

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

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 Caligula—as heartless as a stone, remorseless as the sea and cruel as death. He speaks of the fright 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 starling 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 saddles 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 LaCrosse. 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 Decoré, and lying Cheaters, 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. Decoré 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 Dakies, 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 1882. 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

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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, 1881, 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-she-pa-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; Paeca-takee, or the wounded lip; Winne-wen-gua-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; Annau-mee, or the running fox; Na-taw-e-qua, or the jealous woman; Mee-she-wun-quan, or the dried tree; May-kee-sa-man-kee, or the wampum fish; Ohaw-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-gua-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; Waupsee-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 Saks 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.