

BLACK HAWK

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the Indians were defeated again by troops under command of General Dodge on the banks of the Wisconsin. And while they made an attempt to descend the Wisconsin River on rafts and canoes many, including women and children, were killed or taken. Black Hawk and his followers fled across the country, hoping to put the Mississippi between them and their pursuers. When they reached the Mississippi their camp was shelled by the steamer Warrior, and the following day by troops under General Atkinson and one hundred and fifty of them were killed and forty captured. Black Hawk with a few others and most of the women and children escaped. The war was over. Black Hawk speaking of this catastrophe said that when the whites came upon them they tried to give themselves up and made no show of resistance until the soldiers began to slaughter them, then his braves determined to fight until they were all killed.

Black Hawk and some other chiefs soon gave themselves up and were confined in Fortress Monroe for over a month; then they were taken on a tour through the principal eastern cities. At New York they witnessed a balloon ascension from Castle Garden.

"Is the airship going to see the Great Spirit?" asked one of them.

"He is a great brave," said another referring to the aeronaut, "he must be a Sac."

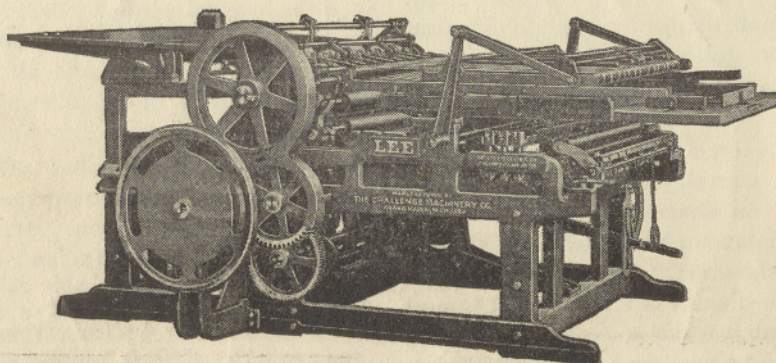
They visited many public places of interest and were pleased with what they saw. On presenting himself to the United States Agent at Prairie Du Chien the old chief said: "Black Hawk has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his country against white men who came year after year to cheat the Indians and take away their lands. The cause of our making war is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians and drive them from their homes. They speak bad of the In-

dians and looks at them spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies. Indians do not steal. An Indian who is as bad as the white man could not live in our nation; he would be put to death and eaten up by the wolves. The white men carry false looks and deal in false actions. They shake the poor Indian by the hand to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, to deceive and ruin him. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We were becoming like them, hypocrites and liars.

"Things grew worse. We looked up to the Great Spirit. Our squaws and papooses were without food to keep them from starving. We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers came and spoke to us, to avenge our wrongs or die. We set up the war whoop, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle. I fought hard but your guns were well aimed.

"Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you and avenge your wrongs. He has been taken prisoner and his plans stopped. He is satisfied. He has done his duty; he can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting and will rise no more. He will go to the world of spirits contented. Farewell to Black Hawk!"

He died a few years later on Des Moines river, near Iowa, Oct. 3, 1838. He was buried on an elevated spot, in his war dress, in a sitting posture, with distinguished honors from his tribe. In the grave were placed many of the old warrior's trophies and favorite weapons: A cane given him by Henry Clay, uniform sword, and medal from general Jackson, medals from John Quincy Adams, and the city of Boston. His body was stolen and taken to St. Louis where it was cleaned and the bones sent to Quincy, Ill., for articulation. Protest was made by Governor Lucas of the territory of Iowa. The bones were restored, but the sons of Black Hawk were satisfied to let them stay in the Governor's office, where they remained for some time. Later they were removed to the collections of the Burlington Geological and Historical Society, where they were destroyed in 1855 when the building containing them was burned down.



Above is an illustration of our new two-revolution Lee press on which we are now running *The Chemawa American*. From the "devil" up the entire force is proud of this splendid piece of machinery. It is truly marvelous.