

the position occupied by them\*. The action lasted but a short time after the charge. In front of Dodge's command the principal part of the Indians were killed. The greater part of the Winnebago Indians who accompanied us from the fort, hid in sink holes or sheltered behind trees, except the White Pawnee and the son of White Crow, who together with Poquette fell into our ranks, and fought uncovered like white men. All the Indians, together with Poquette, started for Fort Winnebago immediately after the action.

I have, in as condensed a manner as possible, given the movements, of General Dodge and the volunteers under his command, from the time we joined Posey at Wiota, until the close of the battle of the Wisconsin. I have shown conclusively, if credit is due to any one for having overtaken Black Hawk and his forces, and defeating them at the Wisconsin, it is to General Dodge. He planned the enterprise, and owing to the generous support he received from Gen. Henry, carried it out. If he was not the actual commander, he was virtually so. He was the only officer holding the rank of Colonel (the highest rank to which he could be appointed under the Territorial law) commissioned by the Governor of Michigan west of the lake. He was from this appointment sole commander of the militia within the territory which was the seat of war, and from the extent of his command entitled to the rank of a Brigadier General. He had been appointed in the regular service as commander of United States Rangers, in which corps General Henry had been appointed to a captaincy under

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\*The Indian commander was Black Hawk himself, if we may credit his own narrative of that affair. "I was mounted on a fine horse," says Black Hawk, "and was pleased to see my warriors so brave. I addressed them in a loud voice, telling them to stand their ground, and never yield it to the enemy. At this time, I was on the rise of a hill, where I wished to form my warriors, that we might have some advantage over the whites. But the enemy succeeded in gaining this point, which compelled us to fall back into a deep ravine, from which we continued firing at them, and they at us, until it grew dark. My horse having been wounded twice during this engagement, and fearing, from his loss of blood, that he would soon give out—and finding that the enemy would not come near enough to receive our fire, in the dusk of the evening—and knowing that our women and children had had sufficient time to reach the island in the Wisconsin, I ordered my warriors to return, in different routes, and meet me at the Wisconsin—and were astonished to find that the enemy were not disposed to pursue us."