

Winnebago, from where we started in pursuit of the Indians who then held the two Hall girls prisoners, and were camped at Rock River Rapids. Gen. Henry's and Dodge's men reached the Rapids, but the Indians had retreated. Information was received that the Indians were making westward, and getting on their trail, we followed them rapidly for two days; the scouts discovered many Indians on the second day about camp near the Lake.

The pursuit was renewed on the day after reaching the Lakes, where one or more of the Indians was killed. Our men led the chase, next after the scouts, who were continually firing at the Indians. The Indians continued to retreat, until they reached the Wisconsin River, where some made a stand and showed fight, while the others crossed the river. Here we were fired on by the Indians, and one man was killed, and several wounded. We returned their fire with effect, and then charged them, killing a good many, all of whom were scalped by the wild Sucker Volunteers.

Soon after the skirmish on Wisconsin bluffs, Gen. Atkinson came up, and the entire army crossed the river at Pine Bend, (Helena), and took the trail on the opposite side, and followed it seven or eight miles, in the direction of Prairie Du Chien. When it was discovered that the Indians were making for the Mississippi, Gen. Atkinson sent me with little Boiseley to carry a dispatch to Fort Crawford, that the inhabitants might be ready to prevent the Indians crossing in any canoes or boats belonging to the citizens. Boiseley and I traveled day and night, and arrived at the Fort without seeing an Indian. Black Hawk and his people, with the army in pursuit, had turned northward, intending to ford the Kickapoo high up.

No. 8

It was on the 1st day of August when Boiseley and I reached the Sugar Leaf, at the south end of the Prairie. As we were taking a look over the Prairie previous to starting for

the Fort, we saw the smoke and steam of a boat coming up the river, just off the mouth of the Wisconsin. We hastened on, and reached the Fort as the steamer *Warrior* made the Government landing. I reported myself to Captain Loomis, and was directed to go up the river in the boat. I assisted to get a six pounder from the Fort on to the *Warrior*, which cannon was managed by five other persons and myself, and was the only cannon fired at the Indians—if not the only one aboard.

The steam-boat *Warrior* was commanded by Throckmorton, and Lieut. Kingsbury was aboard with a body of regulars. The cannon was placed on the forward part of the boat, without a defence of any kind; and I have the names of the five persons who assisted to manage it, for they got on at the Prairie when I did.

The boat steamed up stream, with all on board anxious to get a pop at the Indians. Just above where Lansing is, we picked up a soldier, who had been discharged from Fort Snelling and was coming down in the river in a canoe. He had come down the west channel, on the Minnesota side opposite Bad Axe, and, fortunately for him, he did not meet the Indians. We came in sight of the Indians south of the Bad Axe River; they were collected together on a bench of the land close to the Mississippi, and were making efforts to get their women across.

Captain Dickson's scouts had not come up yet, and the Indians raised a white flag and endeavored to induce the boat to approach the east shore, and succeeded in bringing her close enough to pour a shower of balls into her. The cannon sent a shower of canister amongst the Indians, which was repeated three times, each time mowing a swath clean through them. After discharging the gun three times, (there were only three charges of canister shot aboard,) the Indians retreated to the low ground back from the shore, where, lying on their bellies, they were safe from us.

A continual firing of small arms was kept up between the persons on board the boat and the Indians ashore, until the fire-wood gave out, when we were obliged to put back to Prai-

rie Du Chien to wood-up—for there were no wood-yards on the Mississippi as now. The village was roused to carry wood aboard, and we soon had a sufficient quantity of that article. A lot of Monomonee Indians were also taken on, and then, under a full head of steam, we put back to the scene of the battle.

Before we rounded the island, and got within sight of the battle-ground, we could hear the report of musketry, and then it was that I heard Throckmorton say: "Dodge is giving them h—ll!" And he guessed right, for as we reached the scene of action, the wild volunteers under Gen. Dodge were engaged in a fierce conflict with the Indians. The Indians were driven down to the river edge; some of them under shelter of the bank, were firing at the volunteers, who had command of the bluffs. The Suckers and Hoosiers, as we called them, fought like perfect tigers, and carried everything before them.

The troops and Indians on board the *Warrior*, kept up a brisk fire on the Indians ashore, who fought with a desperation that surpassed everything I ever saw, during an Indian fight, and I have seen more than one. The Indians were between two fires; on the bluffs above them were Dickson and his rangers, and Dodge *leading* on his men, who needed no urging; while we kept steaming back and forth on the river, running down those who attempted to cross, and shooting at the Indians on shore.

The soldier we picked up, helped to man the gun, and during the engagement, he was wounded in the knee by a rifle-ball. The Indians' shots would hit the water or patter against the boat, but occasionally a rifle-ball sent with more force, would whistle through both sides. Some of the Indians, naked to the breech-cloth, slid down into the water, where they laid, with only their mouth and nostrils above the surface; but by running the boat closer in to the east shore, our Monomonees were enabled to make the water too hot for them. One after another, they jumped up, and were shot down in attempting to gain cover on the bank above. One warrior, more brave than the others, or perhaps more accustomed to the smell of

gun powder, kept his position in the water until the balls fell around him like hail, when he also concluded to *pugh-a shee*,* and commenced to creep up the bank. But, he never reached the top, for Throckmorton had his eye on him, and drawing up his heavy rifle he sent a bullet through the ribs of the Indian, who sprung into the air with an *ugh!*—and fell dead. There was only one person killed of those who came up on the *Warrior*, and that was an Indian. The pilot was fired at many times, but escaped unharmed, though the pilot-house was riddled with balls.

One incident occurred during the battle that came under my observation, which I must not omit to relate. An old Indian brave and his five sons, all of whom I had seen on the Prairie and knew, had taken a stand behind a prostrate log, in a little ravine mid-way up the bluff; from whence they fired on the regulars with deadly aim. The old man loaded the guns as fast as his sons discharged them, and at each shot a man fell. They knew they could not expect quarter, and they sold their lives as dear as possible; making the best show of fight, and held their ground the firmest of any of the Indians. But, they could never withstand the men under Dodge, for as the volunteers poured over the bluff, they each shot a man, and in return, each of the braves was shot down and scalped by the wild volunteers, who out with their knives and cutting two parallel gashes down their backs, would strip the skin from the quivering flesh, to make razor straps of. In this manner I saw the old brave and his five sons treated, and afterward had a piece of their hide.

After the Indians had been completely routed on the east side, we carried Col. Taylor and his force across the river, to islands opposite, which we raked with grape and round shot. Taylor and his men charged through the islands to the right and left, but they only took a few prisoners; mostly women and children. I landed with the troops, and was moving along the shore to the north, when a little Indian boy, with one of

**Pugh-a-shee—be off—escape*—is quite a common word with several of the Western Indian tribes. The Shawanoes used it.

his arms shot most off, came out of the bushes and made signs for something to eat. He seemed perfectly indifferent to pain, and only sensible of hunger, for when I carried the little naked fellow aboard, some one gave him a piece of hard bread, and he stood and ate it, with the wounded arm dangling by the torn flesh; and so he remained until the arm was taken off.

Old Wa-ba-shaw with a band of his warriors and the Monomonees, were sent in pursuit of those of Black Hawk's people who crossed the Mississippi, and very few of the Sauk and Fox Indians ever reached their own country. The *Warrior* carried down to the Prairie, after the fight, the regular troops, wounded men and prisoners; among the latter was an old Sauk Indian, who attempted to destroy himself, by pounding his own head with a rock, much to the amusement of the soldiers.

Soon after Black Hawk was captured, the volunteers were discharged, and I received a land warrant for my two months service, settled down and got married.

When Taintor and Reed came here and took contracts to furnish the Fort with wood, which was soon after the close of the Black Hawk war, when they were showing Black Hawk around the country, I moved up on the bluff, and went into the employ of Reed. The wood was furnished at a high price, and the contractors made a good profit from it. I remained on the bluff some time; finally Reed went away, and I returned to the Prairie. Uncle Ezekiel Taintor afterwards commenced to keep a store on the Prairie, but the business not suiting him he discontinued it, and returned to his farm, where he now lives, a respected and well-to-do citizen of Crawford.

In the year 1834, I think it was, I moved back to the Prairie into the old tavern. That year the small pox broke out in the village; many citizens were attacked with the disease, and hundreds of the Indians then living in this vicinity died. My oldest son, then nine months old, was seized with the disease, and recovered; but a Winnebago, whom we called Boxer, and who acted as my clerk and sold liquor to the Indians, caught the loathsome disease, and died. I will relate the manner of his death, for he was a faithful fellow, and though he

took in a hundred dollars a day sometimes, he never defrauded me of a cent. I was about to move to Bloody Run, and had sent Boxer over to see if the shanty was ready, and he took his canoe and went over. It seems on his way back he felt sick, and drew his canoe up on the point of the island, east of the Run, where the fever came on, and he laid down by the water's edge to drink, and there he died. There I found him as I was going over to the Run. I buried him on the island, and can show you his grave, and say, there lie the bones of an honest Indian. I proceeded to Bloody Run after burying poor Boxer, and was there taken with the small pox myself. I laid down by a spring, and remained there during the attack, four days and four nights, which time was passed in great misery, and seemed an age to me, but after the crisis passed, I was enabled to reach the Prairie, where I soon regained my health, and then moved my family to Bloody Run.

In Bloody Run I lived about two years. When I first went over there the cabin we moved into leaked, and one day I was on the roof fixing it, when I saw a deer coming down the coulee, from the north, directly towards me. I thought it was chased by something, and not being entirely recovered from my sickness, I did not get down to harm it. Soon after the deer passed I was attracted by an exclamation from my son, and looking, I discovered a large gray wolf making towards him. I got down quickly, and snatching up a gun loaded with small shot, that my wife had been hunting with, I advanced towards the wolf, but it did not retreat until I sent a charge of shot into its face.

Bloody Run was a great hunting ground, and Martin Scott,* of whom I know many interesting anecdotes, made it his favorite beat, when in pursuit of game. From this circumstance it is said the Run derived its name, but that is an error, for the true origin of Bloody Run, is known to some old settlers now alive, and is as follows:

* See vol. II, p. 319, *Wis. Hist. Collections*, for a notice of Col. Scott. L. C. D.