

Gen. Atkinson to exclaim, when he met the old hero at Prairie du Chien, as he threw his arms around him, "Dodge, you have saved me; you have dragged me on to victory!" Gen. Dodge, like Gen. Jackson in Florida, and Cæsar, when he crossed the Rubicon, had violated Gen. Atkinson's order, by going after Black Hawk instead of for provisions to the Blue Mound—giving him battle at the Wisconsin Heights as he retreated towards Bad Axe.

At this battle his subsequent brother-in-law, Black, his brave sons Henry Lewis, and Augustus Cæsar, now of Burlington, our United States senator and minister to Spain, his son-in-law, Col. Paschal Bequette, now of Visalla, California, Wm. J. Maddin, whose bones lie bleached in California, Col. John Dement, now of Dixon, Illinois, and his grandson, Henry Dodge Maddin, acted bravely their parts. His son-in-law, Bequette, had previously shown his pluck, and practiced his steady nerves at the battle of twenty Sacs who had killed Apple and scalped him, near Col. Wm. S. Hamilton's ford, from the ambush in which they were secreted, and waiting for Gen. Dodge as he rode along from Dodgeville over to Hamilton's—Fort Union, I believe it was called in those days. I was Gen. Dodge's aid in the Black Hawk War, and know.