

This ever treacherous but cunning band had professed great friendship for the Sac chief, in his early efforts to arouse and combine the whole North-Western Indians in a last great struggle to drive the pale-faces from their territory. He had held long and earnest councils at their village on Lake Winnebago on his return from Malden, where he had met the British agent, who had promised him efficient aid in his project. He relied firmly on the adherence of this tribe to his fortunes; though not numerous, they could still aid him efficiently in this war of extermination, from the fact that they were to some extent in the confidence of the officers commanding the frontier posts; but the subsequent history of the war fully exhibited their innate fickleness and treachery, both to Black-Hawk and the whites.

The fugitive chief fled northward with his follower, until he entered the valley of the Lemonweir, where he hoped to secrete himself among its numerous bluffs and rocky cliffs, over which in former days, he had roamed and hunted with success and security. Not a trail, nor nook, nor craggy prominence but was familiar to the hawk-eye of the now hunted and toil-worn brave. When he reached what is now known as the Seven Mile Bluff, from its lofty and precipitous heights he could see an enemy or friend in their approaches for many miles. Here he felt secure for the present, and cast himself down under the shade of its ever-greens to rest his wearied body, that had for many days known no respite or repose, dispatching his companion in search of food, and to ascertain whether any of his Winnebago friends were in the vicinity. Late in the evening the messenger returned without food, but with information that they were pursued; that either friends or foes were on their trail. Not a moment was to be lost; they must separate and each secrete himself as best he could. The Prophet sought refuge in a cliff of the romantic chimney rocks, at the east end of the bluff, and Black Hawk selected a unique hiding place, where he had often, years before, secreted himself, when on hunting excursions, to watch for game. On a bold promontory of the bluff that stretches far out into the valley, on its