

that the whole country was a wilderness, and that when I jumped into a stream and waded through or walked across the marsh, the troops had to build bridges and causeways.

The war would have been ended within two days if the militia had been in condition to follow the Indians; but the horses needed rest and food, rations had to be issued to the men, and many of them were without a change of under-clothing, and it was absolutely necessary to wait at least one day at the fort.

The second night the horses took fright (probably at some Winnebago Indians), and there was a regular stampede. Probably some of my readers may not thoroughly comprehend a stampede; and it may be proper to describe it, if possible, though only an eye witness can properly appreciate how terrible it is. Some horse, or may be a few horses get frightened and start to run; the entire drove may see nothing to alarm them, but presuming there is danger, they fall into line, and once fairly under way nothing can stop them.

Those in front cannot stop without being run over, and those in the rear run to keep up. On this occasion several hundred horses started with a noise like thunder, running so close together that when one is so unfortunate as to face a tree he was either killed or so badly injured as to be unable to proceed, and was run over by the whole drove; so if a horse was unable to keep up he was knocked down and killed; between the bank of the Wisconsin and the point of land between there and the fort, thirty-seven horses were found dead. They took the trail they came on, and ran to the prairie, a distance of about sixteen miles, over sixty horses were killed, and it was late next day before those recovered were brought back.*

* In Wakefield's *History of the Sauk and Fox War* published at Jacksonville, Ill., in 1834, the following account is given of this stampede—the writer then serving with the Illinois troops: "Our horses were given to fright and running in a most fearful manner; and the army was constantly in danger of suffering great damage by their taking those frights. No one can tell what a horrid sight it is to see two thousand horses coming at full speed toward an encampment in the dead hour of night. This night—at Fort Winnebago—they got more scared than common. There were about three hundred on this night, that ran about thirty miles before they stopped; and that, too, through the worst kind of swamps. This circumstance caused us to stay here two days, trying to recover our horses; but all could not be found; our road back the way we had come was hunted for upwards of fifty miles and still a great number of them were missing."