

us driven from our village, they should be killed. The trader stood foremost on the list. He had purchased the land on which my lodge stood, and that of our grave-yard also! Ne-a-pope promised to kill him, the agent, interpreter, the great chief at St. Louis, the war chief at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, and Ke-o-kuk—these being the principal persons to blame for endeavoring to remove us.”—Pages 92-3.

Now, although the taunt upon honest labor—upon a calling honored by the title of the “art preservative of art”—upon an avocation which is instrumental in giving fame to the author of that History—upon an art patronized by Benjamin Franklin, and many equally as illustrious men as Governor Ford, (the taunt implied in the use of the word printer,) comes with ill-grace from one occupying the position he did, we will let it pass, and charitably hope that the Governor never saw the book. He may have heard it spoken of by others, and forgotten what we told him respecting it, and thus been led to make statements which every page of the book stamps as unfair, untrue and unjust.

It is not uncommon for great heroes to have a desire that their military achievements should occupy a page in the current history of the times: Gov. Ford’s great object in preparing his “History of Illinois” was to vindicate himself from censure that had been cast upon him by a portion of the press and the people of Illinois, for the course he pursued with regard to the difficulties during the Mormon war. So with Black Hawk. That the brief remnant of his days might be passed in the satisfaction of having shown to his white brethren that he deemed his cause just, he gave them the history of the motives that impelled him to take up arms against them. I make no apology for instituting this comparison. Black Hawk, although an untutored savage, was free from social vices which (learned from the white man) have swept so many of his race from the stage of action—he was just—he was generous—he was brave. Could Gov. Ford, with all the advantages of civilization, have been more a man than his dusky brother.

J. B. PATTERSON.