Sergeants Thos. Briggs, B. F. Massey, James Burke and James Whitehead; Corporals Josiah Dunn, William Phillips and James Walden.

Privates—H. Brown, D. Boren, Thomas Clifton, S. Clark, M. Cowan, D. Costly, John Dobbs, A. Erwin, Jas. Ferguson, E. Flemming, R. P. Green, Wm. Hurd, J. M. Jamison, B. Lofton, J. Larkin, R. Latham, Jno. Means, L. Morris, Jno. McCormack,

L. Means, G. Medford, Wm. Nairn, Wm. Northam, Wm. H. Rouden, Wm. Swan, Jno. D. Sutton, Wash. Saxton, A. Thornton and Geo. W. Webb. Total, 40.

CAPT. WM. MOORE'S¹ Company, from St. Clair County, with Lieutenants I. Griffin and A. T. Fike; Sergeants A. Land, P. N. Dupu, N. McMillian and E. Herring; Corporals Jno. Land, J. Crane, J. M. Jackson and Geo. Land.

Privates—D. Angle, J. Alexander, W. G. Brown, B. Brooks, J. T. Baker, Wm. J. Cunningham, B. Chisney, Wm. Campbell, Jas. Cook, Wm. Cook, Jno. Edwards, J. J. Everett, N. Fike, S. Gaskill, L. D. Jackson, Jno. Johnson, Geo. Hickman, R. M. La Croix, J. Moore, B. McDaniel, J. Pate, Thos. Reynolds, Chas. Taylor, L. D. Thompson, E. Tracewell, H. Vodan, Wm. Wright, Hy Ward and John Whitesides. Total, 40.

CAPT. SAMUEL SMITH'S (formerly Capt. Fry's) Company, from Green county, with Lieutenants E. D. Baker² and M. S. Link; Sergeants F. Atchison, D. Miller and T. J. Brown; Corporals M. Rigsby, Jno. Miller, A. P. Hill and David Buson.

Privates—I. Adeock, F. Atchison, E. D. Brown, L. Burton, N. Campbell, H. Crane, Phil. Deeds, Hy Emerson, S. Goan, Jno. Hobson, A. Lee, R. G. Lee, D. Link, Wm. Lee, D. Milton, L. Miller, D. Medkiff, E. Nix, J. Nix, D. Powell, H. Poindexter, I. Piper, Wm. C. Renna, A. Smith, Geo. Sanders, Thos. Samuel,* B. F. Scott, J. D. Scott, S. Thomason, Wm. Thomason, J. Tucker, L. Tunnel, Wm. Tunnel, J. Trearney, E. Vandiver, T. A. West, T. R. Watton, W. Whittle, Wm. P. Wallace and S. Wood. Total, 52.

CAPT. ERASTUS WHEELER'S Company, from Madison county, with Lieutenants Jno. W. Lush and R. R. Randle; Sergeants Wm. Tindall, W. Torrence, Jno. Montgomery and Wm. G. Martin; Corporals J. T. Randle, Milton Gingles, H. H. West and B. Stephenson.

Privates—O. M. Adams, H. Beers, Thos. Carey, H. E. Cochran, L. Cleveland, Jno. Cason, Alf. Dugger, Jas. T. Gracey, Jos. Gillespie,³ Chas. Herrington, N. Holman, S. Hamilton, A. Howard, N. E. Journey, M. Lusk, Samuel McCulloch, Jas. McElroy,

¹Capt. Moore commanded a company in the assault upon the brush of Vandruff's Island in 1831.

²A gallant soldier, Colonel in the Mexican war and General in the late war of the rebellion. Killed at Ball's Bluff.

³For many years Circuit Judge and member of State Legislature. Died quite recently.

R. McMahan, Wm. Montgomery, Jno. Owens, C. Y. Otwell, Jno. Pritchett, R. B. Pearce, Arkansas Powell, A. Robinson, P. W. Randle, G. R. Shields, Alex. Shields, Chas. Stice, J. Steele, Wm. E. Starr, V. Vanhouser, A. Vogles, Jno. L. Walker and E. Yates.
Total, 46.

CAPT. JOHN WINSTANLY'S Company, from St. Clair county, Illinois, with Lieutenants A. Stookey and David Snier; Sergeants Thos. H. Kimber, J. McAdams, J. W. McMurty, and Geo. Higgins; Corporals N. Pincinneau, J. McMurty, J. B. Grigeory and Geo. P. Dyke.

Privates—Alex. Barthume, Thos. Brumly, Bailey Brock, J. A. Blackwell, Thos. Coon, J. Carr, Jas. Carr, J. B. Decoto, J. Q. Eastwood, E. A. Hendricks, W. Hughes, R. Hay, Vital Jarrott¹, F. Jarrott, J. Leaird, Thos. Long, L. Le Compte, Thos. McBride, Wm. B. Macomson, Wm. Mitchell, Peter Menard, Abram Meeker, Wm. Orr, L. Pincinneau, Lewis Pincinneau, D. Roach, S. Smith, V. Smith, Adam W. Snyder², Jas. Stubblefield, P. Tetter, S. Tetter, G. Walker, Jno. Woods, J. Whiteside, R. Wildy and L. Wemet.
Total, 48.

These were organized at Beardstown, while Majors Isaiah Stillman, of Fulton, and David Bailey, of Tazewell counties, were ordered to Dixon, each with 200 men from the militia, and were afterwards organized into the

FIFTH REGIMENT—COL. JAMES JOHNSON.

CAPT. JOHN G. ADAMS' Company, from Tazewell county; Lieutenants B. Briggs and Jno. O. Hyde; Sergeants M. Reeder, James Wright, Seth Wilson and Jno. Ford; Corporals H. Cline, C. Rhodes, H. Hartside and D. Hanger.

Privates—D. Alexander, David Alexander, P. Berry, J. Ballard, Thos. Briggs, E. Bemis, S. Baxter, Jno. M. Barlow, Redick Council, Green Cullum, Wm. Cline, Jno. Coffey, O. Craig, Jas. Conner, D. Carter, Jas. W. Crain, P. Dunbaugh, A. Drum, Jesse Date, D. S. Evans, Geo. Gordan, Geo. W. Hughes, J. Haynes, Wm. A. Hendricks, S. Henson, Wm. Harper, J. Helme, Jas. Judy, David Kreepst[†], B. Lewis, J. Laudes, Reese Morgan, H. McJenkins, F. Maxwell, S. T. McCann, L. Medinall[‡], Alex. McKnight, B. Orendorff, R. Paisley, Jno. Paul,[†] Isaac Perkins,[†] W.

¹A prominent citizen of Bellville, Illinois. ²Died while Democratic nominee for Governor in 1842. Gov. Ford substituted and elected.

Ryon, J. Reeder, S. Rickey, Wm. Ramsay, Jas. Summers, E. Shoemaker, S. Stout and C. Williamson. Total, 60.

CAPT. M. L. COVILL'S Company, from McLean county, with Lieutenants Asahel Gridley¹ and Moses Baldwin; Sergeants B. H. Coffee, Isaac Murphy, D. Simmons, Chas. Gates; Corporals Chas. Vezoy, Hy. Miller, R. Dodson, James Durley.

Privates—Thos. Brown, Hy. Busick, Wm. Copes, Benj. Conger, Wm. Dimmet, I. Davenport, Alex. Davis, J. Draper, M. C. Ellis, Jno. Funk, Sam Gilpin, S. F. Gates, M. Hurbert, R. A. Hurbert, R. F. Harris, Jno. Hatton, Jno. Isham, Chas. Johnson, B. Kimber, Jno. Landy, Wm. McCullough, Wm. McKee, C. Oatman, Jas. Orendorff, Francis Provo, Jas. Phillips, Jas. Paul, Thos. Rutledge, Tim Simpson, John Toliver, John Vitto, J. Vandoler, R. Windham, Geo. Wiley, A. Young and B. Young. Total, 47.

CAPT. ROBERT McCLURE'S Company, from McLean county; Lieutenants Jno. H. S. Rhodes and Thos. Glenn; Sergeants C. Thomas, C. S. Dorsey, E. Frankenberger and J. G. Reyburn. Corporals David Maxwell, Levi Danley, Jno. W. Brown and Owen Chaney.

Privates—J. Ashburn, J. Baker, E. B. Baker, Jas. Barr, Jno Benson, Jas. Benson, Joe Bemington, Wm. Blair, H. Ball, T. Bowman, Wm. Burns, H. Hall, Wm. Blair, J. Copes, E. Chaney, B. Daniel, Davis Davis, Elisha Dixon, Jno. E. Davidson, P. Ewing, Jno. Fordica, H. Hamley, A. Hamilton, M. Howard, H. H. Harrison, H. Lane, N. Lundy, A. Miller, T. A. McCord, J. Moore, M. Martin, J. Oatman, A. Patrick, Thos. Rogers, N. Ruth, M. Scott and Wm. G. Wright.² Total, 46.

CAPT. I. C. PUGH'S Company, from Macon county, with Lieutenants James A. Ward, Wm. Warruck and Jas. A. Wood; Sergeants Jno. D. Wright, W. Bowles, Joseph Hawks; Corporals H. M. Gorm, S. R. Shepherd, George Capperberger and James Milton†.

Privates—Wm. Adams, Alex. W. Bell, Abram Black, J. Black, E. Butler, Jno. Clifton, Wm. Cox, J. Clifton, J. Dickey, S. B. Deweese, Thos. Davenport, Jas. Ennis, Jno. Hauks, Wm. Hauks, Jno. Henderson, James Herrod, O. Hooper, Wm. Hooper, K. Ingram, J. Lane, D. McCall, Jas. Miller, Sam Miller, Wm. Miller,

¹ Gen. Gridley was a leading man of Central Illinois, and died quite recently, leaving a large estate.

²A gallant officer in the war of the rebellion.

Jno. Manly, Jno. Murphy, Jas. Querry, A. Simpson, D. H. Stewart, Geo. D. Smallwood, R. Smith, Sam Troxel and Jno. Williams. Total, 43.

These four companies were under Maj. David Bailey and constituted his command.

CAPT. ASEL F. BALL'S Company, from Fulton county, with Lieutenants Wm. D. Baldwin and D. S. Baughman; Sergeants Wm. Miner, Jno. Walters†, J. L. Sharp, Jno. Heinford, John Thompson; Corporals Thos. J. Welch, Francis Irwin, Thos. Walters, Hugh Finley; Musician, Jonathan Cazad.

Privates—E. Arrington, N. Austin, Geo. Anderson, Jno. Brush, Wm. Barker, A. Cary, Thos. Denis, L. Dunawin, Jas. Ellis, E. Fouts, M. F. Freeman, J. M. Foster, H. Foster, D. Garner, Z. Howard, W. Hoxton, S. Harness, P. Hendricks, H. Harwick, Wm. Hill, Thos. Langford, S. Lanpersel, Jas. Laswell, Thos. Morris, A. H. Maxfield, A. Murphy, Jas. Morgan, N. Scovell, E. Wall ng, S. Whipple, Jno. Walters, Chas. Wilson and Jno. Yunt. Total, 45.

CAPT. DAVID W. BARNES'S Company, from Fulton county, with Lieutenants Thos. W. Clark, Asa Langford; Sergeants S. Hilton, J. Marchant, R. Putnam,† D. C. Murray, F. Wachel; Corporals Jno. Holcomb, M. Comstock, B. W. Ellis,† H. Putnam, Jno. W. Ward, Bugler Josiah Moore.*

Privates—J. Anderson, A. Bybee, J. Babitt, Wm. Barker, E. Brown, S. Baughman, H. Brink, Chas. Chein, O. J. Cooper, W. Chase, T. M. Childs,† C. C. Depriest, A. Dalton, Wm. Dehart, A. Ellis, D. Farris, J. Farris, J. B. Farris,† D. Hookey, Jno. Huff, Seth Hilton, A. Jones, W. Jones, A. H. Maxwell, J. Marchant, C. Miles, Jno. G. Nichols, Steve Pennington, H. Putnam, H. Richards, B. Rice, Asa Smith, I. Shesin, I. Swann, I. Strickland, Z. Sherlock, H. Watchell, J. C. Woolf, F. Watkins, S. Wilcoxson. Total, 54.

CAPT. ABNER EADS' Company, from Peoria county, with Lieutenants Wm. A. Stewart, Jno. W. Caldwell,; Sergeants A. Wren, H. M. Curry, E. S. Jones, Jno. Hinkle; Corporals Wm. Wright, Jno. Stringer, Jno. Hawkins, Thos. Webb.

Privates—Jno. E. Bristol, H. Brown, J. Cooper, Jno. Clifton, S. Carle, J. H. Conner, Jeff. Cox, Jno. Cox, E. Clarke, H. Cleveland, Alex. Caldwell, James Doty, J. B. Dodge, Wm. Eads, E. Love, A. Moffat, J. Moats, S. Moore, H. Miner, Jno. C. Owen, J.

Phillis, Geo. Redick, D. Ridgeway, L. Root, D. Ross, Jno. Ross T. B. Reed, S. Reed, F. Sharp, R. Smith, J. Talifero, Wm. D. Trial, J. T. Thurman, H. Thomas, Wm. L. Wood. Total, 46.

These three companies composed Maj. Stillman's command before organized into the Fifth regiment. Thirty-five companies of mounted volunteers and two of infantry, making a total number, rank and file, of 1,594, were organized at Beardstown, besides the seven companies of mounted volunteers under Majors Bailey and Stillman, organized at Dixon into the Fifth regiment of 341 men, rank and file, making a grand total of forty-two companies and 1,935 men, rank and file, called out by the Governor under the first call for volunteers of April 16, 1832. Of these volunteers 1,594 were mustered into the military service of the United States by Brig-Gen. Henry Atkinson, of the regular United States army and commander of all the military forces of the Northwest, at the mouth of Rock river, on the 10th of May, and the remainder at Dixon about the 16th of that month. Thus under the first call for 1,000 men 1,935 responded, were accepted and mustered into service, and were all mustered out at Ottawa, Ill., May 25 to 28. Immediately after the receipt of the sad news from Stillman's defeat, Gov. Reynolds issued a call for at least 2,000 more mounted volunteers to rendezvous at Hennepin, Ill., June 10, 1832, but those already in the field now claimed to be discharged, claiming that they had volunteered for one month only. If discharged before the arrival of those called out under the call of May 15 the frontier would be at the mercy of the merciless savages for nearly a whole month, since the volunteers under the second call were not to rendezvous until June 10. Under these conditions of affairs Gov. Reynolds issued a call for volunteers to do guard duty and erect what he called forts on the 20th of May, another on the 27th, and still another on the 30th of that month, and on the 27th, as shown in Chap. XXIV, he made a personal appeal to the volunteers who were being mustered out to re-enlist for twenty days. In response to this personal appeal five companies were raised and organized for twenty days, from May 29, viz:

CAPT. ELIJAH ILES, of Springfield; with Lieutenants Jesse M. Harrison, of Sangamon county, H. B. Roberts, of Fayette county; Sergeants Geo. W. Glasscock, Zachariah Millegent, B. Birch, of Sangamon, Jas. A. Ward, of Macon; Corporals Alex. Trent, G. W. Foster, Jim Darrow, of Sangamon, G. W. Dimond, of Fayette.

Privates—M. Archer, M. Brents, Jno. Brannan, E. Cole, Wm. Crow, L. Churchill, D. Dickinson, A. Estes, J. M. Earley,* Jacob Ebey,* J. F. Garrett, J. J. Gately, James D. Henry,* Jno. Kirkpatrick, Jno. Keyes, Wm. Kirkpatrick, Jno. J. Kendall, Abraham Lincoln,* Jno. Letcher, Thos. Long,* Wm. McAlister, N. Mason, J. McCoy, L. D. Matheny, S. Milligent, Jno. McAlister, A. Morris, W. M. Neale, S. O'Neal, E. P. Oliphant, Thos. Pierce, Wm. L. Potts, Wm. S. Pickerell, J. B. Rutledge, J. F. Reid, B. Rusk, P. A. Saunders, Jno. T. Stuart,* J. Welch and J. M. Ward, from Sangamon county; Jas. Alley, Jno. Coventry, M. Ginger, G. W. Hickerson, Jno. Harrington, Jno. Hankins, H. Johnson, J. Patterson, Jno. Shirley and Isaac Taulbee, of Fayette county; A. W. Bell, S. B. Deweese, J. Hanks, J. Lane, John Manly, Jas. Querry and Jno. D. Wright, of Macon county; Jno. Graft, of Jo Daviess county; Hugh McJenkins and Jno. Paul, of Tazewell county. Total, 72.

CAPT. BENJAMIN JAMES' Company, from Bond county, with Lieutenants C. Roberts and W. D. Shirley; Sergeants S. McAdams, Jas. Downing, J. W. West and Jas. Prior; Corporals Jas. Walker, Wm. Caruthers, G. W. Conyer and B. Holbrooks.

Privates—A. Anthony, C. S. Coffey, G. D. Duff, R. Glenn, F. Gill, Wm. Griffith, J. R. Gillispie, A. Holbrooks, Wm. Lynch, E. Lyles, A. P. Mills, D. H. Mills, J. McAdams, Wm. McAdams, D. Royer, B. E. Sellers, J. O. Voluntine and J. T. Walker. Total, 29.

CAPT. WM. C. RALL'S Company, from Schuyler county, with R. M. Wyatt, of Monroe county, as First Lieutenant; Sergeants J. M. Jones, of Schuyler county; S. M. Pierce, of Adams county; S. A. St. Cyr, of St. Louis, Mo., and S. G. Bond, of Monroe county.

Privates—Jno. Briscoe, J. D. Crawford, Jeff. Coonrad, J. Chapman, J. Eves, E. Kirkland, R. Lane, D. Moore, Wm. Morris, L. Owens, J. Richardson, A. Richardson and J. Wilkinson, of Schuyler county; S. Brooks and X. F. Trail, of Monroe county; E. Beebe, Thos. Johnston and E. Turner, of Adams county; J. W. Johnston, of Shelby county, and Andrew Melvan, of Missouri. Total, 26.

CAPT. SAMUEL SMITH'S Company, of Greene county, with Lieutenants Jas. D. Scott and Jacob Waggoner; Sergeants Thos. Briggs, Fred. Atchison and Squire Wood, of Greene county, and Fieldner Atchison, of Morgan county; Corporals Geo. Sanders, H. Poindexter, R. G. Lee and Vincent Lee.

Privates—Isam Adecock, M. Burns, Jno. Baker, P. Boggus, Wm. Cook, E. Crabb, Squire Dunn, H. Delaney, G. Doil, C. W. Dansworth, Jas. Fisher, Jacob Fry,* Jas. Gilliland, Thos. Hopper, J. Hill, M. S. Link, D. Link, W. Laxton, J. Larkin, I. Moore, B. F. Massey, D. Metton, I. Piper, Jno. Reddish, Jeremiah Smith,* Jnc. W. Scott, Jas. Tourney, L. T. Whitesides, Jas. Walden and Thos. R. Walden, of Greene county; B. F. Barnett, A. V. Bonner and W. H. Whitesides, of Madison county; J. Leighton, of Morgan county; S. S. Story and G. Walker, of Shelby county, and A. M. Meeker, of St. Louis, Mo. Total, 52.

CAPT. ADAM W. SNYDER,¹ of St. Clair county, with Lieutenants Jas. Winstanly, of St. Clair, Jno. T. Lusk, of Madison; Sergeants Nathan Johnston, of Monroe, Solomon Sparr and Jas. Taylor, of St. Clair, Josiah R. Gillam, of Madison; Corporals H. Hartline, of Monroe, B. McDaniel* and Thos. Cook, of St. Clair, R. B. Pierce, of Madison.

Privates—I. Abbott, J. W. Ashby, B. Brooks, Jno. T. Baker, Geo. Dikes, E. A. Hendricks, F. Jarrett, Geo. D. Kinney, Wm. B. Makenson,† Wm. Right, R. Roman, C. Scott, B. Scott, Jno. Thomas,* W. S. Thomas, S. Teter, Phil. Teter, Jos. Whiteside, Samuel Whiteside,* Jos. Welker, H. H. West of St. Clair; O. M. Adams, L. Cleveland, Jos. Gillespie,* Chas. Herrington, Wm. Hamilton, M. Lusk, Jno. Lawrence, J. E. McElroy, O. C. Motley, J. McClain, S. McCalaugh, C. G. Otwell, Josiah Randle, R. R. Randle, Levi Smith, B. Stephenson, G. B. Shields, Jas. Semple,* Wm. W. Torrence, Jno. Woods, E. Wheeler,* of Madison county; I. M. McF. Carnelius, P. Hill, J. M. Moore, Wm. McMoore, J. B. Needles, Jno. Right, of Monroe county; Henry Harrison, of Putnam county; Jno. Hall and P. Lamsett, of LaSalle county; Pierre Menard* and L. Owens,* of Randolph county; R. H. Spencer and John Wells, of Rock Island county; B. Whitten and L. Wells, of Pike county—69. Total, 248.

These five counties were organized into a regiment on the 31st of May, 1832, by the election of Private Jacob Fry, of Capt. Samuel Smith's company, Colonel; Private Jas. D. Henry, of Capt. Ile's company, Lieut-Colonel; Private E. P. Oliphant, of Capt. Ile's company, was elected Adjutant; Dr. Jno. B. Rutledge, of same county, was elected as Surgeon, and Wm. Kirkpatrick Quartermaster. The following companies were organized and served under the Governor's call of May 20, 1832:

¹Democretic nominee for Governor in 1842, but died before election.

CAPT. ALEXANDER WHITE'S, Company, from Adams county, (organized May 26, mustered out June 15, 1832,) with Lieutenant Talbert Shipley, Sergeants E. Higgins, Jno. Waggoner, E. Perkins, Jno. O. Smith; Corporals H. Wilson, Wm. Wallace, A. Doolittle.

Privates—Jno. R. Atherton, Thos. Brewer, Geo. Buchanan, H. P. Bradley, Wm. Cash, J. Clark, Sr., J. Clark, Jr., J. Compton, R. Drisskel, Wm. E. Franklin, Jno. M. Forrest, S. Goodwin, D. Hibbert, Wm. Higgins, E. Higgerson, Wm. D. Hinkerson, M. Kennedy, Abraham Lincoln,¹ Jno. Moffett, Geo. Middleton, Jas. Marfett, A. Moore, Jno. McKee, B. Muchler, J. Owens, T. H. Owens, Wm. G. Perkins, A. H. Perkins, Wm. Sailors, H. Spillman, I. Stephens, A. Turner, D. Thompson, Thomas Willis, Hugh White, E. White, James Wilson and Thomas Wilson. Total, 47.

CAPT. JOHN S. WILBOURN'S Company, of Morgan county, (organized May 22, mustered out June 9, 1832), with Lieutenants Wm. Case, J. H. Blackman; Sergeants R. J. O'Connor, D. Eager.

Privates—A. V. Bonner, C. Bertrand, J. Byas, J. Carver, J. Crosier, A. Davis, Jno. Davis, Wm. Greene, Jno. Harper, Wm. Hill, A. Hash, J. Hayes, A. Howard, A. King, J. B. Mullen, L. Morgan, A. Manard, Jno. Morgan, Wm. Moss, L. Plasters, I. M. Rouse, J. J. Smedley, E. Stuart, M. S. Trent, E. S. Taylor, A. Young. Total, 31.

CAPT. JAMES CRAIG'S Company, of JoDaviess county, (mustered in May 26, and out September 14, 1832) with Lieutenants H. T. Camp, L. Goss, O. Smith; Sergeants W. Horgess, J. B. Ketler, Jno. McDonald, I. M. Reynolds, A. Henry, A. M. Wallace, Jas. Temple; Corporals D. Morrison, Geo. Sparks, B. Sutton, S. Warren.

Privates—Jas. Armstrong, A. Avery, E. P. Avery, Jno. Bernard, M. Bush, Jno. Boles, Jno. Bivins, Geo. Bass, Peter Covill, O. Chaney, Wm. Collins, Thos. Crane, E. Charles, Wm. Dalton, D. R. Davis, L. V. Dadidson, B. Delereon, M. Detandeberaty, E. Enlow, Jas. Foley, Jno. Flack, J. Howell, Wm. Howell, G. W. Hercleroad¹, N. T. Head, J. L. Hawkins, T. Jordan, F. C. Kirkpatrick, J. G. Kirkpatrick, F. W. Kirkpatrick, Wm. M. Kirkpatrick, J. S. Kirkpatrick, Jno. F. Kirkpatrick, E. Langworthy, Jas.

¹Mr. Lincoln enlisted in this company on the 26th, but on the organization of Capt. He's company he was transferred to it.

Langworthy, C. Littenberger, J. Moffatt, F. Moffatt, Jno. Montgomery, R. McColister, D. McNair, H. Mann, I. Mitchell, C. McKinney, Jno. Nevil, A. Osborn, E. Porishon, J. C. Porter, D. Quinlavin, M. Swan, S. F. Stevens, R. Sancer, Isaac Stockton, Wm. Stockton, O. Smith, F. C. Sanderson, Jno. Thomas, Noah Thomas, W. Thompson, Chas. Tracy, R. Upton, T. J. Webb, G. White. Jno. B. Woodson*, Jas. S. Woodcock. Total, 80.

CAPT. J. W. KENNEY'S Company, of Rock Island county, (mustered in May 20, and out September 4, 1832), with Lieutenant Joseph Danforth.

Privates—Thos. Davis, M. Danforth, S. Danforth, S. Kenney, Thos. Kenney, G. McGee, H. McNeal, N. McNeal, J. Maskal, M. Smith, W. H. Sams, J. Thompson, Ira Wells. Eri Wells, Asaph Wells, Nelson Wells, Rinnah Wells, J. Wells, Jr., J. Wells, Sr., L. Wells, Sr. Total, 23.

CAPT. ALEXANDER D. COX'S Company, of La Salle county, (mustered in May 28, and out June 15, 1832), with Lieutenants J. W. Duncan, Thomas T. Clark; Sergeants Chas. Day, Wm. F. Cox, Richard Cox, Robert Patten; Corporals H. Graham, J. M. Barnes, J. McCormick, D. Waters.

Privates—W. C. Atwood, J. D. Byas, Jesse Byas, Wm. Foster, S. Hedricks, Jno. Hutton, F. Hamilton, Jno. Hays, Harrison Hays, J. Hays, Jas. Hays, E. Masseur, S. B. Snyder, A. Tompkins, M. Wright. Total, 26.

CAPT. GEORGE McFADDEN'S† Company, from LaSalle county, (mustered in May 24, and out June 29, 1832) with Lieutenants Wilbur F. Walker and Oliver Bangs; Sergeants H. A. Sprague, Alex. K. Owen, Jno. Combs and Geo. A. Sprague; Corporals Henry Hicks, S. Bartholomew, Ezekiel Warren and Samuel Warren.

Privates—Wm. E. Armstrong,* Beuj. Broomfield, Jno. Beresford, Jas. Beresford†, Jas. Brown, Chas. Brown, Peter Gonsoles, Jas. Gallaway, Rich'd Hogoboom, Jno. Hogoboom, R. Kimball, Wm. Lewis, J. W. Morgan, Josiah Morgan, Wm. Richey, Sen., Wm. Richey, Jr., Jno. Rucker, Abel Sprague, Ephr'm Sprague, Josiah E. Shaw, Geo. E. Walker, Dau. Warren, Jno. Workman, John Wilcox. Total, 35.

CAPT. PETER BUTTER'S Company, from Warren county, (mustered in June 11, and out Sept. 4, 1832,) with Lieutenants James McCalen and Jno. Wilson; Sergeants A. Dover, A. Cook, of

McDonough county; E. S. Denison and Jno. Vernator, of Warren county; Corporals J. Osborne and B. Tucker, of Warren county; L. F. Temple, of McDonough county, and Dan. Cranshaw, of Hancock county.

Privates—E. Ambrose, P. Cranshaw, Wm. Cash, J. T. McGufflers, of Hancock county; E. G. Allen, I. F. M. Butler, D. B. Cartwright, J. J. Caldwell, John Davidson, Wm. H. Denison, Andrew Gibson, Jno. Hendrickson, Sam'l L. Hogus, F. F. Jarves, Jno. McCoy, W. S. Paxton, P. Penceno, Jno. Quinn, A. Richey, Thos. Richey, J. D. Richey, R. D. Stice, Josiah Smart, C. A. Smith, Wm. Stark, of Warren county; M. Booth, J. M. Campbell*, D. Clark, J. Coffman, I. Cranshaw, Thos. Carter, O. Ferrington, Jno. Hardisty. P. Hays, N. Hays, Jno. Jackson, L. Jones, B. Jones, Jno. Jones, Z. Kirkland, Jno. Lathrope, I. Morris, L. Osborne, J. L. Russell, P. H. Smith, Wm. Sackett, Wm. Southworth, David Tetherow, Geo. Tetherow and F. Tamberlin, of McDonough county; I. Vertrees and A. Williams, of Warren county. Total, 63.

CAPT. ASEL F. BALL'S Company, from Fulton county (mustered in July 27, out Sept. 4, 1832), with Lieutenants Thos. W. Clark and Asa Langford; Sergeants Wm. Avery, Wm. Hill, Wm. Crosby and A. Maxwell; Corporals Hiram Sanders, Jno. Miller, J. R. Sharp and Jesse Walden.

Privates—J. Anderson, Wm. Ashbey, Jas. Bradshaw, Jno. Brown, Wm. D. Baldwin, Hy. Cole, J. Cozea, J. Dorris, Thos. Dorris, C. C. Deprist, H. Dixon, H. B. Enos, D. Grim, S. Harness, S. Harrison, Fred. Laleikar, L. Litchfield, W. Long, D. C. Murray, A. McGehee, A. Maxwell, S. McGehee, Peter Purtle, H. Purven, H. Richards, I. Strickland, Jno. Shaw, J. L. Sharp, W. Thaxton. Total, 40.

CAPT. AARON ARMSTRONG'S Company, from Madison county (mustered in June 2, out July 26, 1832), with Lieutenants Jacob Swaggart and Wm. Tindall; Sergeants S. B. Gillam, Jno. P. Dyo, H. Beer and N. Felker; Corporals M. Bridges, C. Kinner, Wm. McAninch and Geo. Milton.

Privates—W. F. Adams, Wm. Armstrong, A. Atkins, D. Ayres, C. E. Bensell, R. Brewer, R. Doney, P. S. Day, F. Fruit, A. Goodwin, J. F. Gillam, I. M. Gillam, Wm. Gillam, Dan Hank, Hy Hart, P. Hart, A. Howard, Jas. Johns, L. Jackson, C. Johnson. G. F. Kennedy, Wm. McFarland, R. Murphy, Jno. Mahwron,

William Piper, Geo. Rice, A. G. Smith, P. Sampson, S. Swagart, Jno. Shirtloft, Wm. Thompson, E. Taylor, Jno. Vincent, Geo. Waddle, Jas. Whittington, Jno. A. Washburn, E. B. Wethers, David Wright. Total, 49.

Nathaniel Buckmaster raised this company but was elected Major June 20, 1832.

CAPT. ENOCH DUNCAN'S Company, of JoDaviess county with Lieutenants J. K. Hammett, Alex. Kerr, Harvey Cavanaw, J. L. Kirkpatrick, D. S. Harris; Sergeants Jno. Foley, Fred. Stahl,* J. Alcot, Jno. Matthews, Jas. Temple; Musicians Jonathan Gallagher, D. S. Scott.

Privates—Wm. S. Anderson, A. Armstrong, M. Atchison, Wm. Bennett,, I. Bohannon, Jno. Brophy, Thos. Bennett, Wm. Bog-gess, B. Burbridge, C. R. Bennett, Jno. Bain, Wm. Blair, H. C. Barnett, H. Cavanaw, Jno. Coates, Wm. Collins, G. M. Cook, A. Cooper, Thos. Coates, Jno Cormack, S. Chastee, P. Coyle, Wm. Caldwell, Thos. Chichester, Wm. Darley,† D. R. Davis, V. L. Davidson, Fred. Dixon, J. Dennison, D. D. Downs, Wm. Dudley. N. Dudley, Chas. Eames, Geo. Eames,† S. Fields, Chas. Furr, E. Garrison, I. Gleason, H. Gilbert, Wm. B. Green,* Jno. Gruell, M. Ham, D. S. Harris, K. Harris, Jas. Hays, H. W. Hodges, G. Hoops, N. I. Hammond, Alex. Hood, S. P. Howard,† A. Imuss, C. Imuss, I. B. Job, Wm. Jonas, Jas. Jourdan, I. B. Jourdan, Wm. Jourdan, Pat Kerns, I. L. Kilpatrick, J. I. Kilpatrick, Jno. Koons, J. Lukes, M. Lovell,† H. L. Massey, I. B. Mineclear, Wm. H. Morrison, Jno. McNulty, Jno. McCabe, Jno. McDonnell, H. Mann, A. McNair, Wm. McBride, Chas, McKenney, J. Meeker, Jno. D. Mulliken, S. Oliver, Addison P. Philleo,* H. Putnam, H. H. Pease, G. Prigg, Thos. Reed, I. Stockton, Wm. Stockton, A. C. Swann, B. F. Stout, J. W. Shull, M. Smith, V. Smith. R. Shore, Jno. Shipton, Jesse Shipton, Thos. Shanance, Thos. Sublett, F. Snyder, S. Snyder, Thos. Shanley, D. Shannon, S. Sinoker, D. Tinan, V. I. Thomas, M. Taylor, Jas. Temple, Jno. Thrailkill, S. Vance, Wm. Vance, Sam. Williamson, F. Williams, Mac. Whitesides, A. Whitesides, Jno. B. Whitesides, D. Whooten, Jas. Wallace, L. Wheeler, E. Welch, J. D. Winters, Lewis Young. Total, 131.

This company was raised by Maj. Jas. W. Stephenson, who was elected Major June 26th, and Lieut. Duncan promoted to the Captaincy. The company was attached to Col. Henry Dodge's command, and was mustered in May 19th, and out September 14, 1832.

CAPT. CYRUS MATHEW'S Company, from Morgan county, (mustered in June 2, and out August 1, 1832,) with Lieutenants Wm. Hunter, W. R. Lindsay; Sergeants Wm. Baker, M. Q. Dennis, Thos. Shepherd, W. C. Harris; Corporals A. B. Shepherd, E. Hobbs, W. Scribner, R. S. Anderson.

Privates—J. S. Anderson, Thos. Busy, Jno. Banes, Jas. Carson, Thos. Carson, C. W. Crowley, A. C. Dickens, Wm. Foster, Wm. Grimsley, F. Grimsley, F. George (of White county), Wm. S. Hamilton and Berry Holland (also of White county), Wm. Horton, J. Hart, J. L. Haymes, B. Humphrey, J. C. Huston, P. Joiner, I. Kurkendall, D. Lutes, Thos. Loffin, J. H. Lynch, L. McGinnis, Wm. M. Myers, Wm. Morris, Isaac Moss, L. B. Rogen, J. Rodes, G. W. Row, Jno Row, S. Rose, Jno. A. Reed, E. Sammons, M. L. Stinson, Wm. Taylor, Wm. Webb. Total, 48.

CAPT. M. L. COVELL'S Company, from McLean county, (mustered in June 3, and out August 3, 1832,) with Lieutenants Wm. Dimmet, Rich'd Edwards; Sergeants B. Depew, Jno. Vittito, S. F. Gates, Geo. Wiley; Corporals R. F. Harris, Jno. Toliver, H. Flesher, Chas. Vezay, J. J. McGraw.

Privates—H. Atherton, Thos. Benson, H. Busick, E. Britton, N. Britton, R. Carlock, Geo. Carlock, J. Cheney, H. Cox, Alex. Davis, L. Downs, R. Draper, Wm. Foster, H. Gaylord, Asahel Gridley,* E. Gibbs, Jno. P. Glenn, J. A. Herbert, H. M. Harbert, H. Harbert, Wm. Harper, Jas. Johnson,* H. Lane, A. Lundy, R. Merrifield, F. Martin, Jno. A. Mullin, C. Oatman, F. N. Provo, Jno. Patten, F. Rook, N. Ruth, Geo. Spaur, M. Scott, Wm. Vincent, J. Vandoler, L. M. Wyatt, J. C. Wright, T. C. Washburn, B. Young. Total, 52.

FORTIETH REGIMENT—COL. JOHN STRAWN.

Militia, consisting of four companies, 176 men; mustered in May 20 and 21, and discharged June 18, 1832.

CAPT. ROBERT BARNES' Company, from Marshall county, (mustered in May 20, and discharged June 18, 1832.) with Lieutenants Wm. M. Neal, John Weir; Sergeants Jas. Dever, Jas. Hall, Jas. N. Reeder, Nathan Owen; Corporals B. Griffith, Wm. Gallaher, Jas. Harris, M. Buckingham.

Privates—Jno. Bird, R. Bird, J. Burt, Wm. Burt, Wm. Byrns, H. Barnhart, P. Barnhart, B. Babb, J. Bullman, H. K. Cassell, H. Dawdy, M. Davis, Wm. Davis, Wm. W. Davis, Jno. Darnell, Geo. Earther, S. Edwards, Wm. Forbes, Wm. A. Hendricks,

Jno. P. Hendricks, S. Hawkins, D. Hamilton, R. Hiff, Jno. Johnston, Jno. Kemp, Elmer Keyes, Phil. McGuire, J. Phillips, L. Russell, J. Sawyer, J. Smalley, E. Swan, D. Statler, G. H. Shaw. Total, 45.

CAPT. WM. HAWS' Company, from Putnam county, (mustered in May 22, discharged June 18, 1832,) with Lieutenants Jas. Garvin, Wm. M. Hart; Sergeants Thos. Gunn, Geo. Hilterbrand, Jake Greenwalt,* Jno. Hunt; Corporals Jno. Hart, Wm. Kincard, Wm. Knox, Wm. Lathrop.

Privates—H. Allen, R. Ash, J. Ash, A. Boyle, Geo. Dent*, Thos. Glenn, Obed Graves, S. Glenn, A. Harmon, Wm. Hart, H. Healey, E. Isaac, Jno. Loyd*, Geo. Martin, L. Neal, H. Stout, J. Stacy, Chris Winters*, A. Whittacre, G. Wilson. Total, 31.

CAPT. WM. M. STEWART'S Company, of Putnam county, (mustered in May 21, and discharged June 18, 1832), with Lieutenants Mason Wilson, Livingston Roberts*; Sergeants Wm. Myers, J. S. Simpson*, Jonathan F. Wilson*, J. S. Warnock; Corporals Wm. Patton, M. G. Williams, Wm. Walkup.

Privates—Jno. Bird, Wm. Bird, A. Brock, B. Coats, R. Dugan, P. Ellis, D. Gunn, Thos. Gallaher, Sr., I. Hilterbrand, R. Hunt, M. Hailey, D. Jones, A. Knox, L. Knox, David Letts, D. Richie, J. L. Ramsey, M. Sturdwin, Wm. Stewart, J. T. Stewart, A. Stephenson, D. Thompson, A. Thompson, F. Thomas, S. D. Willis, Alex. Wilson. Total, 37.

CAPT. GEO. B. WILLIS' Company, of Putnam County, (mustered in May 21, discharged June 18, 1832), with Lieutenants Tim Perkins, S. A. Laughlin; Sergeants Jas. D. Laughlin, Thos. Wafer, A. Turk, Samuel Mann; Corporals E. G. Powers, L. B. Skeels, S. Perkins, M. Dimick.

Privates—R. Blanchard, S. Brigham, Jno. Burrow, L. B. Benson, O. G. Chamberlain, Jno. Cole, C. Corse, A. Carey, E. Carey, H. De Long, J. G. Dunlavy, H. Daniels, W. Durley*, J. Doolittle, E. Dimick, Alex. Davis, J. G. Forrestel, Jno. Griffin, Aaron Gunn*, M. B. Hart, J. Harper, Jno. Hall, Wm. Haskins, Wm. H. Ham, Jno. Hendricks, Jno. Janess, M. Killerman, R. A. Leeper, Chas. Leeper, A. M. Laughlin, Thos. W. Laughlin, D. McCormas, R. Mosely, Jno. Moore, Wm. Morris, E. Phillips†, D. Prunk, J. W. Rexford, J. G. Ross, S. Roth, L. Roth, N. Shepherd, Jno. H. Simpson, C. L. Tompkins, A. Taylor, J. W. Willis. Jno. Williamson, Geo. P. Wilmouth, Jno. Williams, C. Williams, H. Warnock, H. K. Zenor. Total, 63.

COL. ISAAC R. MOORE—VERMILION COUNTY.

Regiment of eight companies, mustered in May 23, and out June 23, 1832.

CAPT. ELIAKEN ASHTON'S Company, with Lieutenant Wm. Mackin.

Privates—D. Best, John Brown, R. H. Bryant, Geo. Hays, H. Hays, J. Huntsman, Jno. Kester, C. Manor, S. Mann, W. B. McCann, E. Mills, Wm. Mann, R. Mansfield, E. Mackey, A. Nokes, Jno. Potts, J. Riddle, E. Roll, E. Shipp, Jas. Turner, D. Turner, G. W. Ventiones, Wm. Wilson, D. T. Williams. Total, 26.

CAPT. ALEXANDER BAILEY'S Company, with Lieutenants Geo. Ware, Gordon S. Hubbard* ; Sergeants N. Sapp, A. Duncan, I. M. Treat, R. Martin ; Corporals R. Osbern, Jas. Leneeveve, O. Leneeveve, Wm. Martin.

Privates—A. P. Andrews, J. Angle, Wm. Blair, D. Bailey, Wm. Blount, Geo. M. Beckwith, Jas. Bowman, Wm. Burbridge, F. Botts, A. Crider, Wm. Canady, Jas. Cunningham, W. Canady, A. Duncan, Jno. Deck, J. Eckler, J. Enos, Wm. Foster, Jno. R. Fitch, M. Gurtheny, O. Gilbert, S. Gilbert, W. Hor, Jas. Hall, J. Hinkle, R. Hill, S. Jennings, A. Kelley, D. Knight, J. R. King, Thos. Layton, A. Luman, J. B. Loveless, Wm. More, A. K. Miller, B. Oliver, Thos. Ogg, Jno. Piper, S. Russell, Jno Skinner, N. C. Scott, Jno. Scott, E. Vanvickle, J. R. Watson, Jas. White, R. P. Wilson, S. Wiles, S. Young, Jno. Young. Total, 62.

CAPT. J. M. GILLESPIE'S Company, with Lieutenants B. Weaver, E. Stanfield ; Sergeants Geo. Lewis, Jas. Adams, Andrew Davis ; Corporals L. Madden, Wm. Nugent, E. Hoskins, I. B. Prebble.

Privates—Wm. M. Boseley, M. Brockall, N. Bugely, Jno. Don Carlens, A. Don Carlens, Wm. Don Carlens, J. Evans, S. Foster, Jas. Freeman, A. Gallion, E. Gephart, Jno. Howell, J. N. Houghman, J. H. Lyons, Baptist Milliken, Thos. Morgan, A. Morgan, Levi Morgan, S. Mayfield, Jno. Ritter, Wm. Rowe, I. Swearingen, R. Swank, Wm. Swank, D. Swank, A. Swisher, C. F. Yeager, Chas. Yoke. Total, 38.

CAPT. JAMES GREGORY'S Company, with Lieutenants Wm. E. Williams, Jas. Goodwin ; Sergeants Jas. Cunningham, Jas. Harries.

Privates—Jas. Acton, E. B. Bell, S. Cook, Jas. Collins, L. Conner, I. Cook, T. J. Evans, H. Eccleston, E. Farmer, B. M. Fuget, T. Goodwin, Jas. Gilbert, Alex. Jackeon, Jesse James, J. J. Leaman, Daniel Mace, B. McNeal, Jas. Musgrave, Thos. McCoons, Thos. Morris, E. McCart, Jno. McCart, J. Staley, Jno. Stephenson, Z. Smith, Geo. Sigler, C. M. Watson, D. White, J. Williamson. Total, 34.

CAPT. CORBIN R. HUTT's Company, with Lieutenants Wm. Jeremiah, Jno. A. Green; Sergeants D. Watson, Alex. McDonnell, J. Hammer, M. Vest.

Privates—H. Anderson, W. Alexander, H. Brown, D. Brown, E. Cole, Jno. Cole, R. Crusor, F. Chitty, H. L. Ellis, Wm. Foley, Jno. Frazier, Isaac Hathaway, Phil. Howard, Jno. Hammond, I. Lawdowsky, M. Lacey, W. Lacey, J. B. McDowell, Jno. Rheuby, F. L. Scott, L. Smith, S. Todd, S. Williams, Wm. Williams, Jno. Wheat, J. A. Yilky. Total, 33.

CAPT. JAS. PALMER'S Company, with Lieutenants Jno. Light, Joseph Jackson; Sergeants B. Runyon, M. Snow, D. Macumsan, Thos. Froman; Corporals H. Streight, W. Lusher, A. M. Williams, D. Morgan; Musicians Wm. H. Parkinson, Noah Delay.

Privates—J. Allen, G. Atwood, Wm. Bandy, Wash. Bandy, J. H. Brown, Jno. Bensyl, Sol. Banta, Wm. Carrant, M. Carrant, Alex. Cloe, Jas. Chandler, J. Cline, J. G. Cravens, H. Delay, J. Delay, Isaac Delay, Chas. Fielder, F. Foley, Wm. Fithian, Jno. H. Fry, Jno. Going, S. Griffith, Wm. Gebhart, E. B. Hale, E. Henderson, M. Jenkins, W. P. Kinkenon, F. Kennedy, A. Kizer, D. Lewis, Wm. Love, Sol. Lewis, Jas. Lambert, Wm. Lenman, D. C. Lizer, D. W. C. Mallory, J. Morgan, S. Macumson, E. Mendenhall, A. Oiler, J. Phelps, H. B. Payne, F. Prince, D. Reynolds, Jas. Rock, P. S. Ruttage, Geo. Simpson, Jno. Thomas, E. Wooden, J. Yount. Total, 64.

CAPT. MORGAN L. PAYNE'S* Company, with Lieutenants N. Ginon, Jno. Black, Thos. McConnell; Sergeants J. Pratt, J. Glass, S. L. Payne, Jno. Cook, P. Spicer; Corporals G. Graves, Jno. Cassell, J. Spicer, J. Fleming.

Privates—Wm. Brown,* Jas. Bevans, Wm. Cotton, R. B. Coffee, Jno. Collins, C. Douglas, Jno. Elliott, N. Elliott, A. Furguson, Wm. Fisher, B. Hays, Jno. Howell, M. H. Kinney, Presley Lucus, Jno. Lucus, R. Lucus, Jno. Lyons, E. S. Morgan, Jno. Morgan, Jno. McBride, S. O'Neal, S. Parkerson, L. Rutledge, Jno.

Stephens, Sol. Stephens, Ike Stephens, L. Springer, Jas. Thompson, Wm. Underwood, J. Vankirk, Jno. Waters, H. Wilson. Total, 45.

CAPT. JOHN B. THOMAS' Company, with Lieutenants Wm. Nox, G. G. Rice; Sergeants J. G. McGee, R. F. Giddens, Ben. Byers, Jno. Q. Deakin; Corporals J. R. Jackson, Wm. O'Neal, Wm. Trimmel, D. Moore.

Privates—Wm. Atwood, L. Buoy, J. Coddington, Jno. Cox, M. Cook, Wm. Cunningham, L. Creamer, Wm. Chandler, S. B. Connor, Thos. Deer, A. Fuller, Geo. Gill, E. Humphreys, Wm. Ham, J. Harris, C. W. Jones, H. Judy, H. Jackson, E. Jackson, M. H. Jose, Jno. Lane, Jno. McGee, H. McDonald, H. Newell, D. Newell, W. Newell, J. A. Reed, M. Reese, H. Shockey, J. B. Shampaign, P. M. Standford, Jeff. Smith, J. Thomas, E. B. Tombs, J. B. Wright, Hy. Wilson, Hiram Wilson, Jno. M. Wilson. Total, 49.

Total number of Col. Moore's Regiment, 351, rank and file.

Under the call of May 30, 1832—

CAPT. JOHN SAIN'S Company, from Fulton county, (mustered in June 7, and out September 4, 1832,) with Lieutenants L. Burrington, E. Wilcoxson; Sergeants L. W. Ross,* J. Ferris, Wm. Hummell, C. P. Fellows; Corporals P. H. Hart, S. Harrington, D. Eccles, Jas. Carter.

Privates—N. Allrea, D. W. Barnes,* J. Babbit, J. Bartley, Wm. Baker, A. Bybee, M. Comstock, A. Carey, O. I. Cooper, S. Chaw, Jno. Dond, R. Emerson, Jno. France, A. Franklin, J. M. Foster, D. Farris, Wm. Griffin, Jno. Harris, J. Hull, Wm. Hull, H. Johnson, P. Kendrick, M. Long, R. Long, L. Long, Wm. Long, Thos. Langford, Jno. Lancaster, Jas. Morgan, A. Manar, Jno. H. McKim, Alex. Maxwell, Jno. Nichols, Wm. Phelps, Z. Shaw, Chas. Shain, A. Smith, O. Spencer, D. Ulmore, M. Vandyke, D. Wolf, S. Wilcoxson, T. J. Welch, A. M. Westerfield, Jacob Yaunt. Total, 57.

CAPT. WM. MCMURTRY'S¹ Company, from Knox county, (mustered in June 24, mustered out September 4, 1832,) with Lieutenants Geo. G. Lattimore,* T. R. Rountree; Sergeants E. Martin, B. Brown, J. Vaughn, Jas. McMurtry;* Corporals E. Fuqua, J. H. Rountree, Thos. Maxwell, Jr., O. Fuqua.

¹ Afterwards Lieutenant Governor of Illinois.

Privates—E. Adcock, J. Adkins, P. Bell, Jas. Brown, F. B. Barber, W. Brown, A. Brown, Geo. Brown, Josh Brown, H'ry Bell, J. McM. Criswell, E. Criswell, Wm. Corban, E. Coy, Sol. Davis, D. Fuqua, Alex. Frakes, Jas. Ferguson, Jno. Frazer, L. T. Gillett, Jas. Goff, Z. Hunt, Wm. Hilton, R. K. Hendricks, J. Holiday, B. Jennings, T. Jennings, R. Jones, Wm. Lewis, T. W. McKee, Jno. McMurtry, Jas. McGee, Thos. Maxwell, Sr., Jas. Maxwell, Jno. Miles, T. C. McCallister, — McCallister, D. Miles, E. Miles, Jno. Norton, Jas. Nevitt, Andy Osbourn, Stephen Osbourn, Pat. Owen, Simeon Pennington, Jno. D. Rountree, Jno. P. Robinson, Joseph Row, Jonathan Rice, Alex. Robertson, Josiah Stillings, Jno. Vaugh, S. S. White, Joseph Wallace, Calvin Williams, Wm. Williams. Total, 67.

CAPT. JOHN STENNETT'S Company, from Schuyler county, (mustered in June 6, and out September 4, 1832,) with Lieutenants Dan. Mathoney, Joel Pennington; Sergeants Jno. B. Smith, S. D. Dark, Norris Hobert, Philip Harney; Corporals Robt. Martin, Eli Williams, James Bell, Isaiah Price.

Privates—Wm. Allen, Wm. Brown, Isaac Bristow, M. C. Bristow, Elias Briggs, Chas. Brakewell, Jesse Busan, Abel Friend, F. T. Glen, Benj. Golston, Jas. Howard, Eli Hartley, Jesse Hunter, Sanford Holiday, Geo. H. Morrison, Sam'l Harney, Allen Isaac, Jno. M. Jones, Wm. Kennett, Jesse Luster, Wm. McGeehy, Wm. McKee, Jas. McKee, Dan'l Matheny, jr., Rich'd D. Martin, S. P. O'Neil, Joseph Osburn, Riggs Pennington, S. O. Pennington, Riley Pennington, Peter Peckingham, Wesley Peckingham, Geo. M. Pettigrew, Nicholas Rice, Stephen Rose, Jno. S. Rose, Wm. T. Rigg, Geo. Smith, Sam'l Smith, Hugh Smith, O. P. Sallie, Sam. Stewart, Joel Tallis, John Van Winkle, Mervin Williams, Jeremiah White. Total, 57.

CAPT. WM. GORDON'S Company of Spies, (organized June 22, mustered out August 14, 1832,) with Lieutenants Peter Menard, of Peoria county, and Wm. Morrison, of Monroe county; Sergeants Wm. Murphey, Francis Swanwick, Wm. Myers, Samuel Crawford; Corporals Medard Menar, Louis Wilmot, Robert Caldwell and Robert Murphy.

Privates—Levi Adams, Lewis Banson, Jno. Brown, Lewis Champine, Joseph Daza, Lewis Hill, Slaughter Jones, Francis Jerrard, Jas. Kenion, Baptiste Kimmansa, Jas. Kimmansa, Jas.

Lynch, Jno. O. Melveny, L. Pepper, Baptiste Pomiguvi, Francis Paschal, Francis Smith, Henry Sachapelle, Jno. White, all of Kaskakia. Total, 29.

CAPT. CHARLES S. DORSEY'S Company, from Tazwell county, (mustered in June 8, out July 9, 1832,) with Lieutenants Thad. Bowman, Wm. Burns; Sergeants Jno. Harvey, Jno. H. Reed, Jonathan Reed, Peter Cline; Corporals P. Scott, A. W. Vanmeter, Wm. Holland, Jas. McClure.

Privates—R. Bandy, Jos. Bennington, Robt. Bennington, Thos. Bennington, L. P. Conley, Ab. Huddleson, Ben. Huddleson, Lawson Holland, Wm. Heath, Richard McCorkle, Wm. T. Reed, Thos. L. Shields, Harrison Thomas, William Wilson. Total, 26.

CAPT. WM. WARNICK'S Company, of Decatur, Macon county, with Lieutenants I. C. Pugh,¹ E. Freeman; Sergeants E. G. Paine, J. H. Johnson, A. M. Wilson, R. Law; Corporals J. Smith, A. Travice, J. Brown, J. Miller.

Privates—A. Arnold, Thos. Alsup, N. Burrell, M. Brown, E. Butler, T. G. D. Church, H. Cunningham, J. Cunningham, J. Davis, J. Edwards, J. Farris, A. Hall, D. Howell, W. Hooper, A. Hendline, D. Hall, L. Ingram, R. Johnson, L. Jackson, L. Lowrey, S. Mounce, J. H. McEnnamy, D. Newcomb, T. Owen, M. Paine, J. A. Pratt, A. W. Smith, S. Sinnett, J. Stevens, B. Slatton, F. Travis, S. Widick, Wm. Ward, T. F. Wilson, Jos. Warnick, J. Warnick, J. Walker, R. Wheeler. Total, 50.

The muster roll shows this company was enlisted under the Governor's order for the protection of the frontier of Macon county June 4, and mustered out Sept. 24, 1832, (about a month after the close of the war.) Macon county lies near the centre of the State, hence it is difficult to see the utility of this company.

It would seem that Gen. Atkinson was fearful that Black Hawk, with his 200 paint-bedaubed, half-naked and practically unarmed warriors and braves, would swoop down like a hawk upon its prey and gobble up Fort Armstrong and the regular army of about 1,000 men therein before the arrival of the Illinois mounted volunteers, which rendezvoused at Beardstown on the 22d of April, and therefore called out volunteers to "hold the fort." But whether these volunteers were stationed outside or in the fort we cannot state.

¹ Was a Captain in Stillman's ill-fated expedition.

CAPT. SETH PRATT'S Company, (county not given, but were from Rock Island and adjacent counties), with Lieutenants Jno. M. Crabtree, Joseph Leister; Sergeants S. Stewart, W. B. Sisk, E. Sparks, A. Crabtree; Corporals Jas. Stockton, Geo. Yates, Jas. Keller, Jas. Curry, Thos. Burton; Fifer, Jas. Carr.

Privates—G. Acton, N. Bradbury, H. Brantly, C. Birdsell, I. Booth, Daniel Brock, A. Bradley, Jno. Bradshaw, Jno. M. Bohvare, B. Castlebury, S. L. Cooper, Jno. Davis, H. Ford, Wm. Foster, Isaac Gullihier, P. Hamilton, H. Hunly, Wm. Hopper, A. Jackson, J. Leighton, N. Long, Jas. M. Low, Iredell Lawrence, Martin Langston, L. B. Langston, Jno. Letcher, Henry Melton, F. McConnell, F. McDanial, Jas. New, W. C. Overstreet, Jno. Pervine, Wm. Pointer, J. Ross, A. Smothers, I. Schenk, S. Smith, Saml. Wells. Total 51.

The muster roll of this company states that it was stationed at Fort Armstrong from April 21 to June 3, 1832, in the service of the United States.

CAPT. JAMES WHITE'S Company, of Hancock county, (mustered in April 30, out September 5, 1832), with Lieutenants Jno. Reynolds, James Miller; Sergeants A. S. Foot, A. Dolittle, Wm. White, Jno. Vance, Jno. Robinson; Corporals G. Long, S. Gooch, Geo. Wilson, A. Whiting.

Privates—Jno. R. Atherton, Geo. Buchanan, E. D. Brown, Wm. Burnett, Sam Barber, David Coon, J. Clark, J. Clark, Jr., R. Cheeney, J. Carpenter, B. Doolittle, J. Donald, P. De Long, S. D. Enslin, C. Felt, Jno. Gregg, S. Goodwin, Jas. Gray, Jno. Harner, Geo. W. Harper, Wm. Higgins; Wm. Hickason, E. Hickason, D. Hill, N. Kennedy, B. McNett, Wm. Miller, Jas. Moffitt, 1st, Jas. Moffitt, 2d, Jno. Moffitt, Geo. Middleton, A. Moon, A. F. Smith, H. Spellman, I. Stevens, J. Tongate, Dan Thompson, Jas. Tanner, S. Vance, D. Williams, J. White, Alex. White, H. White, E. White, H. Wilson, Wm. Wilson, Thos. Wiles, Jos. Wallace, Wm. Wallace. Total, 61.

The muster roll says they were mounted rangers, but whether "they ranged" in Hancock county or not, the Governor fails to tell.

CAPT. B. B. CRAIG'S Company, of Union county, (enlisted June 19, and discharged August 10, 1832), with Lieutenants Wm. Craig, Jno. Newton; Sergeants S. Moland, Sol. David, Hezekiah Hodges, Jno. Rendleman; Corporals Joel Banker, Adam Cauble, Martin Ury, Jeremiah Irvine.

Privates—A. Barringer, Jno. Barringer, Jno. Corgan, Mat. Cheser, Dan Ellis, Wm. Farmer, Thos. Farmer, M. Fisher, Abe Goodin, Wm. G. Gavin, Hiram Gramer, Wm. Gramer, L. W. Hancock, D. P. Hill, Jack Huntsucker, P. Lance, A. Lance, Jno. Langly, Mose Lively, A. W. Lingle, Jno. Murphy, P. W. McCall, Jno. Morris, N. McIntosh, Jno. A. McIntosh, Sol. Miller, Thos. McElyea, Jas. Morgan, Wash. McLean, E. McGraw, Jno. Penrod, Jno. Palmer, Jno. Quilman, W. H. Ramsey, E. Shepherd. D. Salmons, P. Staten, Jno. Vincent, Jesse Wright. Total, 50.

CAPT. ALEX. M. JENKINS' Company, of Jackson county, (enlisted June 16, discharged August 16, 1832), with Lieutenants Jos. Herald, Silas Hickman; Sergeants Milt. Ladd, John D. Owings, M. Hogler, A. Quilman; Corporals B. Boone, D. House, Jno. Logan, Jake Swartz; Cornet, Wm. B. Bowing.

Privates—Dave Burkley, Jas. Blocker, D. Black, Hy. Cary, 'Squire Cram, H. Creath, Jno. G. Clark, Jas. Camron, J. A. Deason, Wm. Deason, Jno. Delaplaine, Joe Davis, R. Davis, S. Davis, Jas. Etherton, R. R. Gardner, Geo. F. Griffith, Paul Hagler, O. M. Huff, E. Hagler, Jno. Holden, A. Ireland, Jas. Logan, Jno. Logan, W. Lorrels, Alex. Lafferty, Jas. F. Owings, Wm. Orton, Jno. Richards, Jos. Sorrels, Wm. Shumaker, Jas. M. Timmons, H. Teym, R. R. Taylor, G. B. Vote, Geo. Vansel, N. D. Walker, W. D. Wood. Total, 52.

CAPT. JAMES WALKER'S Company, from Cook county, (enlisted June 25, and discharged August 12, 1832,) with Lieutenants Chester Smith, Geo. Hollenback; Sergeants Wm. Lee, Edmund Weed, Chester Ingersoll; Corporals Elisha Fish, Reuben Flagg, Peter Watkins; Musician, Edward A. Rogers.

Privates—E. G. Ament, Hiram Ament, A. C. Ament, D. K. Clark, T. R. Cobell, Elisha Curtis, Sam'l Fountain, Jas. Gilston, Hy. Jones, Ralph Smith, B. T. Watkins, Peter Watkins, jr., Jeddiah Wooley, Thos. Wooley, Henry Walkeley. Total, 25.

CAPT. JACOB M. EARLEY'S Company, from Sangamon county, (mustered in June 16, out July 10, 1832,) with Lieutenants Geo. Glasscock, B. D. Rusk; Sergeants Z. Malugin, N. Mason, Jacob Ebey,* W. M. Neale; Corporals R. M. Wyatt (Madison county), R. M. Brenz, Wm. Crow, Henry Johnson (Fayette county).

Privates—David Bailey,¹ Jno. Baker,* Hugh McJenkins (Tazewell county), Jno. Brewers, Jesse Darrow, Jas. D. Henry (Gen.

¹ Major Bailey, Stillman's associate in the Old Man's Run defeat, known now as "Stillman's Run."

Henry), Abraham Lincoln,¹ J. R. Loveless, A. Morris, L. D. Matheny, Joe. McCoy, Hugh McGarey, H. McGary, S. O. Neal, Jno. Paul, W. S. Pickerel, Wm. L. Potts, B. F. Pickerel, Jno. L. Stephenson, Adam Smith, Wm. Strawbridge, Geo. Stout, John T. Stuart,* M. Warrick and Jno. C. Warrick, of Sangamon county; Jas. Clifton, Gurdon S. Hubbard,* Geo. Harrison and Samuel McRoberts,² of Vermilion county; G. B. Fanchin, R. J. Gilbert and Jno. D. Johnston, of Coles county; Jno. Harrington, of Fayette county; Jas. Rutledge, of Morgan county; Roswell H. Spencer, of Rock Island county. Total, 47.

CAPT. EARL PIERCE'S Company, with Lieutenants Banford Morris, Loring Ames; Sergeants A. Westfall, P. Haynes, Wm. Smith, R. Turner; Corporals Wm. Carter, J. Black, P. Morris, J. Hanks.

Privates—A. Bridgewater, A. Black, C. M. Billington, D. Benedict, J. Benedict, J. C. Brawlie, H. Brooks, H. Bateman, G. W. Chapman, G. Childers, W. Clark, C. Dodd, J. Dickerson, B. Denson, S. Furguson, A. Feet, E. Gillingswater, D. Hansucker, A. Hedrick, H. Harrison, H. Harris, A. Harris, A. Howard, H. Jacobs, J. E. Jeffers, J. Lyell, N. McCarty, S. O. Payne, J. Peter, J. H. Raulston, J. Roberts, J. Shun, Wm. M. Shipman, L. Shaw, H. Tully, G. W. Williams, Geo. Whitehall, J. Warrick, J. B. Walker. Total, 51.

The county in which this company was raised is not given, nor term of service. The muster-roll simply says: "Illinois volunteers in the service of the U. S.," and the enlistments bear date August 2 and 16, 1832.

Gov. Reynolds, it will be remembered, says: "I appointed Jas. M. Strode Colonel of Jo Daviess county." This was immediately after Col. Strode had won the thirty mile race, from Stillman's Run to Dixon, on Jonathan Wilson's buckskin pony, which he had taken from Galena to ride to Peoria and back on trial preparatory to his purchase. As soon as Col. Strode returned to Galena from his inglorious flight, he organized what was known as the Twenty-seventh regiment of the Illinois militia, composed of nine companies, as follows:

CAPT. BENJAMIN J. ALDENRATH'S Company, of Jo Daviess county, (mustered in May 18, discharged Sept. 6, 1832,) with

¹ President Lincoln having served his twenty days in Capt. Iles' Company, re-enlisted the day of his discharge in this Company.

² Afterwards U. S. Senator from Illinois, and brother of the late Judge McRoberts.

Lieutenants Jno. C. Robinson, Daniel P. Price, Jas. Simonds; Sergeants Joseph Campbell, B. Whittimore, M. Sellman, Sam'l Moore, Geo. F. Smith; Corporals Noah Thomas, Chas. McGee, Enoch Thomas, Sam'l Love.

Privates—Jas. Billings, E. Beasley, Chas. Bilty, Thos. Brophy, N. Chandler, O. Chaney, Walter Courts, N. Carroll, A. Case, C. Crosby, S. Cord, G. H. Dickerson, Jno Duncan, Wm. Dyas, Jno. Dyas, David Dyas, L. Dooley, Wm. Fortune, Wm. Faherty, Jno. Faherty, Jno. V. Fullerton, Alex. George, L. George, Stephen George, Perret Gentel, Thos. Guthray, L. E. Grafford, G. Gocky Sam. Hathaway, Thos. Hanniman, N. Hinman, Jacob Hoozer, D. Harrison, Thos. Hubbard, G. Hubbard, Wm. Hubbard, Thos. Hugell, Pat Kinney, S. McGulpin, B. F. Moffitt, D. McCausland, P. McKinney, T. Minett, S. Moore, Jno. Phillips, D. Quinliven, M. Quinliven, Thos. L. Ross, L. Stevner, T. H. Skinner, D. Shannon, Thos. B. Stocton, G. F. Smith, Jno. Thomas, E. Thomas, Wm. Williams, Jno. Williams, Jas. Williams, Jno. Whalan, R. S. Ware, J. S. Young. Total, 75.

CAPT. JONATHAN CRAIG'S Company, of Jo Daviess county, (mustered in May 19, discharged Sept. 6, 1832) with Lieutenants Thos. Kilgore, Robt. C. Bourne; Sergeants John Furlong, Tarleton F. Brock, Jos. Craig, N. White; Corporals L. Brock, Hiram Morrison, Wm. Cadariff, Phil. Rice.

Privates—Wm. Biggs, Chas. Bilty, B. Bowman, Jno. Boy, B. Brady, E. Brock, R. B. Buster, P. Bruno, Jno. Campbell, P. Coyle, Jas. Coyle, Wm. Dalton, R. Dowling, E. Dean, P. Dugan, Jno. Dugan, Jno. Fine, W. Furlong, R. Farrar, B. Frost, Jas. Foley, Thos. Graham, Pat Gilroy, M. Haines, John Kilgore, Jas. Kelley, J. W. Kirtley, Thos. Leary, Geo. Liddle, Wm. Langford, B. Lynch, Jas. McDermott, M. Meara, Jas. McCabe, Jno. L. Maple, Wm. Morrison, Thos. Moore, Ed. Miller, K. Murray, E. McNabb, D. McNair, P. O'Leary, Jno. Parkinson, F. Richardson, Jas. Rice, Jas. Roberts, Henry Rice, A. Smith, A. Sherrill, Jno. Townsend, Bartlett Tobin, J. Van Buskirk, Noah Willis. Total, 64.

CAPT. NICHOLAS DOWLING'S Company, of Jo Daviess county, (mustered in May 19, discharged Sept. 6, 1832) with Lieutenants G. W. Campbell, Chas. Gratiot, Leonard Goss; Sergeants S. Gridley, Z. Bell, D. Argent, Geo. Furguson; Corporals A. W. Delong, N. Barber, M. Byrne, T. T. Davis; Musician Wm. Blair.

Privates—M. Byrne, Phil. Byrne, R. W. Brush, P. Coligan, C. B. Cullum, Thos. Drum, P. Ellis, I. P. Farley, Geo. Ferguson, R. Graham, T. Garner, M. Gray, B. Gray, Wm. Hempted, E. Lockwood, A. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, E. Neville, J. Nutting, R. B. Powell, S. Reed, I. Roberts, S. Roundtree, S. L. Sayer, Fred Stahl,* H. Smead, C. P. Sharp, R. Taylor, Wm. Towmer, J. Vanbuskirk, Jno. Weather, D. Wann. Total, 43

This company was commanded by Lieut. I. R. B. Gardner, of the regular army, by special request, from May 19 to July 14, 1832.

CAPT. H. H. GEAR'S Company, of Jo Daviess county, (mustered in May 19, and discharged September 6, 1832), with Lieutenants J. W. Foster, A. Baker; Sergeants F. Matthews, Wm. Alloway, R. Service, Jno. K. Robinson; Corporals F. Sheverell, L. Corey, T. Covell, H. Howerton.

Privates—C. Baganell, Wm. Boxley,¹ Geo. Bass, J. Bias, L. Bryan, G. W. B. Bennett, Wm. Bachelor, P. Cardinalle, H. Campbell, E. Cardinalle, M. Craig, A. C. Chapman, J. Cole, Chas. Carrigan, Jno. Dodge, Thos. Deslain, A. Downey, Wm. Dement, F. C. Elgin, J. H. Gray, S. Guest, Wm. Gorton, M. W. Hudson, J. Hollman, M. Hallett, J. W. Howell, P. Hughes, J. F. Kirkpatrick, P. Lestrangle, T. Laporte, M. Leopold, A. Long, M. Long, J. Means, F. McBride, J. Marsten, H. Massey, J. Mitchell, J. McDonald, Augustus Mitchell, Geo. Messmore, E. Nigh, John O'Neal, P. Ontio, Wm. Pelott, John B. Primer, — Rice, M. C. Robinson, H. Rhoads, J. Randleman, John Stuart, S. Scott, M. Sincere, S. Snyder, S. G. Simmons, C. F. Saunderson, A. Thatcher, B. Truegate, M. Truegate, J. Toulouse, H. Tooley, S. Urie, John Urie, A. Vaughn, John Williams, S. N. Williams, T. J. Webb, Wm. Young. Total, 79.

CAPT. MILTON M. MAUGH'S Company, Jo Daviess county (mustered May 19, and discharged Sept. 8, 1832), with Lieutenants Moses Swan, Wm. Johnson, Matthew Johnson; Sergeants John Turney, John C. Bond, Thos. Spriggins, John D. Bell, Wm. Johnson, Joseph Walker; Corporals A. M. Wallen, John G. Hulett, Jas. Jones, A. McCormick, Chas. T. Saunderson; Musicians, A. Procter, G. Warren.

¹The muster-roll says "killed in battle July 1," but this is not true. He was killed on the 28th of June, while working in a corn-field some eleven miles from Galena. John Thompson, who was working with him, was also killed by Winnebagoes.

Privates—John Alston, J. C. Anderson, Dave Avery, William Avery, Jacob Binninger, L. L. Barnett, R. Birdsall, L. Britt, J. P. Blakely, Geo. Bass, A. Brown, Julius Brown, G. W. Brice, Jno. C. Bond, Wm. B. Bond, Wm. Blundell, Jas. Beaty, A. Brock, A. T. Crow, T. B. Culleran, P. Cook, S. Coey, B. Digney, B. G. F. Davis, B. G. Davis, Jas. Davenport, John L. Dickinson, Levi Dillon, Jno. Dooling, G. Davidson, J. H. Dame, R. H. Drummond, I. Freth, T. B. Farnsworth, J. Fore, J. Fanly, Alex. Fanchett, Fred. Fultz, M. Foreman, Pat Gray, John Gruwell, L. Gilham, B. Hunt, E. Hendly, G. Hulett, Abe Imns, L. Igo, Wm. Igo, Jno. Ingraham, Jas. Journey, John Joslin, J. Kelley, M. Klean, John H. King, T. Lovell, W. K. Lytle, Clem. Lepage, E. Lockwood, B. Manichael, H. Maughs, D. H. T. Maughs, J. K. Maughs, Wm. McDuff, P. McClair, P. N. Miller, J. J. Maxwell, L. S. McAllister, D. McRainey, E. Martin, W. Perregon, John Paul, John B. Patterson,¹ S. Rice, Thos. Rice, John Rice, Jno. Roberts, F. Rickman, P. Rose, L. Roedeaux, John Stukey, J. B. Stewart, Wm. Smith, O. Smith, Jas. Smith, Wm. Smith, 2d, N. Smith, R. W. Spears, B. Stoner, Wm. Stephenson, F. Saunett, P. Sagan, John Strait, Wm. Shaw, E. Scribner, R. Saucer, O. P. Sherman, John Shaw, J. Sincour, P. Shirmer, T. Slayton, John Tharp, Jas. Taylor, John Turney, Robert Templeton, H. M. Usher, John Vansand, Henry Willard, T. J. Webb, Jas. Walker,* G. Wells, Joseph Walker, Jeremiah Wood, L. Young, Hiram Young. Total, 131.

CAPT. CHAS. McCoy's Company, from Jo Daviess county, (mustered in May 27, discharged September 6, 1832,) with Lieutenants Jas. W. Miller, Jesse Yount; Sergeants P. T. January, D. Billings, H. Young, John Tyree; Corporals J. W. Smallwood, Wm. Barnhouse, J. Crawford, Jno. Brown.

Privates—A. Baker, Jas. Blundrett, Sylvester Baker, Abraham Coffman, H. Curtis, O. Cottle, Hy. Curtis, C. Eversoul, Wm. Field, Joseph Gossett, B. R. Gillett, A. I. Green, B. Gilbert, Jas. Grantjean, John Hindman, L. Igo, V. Lillipon, F. Langet, L. Lewis, E. McGee, V. B. Miller, Thos. McNair, R. Marlow, Jno. R. Nicholson, Irwin Organ, Geo. Phelps, Allen Rand, Jno. Reed, M. Richey, Chris. Shults, Wm. M. Stewart, Jno. Stewart, W. Town, D. Tessott, J. Tyree, Peyton Vaughn, Jno. Wolcott, R. R. Young, Wm. C. Young, B. M. Yount, Geo. Yount. Total, 52.

¹ Publisher of Black Hawk's Autobiography; still living at Oquawka.

CAPT. SAMUEL H. SCALES' Company, from Jo Daviess county, (mustered in May 16, discharged Sept. 6, 1832,) with Lieutenants Jno. L. Soals, Geo. Wells; Sergeants Jas. Smith, J. B. Woodson,† Wm. Davis, Jno. Nevib; Corporals R. Willis, R. Hendrix, S. Corey, E. Chapman.

Privates—E. Brock, H. Cook, E. Charles, N. Davis, Jno. Davis, Jonathan Davis, Ben. Frost, Julius Gibson, Jas. Hendrix, D. Hale, Jas. L. Hawkins, Wm. House, Cyr Lytchtenberger, Con Lytchtenberger, Wm. McMath, G. B. Miller, Jno. McKee, Jno. Streeter, S. Shook, I. Smitch, Joshua Streeter, H. Walbridge, John Wood, Geo. Wood, Wm. Woods, Wm. Wadhams, John Wadhams, Jas. Woodcock. Total, 40.

CAPT. CLACK STONE'S Company, Jo Daviess county (mustered in May 25; out, Sept. 6, 1832), with Lieutenants Heber Morris, Samuel Jimmerson; Sergeants Geo. Lowry, Jeff. Clark.

Privates—John Armstrong, D. Armstrong, J. Bean, Charles Bean, David Clark, Horace Cook, Westly Crane, Thos. Crane, D. Fowler, W. Hack, John Hack, Jr., John Hack, Sr., James Hack, Milton Hack, Thad. Hitt, Sam. Hulett, S. P. Howard,† John B. Immerson, R. B. Johnson, Wm. Johnson, Jr., J. B. Kerkley, Thomas Kilyan, John Knox, Jesse Lee, Wm. Lawhoon, Nathaniel Morris, D. Milligan, H. Milligan, F. I. Murdock, John Murdock, G. Matthews, Josiah Nutting, O. Rittenhouse, E. Rollings, B. Tart, A. Thatcher, H. Van Vaultingburg, J. Vanbuskirk, Daniel Wooton, M. Wooton, R. Williams, Ambrose White. Total, 47.

CAPT. LAMBERT P. VANSBURGH'S Company, Jo Daviess county (mustered in May 18—out, Sept. 6, 1832), with Lieutenants J. W. Blackstone, Henry Cavener; Sergeants L. Hillyard, Thos. L. Potter, J. W. Blackstone, E. Griggs, A. M. Neville, Wm. Tomlinson, Wm. Mattox; Corporals Thos. Reed, Wm. P. Ravandaugh, E. Mattox, Wm. Tomlinson, Jas. Arwin.

Privates—C. C. Ashbrock, Jas. Ammeman, H. Austin, J. H. Ballard, B. Ballard, Sam Beard, Israel Broody, William Brown, Wash Broody, H. Crothers, Wm. Cunningham, John Cunningham, John Crigan, Pat Clary, John Craghead, L. Dooly, James Davenport, David Divin, J. Donall, Wm. East, W. J. Fulton, P. Fugate, E. Funtress, P. Gallagher, W. Hullgate, Z. Hoffman, T. Humes, Sam Huling, I. S. Harden, Jas. Hayes, Alphs, Ingraham, Wm. Johnson, E. Jourdan, Pat Karnes, H. Knowland, Jas. Larkin, Willin Lawhorn, Wm. Mattox, E. Mattox, Richard Murphy,

Daniel McKaney, George O'Banion, Alex. Orme, Wm. O'Brian, John Palmer, L. Phalen, John Ragan, Jacob Ritter, Ben. Robinson, E. L. Ruggle, G. W. Stevens, Wm. Smith, George Scott, Phil. Sain, Willis Thompson, Charles Tracy, J. C. Thomas, John Williams, Henry M. Wilson, Levi Whittle, Samuel Walker, Hezekiah Wright. Total, 76.

Total number rank and file in this regiment, 607.

Nathaniel Buckmaster, of Alton, Illinois, raised a company in Madison county June 2d, and marched rapidly to defend the northeastern frontier, and was appointed Major by the Governor, in command of what was known as "Buckmaster's Battalion," consisting of three companies, to-wit: His own, under command of Capt. Aaron Armstrong (the muster-roll of which appears on page 681, ante), and

CAPT. HOLDEN SEISSION'S Company, of Cook county, (mustered in July 23d; out, Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants R. Stephens and Wm. H. Bradford; Sergeants, James Sayers, Uriah Wentworth, John Cooper, A. Francis; Corporals A. Runyan, Thomas Coons, C. C. Vanhorn.

Privates—Wm. Barlow, Jos. Cox, Tim B. Clark, Barrett Clark, Wm. Clark, Wm. Chapman, David Crandell, Alva Crandell, Enoch Darling, Samuel Flemming; P. Frame, Thomas Franciss, John Friend, Aaron Friend, Wm. Gougar, John Gongar, Nicholas Gougar, Daniel Gougar, Daniel Haight, Silas Henderson, Alfred Johnson, Joseph Johnson, James Johnson, Peter Lampseed, Peter Lemsis, Selah Lamfear, Aaron More, Dan. Maggard, John McDeed, James McDeed, Daniel Mack, Benjamin Maggard, Jas. Mathews, Joseph Norman, George Pettyjohn, Anderson Poor, Calvin Rowley, Wm. Rodgers, Rufus Rice, Daniel Robb, W. H. Scott, Lucius Scott, David Smith, Oren Stephens, O. L. Turner, Abraham Van Horne, S. C. Van Horne, Aaron Wares, John Wilson. Total, 60.

Total in battalion, 147 men.

CAPT. SOLOMON MILLER'S Company, of St. Clair county (mustered in April 27; out, Aug. 2, 1832), with Lieutenants Jacob S. Stout, Wm. H. Phillips; Sergeants Enoch Lucky, Lewis Doyle, James Pettit, Robert Higgins; Corporals George Higgins, W. Smith, B. Beer, B. I. Smith; Farrier, Thomas Ervin; Saddler, John D. Hughs; Armorer, Michael Randleman; Trumpeter, John W. Johnson.

Privates—Wm. Beer, Wm. Carroll, V. Callehan, Wm. Collier, N. Cornoyer, John Dunn, D. L. Eastwood, John A. Franklin, Ben. Fike, A. Fike, L. Gonville, S. Gaskill, R. Hughes, J. Holcomb, Wm. Hill, James Hill, Vital Jarrot,* J. M. Jackson, John Koen, John Krupp, G. McMurtrie, John Macculley, C. O'Harro, M. Phelps, S. Patterson, G. W. Payne, D. P. Quick, G. C. Quick, R. Reynolds, S. Rogers, J. Reames, Wm. Stout, John Stubblefield, Wm. B. Short, James Scott, C. Taylor, John Taylor, John Vertrees, B. Vannosdal, Wm. Watson, Gilley Walker, E. Wilson, Samuel Whiteside. Total, 58.

Capt. Miller raised and commanded a company in 1831, and participated in the attack on the "Briers and Brush" on Vandruff's Island, June 26, 1831, but since we fail to find any mention of him or his company, which appears to have been mustered out at Belleville. We presume the Governor held them like Capt. Dorsey's, "to range on that portion of St. Clair county and prevent the settlers from leaving their homes," but more especially to guard the residence of his Excellency while he was serving his country in the north by issuing proclamations and punishing watermelons, for he was specially fond of melons.

CAPT. JOSEPH NAPIER'S Company, of Cook county (elisted July 19, and mustered out Aug. 16; 1832), with Lieutenants Alanson Sweet and Sherman King; Sergeants S. M. Salisbury, John Manning, Walter Stowell, John Napier; Corporals T. E. Parsons, Lyman Butterfield, J. P. Blodgett, Nelson Murray.

Privates—A. Ament, Cal. Ament, Wm. Barber, Dennis Clark, George Fox, Caleb Foster, John Fox, Wm. Gault, J. H. Geddiens, Peres Hawley, Edmund Harrison, Bailey Hobson, Daniel Langdon, P. F. W. Peck,* T. Parsons, Uriah Paine, Christopher Paine, John Stevens, John Stevens, Jr., Willard Scott, Augustine Stowell, C. M. Stowell, R. M. Sweet, Seth Waistcoat, H. T. Wilson, Peter Wicoffe. Total, 37.

Thus, the total number of Illinois volunteers called out by Gov. Reynolds and actually mustered into the military service of the United States to drive Black Hawk and his band west of the Mississippi was 4,639 men, rank and file. This is independent of the second army, under the Dixon call of May 15, to assemble at Hennepin June 10, 1832, and later calls. These 4,639 men organized into 94 companies, ranging from 23 to 131 men.

SECOND ARMY.

The second army was raised and organized under the Governor's call of May 15, 1832, "for at least 2,000 more volunteers," and subsequent calls. This army was permitted to elect its own officers at Fort Wilbourne—where the city of La Salle now stands—June 16, 1832, and was formed into three brigades. The first two brigades were composed of three regiments each, and the third of four. To each brigade a spy battalion was attached, leaving some twenty companies in detachments.

We have not been able to obtain copies of the brigade, regimental or battalion rosters. They were in charge of the late Gen. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, who was inspector general of the Illinois volunteers, in 1832. In his letter (see Chapter XXIV, ante,) he says, "I have among my papers, in New York, all the original muster rolls of the Illinois volunteers," etc. This letter was written by him from Tours, in France, May 10, 1870, but a short time before his death. The company muster rolls are on file at the Adjutant General's office, in Springfield, but the names of the field and staff officers are not known; hence, we can only give a partial roster.

FIRST BRIGADE—FIRST REGIMENT.

CAPT. JOHN BAYS' Company, Gallatin county (mustered in at Fort Wilbourne, June 16, and out at Dixon, Aug. 12, 1832), with Lieutenants Wm. Robertson and Daniel Wood; Sergeants John Dawson, A. Davenport, John T. Brown, Sol McCloud; Corporals I. W. Pettigrew, John Woods, Thomas Smothers, Reuben Green.

Privates—E. Baker, James Bridges, Thomas L. Bridges, John B. Bryant, Daniel Brown, Samuel Brown, David Bays, Jr., Wm. M. Cummons, John Elder, Wm. Giles, Garret Garner, Willis Hargraves, Jr., Carter Hargraves, Benjamin Henderson, W. Hamons, Jno. Hutson, Wm. Johnson, Jas. Kenrick, Lewis Levil, T. S. Mundine, Jas. B. McCaslin, Jeff Niswonger, Jas. Pruitt, John Robinnett, Green Reed, John Sands, Alexander Thorn, Green Tadlock, Thomas Vaughn, E. Williams, George Wrinkle. Total, 43.

CAPT. DAVID B. RUSSELL'S Company, Gallatin county (dates of muster same as Capt. Bay's company), with Lieutenants Wm. Pankey; Sergeants George P. Keith, Claiborne Henderson, Thos. Pickering, S. F. Mitchell; Corporals Jourdan Cook, Edward Hampton, Robert Mitchell, Thomas Dodd; Bugleman, Jesse Hall.

Privates—Mat Abney, Josiah Blackman, Duncan Cotner, Cullen Cook, John Covington, Thomas Duncan, Squire Dunn, Z. Fleming, W. H. Gaskins, Thomas Gulley, John Griffin, James S. Griffin, James Hope, Ansley Harris, Gillam Harris, James Holland, Jacob Holmes, Wm. Hide, John Howell, Riley Howell, John Hull, W. G. Hutchison, T. Ingram, John T. Johnson, Henry Pierson, John Russell, Mack Robinson, H. Rood, A. Rood, John Smothers, Levi Shoot, Lewis Stiff, Thomas Stanley, John Waggoner. Total, 45.

CAPT. HARRISON WILSON'S Company, Gallatin county (dates of muster, etc., same as Capt. Bay's), with Lieutenants John Logston, John Willis; Sergeants Charles Hood, Robert Sidle, Sol. Brown, M. Alexander; Corporals H. Coffee, I. Crabtree, Wm. Keaton, R. Tarlton.

Privates—R. Alexander. R. A. S. Barger, H. Burnet, James Baker, John T. Clack, Wm. Cox, Wm. Coop, John Caldwell, James M. Davis, Frank Davis, Wm. Ellis Wm. Giberson, R. Hogan, Henry Holey, Even Huston, F. W. Jones, Page Jacobs, Robert Kirkendal, Joe Logston, O. Pool, James C. Peeples, B. Scroggins, Washington Taylor, Jacob Willis, Andrew Woodle. Alexander Hall, Wm. M. Wallace, John A. McClernand,* and Mershale Rawlands, enlisted in this company, but were promoted at the organization of the brigade. Hall was appointed as aide de camp, Wallace as paymaster, McClernand as quartermaster and Rawlands as his assistant quartermaster, on Gen. Posey's staff. Total, 39.

CAPT. JOEL HOLLIDAY'S Company, Gallatin county (muster, etc., as in Bays' company), with Lieutenants Turner Cook, John J. Dean; Sergeants Benjamin Kinsall, R. R. Deull, Q. Right, T. S. Swearer; Corporals D. Kinsall, John Newman, E. B. Puckett, Benj. Hubbs.

Privates—John Adams, George Bish, Wm. Barker, Jesse Barker, Adonijah Brown, David Bozarth, James Brown, Thomas Burris, Wm. Cayton, James Crissop, James Cusack, John Dunson, Levi Fouch, John Fouch, Sol. Hays, James R. Haskins, John W. Herod, Wm. Heraldson, E. Hutchcraft, J. Jones, J. B. Johnson, E. G. Luther, Thomas Morrow, F. Morrow, S. Nelson, Alexander Patillo, Thomas Powell, A. Quigley, N. Ralls, H. B. Sherwood, Thomas Sherwood, Wm. Shumacker, Peter Smith,

* Part of this company was detached, under Capt. Stephenson, in Spy Battalion, post.

Wm. Sampson, R. Stiff, James Trousdale, M. Thompson, Charles Venson, S. Westbrook, James Williams, H. B. Williams, Mason Wood. Total, 54. This company was raised by Capt. James Caldwell, who resigned, as captain, June 19.

The following named persons enlisted, but refused to march with the company to Kaskaskia: A. B. Dake, Philip Edwards, Jonathan Hugston, Jonathan Keeny, Wm. Lafferty, James L. Reynolds, Amos Tally—7, and consequently were not mustered into service.

CAPT. ARCHILAUS COFFEY'S Company, Gallatin county (dates of muster as above), with Lieutenants D. Botright, Willis Stricklen; Sergeants A. Warner, Samuel Kavney, John Garner, Wm. Chosier; Corporals Wiley Roberts, John Rhyon, D. A. Grable, G. Hamilton.

Privates—Henry Abner, A. Alshear, Isaac Barger, Geo. Bond, Stephen Bond, J. K. Carder, Jonathan Hall, James Hawkins, James Hedge, Peter Hause, Richard Isam, George Karnes, John Karnes, Jas. Karnes, Abraham Lewis, Jason Martin, Richmond Morris, Nedum Medling, Thos. Oldham, A. Pryor, Jas. Pogue, J. P. Richey, Wm. Ryon, John Smith, J. H. Smith, P. Spruel, Wm. Stricklin, Thos. Tongue, John Upchurch, Thos. Upchurch, Jonathan Upchurch, Thomas Whitesides, Robert Ware, David Carney, John Cox, W. Fletcher, Wm. Garrett, Henry Strickland. Total, 50.

SECOND REGIMENT OF FIRST BRIGADE.

CAPT. GEORGE P. BOWYER'S¹ Company, Franklin county (dates as before given), with Lieutenants Jacob Phillips, Thomas P. Moore; Sergeants Thomas Adams, Jacob Chark, Edward Franklin; Corporals Wm. Flemming, Wm. Akins, Augustus Adams; Bugler, Wm. Whittington.

Privates—B. Adams, Thomas Bevers, James Bowling, Benj. Bowling, H. Bowyer, John Berry, Jacob Bailey, James Browning, Wm. Clampett, E. Cleveland, John Chark, Jesse Cleveland, R. Clark, J. P. Due, John Dement* (elected Major of Spy Battalion), V. Dillingham, A. Estes, James Farris, Joe Gifford, Thomas Hail, M. Jourdan, E. Jourden, James Jourden, N. Morgan, A. Neal, James Plaisters, Abe Redburn, G. Robertson, A. W. Richardson, John Scribner, James Summers, Noah Sum-

¹ See detachment under Capt. Stephenson, with Spy Battalion, post, for balance of this company.

mers, James Schoolcraft, John Slatér, Ben. Whittington, James Whittington, Ben. Williams, William Ward, Joseph Western. Total, 49.

CAPT. WM. J. STEPHENSON'S Company,¹ Franklin county (mustered in June 16; out, Aug. 4, 1832), with Lieut. Tramel Ewing; Sergeants John P. Maddox, A. P. Corder, H. Hays, John T. Knox; Corporals Thomas Provence, M. Rawlins; Musician, Walter B. Scates,* (now of Chicago.)

Privates—John Bobbitt, J. B. Denning, Elisha Eubanks, A. P. Farris, H. Garrett, R. Garrett, Wm. Gassaway, B. F. Hickman, (promoted to aid-de-camp on Governor's staff) John Hays, W. A. Hubbard, L. Hillen, N. Jones, Thomas Knox, L. Lynch, Wm. P. Maddox, A. Miller, Moses Neal, B. W. Pope, H. Rotramel, A. Robertson, E. Rawlings, W. Rea, H. Swafford, H. M. Silkwood, B. Talbot. Total, 34.

CAPT. OBEDIAH WEST'S Company, Franklin county (mustered in June 16; out Aug. 6, 1832), with Lieutenants Robert West, Hugh Parks; Sergeants W. Scott, Wm. Henry;² Corporal M. Odum.

Privates—James Browning, P. Bradley, Wash. Beasley, John Cunningham, E. Franklin, I. Groves, J. Hooker, A. Henry, J. Joiner, H. Layman, J. Meredith, Wm. Murphy, A. Provence, Thomas Pulley, Sam Parks, R. Price, A. Parks, Wm. Rich, Wm. Ran, Seth Roper, D. H. Springs, R. Worthen, John Ward, D. Ward, R. Watson, Isaac Youngblood, George Zacharias. Total, 33.

CAPT. CHARLES DUNN'S Company, Pope county (mustered in June 16; out August 13, 1832), with Lieutenants Joseph Neal, John Raum* (promoted to Brigade Major of First Brigade), James H. McColugh;³ Sergeants J. R. Pratt, A. H. Drinnon; Corporals James F. Johnson, John Hamilton,* Jason B. Smith.

Privates—James Arnold, Wm. Anderson, David Bruce, Thomas Bruce, Wm. A. Barr, George W. Cowsert, John M. Dobbins, J. S. Hawley, Richard Hughes, Joseph Harper, Thomas Hall, John P. Hodge, Jacob Kennedy, John McCool, John Merow, Wm. M.

¹ Capt. Stephenson, with detachments from his own company, and Captains Dunn's, Russell's, Durham's, West's, Haliday's and Bennett's companies were detached and served in the Spy Battalion, under Major Dement. The lists will be found following Capt. Bowman's Company, p. 706, post.

² For balance of this command see Capt. Stephenson's detached command in Spy Battalion, post.

³ For balance of this command see Capt. Stephenson's detached command in Spy Battalion, post.

Paistly, Daniel Pearce, W. R. Palmore, C. H. Palmore, N. Pattello, M. Y. Pratt, John Paisley, James Rose, H. Slankard, H. G. Smith, Joseph Wiley, John Whiteside. Total, 36.

CAPT. JONATHAN DURMAN'S Company, Pope county (mustered in June 16; out, Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants S. S. Barger, Jacob Benyard;¹ Sergeants John B. Witt, Thomas M. Ellis, G. B. Veatch, A. M. Hazel; Corporals John Lewis, Thomas Matthews.

Privates—A. Anderson, M. Allen, J. Banty, James Bailey, D. Bowman, James Crawford, Wm. Carlyle, S. Cowsent, C. Davis, J. C. Demick, Wm. Dorset, James Holland, E. Hobbs, Wm. Harlice, C. Hobbs, A. Jones, A. King, John King, J. L. Lewis, John Lauderdale, I. L. Martin, A. Noaks, James Perrin, R. R. Raney, J. Slankard, John Williams, James Williams, Josiah Williams, Isom Williams, I. F. Watkins, Squire Wallace, J. West. Total, 41.

CAPT. ARMSTEAD HOLMAN'S Company—county not given, Fayette, we think—(mustered in June 15, out Aug. 2, 1832), with Lieutenants James Duncan, Squire Howell; Sergeants O. H. Willey, Joel Norris, Abraham Duncan, W. L. Crain; Corporals Samuel Hunter, John Spiller, Willis Tiner, James Norris; Musician, Thomas C. Lowden.

Privates—L. Boyd, Noah Crain, S. Crain, W. B. Crain, M. R. Crain, C. Crain, A. Chitty, Thomas Daniels, L. Durock, Wm. H. Duncan, Thomas Fisher, Sol. Fisher, Isaac Gulley, Thomas Hail, George W. Hunter, Reuben Herring, Thomas Hancock, Wm. Hyndman, W. Huffman, Thomas James, John Lastly, Isaac Lewis, Archibald McAlley, Ezekiel Moake, M. Nelson, James M. Nelson, John Phenix, James S. Russell, Wm. Rowland, P. J. Russell, Wm. Rawls, H. Rawls, B. T. Ryburn, John B. Spiller, D. Stroud, L. Stroud, M. B. Spiller, John Stack, Wm. H. Tarp-ley, James Tippy, I. Tiner, J. Tiner, T. S. Williams, D. Williams, H. Yancey, W. R. Yancey. Total, 58.

Grand total, 251.

This regiment elected John Ewing colonel; John Raum, of Pope county, major; James F. Johnston was appointed quartermaster.

THIRD REGIMENT OF THE FIRST BRIGADE.

CAPT. ARDIN BIGGERSTAFF'S Company, Hamilton county (mustered in June 16; out, Aug. 13, 1832), with Lieutenants L. Lane, W. W. Wiltes; Sergeants W. W. Gholson, Jas. M. Wilson, Jas.

¹ For balance of this company see Capt. Stephenson's detached command in Spy Battalion, post.

Allen, Sr., Wm. Fuller; Corporals J. G. Weaver, B. I. Allen, G. Gholson, Sol. Skelton; Fifer, Elisha Everett; Trumpeter, A. G. Grimes.

Privates—John Allen, James Allen, Jr., J. H. Bryant, William Bryant, James Blake, A. Couch, E. Cook, Wm. Campbell, Wm. Drew, E. Everett, J. F. Gallagher, John Gibson, A. S. Hynes, Sam'l Johnson, J. Jourdan, T. S. Jenkins, Wm. Johnson, John Lowry, D. R. Mayberry, Fred. Mayberry, D. Morris, Samuel Martin, J. Moore, E. G. Porter, Wm. Riley, F. A. Riley, J. M. Richey, Charles Sexton, N. Stull, N. D. Steerman, W. M. Steerman, J. Shelton, A. Trotter, N. Trammel, J. F. Thomason, Wash. Wheeler, John Wheeler. Total, 50.

CAPT. JOHN ONSLOTT'S Company, Clay county, (mustered in June 16; out, Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants T. P. Hanson, A. J. Moore; Sergeants C. Wright, E. Bashford, A. T. Patterson, Jas. Pompkins; Corporals S. Whitely, S. B. Walker, J. Whiteley, F. Herman.

Privates—J. T. Ano, J. Creek, James Cook, S. B. Carbaugh, Young Chamberlin, A. Campbell, L. Daniels, A. S. Fitzgerald, J. Lethcoe, R. Logan, H. McDaniel, R. McDaniel, John McGrew, Jas. McKenney, B. W. Moseley, P. Mortin, J. G. Nicholson, Jas. Nelson, I Rogers, Thomas Rogers, J. Skief, A. Songer, L. Stallings, D. Sincoe, John Sutton, John Speaker, F. Tarter, J. Van Cleave, Isaac Walker, James L. Wickersham, M. Whiteley. Total, 42.

CAPT. JAMES HALL'S Company, Hamilton county (mustered in June 16; out Aug. 13, 1832), with Lieutenants John Burton, John Townsend; Sergeants M. Carpenter, R. Witt, John M. Smith, Alfred More; Corporals Jno. Heard, C. Heard, K. T. Maulding, W. Atkinson; Bugleman, Clinton Hopkins.

Privates—Phil. Adair, E. Bond, John Burnett, S. Brown, E. Burress, T. Coffee, S. Cannimore, M. Coons, James Davenport,* John Fouch, Charles Hungate, Joseph Hall, S. Hutson, Thomas Hall, T. J. Hauks, Jesse Johnston, Charles Krisel, John Krisel, L. Lane, Levin Lane, F. Meredith, Samuel Monday, A. McBroom, Wm. McLaughlin, Wm. Morris, A. Maulding, Rhebin Oglesby, A. Overturf, Charles Phelps, Alexander Pauley, Wm. Perry, W. Prigmore, J. Redrick, John Rich, J. Reynolds, M. Sheerly, James Schoolcraft, M. Sims, H. Townsend, E. Tramel, S. White, Wiley Williams, Samuel Ward. Total, 55.

CAPT. JAMES N. CLARK'S Company, Wayne county (mustered in June 16, out Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants D. Ray J. Laird; Sergeants D. Sumpter, Wm. A. Howard, H. Oley, I. Street, Corporals J. Walker, J. A. McWhartens, L. Watkins, N. E. Roberts.

Privates—H. Austin, J. H. Austin, D. Alexander, R. Bain, G. Bradshaw, A. Bradshaw, A. Bullard, J. M. Campbell, James Clark, Wm. Clark, Y. H. Dickerson, George Dolton, A. C. Dolton, George Farleigh, J. F. Fitzgerald, J. L. Garrison, J. Garrison, Wm. Graham, J. Hargrave, Wm. Harland, A. Haws, B. Haws, John Hanson, S. James, P. Kenshalow, D. Martin, N. Martin, A. Mays, James Mays, Wm. McCullam, Joseph Morris, Chesley Ray, A. Ray, J. Rister, F. Sanders, R. Sessions, D. D. Slocumb, D. Smith, James Trotter, J. Tyler, George Walker, G. Walker, Jeff. Warrick, J. R. Warrick, J. G. Widdus, John L. White. Total, 57.

CAPT. B. G. WELLS' Company, Wayne county (dates of muster as last above), with Lieutenants John Brown, James B. Carter; Sergeants H. Stewart, James G. Browner, Leon Harrys, R. T. Serratt; Corporals R. S. Harriss, A. Butler, E. Harriss, Ransum, Harriss; Drummer, Nathan Franklin; Trumpeter, J. Wilsey.

Privates—John Bird, Justis Beach, John Browner, John Berry, R. D. Cates, Robert Cates, H. H. Cook, James M. Cook, I. Carter, Wm. Carter, J. Downer, R. R. Gasten, J. Hall, I. Hodges; Isaiiah Hodges, J. C. Harland, M. Hart, Joe Harriss, Wm. Irvin, S. Lock, J. McCracken, N. Martin, S. Neal, Andrew Neal, Henry Neal, Thomas Phelps, Nicholas Smith, John G. Stephenson, E. Shoemaker, Hugh Shoemaker, J. Stephenson, John W. Snider, W. Staton, F. G. Turner, James Turner, Wm. White, M. C. Wells, C. C. Young. Total, 51.

Total number in the regiment, 255.

SPY BATTALION—FIRST BRIGADE.

CAPT. WM. N. DOBBINS' Company, Marion county (mustered in June 16, out, Aug. 16, 1832), with Lieutenants S. Yocam, James Gray; Sergeants John F. Draper, Alfred Ray, S. Hull, D. Mynes; Corporals H. Farthing, W. B. Hadden, W. T. Booth, Jos. Gray.

Privates—B. Allen, John Allen, D. W. Allman, Wellas Chandler, Wm. H. Craig, S. Craig, G. R. Dunken, John Eagan, Wm. Farmer, Green Fields, Nathan Field, Wm. Gaston, Wm. Gray, Wm. Hill, James Hollen, Wm. G. Hutchison, S. H. Hays, John

F. Jones, W. King, Wm. King, Jas. Lovell, H. M. Livenstone, H. McDaniel, J. McGuire, Wm. McGee, D. H. Mabry, W. Marsh, N. B. Nelms, C. Piles, Z. Phelps, Jno. Phelps, J. J. Richeson, Jesse Sterges, W. Smith, John F. Smith, B. M. Tompson, John Uhls, James Williams, A. Warren, L. Wright, Edward Young. On detail duty: Isaac Coppall, Jas. Eagan, Wm. Howell. Total, 55.

CAPT. JAMES BOWMAN'S Company, Jefferson county (mustered in June 16, out, Aug. 16, 1832), with Lieutenants Franklin S. Casey, Green Deprist; Sergeants Stephen C. Hicks, Eli D. Anderson, John R. Suterfield, D. Littleton; Corporals George Bullock, Jas. Bullock, Isaac S. Casey, Isaac Deprist.

Privates—Stinson H. Anderson (promoted to the Coloneley and afterwards Lieutenant Governor), W. Atchison, Ignatius Atchison, Wm. Allen,† Wm. Bingeman, Joseph Bradford, M. D. Bruce, Philip C. Buffington, John Baugh, James Black,† Jas. B. Band,† Abner Bradford,† S. W. Carpenter, Zadok Casey* (promoted to Paymaster, and was then Ex-Lieutenant Governor), John Darnall, Wm. Deweze, G. Elkin, R. Elkin, I. Faulkenby, Wm. D. Gastin, Willis B. Holder, Wm. B. Hays, James Ham, Joel Harlow, John Isam, D. Kitrel, James C. Martin, Robert Meek,† J. F. Miner, J. E. McBrien, H. Newby, Josh Owens, Peter Owens, Wiott Parish, G. W. Pace, Marcus Randolph,† James Rhea, J. Reynolds, Wm. Tarnisan. Total, 50.

Capt. Wm. J. Stephenson's detached command, being parts of his own and Captains Dunn's, Russell's, West's, Haliday's and Bowyer's companies, with Lieut. James G. Corder; Sergt. Abraham Ray; Corporals James G. Trovillian, Wm. Crawford.

Privates—Wm. England, James W. Flannagan, Robert Galloway, B. N. Harrison, John Hutson, L. Herold, James Ice, W. Jones, Wm. Kirkpatrick, E. Kirkpatrick, W. L. Mutton, C. Newman, Wm. Piner, John Polk, John Taylor, M. Williams. Total, 20.

From Capt. Dunn's Company, Sergeants W. T. Walters, James Modglin, S. Roper; Corp. Ransom King; Privates A. S. Barger, E. Crane, D. Cooper, John Dyke, James Fulkeson, Wm. Lauderdale, W. H. Walters, Thos. Walters, Jr., Wm. Whiteside—13.

From Capt. Russell's Company, Lieut. E. Vinson; Privates J. Birchum, I. Dunn, Allen Hill, D. Hampton, Wm. Wise—6.

From Capt. Arman's Company, Corporals Alex. McCarkle, Thos. W. Tanner; Bugler, John Castner; Privates Wm. Alexander, R. Bennett, Wm. H. Bayless, Joel Dyer, James Holoman, John McMurphy, John A. Tanner, Wm. Williams, S. Wallace—12.

From Capt. West's Company, Sergeants James Youngblood, James Parker; Corporals A. Youngblood, M. Asbridge, O. Rich; Privates John Cane, Wm. Finney, Wm. Groves, Wm. Gibbons, L. Keaster, George Keaster, John Murphy, J. Welty, S. Youngblood, J. Youngblood—15.

From Capt. Holiday's Company, Private Mason Wood.

From Capt. Bowyer's Company, Sergeant Elijah Estes; Corporal John Suleven; Privates W. L. Aikins, John Estes, O. Hutson, Aikin McClain—6.

Total in company, 73, making the total of the battalion 166.

Private John Dement,* of Capt. Bowyer's company, was elected Major of this Spy Battalion, and did the really only fighting of the war, at Kellogg's Grove, June 25, 1832.

The First Brigade was 915 strong, rank and file, exclusive of regimental, staff and brigade officers. On the 16th of June, 1832, it elected Alexander Posey,* M. D., of Equality, Ill., its commander, and Gov. Reynolds commissioned him a brigadier general. His staff officers are not given for the reason before stated. Gen. John A. McClernand, though but 19 years old, was a member of his staff, with rank of Colonel. The General is still living, hale and hearty, though now 74 years old.

SECOND BRIGADE—FIRST REGIMENT.

CAPT. THOMAS B. ROSS' Company, Coles county (organized June 18, mustered out Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants James Shaw and Isaac Lewis (resigned July 25), Thomas Sconce; Sergeants J. Shaw, D. Needham, Thomas Barnham, S. M. Parker, S. Doty; Corporals V. S. Castin, James James, John Barnham.

Privates—N. Austin, J. J. Adams, H. N. Ashman, Mark Baker, Thomas Barker, Jesse Bracken, J. G. Brown, John Carrico, R. Canterbury, H. Custin, John Chadwell, Wm. Duty, R. Duty, John W. Easton, Samuel Frust, Wm. Frazier, H. Frost, P. Gordon, G. Gastin, J. G. Gately (of Sangamon), Jonathan Hart, A. Halfhill, Thomas Hays, S. Kellogg, S. H. Lester, Wm. Logan, I. Odell, C. D. Phelps, N. Parker, Ben Parker, Jr., Jonathan Parker, Thomas Riley, T. C. Sluder, A. Scott, J. H. Stone, T. G. M. Shin, O. Vincent G. L. VanWinkle, Wm. M. White, John Waldrope (of Clark), Henry Williams, H. Williams, Wm. Waldrope, D. Woodall, John Young. Total, 57.

CAPT. SAMUEL BRIMBERRY'S Company, Edgar county (organized June 19, mustered out Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenant Phil. B. Smith; Sergeants James Adams, Wm. Craig, Wm. Morgan, John Morgan; Corporals John Ripple, John Young.

Privates—Val. Anglin, Phil. Cronnick, John Crist, J. Clapp, D. M. Charters, I. N. Craig, Alexander Craig, R. Craig, I. Elledge, John Ferrell, Wm. Ferrell, Wm. Goodman, H. Grinder, R. Henson, Richard Jones, Thos. Jones, G. Redmond, E. Wells, James Walls, S. Williams, D. A. Wells. Morris Anglin and Jos. Anderson were mustered in June 19, but failed to pass medical examination, and were discharged June 21, 1832. Total, 30.

CAPT. ISSAC SANFORD'S Company, Edgar county (organized May 10, mustered in June 19, out Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants Wm. Runyan, Aloysius Brown; Sergeants T. J. Buntain, G. G. Boord, C. Bodine, A. Van Houton; Corporals John D. Bozith, John Smith, Wineson Robertson, James Cummings.

Privates—H. C. Allen, A. E. Buntain, F. Breeden, E. Bradshaw, M. H. Boord, G. W. Cupps, John Cowan, Abisha Camp, John Cummings, Abe Davis, H. Drummond, James Davis, James Ewing, A. Edwards, Geo. Ewing, Thos. Furnish, A. Foster, Jno. Foster, John Fuller, James Gillepey, George Harding, A. Hunter, John Hollingsworth, Ben. Hunsacker, John Hill, James Hawkins, S. R. Hunter, H. Jourdan, Young Kehoe, John Knight, J. Knight, Jacob Lowery, William Lewis, C. K. Martin, W. C. Murphy, L. McIntire, H. McCully, Wm. Montgomery, David Morrison, John Martain, Sam Macey, Thomas Nolle, George C. Pownell, J. C. Percell, Ed. Percell, M. Ray, I. Ray, Jesse Ray, Jas. Ray, Wm. Ray, Wm. Ross, George Reed, Wm. Reed, D. Ripple, M. Ripple, F. Stump, Joe Taylor, G. N. Taylor, I. Van Houtan, Wm. Van Houtan, L. Wilson, R. Wilson. Total, 74.

CAPT. ROBERT GRIFFIN'S Company, Edgar county (organized May 10, mustered in June 19, out Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants George Moke, Wm. N. Redman; Sergeants J. Raper, George Phillips, E. Minor, George Redman; Corporals James McCoy, Wm. P. Hicklin, W. H. Faulkner, A. M. Qurvy.

Privates—E. Alexander, William Bryant, J. Craig, James Coe, Levi Clapp, Wm. Darnal, A. Downs, S. Davis, F. Dick, Wm. Elledge, Wm. Flood, Wm. Fears, J. Flack, John Furness, Wm. Green, J. Harbaugh, George W. Hensley, Thomas Jones, T. J. Lacksu, A. Lamb, Wm. May, M. Martin, J. B. Nobles, H. Owsley, J. Patterson, John Packet, James Parish, E. Rockholdt, J. H.

Stewart, M. Sizemon, R. B. Southerland, Wm. Snyder, Samuel Smith, I. H. Tennery, P. C. Tennery, John S. Thompson, John Tade, George W. Wayne, Joseph Wright. Total, 50.

CAPT. JONATHAN MAYO's Company, Edgar county (organized May 10; mustered in June 19, out, Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieuts. E. Y. Russell, John S. McConkey; Sergeants James Buchannon, D. Crozier, D. Spencer, J. G. Barkley; Corporals Simon Cameron, Tracy Wheeler, James Bailey, W. N. Shaw.

Privates—Washington Alexander,* John C. Bradley, N. Burch, William Bond, J. S. Bassford, William Certer, George Dezar, John Dill, M. M. Dill, T. H. Doughertee, H. M. Elder, T. Evans, C. H. Huff, Thomas Hobbs, Enos Hobbs, Samuel Jones, R. Lowry, J. J. Lycan, W. Morgan, E. Martin, T. Morgan, E. Montgonera, John Matthews, E. Pence, Wm. Phillips, Thos. Penson, R. M. Rhea, H. Rice, L. Rice, D. Scott. John Summerville, H. Sprague, M. R. Scott, Joseph Scott, Alex. Sumpter, Abraham Sumpter, G. C. Trimble, Wm. B. Vance, Joseph Vance, John Wilson, A. B. Wyatt, I. Welch, A. Welch, P. Whalen, Wm. Whitley. Total, 56.

CAPT. ROYAL A. NOTT's Company, Clark county (organized May 31; mustered in June 19, out Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants Daniel Poorman, George W. Young; Sergeants S. Archer, John Fears, James Lockard, O. C. Lawwill; Corporals W. T. McClure, James Dunlap, N. Beauchamp, J. W. Thompson.

Privates—J. K. Archer, Daniel Boone, S. Burk, Wm. Bostick, George Berry, T. F. Bennett, T. Cooper, J. Cowen, C. I. Cooper, J. Crip, M. L. Chenewith, Alex. H. DeHart, L. D. DeHart, A. H. Davis, Daniel Davis, S. Dolson, A. Fleming, A. Fanin, P. Fears, M. Grove, John B. Grant, J. E. Henderson, H. A. Henderson, S. Johnson, M. Kenny, M. Lafferty, A. Lathrop, William McCabe, John McCabe, John McGuire, Thomas Miner, B. Ogden, N. Ogden, A. O. Peters, Samuel Poorman, S. Prero, Ira Prero, E. Payne, L. R. Squires, E. Sharp, James Shaw, E. Stafford, John Van Winkle, John Waters, Thomas Wade, Thomas White. Total, 57.

Total number in the regiment, 324, officers and men.

SECOND REGIMENT OF SECOND BRIGADE.

CAPT. ALEX. M. HOUSTON's Company, Crawford county (organized May 12; mustered in June 19, out, Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants George W. Lagon, James Boatright; Sergeants O. F. D.

Hampton, L. Harper, D. Porter, James Cristy; Corporals C. Doherty, James F. Stark, J. Jones, R. Heath; Bugler, F. Waldrop.

Privates—George W. Baugher, B. Brathares, John Bogard, A. Baker, A. Boatright, S. Cruse, S. L. Danforth, George R. Doughton, E. Fitch, H. Fowler, John Goodwin, S. Goodwin, R. Grinton, John Hutton, J. Hackett, John A. Hackett, Wm. Hawkins, John Houne, W. Kitchell, James Kuykendall, A. Logan, M. Lackey, John McCoy, J. Nelly, R. Porter, Wm. Potter, Wm. Pearson, Joseph Pearson, E. Pearson, Z. Phelps, S. Shaw, John Stewart, John F. Vandeventer, V. Wilson, J. Walters. Total, 47.

CAPT. JOHN ARNOLD'S Company, Wabash county (mustered in June 19, out, Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants George Danforth, Samuel Fisher; Sergeants M. C. Minnis, H. Couch, M. Leatherland, J. A. Dodds; Corporals S. Frear, John Golden, Ira Keen, Wesley Woods.

Privates—James Besley, D. Bass, J. W. Buchanan, J. O. Buchanan, H. R. Buchanan, J. Brines, J. M. Dodds, John Godda, J. Garner, Wm. Golden, Phil. Hull, J. S. Hoyt, H. Hobbert, D. Keen, B. S. Miller, J. McMillen, John Ochletree, I. Parmeter, I. Pixley, Wm. Ridgely, H. R. Reel, Thomas Sanford, J. Sandford, John O. Smith, A. Turner, John Utter, Phil. Vanderhoof, J. Woods, [Thomas Wear, H. Wear, W. Winders, R. Wright—Total, 43.

DETACHMENTS OF COMPANIES.

CAPT. ELIAS JOURDAN'S Company, Wabash county, with Lieuts. James Kennedy, John N. Barnett; Sergeant. James Grayson; Corporal Z. Wilson; Privates B. F. Barnett, R. Carlton, R. Campbell, P. S. Campbell, D. Fortney, Wm. Grayson, A. Hood, J. Levellett, J. Painter, Thomas Summer, J. Summer—15.

Detachment of Capt. Wm. Highsmith's Company, Crawford county, with Sergeants B. B. Piper, John A. Christy; Corp. J. James; Privates D. M. Attison, Jno. Barrick, Jas. Condree, Jno. Gregg, Wm. R. Grise, H. Johnson, Wm. Levitt, John L. Myers, A. W. Myers, John Parker, Sr., Wm. Parker, R. Simons, J. Vaunrinch. Total, 17.

Detachment of Capt. John Barnes' Company, Lawrence county, with Lieutenant Daniel Morris; Sergeants John L. Bass, T. McDonald; Corporal James Buchanan; Privates A. Berton, R. Bass, James Crews, J. R. Christy, S. Dunlap, B. Gallaher, Jas. Gaddy, John Livingstone, E. Moor, Jno. Montgomery, P. Moaler,

B. McCleeve, D. Organ, T. T. Lewis, J. W. Pollard, J. Richards, Thomas I. Turner, John Turner, E. D. M. Turner, George W. Taylor, John Walden. Total, 25.
 . Total, Second Regiment, 147.

THIRD REGIMENT OF SECOND BRIGADE.

CAPT. SOLOMON HUNTER'S Company, Edwards county (organized May 5; mustered in June 19, out Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants Wm. Carrabaugh, John S. Rotrammel; Sergeants T. Jagggers, J. McCreary, John Hocking, John Brown; Corporals Wm. H. Harper, Z. Bottinghouse, H. Mounts, J. N. Harper.

Privates—D. Bottinghouse, T. Birkett, Wm. Batson, S. Birkett, Sol. Charles, John Case, George Curtis, E. Chism, M. Dodd, R. Dorothy, N. Everly, A. Emmerson, John Fortner, H. Fortner, H. Frazer, Wm. Hamilton, C. Hensley, D. Hobson, Wm. E. Jones, James Jennings, Wm. McKinney, H. McCrackin, Wm. Mebrose, S. Michels, M. Morris, George Morris, Wm. Mifflin, M. Moss, M. Rice, John G. Robinson, Wm. Snell, T. W. Skinner, Wm. Truscott, F. B. Thompson, John Tait, James Vincent, Josiah Vincent, Jonathan Williams. Total, 49.

CAPT. C. S. MADING'S Company, Edwards county (organized May 5; mustered in June 19, out Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants Wm. Curtis, Thomas Sanders; Sergeants James Hunt, James Edmonson, James Ellison, John Edmonson; Corporals Samuel Edmonson, James Bell, E. Wilson, Wm. Bengaman; Musician, John Drury.

Privates—James Bennett, D. Bogwood, John Cooper, G. Epney, J. Garland, David Greathouse, Starlin Hill, M. Kelley, J. Lay, R. Mading, A. McKinney, H. Moore, M. Mays, J. Mounts, Wm. Mitchell, S. Maunts, L. Pixley, R. Russell, J. Rutherford, D. Shelby, E. Shelby, L. B. Sames, Wm. Shores, H. Spring, John Sterritt, Jonathan Shelby, R. Thread, James Thread, Alex. Underwood, W. R. Warren, John Waldrup. Total, 43.

CAPT. JOHN HAYNES' Company, White county (mustered in June 19, out, Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants Thomas Fields, Reuben Emerson; Sergeants M. Johnson, P. H. Gawdy, John Robinson, R. Lowry; Corporals John Penyman, John Heine, L. W. McKnight, J. Fields.

Privates—E. Berry, H. Barnett, Wm. Fields, A. Gott, Phil. P. Hunter, J. W. Hart, H. Hood, A. L. Johnson, John Land, Asa Martin, John Moody, Wm. Moore, B. McCan, R. McClarney, John

Nation, A. Nation, Thomas Nation, J. Nucum, John S. Odd, James Porter, Wm. Porter, Robert Patterson, J. M. Parker, Geo. C. Parker, John Peacock, James Orr, E. Renshaw, T. R. Teacher, John Upton, Jas. Wrenwick, Ninian Young. Total, 42.

CAPT. WM. THOMAS' Company, White county (organized May 12; mustered in June 19, out, Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants Henry Horn, Joel Rice; Sergeants Thomas Culbreth, J. M. Wilson, P. Miller, E. B. Hargrave; Corporals W. Jamison, J. B. Thomas, Wm. Null, G. Bowen; Musician, Wm. Greer.

Privates—B. Anderson, John Byrd, Wm. Bowen, Josh Bowen, J. Brown, B. Clark, James Chism, Thomas Culbreth, Jr., James F. Clyburn, Joseph Goodman, Thomas Gardner, M. Goodwin, D. Harman, S. Hargrave, L. D. Hogue, John Harman, J. D. B. Jamison, Wm. Johnson, James Mears, Alex. Mears, M. Mears, Wm. Miller, H. A. Russell, E. Staley, John Thomas, Josh Vineyard, Thomas Woods, W. B. Wilson. Total, 40.

CAPT. D. POWELL'S Company, White county (dates of muster, etc., as last above), with Lieutenants J. Blackard, Jas. Eubanks; Sergeants Wm. Taylor, T. M. Vineyard, Thomas Joyner, Wm. Vickers; Corporals A. McKinsey, J. E. Ogburn, B. Rayney, W. Miller; Musician, Thomas Tary.

Privates—E. Asky, H. Briant, J. Barnett, D. P. Burnett, J. W. G. Butts, John A. Brill, A. L. Brill, S. Bowers, A. L. Bennett, D. Briant, Wm. Chapman, John Carson, John Colbert, Jno. Delap, Isaac Daviss, Wm. Daviss, John Everlett, Jas. Eubanks, Wm. Gross, P. Garrett, John Haskins, H. Holland, J. T. F. Lewis, E. A. Lasiter, B. Marion, S. McNutt, James Netson (should have been spelled Knitson, is still living, hale and hearty at Moline, Ill.), M. Pierce, James Pierce, R. W. Porter, Thomas Pool, R. Rogers, A. L. Trousdale, W. Tucker, Thomas Todd, D. Trout, Thomas Vickers, W. H. Vaugh, E. Vickers, Thomas Waters, James Williss, Alexander Williams, Alfred Williss. Total, 55.

Total of Third Regiment 229, rank and file.

SPY BATTALION OF SECOND BRIGADE—MAJOR WILLIAM McHENRY,
COMMANDING.

CAPT. JOHN F. RICHARDSON'S Company, Clark county (organized June 5; mustered in June 19, out Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants W. Dulaney, Justin Harlin; Sergeants J. Dalson, John Wilson, A. V. Burwell, R. Davidson; Corporals C. Jeffers, N. Hollinbach, R. Ross, George Wilson.

Privates—Z. A. Ashmore, S. M. Biggs, F. Cooper, M. F. Chenowith, Theophilus Cooper, Dan Davidson, A. Elliott, A. Hadden, S. Hadden, J. Hogue, George Johnson, John Kerr, C. F. Locker, A. Langham, J. W. Markle, S. Nott, S. Prevo, Ira Prevo, N. Shaw, C. Sharp, M. Thomas, R. Taylor, James Williams, G. B. White, S. White, L. White, R. White, T. Wheeler, John Waters, Alexander Yocum. Total, 41.

CAPT. ABNER GREER's Company, Lawrence county (organized May 5; mustered in June 19, out, Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants D. D. Marney, A. Wells; Sergeants E. Z. Ryan,* Wm. R. Jackman, M. Jones, A. H. Gilmore; Corporals James Gadd, T. B. Spencer, J. Cawthorn, T. J. England.

Privates—Silas Andrews, Thomas Blizard, James Baird, P. B. Baird, E. Clubb, John Cooper, J. Dudley, George Dickerson, Wm. Evans, D. England, M. Fyte, E. Fyffe, J. Fish, Wm. Galaspie, H. Gibbons, J. Genady, B. Jackman, A. Johnston, R. Johnston, Wm. Kerkling, G. Kellams, Wm. Lawler, John O. Lackey, Thomas Lackey, James Neil, Thos. Perkins, L. Pumphrey, E. Pollard, N. Rawlings, N. Richards, T. H. Small, Wm. Seeds, J. Selby, Thomas Spencer, John Williams, Jacob Young, Jonathan Young. Total, 48.

CAPT. JOHN McCANN's Company, White county (dates as above), with Lieutenants S. Slocumb, Walter Burress; Sergeants Wm. Garrison, Sol. Garrison, N. Staley, J. Keneda; Corporals L. Wells, Wm. Stephens, Wm. Daniels, Henry McCann.

Privates—George Berry, A. Bailey, J. M. Britain, John Blackledge, James C. Blackwell, James Cann, W. Council, John Campbell, John Crowder, Thomas Coonts, A. Edwards, J. Evans, M. Farley, John Farley, John George, F. George, James Goodman, A. Hood, Anderson Hood, Wm. Hilyard, D. Holderly, D. Heasty, John Hust, W. S. Hamilton, T. J. Lindsey, Thomas Lowe, W. McMullin, W. G. Nevitt, James Neslar, W. Parker, M. Robinson, N. Robinson, B. Rippatoo, A. Robinson, T. W. Stone, S. Smith, George Staley, R. M. Sutler, S. Smith, Chris. Wilson, Hardy Williams. Total 53.

DETACHMENTS

From several companies, under command of Adjutant ISAAC PARMENTER, of Wabash county, (mustered in June 16, out, Aug. 2, 1832):

From Capt. Arnold's Company; Lieutenant Samuel Fisher; Sergeants Mathew Leatherland, John A. Dodds; Corporals Sol.

Frair, Jno. Golden, Ira Keen, W. Wood; Privates J. O. Buchanon, H. K. Buchanon, James Besley, William Bigley, J. M. Dodds, John Goddy, James Garner, Wm. Golden, J. S. Hoyt, James McMullen, B. S. Miller, John Ochletree, H. R. Reed, John O. Smith, Abner Turner, John Utter, Phil. Vanderhuff, Thomas Wear, Harvy Wear—26.

From Capt. Hiram Roundtree's Company; Sergeant Samuel Jackson; Private Levi Booger.

From Capt. Hiram Kinade's Company; Privates Richard Rattan, Daniel Rattan, J. C. Jordan—3.

From Capt. Mayo's Company; Private Abraham Sumpter—1.

From Capt. Earl Pierce's Company; Privates John C. Brawdy, Wm. Clark, A. Harris, N. McCarty, J. Shire—5.

From Capt. Howlin's Company; Private Jacob Gibson—1.

From Capt. Hunter's Company; Privates N. Everly, Miles Morris, George Morris, Josiah Vincent—4.

From Capt. Richardson's Company; Privates M. L. Ashmore, Z. A. Ashmore, F. Cooper, George Johnson—4.

From Capt. Sandford's Company; Private Abraham Davis—1.
Total, 47.

CAPT. WM. HIGHSMITH'S Detachment, Crawford county (dates of muster as above), with Lieutenants S. V. Allison, John H. McMickle; Sergeants Thomas Fuller, Wm. McCoy; Corporals Nathan Highsmith, M. Fuller, John Lagon.

Privates—John Allison, S. H. Allison, John Brimberry, Ben. Carter, Thomas Easton, P. Garrison, John Johnston, G. W. Kinney, James Lewis, A. Montgomery, Isaac Martin, John Parker, Jr., Thomas N. Parker, A. Phelps, Thomas Stockwell, Wm. Rece, James Weger—25.

From Capt. Houston's Company, Crawford county; Corporals C. Doherty, Joseph Jones; Privates George Baugher, George R. Donden, J. Hackett, Wm. Hawkins, John McCoy, J. Pearson, E. Pearson, Wm. Pearson, Zilman Phelps, John Vanderinder—12.

From Capt. Barne's Company, Lawrence county; Lieutenant E. Mays; Sergeants James Nabb, S. Mundle, Wm. Mase; Corporals A. S. Badollett, A. Chenoweth, J. F. Darr; Privates S. Barnes, John Bush, J. T. Hunter, S. S. Lewis, T. Moore, John R. Mullins, D. A. Organ, H. Pea, S. Pea, John Pullis, Fred. Rawlings, J. W. Ruark, Wm. F. Ruark, Joe Stewart, P. Strother, James Thompson, I. Westfall—25.

From Capt. Greer's Company, Lawrence county; Privates S. Andrews, J. M. Cooper, George Dickerson, E. P. Fyffe, G. Kellams, John O. Lackey, Thomas Lackey, James Neil, L. Pumphry, J. Selvy—10. Total 72; making the Spy Battalion 314 strong. But the detachment under Adjutant Parmenter and Capt. Highsmith, having been given under their proper muster rolls, make a double count of 119, which, deducted, leaves 195 men, showing the Second Brigade contained 961 men, exclusive of field and staff officers.

Milton K. Alexander, of Edgar county, was elected to command this brigade, with rank of Brigadier General. His staff officers, as well as the regimental officers, we cannot correctly give.

THIRD BRIGADE—FIRST REGIMENT.

CAPT. DAVID SMITH'S Company, Madison county, (mustered in June 1, out Aug. 1, 1832), with Lieutenants John Lee and John Umphrey; Sergeants S. I. Kendall, James Sterrett, S. B. Gilhour, W. B. Crowder; Corporals C. Subastian, S. N. P. Elliott, D. H. Fouquerer and John Walker.

Privates—S. Brazill, U. Brown, O. Bangs, Morgan county; R. M. C. Dunlap, C. Drennan, I. Drennan, I. P. Diliplain, T. Eakin, W. Harrison, A. Hart, John Haynes, I. Hewes, W. Kistler, E. Kellogg, LaSalle county; N. Lowell, T. Loman, I. Makun, John Nowland, C. Peter, D. Pembroke, Madison county; D. B. Rogers, John Scott, H. S. Summers, J. M. Slayton, S. Wood, E. Wheeler and Josiah E. Shaw; H. A. Sprague, G. Sprague, of LaSalle county. Total, 40.

CAPT. WM. GILHAM'S Company, Morgan county, (mustered in April 30, out, Aug. 1, 1832), with Lieutenants R. H. McDow, James Etheal; Sergeants D. Clotfelter, Wm. Leib, John Sergeant, A. Clarkson; Corporals Z. Riggs, S. Van Slyke, J. Morris, I. Gratan.

Privates—John Arnett, John Apple, J. Avery, John Baker, Alex. Bell* (paymaster), K. Clarkson, Wm. Campbell, C. Clarkson, V. Carter, Isaac Clanton, N. Duvall, George Garmon, James Gillham, H. W. House, Jas. Holloway, John King, E. Kemp, M. Kemp, H. H. Leman, S. C. Murphy, Wm. Mathers, R. McCullom, John McConnell, S. D. Masters, C. Nichols, A. Northcut, Wm. Ovear, W. Olney, J. Piper, H. L. Riggs, Jas. Ragfield, S. C. Shelton, Lewis Scott, W. R. Smith, Geo. Smith, M. G. Simmons, A. Whitley, Alex. Wilkinson, C. Wilson. Total, 50.

CAPT. WM. GORDEN's Company—county not given—(mustered in April 30, out, July 29, 1832), with Lieutenants John Pickering, Thomas Askins; Sergeants R. Dinsmore, Wm. York, S. Moss, Benj. Allen; Corporals B. Murphy, L. Aday, E. Branson, John Dinsmore.

Privates—James G. Allen, T. G. Black, D. Boothby, M. K. Branson, W. Coonrod, H. Davis, P. Drummond, M. Dinsmore, H. Garrett, R. Hardwick, D. R. Jones, Wm. Jones, James Johnson, O. E. Kellogg, J. Keller, E. McGovern, D. R. Murphy, N. McDowell, W. N. Mills, E. McCombs, James Ogg, F. Powell, H. Powell, D. Smith, M. Strader, B. Scott, J. Slottin, M. Thomas, William Turner, E. Williams, W. Weeks, E. K. Wood (surgeon). Total, 43.

We think this company was from Menard county.

CAPT. GEORGE F. BRISTOW's Company, Morgan county (mustered in May 21; out, Aug. 1, 1832), with Lieutenants S. Henderson, W. Ellis; Sergeants A. Mattock, G. Thompson, J. V. Logston, A. L. Lane.

Privates—James Brown, John Combs, H. W. Hicks, John Wilcox and Ezekiel Warren, (all of LaSalle county), A. Constant, W. L. Clemens, George Carter, George W. Foster, Thos. Henry, Wm. S. Hopper, N. Henderson, Wm. Hull, A. Meeks, John Marshall, D. Mackey, I. Moss, M. Ream, O. Thompson, R. Turney. Total, 27.

CAPT. S. T. MATTHEW's, afterwards J. T. ARNETT's, Company, Morgan county (mustered in May 8, out Aug. 1, 1832), with Lieutenants N. H. Johnson, D. B. McConnell; Sergeants Josiah Gorham, John Moss, S. P. Devone, M. R. Bennett; Corporals John Sparks, H. Moss, L. B. Tankersby, John Rusk.

Privates—A. Antle, James Arnett,* B. Buchanan, R. Buchanan, J. H. Blair, James Cassell, H. Crane, R. C. Courtney, M. Clayton, John L. Colton, S. Durant, J. H. Devore, Wm. Duncan, P. Deads, Isaac Deal, Jas. Evans, John Edwards, J. Farris, Jas. H. Graves, Jno. Gilmore, M. Goodpaster, Wm. B. Hawkins, A. Howard, Jno. Hurst, Silas Hobbs, H. Hunter, Jno. Henry,* C. Hook, B. Holland, D. Ingles, John Johnson, M. Jarrod, Wm. L. Jordan, A. Johnson, T. Lycock, J. Lamples, James Lash, M. Mounts, E. F. Million, Murray McConnell,* Alex. Pitner, M. B. Roberts, John Richards, D. Sweet, John C. Slocumb, James Tolley, Jonathan Turner,* (Prof. Turner, of Illinois College), David Williams. Total, 60.

CAPT. WALTER BUTLER'S Company, Morgan county, (mustered in June 4, out, Aug. 1, 1832), with Lieutenants Thomas P. Ross, F. C. Maupin; Sergeants Sam'l Givens, A. Deatherage, D. Hart, D. Mackey; Corporals N. Hart, H. Vickers, J. L. Heffington, W. T. Nall.

Privates—E. Auston, H. Beason, John Brown, Joseph Brown, J. Clayton, Jno. Dougherty, D. Davidson, Geo. Fanning, W. Fanning, A. Fanning, J. Groves, T. Gilleland, B. Haynes, A. Hart, T. L. Harris,* C. Hart, James Kirby, I. Keplinger, N. C. Murphy, S. Miner, John Nall, Spencer Norvel, Wm. Patterson, E. Porter, J. Pryon, R. Ray, A. Riggs, John W. Ross, E. Seamore, R. Seamore, James Scott, Charles Stewart, Wm. Talkington, George Wright, Daniel Wiggs, John Woods, Wm. Weatherford, (appointed Adjutant, and served as Lieutenant-Colonel under Gen. Hardin in the war with Mexico.) Total, 48.

Total rank and file, exclusive of field and staff officers in this regiment, 268.

The field officers of this regiment were as follows, all of Morgan county: S. T. Matthews,* Colonel; James Gillham, Lieutenant Colonel; James Evans, Major; Wm. Weatherford, Adjutant; Nathan Hunt, Quartermaster, and Alex. Bell, Paymaster.

SECOND REGIMENT OF THIRD BRIGADE.

CAPT. HIRAM ROUNDTREE'S Company, Montgomery county, (mustered in June 21, out Aug. 16, 1832), with Lieutenants John Kirkpatrick and Thomas Phillips; Sergeants A. K. Gray, John Stone, Samuel Jackson, D. B. Starr; Corporals S. Grisham, M. Smith, Thomas McAdams, Thomas Edwards.

Privates—C. C. Aydlett, J. M. Berry, John Briggs, John Brown, Joseph Burk, L. W. Booer, John Carlew, James Cardwell, Cleveland Coffey, D. Copeland, John Duncan, Thomas Early, Thomas Evans, A. Forehand, Wm. Griffith, Thomas Gray, A. R. Gray, John Hart, George Harkey, John M. Holmes, Wm. Harkey, Thomas W. Heady, Thomas C. Hughes, John Hanna, A. Johnson, Wm. Jones, Jesse Johnson, Thomas Johnson, James Lockerman, John K. Long, John McCurry, M. McPhail, D. T. McCullock, H. Mansfield, A. McCullock, R. McCullock, J. M. McWilliams, W. McDavid, S. Paisley, Thos. Potter, J. Potter, J. Rhodes, W. Rose, L. S. Steel, Thomas Sturtevant, Z. Shirley, John Slater, W. M. Tennis, James Wilson, D. M. Williams, Wm. S. Williams, J. W. Wilson, Thomas Woods, Thos. Williford, and Wm. Young. Total, 66.

CAPT. JAMES KINCAID's Company, Greene county, (mustered in June 19, out Aug. 16, 1832), with Lieutenants John Fry and R. W. Pitts; Sergeants John Link, George Meldrum, A. Coonrod, and C. Dodgson; Corporals Wm. McDorman, H. Jackson, John Coonrod and J. M. Schuyler.

Privates—James Bias, Thomas Briggs, L. Burton, George Coonrod, H. Cook, Wm. Cook, F. Dougherty, J. Davis, Noah Fry, Wm. Finley, Z. Finley, I. R. Green, F. Harrison, John Johnson, John C. Jordan, R. Johnson, Wm. Lewis, M. L. Link, George Linder, John Mongold, D. Mellon, J. L. Norris, H. Rattan, L. Rattan, J. B. Rattan, Littleton Rattan, Dan Rattan, Richard Rattan, M. Sterling, Asa Stone, I. Standifer, D. Waggoner, A. Woodman, John B. Whitesides and William H. Whitesides. Total, 46.

CAPT. GERSHOM PATTERSON'S Company, Greene county, (organized May 2; mustered in June 19, out Aug. 15, 1832), with Lieutenants J. Bacchus and Samuel Bowman;† Sergeants J. Cooper, Calvin Piggs, James Novin and Alexander Moore; Corporals John Reddish, Alexander Liberly, E. Medford and Robert Irwin.

Privates—Alexander Bonner, John Bown, Robert Chowning, T. H. Chapman, Thomas Carlin,* Alexander Chisam, Joseph Clifford, Isaac Darnell, color bearer; John N. English, John McFaine, John Guffey, P. Higgins, B. W. Hamilton, John Higgins, J. McKinney, S. I. Moore, James Means, John Means, D. Mannon, Sol. Rice, D. Rusk, Thomas Sears, D. Suttlemer, S. Walden and John Walden. Total, 37.

The company was raised by Capt. Alexander Smith, who resigned July 15th, and First Lieut. Patterson was elected to succeed him.

CAPT. AARON BANNON'S Company, Greene county, (mustered in June 19, out Aug. 16, 1832), with Lieutenants H. Jarboe and Job Collins; Sergeants J. C. Campbell, A. Kitchens, U. Allen and James Doddy; Corporals A. W. Webb, H. Crawsby, J. Phillips and John Jones.

Privates—John Bishop, Peter Breeden, J. Brantly, Wm. Bannan, Macoupin county; R. Coulee, Thomas Cartwright, B. Drummons, F. Evelin, J. Evans, S. A. Fisher, James Ford, S. Goss, James Hart, J. F. Hart, H. Han, J. Hunter, H. Morrison, E. B. Magruder, G. Manley, J. A. McClanan, George Pope, E. Phillips, A. Rule, George W. Roe, Ephram Sprague, LaSalle

county; John Toops, B. A. Thompson, John G. Turman, S. Vineyard, James Walker, and James Willis. Total, 42.

CAPT. THOMAS STOUT'S Company, Bond county, (mustered in June 19, out, Aug. 16, 1832), with Lieutenants John Stropton, John P. Hunter; Sergeants A. R. Diamond, L. Kerr, A. W. Watson, W. Carson; Corporals John N. Gilham, A. Hawn, G. B. Gilmore, A. Stewart.

Privates—Wm. Black, D. Buel, J. Barlow, C. Clanton, A. Conry, Jas. Combs, W. Combs, John Cox, Jas. Downing, N. Ellis, P. Ellison, James Ellison, James Enlow, George Green, James Green, R. Harper, James Harper, Putnam county; S. Hastings, C. W. Hunt, S. Hunter, B. James,* George Koonce, J. F. Little, James Laxton, Sangamon county; G. W. McCurty, R. Moody, James Moore, Wm. Moore, S. N. McAdow, J. F. Moody, William McAdams, Wm. R. McAdams, W. Nance, C. C. Nelson, William Paisley, R. B. Pierce, Madison county; E. Pigg, J. G. Perdien, Wm. Rice, F. Stokes, Wm. Stokes, L. Stubblefield, W. Stubblefield, Wm. Stubblefield, John Sterling, B. Sellers, W. T. Taylor, A. R. White, Thomas N. White. Total, 60.

Total number in regiment, 251, exclusive of regimental and field officers.

THIRD REGIMENT OF THIRD BRIGADE.

CAPT. ANDREW BANKSON'S Company, Clinton county, (mustered in May 23, out Aug. 17, 1832), with Lieutenants G. Ammons, James J. Justice; Sergeants H. L. Roper, E. Phelps, A. Burton, R. T. Hawkins; Corporals E. Phelps, John Cartel, M. T. Nichols, J. T. Donaldson.

Privates—James Alton, E. Blevins, Wm. Baker, John Barcus, J. T. Bradley, J. Bankson, A. Briggs, L. Coles, J. Dunn, L. Edmunds, Joel Ellis, J. Finch, Wm. French, R. E. French, John Gates, B. Hurst, J. A. Holland, James Hill, C. D. Kelley, John King, E. King, James Lanson, J. B. Logan, George Mitchell, S. McCully, Peter Martin, D. A. Nichols, G. Neeley, H. Neeley, J. M. O'Harnett, James Outhouse, John O'Melvany, H. Parker, A. Petty, Jesse Phillips, P. Phelps, Wm. Petty, John Roper, John Rodgers, Thomas Reeves, James Rutledge, Sol. Ray, D. Ray, William Scott, D. Spencer, H. Seagreaves, William Seagreaves, Wm. Short, B. Smith, Isaac Settles, Levi Sharp, Wm. Talbut, I. D. Talbee, G. W. White, Jeremiah Walker, A. Yarborough. Total, 67.

CAPT. WM. ADAIR'S Company, Perry county, (mustered in June 4, out Aug. 17, 1832), with Lieutenants Jacob Short, John Hansford; Sergeants W. C. Murphy,† A. Bartley, A. B. Murphy, F. Williams; Corporals A. Cokenhour, B. Hammock, R. Gillehan, J. M. Hogue.

Privates—Alex. Anderson, B. Anderson, James C. Brown, Jas. Brown, Payton Brown, L. Benson, John Clark, Joel Crane, Hiram Casey, Robert Crow, John Dickson, Andrew Earnest, Jesse Ford, Peter France, Francis Garner, A. Hawkins, E. J. Hutchings, — Hutching,† Wm. Hutching, Jas. Huggins, Z. Hull, R. Keath, B. Keath, T. J. McDowell, Peter Misenhammer, J. M. Montague, S. Pitchford, Abner Pyle, J. Pettit, E. Reece, A. L. Rice, George Terry, B. Williams, Joe Wells, Josiah Wells, P. W. Welks, N. Woodrum, John Washburn, Thomas Wolf. Total, 51.

David Baldredge was the first Captain of this company, but being promoted June 26, to the Adjutancy, Lieutenant Adair succeeded him.

CAPT. JOSIAH S. BRIGG'S Company, Randolph county, (mustered in June 21, out Aug. 17, 1832), with Lieutenants John Morrison, John Thompson; Sergeants R. Mann, F. S. Jones, John Alcorn, James Harmon; Corporals A. McFarlin, John McFarlin, R. Bradley, S. Hathorn.

Privates—D. Anderson, Thomas Anderson, James Barbour, J. Batman, S. Burns, S. Brown, Alex. Campbell, S. Campbell, R. Caldwell, E. Christie, S. Crawford, Wm. S. Clendenen, J. R. Gilbreath, John Hathorn, John C. Huey, John M. Hughes, Sanford Harr, B. B. Jernigan, M. Jones, I. A. Kilpatrick, James F. Lee, John Lee, Thos. Lee, J. Lively, Jno. Laird, Jas. Lively, D. Murphy, J. McHenry, S. McDill, H. Morgan, S. Maxwell, D. Oliver, J. H. Patterson, Sam Pettit, R. Robinson, I. J. Short, F. Smith, F. Swanwick, B. Sadler, F. Sheets, Geo. Thomerson, John White, John Woods. Total, 54.

CAPT. JAMES THOMPSON'S Company, Randolph county, (mustered in June 21, out Aug. 17, 1832), with Lieutenants Sam Barber, Wm. H. McDill; Sergeants M. W. Taggart, Richard Lively, R. C. Jones, H. Marlin; Corporals A. Crozier, R. Hamilton, Jas. Thompson, Jr., Wm. Pike.

Privates—John Brown, John C. Brown, A. Been, Nelson Ball, Wm. Bowerman, F. Bilderback, Andrew Crozier, Robert Davis, M. Dukes, I. F. Davis, John Foster, Wm. Gray, H. Hathaway,

J. Harmon, M. Hathaway, John Hughes, A. Jones, Wiley Layne, James Millegan, A. McBride, Andrew McCormick, † M. Murphy, E. F. Marlin, Robert Miller, Wm. McNeil, B. Overton, Jr., John Patterson, Wm. Parks, James Reed, John Short, James Steele, R. R. Smith, John Taylor, J. W. Thomas, Jno. Tindel, A. Vickers, James Wilcox, E. G. Wise. Total, 50.

Gabriel Jones was Captain until the regiment was formed, when he was elected Colonel, and First Lieutenant Thompson was promoted.

CAPT. JAMES CONNORS' Company, Randolph county, (mustered in June 21, out Aug. 17, 1832), with Lieutenants M. Gray and David Wright; Sergeants Isaac Nelson, George Glenn, M. Maxwell, and J. Orr; Corporals P. Faherty, James Whalen, John Levitt, and W. Paschall.

Privates—E. Bond, V. Brewer, John Brightwell, A. Brown, Lewis V. Bogy, (many years in Congress, from Missouri), E. Chapall, L. Chaupine, M. W. Dorris,* F. Dugger, H. Drousse, M. Davis, J. Doza, Wm. Evens, Wm. Fulton, W. Hampton, A. Jones, † John Jarrel, B. Keemasa, F. Langton, H. Lackopelle, H. Levinè, M. Minard, J. P. Miers, R. Mart, Wm. Morrison, H. Mudd, Peter Minard,* F. Onger, John O'Hara, B. Phillips, B. Patterson, B. Penneana, F. Pascal, A. Roberts, John Reynolds, G. Seymour, D. F. Vrain, J. Will, Wm. Winter, W. Woolsey, D. E. Wilson, John White and L. Wilmuth. Total, 55.

Jacob Feaman was the first Captain, but resigned July 25, and First Lieutenant Connor was promoted.

CAPT. JAMES BURNS' Company, Washington county, (mustered as above), with Lieutenants A. Lyons (resigned June 28), W. Wood, Cyrus Sawyer; Sergeants John D. Wood,* H. Cherry, John H. Hood, H. Nevels and A. Darter; Corporals John Mitchell, George Terrill, M. G. Faulkner and Wm. Minson.

Privates—S. K. Anderson, James Anderson, Alexander Anderson, L. Andrews, John M. Burns, Samuel Burns, Robert Burns, A. B. Balch, John Casner, John W. Gilbreath, P. I. M. Holly, A. M. House, R. Hutchens, Wm. Joiner, P. B. James, Wm. King, John Knight, George W. Lee, M. K. Lynch, James Locke, L. D. Livesay, M. S. McMullen, J. S. McElhannan, S. C. Mitchell, S. Morgan, C. Morgan, B. Morgan, Geo. W. Pate, James Paterson, M. D. Pepper, E. Linyon, James Ramsey, James Thompson, Wm.

Tate, D. Underwood, James Underwood, Levi Wells, James R. White, Andrew White, J. S. White, and Charles H. Wood. Total 53.

Total in regiment, 330.

Capt. Gabriel Jones, of Randolph county, was elected Colonel; Judge Sidney Breese (as we remember it now), Lieutenant Colonel; Sergeant John D. Wood, of Capt. Burns' Company, Major; Private Martin W. Dorris was appointed Paymaster; John Hathorn, of Capt. Brigg's Company, Sergeant Major; Joseph Orr, of Capt. Connors' Company, Quartermaster.

FOURTH REGIMENT OF THIRD BRIGADE.

CAPT. BENNETT NOWLEN'S Company, Macoupin county, (mustered in June 19, out Aug. 16, 1832), with Lieutenants Jesse Scott (resigned July 10), John Yowell, John Allen; Sergeants S. Harris, George Sprouse, C. Peterson, D. Huddleston; Corporals Thomas McManus, C. Gilpin, Thomas Grant, Z. Stewart.

Privates—W. C. Adams, Thomas Bewford, A. Brawdy, Wiley Brown, Isham Caudle, Thomas Cummings, S. Cuiamings, John Chapman, Thomas Caudle, John England, T. L. Funderburk, J. Gibson, W. R. Hill, C. K. Hutton, Thomas Hughes, James Jordan, Charles Lair, I. McCollum, H. McPeters, E. McKinley, John Nevins, John H. Powers, Isaac Pruett, John Record, Thos. Richardson, Wm. Rush, E. Richards, H. Sandridge, H. Snell, J. Simmons, L. Sharp, O. Snow, E. L. Turner, Joseph Vincent. Total, 45.

CAPT. OZIAS HAIL'S Company, Pike county, (mustered in June 19, out Aug. 16, 1832), with Lieutenants D. Seeley, R. Goodin; Sergeants E. Cooper, A. Harpool, John McMullen, Isaac Turnbaugh, Josiah Sims; Corporals B. Shin, John Battershell, Wm. Cooper, Isaac Dolbaugh, John Crass.

Privates—S. Ames, Wm. Alcorn, C. Blair, E. Bradshaw, John Burcaloo, S. Baker, D. Butler, F. Butely (Morgan county), John Blythe, William Buffenbarger, Enoch Bradshaw, D. Cole, A. Clark, Joshua Davis, Wm. Davis, John Foster, F. Franklin, Wm. Harpool, Wm. Kinney, A. McLain, C. Miller, George Miller, D. Moore, John Melhizer, Wm. McLain, Wm. Mitchell, B. Neeley, John Neeley, Sam Neeley, Thomas Neeley, R. Nisinger, J. B. Prior, B. Pulum, John Shinn, H. Spears, P. H. Stigney, J. Turnbough, John M. Taylor, E. Yesley. Total, 53.

CAPT. JESSE CLAYWELL'S Company, Sangamon county, (mustered in June 20, out Aug. 16, 1832), with Lieutenants John H. Wilcoxson, L. Cox (resigned July 10), R. H. Constant; Sergeants A. Cass, Andrew Moore, V. R. Mallory, W. S. Hussey; Corporals N. Hussey, R. L. Gott, Wm. B. Hagan, J. C. Hagan, H. McGarry, John McLemoor.

Privates—Alex. Anderson, L. C. Anderson, James Anderson, W. Anderson, John R. Burns, Wm. I. Barnet, Hugh Barnet, Wm. Barnet, John Brewer, Sr., John Brewer, Jr., A. B. Cass, N. E. Constant, Isaac Constant, H. Crocker, George Currey, John Copeland, Jeremiah Dooley, William Dement, H. Elliott, R. Elliott, D. A. Glenn, George Green, G. Helm, S. C. Hagen, John Hide, I. Kelley, James Langston, Thomas Lucas, H. McGarry, Joe Martin, W. T. Neucam, B. F. Pickerel, A. Prim, John Powell, H. Powell, W. F. Rogers, James Riddle, John W. Snelson, Jas. Shearley, J. I. Smith, Phil. Smith, E. Smith, Wm. A. Stone, Caleb Stone, Wm. Turner, James Waldon, E. Wilcox, J. R. Young.‡ Total, 62.

CAPT. REUBEN BROWN'S Company, Sangamon county, (mustered in June 20, out Aug. 16, 1832), with Lieutenants Wm. Baker, D. Brown; Sergeants Thomas Jones, S. E. McKenzey, E. Morgan, N. Said; Corporals Jesse Said, R. Brown, John Fegan, J. B. Jones.

Privates—W. Archer, Thos. Baker, Jas. Baker, Jerry Browner, Peter Cutright* (as copied from the original rolls, but the name is Peter Cartright, deceased, who was the most celebrated Methodist minister in his day, and one of the wittiest of men. He was elected to the State Senate, having the lamented Lincoln for his competitor, and while in the Senate he introduced and succeeded in passing our first Criminal Code), E. Durboin, Stephen Delay, Thomas Douglas, D. Donaldson, S. Hendricks, James Huggard, Y. Larkin, A. B. Lucas, James Lucas, R. Martin, Thomas Morgan, H. McKinzey, James Pillman, J. H. Poor, John Pike, Wm. Porter, Jas. Read, Wm. H. Spillars, Joe. St. John, D. S. Stafford, Geo. Trotter, Isaiah B. Williams. Total, 38.

CAPT. THOMAS MOFFETT'S Company, Sangamon county, (mustered in June 20, out Aug. 16, 1832), with Lieutenants D. Black, (resigned July 10), S. Campbell, James Watson; Sergants John Oldfield, Thomas Epperson, J. Inslee, G. Lindsey, Franklin Williams, W. C. Stephenson; Corps. John Humphrey, J. Campbell,*

N. Ralston, J. McKinney; Cornet, Gersham Dorrence; Saddler, Jno. Ridgeway; Farrier, J. H. Steel; Trumpeter, Armstead Ables (discharged by Gen. Atkinson, July 10, and David Duncan elected in his place.)

Privates—H. M. Armstrong, B. Atkinson, William Brazzle, S. Ball, T. Cain, Wm. Cooper, W. Carmar, Z. P. Cabaniss, W. Durham, J. W. Duncan, A. P. Drennan, Garret Elkin, Thomas Epperson, James Enix, R. A. Forbas, John L. Getsondiner, G. Glasscock, J. P. Hill, John Latham, R. Lowe, John Levi, Jacob Lane, R. Langley, Wm. McAllister, J. Moore, Wm. Milts, J. Norris, B. Paine, M. G. Pulliam, P. G. Pierce, S. Peter, Presley Saunders, Tilman Smith, John Smith, Adam Smith, George Stout, H. Watson, John Warnsing. Total, 57.

CAPT. HENRY L. WEBB'S Company, Alexander county, (organized May 19; mustered out Aug. 3, 1832), with Lieutenants Richard H. Price, D. H. Moore (made Quartermaster June 16), James D. Morris; Sergeants O. Willis, Q. Ellis, A. Atherton, S. A. Neal; Corporals M. Howell, Aaron Anglin, Wm. Dickey, Giles Whitaker.

Privates—Wm. Anglin, James Anglin, C. Bunch, H. Burks, B. Brown, Ben. Brooks, John Caines, T. Cannon, J. Dexter, S. Daniels, B. Eckols, H. Harrison, L. Harvill, R. Hargis, F. Hughes, T. Hurgis, J. E. Jeffers, H. K. Johnson, T. Keneda, A. Keneda, A. Lackey, C. S. Lynch, George McCool, B. McCool, William Meshow, R. McCloud, John Murphy, George C. Neale, M. Post, J. Phillips, S. F. Rice, W. S. Powell, A. Powell, Robert Russell, E. Smith, J. M. Taylor, N. M. Thompson, J. W. Townsend, John Townsend, Samuel White. Total, 52.

Total in regiment, 306, exclusive of regimental and field officers.

SPY BATTALION OF THIRD BRIGADE—MAJOR WILLIAM D. L. EWING,
OF VANDALIA, COMMANDING.

(Mustered in June 19, out Aug. 16, 1832).

CAPT. A. F. LINDSEY'S Company, Morgan county, with Lieutenants W. Scott and I. R. Bennett; Sergeants M. Harding, L. B. Lindsey, Geo. W. Beggs and D. Thomsberry; Corporals John Caldwell, T. R. Thompson, John A. Creed and Royal Flynn.

Privates—Thomas Cox, Wm. Cooper, Wm. Cumins, John P. Dick, M. Fox, Wm. Flynn, Z. W. Flynn, J. B. Garret, John Hudspoth, P. Hash, Wm. Harper, D. King, Wm. Lindsey, Wm.

Lucas, John Lucas, Wm. Mathews, Usel Meeker, D. Manchester, F. McDonald, J. Olaker, James A. Ogle, Thomas Plaster, S. Paschal, M. Poindexter, Wm. Richey, W. Sims, D. Shelton, James Taylor, J. J. Thomas, Thomas Woldridge, J. H. Walker, and J. Yaple. Total, 43.

CAPT. SAMUEL HUSTON'S Company, Fayette county, with Lieutenants John Watwood and Henry Brown; Sergeants P. R. Bankson, R. Austin, H. Thompson and Isaac Fancher; Corporals B. Seals, A. I. Hickerson, Alexander Fancher and Thomas Osbrooks.

Privates—John Allen, P. L. Austin, B. F. Berry, P. Beck, R. Braswell, James Beal, H. Browning, John Beasley, M. Brockett, J. Browning, H. P. Bailey, James Blundell, James Carson, E. Cole, J. Carter, J. W. Coventry, Levi Davis, A. P. H. Doyle, Thomas Duncan, C. Enos, M. Flemming, James Freman, John Flemming, John Griffith, R. Gilmore, John Herrington, L. Hinton, W. Hickerson, John B. Hawkins, Z. Harris, H. Harris, A. Johnson, Wm. Jackson, Wm. Kirkendal, H. Lawton, Wm. Linley, G. Lowder, Wm. H. Lee, H. Miller, J. S. Micks, A. McQuinter, B. D. Moore, Wm. Nichols, B. Neeley, P. I. Pitcher, James Porter, James Patten, E. Parkhurst, S. R. Powell, A. Prater, W. Porter, M. Raybourn, F. Remon, John Sears, J. Smith, Jordan Smith, H. Smith, Wm. Smith, Wm. Thompson, James Talby, John Trapp, John Welch, John Wakefield and A. Wood. Total, 74.

Total number of Spy Battalion, 117.

The entire command of the Third Brigade, rank and file, exclusive of regimental, field and staff officers, as shown by these muster-rolls, was 1,272, but some of the names of these volunteers were duplicated in detached service.

This brigade elected the gallant James D. Henry,* of Springfield, as its commander, and the Governor commissioned him as Brigadier General. This was essentially the fighting brigade, and always to the front.

Thus, this second army of Illinois volunteers was 3,148 strong, according to muster-rolls, exclusive of field, staff and regimental officers, teamsters, etc., etc., which, added to the 4,639 mustered into the military service of the United States, under previous and subsequent calls, as before shown, made 7,787. But, as a

matter of fact, there were not that number of *different* volunteers engaged in this so-called war, since very many of them re-enlisted and helped organize other companies under subsequent calls, as for instance, Abraham Lincoln, James D. Henry, Jacob Fry, etc. There were probably six to seven thousand different enlistments in the Illinois volunteer service between April and August, 1832. But there were numerous companies organized as a home guard, whose muster-rolls do not appear in this Appendix, because they were never reported to the Adjutant General's office. The entire population of the State at that time was about 160,000. Of these not to exceed ten per cent. were liable to military duty. Hence, nearly every other man capable of bearing arms bore a hand in this memorable transaction, for we can hardly call it a war; yet it was in every sense a tremendous *scare*.

