

Third Lake; and, previously to our arriving there, our scouts discovered a large force of Indians, who made a feint to attack us, when we at once formed into order of battle. Seeing this movement of ours, they made a precipitous flight into the woods surrounding the lake. We then advanced a short distance, and took up our encampment. That night our scouts discovered many Indians, and it appeared from information received the next morning from a Winnebago, that about one half of the main body of the Sauks and Foxes took post near the crossing of the Catfish, on the eastern confines of the city of Madison, with the intention of there attacking us, should we attempt a night pursuit; but as we did not, they left about midnight.

The next morning—the memorable 21st of July—we were upon their trail by sunrise, with every expectation of overtaking them soon. The march or pursuit was consequently rapid. On the bank of the Third Lake, near where the Lake House in Madison now stands, our advance guard killed an Indian, who, the Winnebago Indian before alluded to, informed us, was sitting upon the grave of his wife, who had perhaps died of fatigue, hunger* and exhaustion, and her disconsolate companion had resolved to await the advancing foe, and die there also; and he boldly bared his naked breast, and presented a full front, as a willing target for the balls of the scouts. He but too soon met the death he coveted. This may be thought to have been cruel on the part of the scouts; but it will be recollected that our motto was, “*no quarter*,” and besides, in such an exciting pursuit, there was little time to deliberate as to their course of action in such a case, even had they then been aware of the attending circumstances.

In our pursuit, we passed an encampment on what is now called Pheasant Branch, at the head of Fourth Lake, where was

*Black Hawk, in his autobiography, mentions, that in the region of the Four Lakes, he and his people “were hard put to, to obtain enough to eat to support nature;” that they were forced to subsist on roots and bark of trees—hence the name of *Bark River*, above Kosh-ko-nong; and that several of their “old people became so much reduced, as actually to die with hunger.” He adds, that after crossing the Wisconsin, his people were in a desperate condition, starving from hunger, and that on the route to the Bad Ax, several old men and children perished from that cause.