

after proceeding a few miles down the river, fell in with a fresh trail of the enemy, evidently bearing towards the Wisconsin River, and immediately returned and reported their discovery.

Poquette and the Winnebago Indians, from the time we left the fort, at all our halts and encampments, invariably made their camp-fires close to that of Gen. Dodge. No man who knew him, ever suspected the honesty or patriotism of Poquette. He possessed unbounded influence over the Indians; treachery could not have existed among them in our camp without his knowing it; and none in that encampment ever heard before it was printed in Ford's History, that Major Murray McConnell had discovered that those Indians were treacherous; that he had single handed and alone, stopped more than a dozen of warriors in their flight from our camp, carried them to the quarters of General Henry, where they confessed their treason—and all this too without the assistance of Poquette, their interpreter, the only man in the camp who could render into English a single word they said!*

* Whether Gov. Ford has made some mistake in this matter, we know not, but Gov. Reynolds, in his recent *Life and Times*, seems to corroborate it. Reynolds states, that on the second day's march of Gen. Henry and Col. Dodge from Fort Winnebago, their spies seized two unarmed Indians who said they were Winnebagoes, but the whites considered them as Sauks, and spies of Black Hawk; and with this impression, they were confined. That upon the return of Adjutants Woodbridge and Merriman, and their Indian guide, a chief called Little Thunder, when Woodbridge narrowly escaped being shot by one of the sentinels in the dark, the two Indian prisoners, who had heard from Little Thunder that the trail of Black Hawk's band had been discovered, managed to effect their escape, but were re-captured in this wise: "Major McConnell," says Gov. Reynolds, "had been out about dark reconnoitering some distance from the main army with another person, and had found the Indian trail of Black Hawk. The individual returned alone to the army, and reported the fact. Just at dark—McConnell was still reconnoitering—two Indians came through some brush-wood, within ten yards of him, and one of them gave an Indian whoop, evidently showing great alarm. McConnell supposed the Indians were the enemy, and was about shooting, when one of them cried out in tolerable English, 'Good Indian, me!—good Winnebago!' McConnell immediately discovered that they were the two prisoners who had been marching with the army. He captured them, and tied their hands behind their backs, and marched them to camp. In this enterprise with the Indians, and throughout the whole campaign, Major McConnell displayed efficiency and courage as a soldier and an officer, which won for him the approbation of the whole army. The Indian prisoners confessed their guilt, that they were spies for Black Hawk. They expected to be shot; but the General did not proclaim their guilt, and they were spared. The General acted with humanity, as the army was then nearly on the Indian trail, and the spies could do no injury to the whites, and to destroy two deluded, unarmed human beings, after their having been prisoners for some time, seemed to be a cruel act. The General was compelled to exercise much care over the Indians, or some volunteer might have shot them, if the fact had been known." Maj. McConnell still lives and is a well known citizen of Illinois.