60,000 bushels of corn quite as easily, they again crossed the river, and again Gen. Atkinson was ordered to remove them.

Instead of buying corn for them he ordered all the available troops into the field, and the President ordered out the Illinois militia under the command of Gen. Henry and Gen. Alexander, all under the command of Gen. Atkinson.

The Indians started up Rock river, pursued by the troops, committing occasional depredations as they went along.

After they got into Wisconsin the troops lost track of them, and Gen. Atkinson continued up the Rock river to where the village of Fort Atkinson now stands, where he established his headquarters and built a temporary fort. In the meantime Black Hawk, learning from the Winnebagoes who also promised to assist him, that only thirty men remained in Fort Winnebago, determined to burn it and massacre its inmates.

They accordingly came and encamped on the Fox river about four miles above Swan Lake and about eight miles from the fort. Every possible means that could be devised was adopted to protect the fort and save the lives of the inhabitants, most of whom were women and children; but after all had been done that was possible, the commanding officer concluded that without reenforcements we would be lost, and determined to send to Gen. Atkinson for troops.

I was accordingly selected for that duty for several reasons, among which was my thorough acquaintance with the country, and another was the probability that the Winnebagoes would not harm me.

Every day some Winnebago would come to me and advise me to go at night and stay in his wigwam where he said I would be safe.

At nine o'clock at night I left the fort with many a God speed you, armed with a small Ruggles rifle, my dispatches, a tomahawk and bowie knife. I crossed the Fox river at a shallow point just above where the public stables used to stand, and keeping the Indian trail that led from here to White Crows' village on Lake Kosh-Konong on my right, I traveled rapidly all night, walking up hill and running down hill and on a level. I struck the trail several times during the night, but left immediately as I feared some Indians might be encamped upon it, whose dogs would discover me before I would discover them.

I arrived safely at the fort at 4 o'clock in the forenoon, and delivered my dispatches to Gen. Atkinson, who sent 3,000 men at once to relieve Fort Winnebago.

I slept till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and then started on my return following the trail of the mounted militia for twelve miles, when I passed them, and reached the head of a stream that used to be called Rowans creek, about twelve miles from the fort shortly after daylight, and, fearing to go further till night, I crawled into some brush and went to sleep.

As soon as it was quite dark I left my hiding place and returned to the fort as near as possible by the route I left it, arriving between ten and eleven o'clock P.M.

I reported that the troops were on the way and would arrive next evening. We kept close watch all that night, and at four o'clock P.M. next day.

THE TROOPS ARRIVED

Some of you may be surprised that I should travel so rapidly and the mounted troops should be so long on the road; but you must recollect the marshes were very wet at that time, that the whole country, was a wilderness, and that when I jumped into a stream and waded through or walked across the marsh, the troops had to build bridges and causeways.

The war would have been ended within two days if the militia had been in condition to follow the Indians, but the horses needed rest and food, rations had to be issued to the men, and many of them were without a change of underclothing, and it was absolutely necessary to wait at least one day at the fort.

A STAMPEDE

The second night the horses took fright (probably at some Winnebago Indians) and there was a regular stampede. Probably some of my hearers may not thoroughly comprehend a stampede, and it may be proper to describe it, if possible, though only an eye witness can properly appreciate how terrible it is. Some horse or may be a few horses get frightened and start to run, the entire drove may see nothing to alarm them but presume there is danger, and they fall into line, and once fairly under way nothing can stop them.

These in front cannot stop without being run over, and those in the rear run to keep up. On this occasion about sixteen hundred horses started with a noise like thunder, running so close together that when one is so unfortunate as to face a tree the horse is killed or so badly injured as to be unable to proceed, and was run over by the whole drove; so if a horse was unable to keep up he was knocked down and killed; between the bank of the Wisconsin and the point of land between there and the fort thirty-seven horses were found dead.
SAT CLARK'S LECTURE AT 포
TAGE, WISCONSIN.

At a request of a number of citizens of this city, I have been invited to address you upon the early history of Port Winnebago and its surroundings. To give you a thorough understanding of the history (not only of the Port, but the persons intimately connected therewith) it will be necessary to detail you my early recollections from my arrival in what is now the state of Wisconsin. On the 14th day of April 1828 I landed at Green Bay, then considered a small French settlement. Port Howard was then situated near where the passenger depot of the C. E. & W. railroad now stands.

On the opposite side of the river where the city of Green Bay is located there was a wilderness. Nine miles above on the river, was a small group of houses that hardly could be termed a village, but which was nevertheless called "Shanty Town." Residing there were several American families among whom were Dan'l Whiteman, Henry S. Baird, Rob. Irwin, Alex. Irwin, Sam'l Irwin and quite a number of French and half-bred. The Port contained three companies of U. S. Infantry and was commanded by then Maj. Twiggs, afterwards General. The companies were severally commanded by Capt. and his brother Maj. Bach, Capt. Spence and Capt. now Gen. Wm. Harvey.

Gen. Harney and Jeff Davis.

Of the officers stationed at Port Winnebago from 1828 till the 8th of July 1831, only two survive, to wit: Gen. Wm. Harvey and Jeff Davis. Gen. Harney at that time was a Capt., and Davis was his subaltern. Both were considered among the best officers in the service. It is thought that they were essential to the frontier service. Capt. Harvey had no superior anywhere. There was no better disciplinarian, and no more indolent either to men when their behavior was good. It has been said of him (by persons in civil life) that he was cruel to his men, but this is not true. He was, however, a terror to evil doers, whether soldier or citizen. To give you an idea of the man, he was over six feet in height, well proportioned, and exceedingly active and strong. I think you would be interested while I relate an anecdote or two which will give you a more correct idea of his character.

Gen. Harney once took offense at an Indian, and determined to cowhide him, but was persuaded to give him "a chance for his life." He had him taken half a mile above the government wash houses on the bank of the river, gave him 100 yards start with the agreement that if the Indian passed the wash houses before he was caught, he should go free for that time. Pierre Paquette gave the word, and away they went. Harney running on him so rapidly that he seemed sure to overtake him. There was a special guard from the wash house that only froze ever in very cold weather and opened again during the day. The night before was very cold, and this point had frozen over about half an inch thick. When they reached this point Harney was just ready to put his hand on him, when the Indian being quite light crossed the thin ice safely. Not so, however, with the captain; he carried too many pounds and down he went. He came to the surface at once and called to a sentinel to shoot the Indian. The sentinel fired well and the ball struck him about thirty feet short of the Indian. All the officers were on the bank witnessing the race and of course were convulsed with laughter.

On another occasion it was necessary to punish the chief of this band of a very large man named Hewitt. The man said to the captain, "if you were an enlisted man, or I was a captain, you could not treat me in that way." Harney took him out behind the barracks, told him to consider himself a captain, and do his best. Hewitt pitched at the captain furiously, when the captain knocked him down. This was repeated about a dozen times, when he said, "captain, I have been a captain long enough to suit me, I would now like to be reduced to the ranks.

With PIERRE POUQUET.

His strength was so incompressible and his exploits so astonishing, that while relating what I have seen, I shall tell only the exact truth, I will promise not to be offended if some of you should be a little skeptical.

Pierre Paquette was born in the year 1800 of a French man and a Winnebago squaw. His mother was buried nearly in front of the Old American fort. He was 80 years old when I first knew of him, and was the very best spee-

They took the trail they came on, and ran to the prairie, a distance of about six

 tense miles, and very many were killed and it was late the next day before they were

This course necessitated another delay, and it was not till the fifth day, that they left the fort.

THE INDIANS.

The Indians in the meantime went to the Four Lakes where I learned later, they were advised to cross the Wisconsin and the Mississippi as soon as possible. A few reliable Winnebagos under Pierre Paquette and myself were ordered to scout. We had no difficulty in following their trail and gained upon them rapidly, overtaking them on the bank of the Wis-

consin about twenty-five miles below here where the battle of Wisconsin was fought. That battle

MADE MANY MISTAKES,
and so it should.

About one hundred and twenty half-

breed Indians defeated the pass against

nearly three thousand whites, while the remainder of the Indians in plain sight

were crossing the Wisconsin with the women and children, and as such, the women and children were safe, the Indians broke and ran. Then came the struggle for scalp. Every man who could run started down the hill at his top speed, my Indian scouts and myself for ahead of the militia, and I was about the middle of the hill. Just so I commenced running the hill on the other side of the valley, Pa-

quette passed me on horseback, and as he

went by I caught his horse by the tail and held on to the top of the hill, where we found four dead Indians. Paquette took one scalp, the red one, and the Indian scouts took the other two.

The Indians lost four killed all told, and the whites one. This ended the battle of the Wis-

consin about which so much has been written.

The Indians traveled as rapidly as possible to the Mississippi near the mouth of the Bad Axe river, I went there shortly after Capt. Alexander Johnson was or-

ordered to take command of the regular troops and endeavor to intercept the Indi-

ans and prevent their crossing the Missis-

sippi.

A steamboat was sent up the river from Port Crawford commanded by Jeff Davis.

He drove the Indians back and they were all killed or taken prisoners except Black

Hawk and the Pegulah and their families who crossed the river before the steamboat arrived.
men of a man I ever saw. He was six feet two inches in height, and weighed two hundred and forty pounds, hardly ever so drunk. What occurred then all depends upon the square as given that night. She kicked the fire apart, the varying one pound. He was a very hand-Indian, rose and said something that some man, was hospitable generous and offended Paquette, who slapped the Indian's face knocking him down. The Indian got up saying, "You knocked me down, but I got you. I will knock you down, and you will never get up. I will go for my gun," Paquette only laughed and sat down. The Indian returned, when Paquette stood up, pulled open his coat, placed his hand on his breast said, "Strike and see a brave man die. The Indian fired killing him instantly, the ball severing one of the main arteries leading from the heart. No man in Wisconsin could have died who was so much regretted.

His death can safely be attributed to intoxication, though it was the first time I ever knew or heard of his being in that condition.

There has been some doubt as to where Paquette was buried, and I will state what I know of his burial. In the first instance, while he did not claim to belong to any religious denomination, his wife being a Catholic he built a small church near the centre of this city.

At his death I assisted to bury his remains under the floor of his church. Subsequently the church was burned, and still later when I was living at Green Lake I received a summons to come up and point out his grave, some of his friends being desirous to remove his body. I came up and found the locality without any difficulty, but never heard whether he was removed, or if so where to.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

The most interesting event since my advent into Wisconsin was what is known as the "Black Hawk War," the truthful history of which has never been published, and I think the causes that led to it, and the incidents connected therewith, are known to very few people now living.

In 1831, in violation of a treaty stipulation, the Sacs and Fox Indians under Black Hawk and the Prophet crossed the Mississippi into Illinois. Black Hawk was a Fox Indian, and the Prophet was a Winnebago, who, with a small band, became discontented and left the Winnebagoes and joined the Sacs and Fox tribes, where they had inter-married, and became part of the same tribe.

Gen. Atkinson was ordered to remove them. They offered to go back and remain for 80,000 bushels of corn, and as corn was only 5 cents a bushel, he gave it to them and they retired.

The following summer, thinking to get