championed. But he was easily influenced by the British military and commercial agents,— who were continually engaged, previous to the war of 1812–15, in cultivating a spirit of hostility between the Northwestern tribes and the Americans,— and was led by them always to consider himself under the special protection of the "British father" (general military agent) at Malden.[1] A too-confiding disposition was ever leading his judgment astray. He was readily duped by those who, white or red, were interested in deceiving him. The effect of his daily communication with the Americans was to often rudely shock his high sense of honor, while the uniform courtesy of the treatment accorded him upon his annual begging visit to Malden, contrasted strangely, in his eyes, with his experiences with many of the inhabitants on the Illinois border.

Black Hawk was about five feet, four or five inches in height, and rather spare as to flesh; his somewhat pinched features exaggerated the prominence of the cheek-bones of his race; he had a full mouth, inclined to be somewhat open when at rest; a pronounced Roman nose; fine "piercing" eyes, often beaming with a kindly and always with a thoughtful expression; no eyebrows; a high, full forehead; a head well thrown back, with a pose of quiet dignity, and his hair plucked out, with the exception of the scalp-lock, in which, on ceremonial occasions, was fastened a bunch of eagle feathers.[2] The conservative braves of the confederacy, who were friendly to the Americans, regarded the

[1] In his *Autobiography*,— probably authentic in the main, but written in a stilted style which we doubtless owe to the editor, Patterson,— Black Hawk calls the president at Washington his "great father," and the agent at Malden his "British father." *Ford*, p. 110, *note*, questions the accuracy of the autobiography; he says that "Black Hawk knew little, if anything, about it;" that it "was written by a printer, and was never intended for anything but a catch penny publication," and that it is a "gross perversion of facts." Later historians, not as strong Indian-haters as Ford, have taken a more favorable view of the book. My references in this paper are to the original edition of 1834.

[2] An admirable original portrait of Black Hawk, by R. M. Sully, painted in 1833 while the subject was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, hangs in the portrait gallery of the Wisconsin Historical Society.