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**SKETCHES OF THE SAC AND FOX INDIANS, AND THE  
EARLY SETTLEMENT OF WAPELLO COUNTY.**  
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The Black-Hawk war of 1832, resulted in a treaty with the Sac and Fox nation of Indians, which opened for settlement a strip of territory fifty miles in width, lying along the right bank of the Mississippi river, and now forming the eastern front of the State of Iowa; the Indians reserving for their occupation a tract ten miles wide, stretching back from the Mississippi, and including the Iowa river and its immediate valley. This "Iowa Reserve" was subsequently ceded to the United States in a treaty, held at Rock Island, in the fall of eighteen hundred and thirty-six, and its immediate settlement provided for and permitted.

All the important points along the river were early occupied, and permanent settlements commenced simultaneous with the withdrawal of the military occupation of the country, which followed soon after the close of the war—the force of the settlers being at once sufficient to guard against further Indian troubles.

As Black-Hawk had not been over-scrupulous in the observance of former treaties with the United States, it was fair to conclude that force alone would prevent his infraction of the conditions now *forced* upon him. But the power of that distinguished war-chief was now forever broken, and his tribe, though reputable conquerors, had come fully in contact with a race of men whose destiny is to engulf all opposing races in the sea of oblivion.

At no point in the "Black-Hawk Purchase," was the press for settlement greater than in the Des Moines river valley.—This valley affords no grand views of lofty mountains, with cloudcapped Summits and Alpine-like glaciers—no mount Blanc with its towering rocky battlements and snow bastions to astonish the sight-seeking *idle*, and employ the pens of fantastic dreamers; but throughout its whole length, exhibits a picture of quiet beauty combined with utility, which attracts the *industrial* element of society, that portion who convert a wilderness into wealth producing farms—build mills, establish mechanic shops, stores, schools and churches, and furnish all the elements of the basis of a prosperous State.

The valley of this river, for a distance of near three hundred miles from its mouth, contains all the natural resources of agricultural wealth, in an eminent degree. Above that distance, timber is less abundant, and probably the coal measures gradually crop out. But for the distance named, stretching diagonally across the State, and passing near its center, the river and its numerous tributaries are lined with forests of valuable timber, bordered with interjacent prairies, with smooth undulating surfaces, and unsurpassed richness of soil, affording a most enticing field for the application of industry, where the rich bounties of nature may be enjoyed without excessive toil. The streams, in forming channels, have cut their way through extensive strata of lime and sand stone, as well as heavy seams of bituminous coal, the latter extending nearly the whole length of the valley of the river, showing it to be a vast carboniferous basin.

The pre-eminent inducements here offered for settlement, caused a rapid tide of immigration, which, in its successive flows from time to time, as the Indian boundaries were removed by treaty, spread over and peopled the whole valley.

As has been already stated, the territory first ceded by the Indians, was limited to a strip

along the Mississippi, fifty miles in width. But before the boundary line was fully marked and established, an agreement was effected with the Indians for its enlargement in width, at a point near the middle of -----miles. From this point of extension, lines were drawn to the northern and southern termini of the limits prescribed in the first treaty. This boundary remained until it was superseded by the treaty of eighteen hundred and forty-two. The line thus established, intersected the Des Moines River at the old Iowa village, the pleasant site of the town of Iowaville, in Van Buren county, and was long ago the principal seat of the Iowa nation of Indians, from whom as the first known inhabitants the State was very properly taken its name. This spot should receive high classical regard in Indian story-being Black-Hawk's first battle field, and where his spirit took its flight to the elysian hunting grounds-that Indian dream land lying within the veil, inclosing the home of departed spirits, where the good in this life will forever enjoy increasing delights in the immediate presence of the Great Spirit, but where the vicious and the coward will be denied the beatitudes of the virtuous and brave. It was the boast of the Sac and Fox nation that they had pursued a conquering march over all the tribes between Lake Erie and the Mississippi, but their last victorious battle field was at the Iowa Village here spoken of, in which Black-Hawk, though a young man, commanded one division of the attacking forces.

It may not be considered out of place to make a digression from the thread of events I propose to follow, and fall back in time to a history of this battle, as detailed by the Indians who were in it.

Contrary to long established custom of Indian attack, this battle was brought on in daytime, the attending circumstances justifying this departure from the well settled usages of Indian warfare. The battle field is a level river bottom prairie, of about four miles in length, and two miles wide near the middle, narrowing down to points at either end. The main area of the bottom rises perhaps twenty feet above the river, leaving a narrow strip of low bottom along the river, covered with trees that belted the prairie on the river side with a thick forest, and the river bank was fringed with a dense growth of willows. Near the lower end of the prairie, and near the river bank was situated the Iowa village, and about two miles above the town and near the middle of the prairie is situated a small natural mound, covered at that time with a tuft of small trees, and brush growing on its summit. In the rear of this mound lay a belt of wet prairie, which, at the time here spoken of, was covered with a dense crop of rank coarse grass, bordering this wet prairie on the north, the country rises abruptly into elevated and broken river bluffs; covered with a heavy forest for many miles in extent, and portions thickly clustered with undergrowth, affording a convenient shelter for the stealthy approach of a cat-like foe. Through this forest, the Sac and Fox war party made their way in the nighttime, and secreted themselves in the tall grass spoken of above, intending to remain in ambush through the day, and make such observations as this near proximity to their intended victims might afford, to aid them in the contemplated attack on the town during the following night. From this situation their spies could take a full survey of the situation of the village, and watch every movement of the inhabitants by which means they were soon convinced the Iowas had no suspicion of their presence.

At the foot of the mound above noticed, the Iowas had their race course, where they diverted themselves with the excitements of the horse, and schooled their young warriors in cavalry evolutions. In these exercises, mock battles are fought, and the Indian tactics of attack and defence, of victory and defeat, are carefully inculcated, by which means a skill in horsemanship is acquired, which is rarely excelled. Unfortunately for them, this day was

selected for these equestrian sports, and wholly unconscious of the proximity of their foes, the warriors repaired to the race ground, leaving the most of their arms in the village, and their old men and women and children unprotected.

Pash-a-pa-ho, who was chief in command of the enemies' forces, perceived at once the advantage this state of things afforded for a complete surprise of his now doomed victims, and ordered Black-Hawk to file off with his young warriors through the tall grass, and gain the cover of the timber along the river bank, and with the utmost speed reach the village, and commence the battle, while he remained with his division in the ambush, to make a simultaneous assault on the unarmed men, whose attention was engrossed by the excitement of the races. The plan was skillfully laid, and most dexterously prosecuted. Black-Hawk, with his forces, reached the village undiscovered and made a furious onslaught on its defenseless inhabitants by firing one general volley into their midst and completing the slaughter with the tomahawk and scalping-knife aided by the devouring flames, with which they engulfed the village as soon as the fire-brand could be spread from lodge to lodge.

On the instant of the report of fire-arms at the village, the forces under Pash-a-pa-ho leaped from their couchant position in the grass and sprang tiger-like upon the astonished and unarmed Iowas in the midst of their racing sports. The first impulse of the latter naturally led them to make the utmost speed to reach their arms in the village and protect if possible their wives and children from the attack of a merciless assailant. The distance from the place of the attack on the prairie was two miles and a great number fell in the flight by the bullets and tomahawks of their adversaries, who pressed them closely with a running fire the whole way, and they only reached their town in time to witness the horrors of its destruction. Their whole village was in flames and the dearest objects of their lives lay in slaughtered heaps amidst the devouring element, and the agonizing groans of the dying mingled with the exultant shouts of a victorious foe filled their hearts with a maddening despair. Their wives and children who had been spared the general massacre were prisoners, and together with their arms were in possession of the victors and all that could now be done was to draw off their shattered and defenseless forces and save as many lives as possible by a retreat across the Des Moines river, which they effected in the best possible manner, and took a position among the Soap creek hills.

The complete success attending a battle does not always imply brave action, for as in the present instance bravery does not belong to a wanton attack on unarmed men and defenseless women and children. Yet it is due to Pash-a-pa-ho as a commander of an army to give him full credit for his quick perception of the advantages circumstance had placed within his reach, and for his sagacity in at once changing the programme of attack to meet occurring events, and the courage and intrepidity to seize these events and ensure his success. The want of these essential qualities in a commander has occasioned the loss of many a battle in what is courteously termed civilized warfare.

The Iowas, cut off from all hope of retrieving their loss, sent a flag of truce to Pash-a-pa-ho, submitting their fate to the will of the conqueror, and a parley ensued which resulted in the Iowas becoming integral part of the Sac and Fox nation; but experiencing the ill usage that is the common fate of a conquered people, they besought the United States authorities to purchase their undivided interest in the country and allow them to escape from the tyranny of their oppressors. The purchase was accordingly made in Eighteen hundred and twenty-five, and they removed to the Missouri river and have so wasted away in numbers as to scarcely preserve their existence as an independent tribe. The sole cause of this war was the insatiable

ambition of the Sac and Fox Indians, as this was their first acquaintance with the Iowa nation or tribe.

Before entering upon a history of the tribe in this county, we will introduce a sketch of its principal chiefs.

## BLACK HAWK.

My first and only personal interview with this noted chief was at Rock Island, at the time of the treaty for the Iowa Reserve in 1836, about one year before his death. I was introduced to him by his intimate acquaintance and apologist, the late Jeremiah Smith, of Burlington. He asked where I resided, and being told on the Wabash river in Indiana, he traced on the sand the principal western rivers, showing their courses and connections, exhibiting a general knowledge of the prominent features of the topography of the western states. This interview occurred after his first visit to Washington, where he was taken by the way of the Ohio river to Pittsburg, and returned home by Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, Buffalo and Detroit, affording him a good opportunity to form a salutary impression of the military resources of the U. S., and also acquire a general knowledge of its geography. Its great military strength seemed to arouse his keenest observation, and furnished the main topic of his remarks upon the country as he passed through and after his return to his tribe. The colloquy at this interview afforded an occasion to express his bitter reflections on this painful theme. Mr. Smith, unfortunately for the repose of Black Hawk's feelings and unconscious of its effect, mentioned the writer of this sketch as a surveyor of public lands, a character always unwelcome among the Indians. This remark I much regretted, as Black Hawk's countenance was instantly covered with gloom, and he rather petulantly said: "The Shomo-ko-man was strong and would force the Indians to give up all their lands."

The colloquy here ended, as this barbed arrow inadvertently thrown by Mr. S. had occasioned a tumult in Black Hawk's mind that rendered further conversation on his part disagreeable. The impressions of the writer in regard to Black Hawk's personal appearance was that of disappointment. He was attired in a coarse cloth coat without any semblance of fit or proportion, with his feet thrust into a pair of new stoga shoes without strings, and a coarse wool hat awkwardly placed on his nearly bald pate, presenting a very uncouth and rather ludicrous personal bearing.

This togger, perhaps, had its share in lowering my previously estimated claims of Black-Hawk, to distinction among the celebrated men of his race, "The fine head, Roman style of face, and prepossessing countenance," that so favorably impressed the distinguished author of the "Sketch Book," on visiting him while a prisoner in Jefferson Barracks, were no longer apparent to my dull comprehension.

It would indeed be difficult to find a name in history that attained so great a notoriety, associated with such limited mental endowment and true military skill. Every prominent act of his life gave evidence of the lack of sound discretion and prudent forethought. We find him as early as 1804, visiting the Spanish Governor at St. Louis at the time the United States agents called to accept the transfer of authority of the country. Black Hawk, being informed of the purpose of their visit refused to meet these agents of the new government, he passing out at one door as they entered at the other, and embarked with his suite in their canoes and hastened away to Rock Island, saying he liked his Spanish Father best. This was a mere whim, as he had as yet no acquaintance with the government and people of the United

States. He however at once determined hostility to both, and this ill-advised and hasty determination was his ruling passion while he lived.

Liet. Pike, on behalf of the government, made him a friendly visit to Rock Island the following year, and as a token of friendship presented Black Hawk with an American flag, which he refused to accept; and embraced the first opportunity that offered to form an alliance with the British authorities in Canada, and eagerly attached himself and five hundred warriors of his tribe to the British standard at the commencement of the war of 1812. Here his lack of capacity to command an army where true courage and enduring fortitude were requisite to success was fully demonstrated. His warlike talents had hitherto been only tested in stealthy and sudden onslaughts on unprepared and defenseless foes, and if successful a few scalps were the laurels he coveted, and he retired exulting in the plunder of a village and these savage trophies. His campaigns against the Osages and other neighboring tribes lasted only long enough to make one effort, and afforded no evidence of the fortitude and patient skill of the able military leader. His conduct under the British flag as "General Black Hawk" showed him entirely wanting in the capacity to deserve that title. He followed the English army to Fort Stephenson in expectation of an easy slaughter and pillage, but the signal repulse the combined forces here met by the gallant Col. Croghan completely disheartened him, and he slipped away with about twenty of his followers to his village on Rock River, leaving his army to take care of them selves.

He entertained no just conception of the obligations of treaties made between our government and his tribe, and even the separate treaty by himself and his "British Band," in 1816, was no check on his caprice and stolid self-will, and its open violation brought on the war of 1832, which resulted in his complete overthrow, and ended forever his career as a warrior.

The history of his tour through the United States as a prisoner, is a severe reflection upon the intelligence of the people of our eastern cities in regard to the respect due to a savage leader, who had spent a long life in butchering his own race, and the frontier inhabitants of their own race and country. His journey was everywhere throughout the east an ovation, falling but little short of the respect and high consideration shown to the nation's great benefactor Lafayette, whose triumphal tour through the United States happened near the same period. But as an offset to this ridiculous adulation in the east, when the escort reached Detroit, where his proper estimate was understood, Black-Hawk and his suite were contemptuously burnt in effigy. But due allowance should be made for the ignorance of Indian character among the eastern people as their conceptions are formed from the fanciful creations of the Coopers and Longfellows, immensely above the sphere of the blood-thirsty War Eagles and the filthy paint bedaubed Hiawathas of real savage life.

Black-Hawk died in the fall of 1837, near Iowaville, the scene of his triumph under Pasha-pa-ho over the Iowas, in the early part of his warlike career. He was buried in a sitting posture, in a frail tomb made of wooden slabs set upon the ground in the form of an inverted V. His war-club, a shaved post four or five feet high, was placed in the front of his rude tomb, upon which a great number of black stripes were painted, corresponding with the number of scalps he had taken during life. Openings were left in his tomb so that his friends, and curious visitors could witness the progress of decay. Sometime after the removal of his friends higher up the river, and after the flesh had wasted away, a Dr. Turner, of Van Buren county, removed his skeleton to Quincy, Illinois, and had the bones handsomely polished and varnished preparatory to connecting them by wires in the skeleton form. When his wife heard of the exhumation, she affected great and uncontrollable grief, and

poured out the burden of her sorrows to Robert Lucas, Governor of the Territory and ex-officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs, who promptly recovered the bones and placed them in a box, in his office at Burlington, and dispatched a message to the bereaved family, then staying on the Des Moines, some ninety miles distant. cavalcade was soon in motion, bearing the disconsolate widow and a retinue of her friends to Burlington. On the evening of their arrival, the Governor was notified by a messenger of their readiness to wait upon him, who fixed the audience for ten o'clock, A. M., the next day. Several visitors were in attendance, The box, containing the august remains opened by a lid, and when the parties were assembled and ready for the awful development, the lid was lifted by the Governor, fully exposing the sacred relics of the renowned chief to the gaze of his sorrowing friends, and the very respectable auditors who had assembled to witness the impressive scene.

The Governor then addressed the widow through John Goodell, the interpreter for the Hard Fish band, giving all the details of the transfer of the bones from the grave to Quincy and back to Burlington, and assured her that they were the veritable bones of her deceased husband—that he had sympathized deeply with her in this her great affliction—and that he now hoped she would be consoled and comforted by the return of the cherished relics to her care, under a strong confidence that they would not again be disturbed where she might choose to entomb them. The widow then advanced to the lid of the box, and without the least seeming emotion, picked up in her fingers bone after bone, and examined each with the seeming curiosity of a child, and replaced each bone in its proper place, and turned to the interpreter, and replied through him to the Governor, that she fully believed they were Black Hawk's bones—that she knew he was a good old man, or he would not have taken the great pains he had manifested to oblige her—and in consideration of his great benevolence and disinterested friendship she kindly manifested, she would leave the bones under his care and protection. The conference then closed, and the distinguished visitors took leave of the Governor, and the assembled auditors. This scene was detailed by the Governor to the present writer, while standing at the side of the famous box soon after its occurrence.

On the accession of Gen. Harrison to the Presidency, Governor Lucas was removed from the gubernatorial office of the Territory, and he removed his private office into the same room with Dr. Enos Lowe, now of Omaha City, Nebraska.

An Historical Society was organized in Burlington about this time, and efforts were made to get these relics into their cabinet, and under the control of the Society. This arrangement was never formally effected, but in the course of events they happened to be in the same building with the Society's collection, and the whole were consumed in the burning of the building in 18—.

## KEOKUK

This distinguished chief is deserving of a prominent page in the history of the country, and a truthful history of his life would be read and cherished as a memento of one of nature's noblemen. As an orator he was entitled to a rank with the most gifted of his race. In person he was tall, and of portly bearing, and in his public speeches he displayed a commanding attitude and graceful gestures—he spoke rapidly, but his annunciation was clear and distinct, and very forcible—culling his figures from the stores of nature, and basing his arguments in skillful logic. He maintained in good faith the stipulations of treaties with the United States and with the neighboring tribes. He loved peace and the social amenities of

life, and was fond of displaying these agreeable traits of character in ceremonious visits to neighboring chiefs, in which he observed the most punctilious etiquette and dignified decorum. He possessed a ready insight into the motives of others, and was not easily misled by sophistry, or beguiled by flattery, and in the field of wit was no mean champion. It is not my purpose to write a history of his life, but will give one anecdote in illustration of the above observations of his traits of character.

While residing near Ottum-wah-no, he received a message from the Mormon prophet, Joe Smith, inviting Keokuk as the king of the Sac and Foxes to a royal conference, at his palace at Nauvoo, on matters of the highest importance to their respective peoples. The invitation was readily accepted, and a company of ponies were soon winding their way to the Mormon city, bearing Keokuk and his suite in stately procession and savage pomp.

Notice had circulated through the country of this diplomatic interview, and a number of spectators attended to witness the denouement. The audience was given publicly in the Mormon Temple, and the respective chiefs were attended by their suites, the Prophet, by the dignitaries of the Mormon Church, and the Indian potentate by the high civil and military functionaries of his tribe, and the Gentiles were comfortably seated as auditors.

The Prophet opened the conference, in a set speech of considerable length, giving Keokuk a brief history of the children of Israel, as detailed in the Bible, and dwelt forcibly upon the story of the lost tribes, and of the direct revelation he had received from a divine source, that the North American Indians were these identical lost tribes, and that he the prophet of God held a divine commission to gather them together, and lead them to "a land flowing with milk and honey." After the prophet closed this harangue, Keokuk "waited for the words of his pale faced brother to sink deep into his mind," and in making his reply assumed the gravest attitude and most dignified demeanor he was accustomed to use in his ablest efforts and most profound public discourses. He would not controvert anything his brother had said about the lost and scattered condition of his race and people, and if his brother was commissioned by the Great Spirit to collect them together, and lead them to a new country, it was his duty to do so. But he wished to enquire about some particulars that his brother had not named, that were of the highest importance to him and his people. The red men were not much used to milk, and he thought they would prefer streams of water, and in the country where they now are there was a good supply of honey. The points that they wished to enquire into, were whether the new government would pay *large annuities*, and whether there was *plenty of whisky*.

Joe saw at once that he had met his match, and that Keokuk was not the proper material for increasing his army of dupes, and closed the conference in as amiable manner as possible.

He was gifted by nature with the elements of an orator in an eminent degree, and as such entitled to rank with Logan Red Jacket and Tecumseh, but unfortunately for his fame among the white people and with posterity, he was never able to obtain an interpreter who could claim even a slight acquaintance with philosophy. With one exception only, his interpreters were unacquainted with the elements of their mother tongue. Of this serious hindrance to his fame, Keokuk was well aware, and retained Frank Labashure, who had received a rudimental education in the French and English languages, until the latter broke down by dissipation and died. But during the meridian of his career among the white people, he was compelled to submit his speeches for translation to uneducated men, whose range of thought fell below the flights of a gifted mind, and the fine imagery drawn from nature, was beyond their powers of reproduction. He had sufficient knowledge of the English tongue, to

make him sensible of this bad rendering of his thoughts, and often a feeling of mortification at the bungling efforts was depicted on his countenance, while speaking. The proper place to form a due estimate of his ability as an orator, was in the Indian council, where he addressed himself exclusively to those who understood his language, and witness the electric effects of his eloquence upon his audience. It was credibly asserted, that by the force of his logic, he had changed the vote of a council against the strongly predetermined opinion of its members. A striking instance of the influence of his eloquence is related as occurring while the forces under Black-Hawk were invading Illinois, in eighteen hundred and thirty-two.

Keokuk knew from the first that this reckless war would result in great disaster to the tribe, and used all diligence to dissuade warriors from following Black-Hawk, and succeeded in retaining a majority with him at his town on the Iowa river. But after Stillman's defeat, the war spirit raged with such ardor that a war dance was held, and Keokuk took part in it, seeming to be moved with the current of the rising storm, and when the dance was over, he called a council to prepare for war. In his address, he admitted the justice of their complaints against the white man, and to seek redress was a noble aspiration of their natures—the blood of their brethren had been shed by the white man, and the spirits of their braves slain in battle called loudly for vengeance. "I am your chief," he said, "and it is my duty to lead you to battle, if after fully considering the matter you determine to go—but before you decide on taking this important step, it is wise to inquire into the chances of success." He then represented to them the great power of the United States against whom they would have to contend—that their chance of success was utterly hopeless. "But if you now determine to go upon the war path, I will agree to lead you on one condition—that before we go, we will kill all our old men and our wives and children, to save them from a lingering death of starvation, and that every one of us determine to leave our bones on the other side of the Mississippi."

This was a strong but truthful picture of the prospect before them, and was presented in such a forcible light, as to cool their ardor and cause them to abandon the rash undertaking.

Many incidents are related of his eloquence and tact in allaying a rising storm, fraught with war and blood shed, not only in his own tribe, but also among neighboring tribes, where his people had been the aggressors. Some of these incidents have been preserved by writers on Indian research but many will be lost to history. He delivered a eulogy on the death of Gen. Harrison, at the Sac and Fox agency; which was interpreted by Mr. Antoine Le Claire, and considered by many who heard its delivery, as one of his best efforts.

This speech was not written down, and is lost to history, but enough of the incidents of his career as an orator, have been saved from the wreck of time, to stamp his reputation for natural abilities of the highest order, and furnish another positive refutation of Buffon's theory on the deterioration of men and animals on the American continent.

We have thus far indulged in the agreeable task of portraying the bright side of Keokuk's character, but like most if not all great intellects, there is a dark background, which the truth of history demands shall be brought to view.

The traits of Keokuk's character thus far sketched, may not very ineptly be compared with the great Grecian orator, but here the similitude ends. The great blot on Keokuk's life was his inordinate love of money, and towards its close, he became a confirmed inebriate. His withering reply to the Mormon prophet, was intended by him purely as a stroke of wit; it, however, nevertheless, expressed his ruling passions.

This passion for money was greatly inflamed by the temptation afforded in distributing the annuities paid by the United States to his nation; which distribution was under his

supervision, and left almost to his sole discretion.

A bitter and incurable feud existed in the tribe during their time of residence on the Des Moines river, between what was denominated "Keokuk's Band" and the "Black Hawk's Band," the latter recognizing Hard Fish as their leader. This mistrust, and indeed hatred, was smothered in their common intercourse when sober, but when their blood was fired with whiskey, it sometimes assumed a tragic feature amongst the leaders of the respective bands. An instance of this character occurred on the lower part of the Des Moines, on the return of a party from making a visit to the half "breeds," at the town of Keokuk, on the Mississippi. In a quarrel excited by whiskey, Keokuk received a dangerous stab in the breast from Nas-e-us-kuk, a son of Black-Hawk. The writer of the present sketch saw him conveyed by his friends homeward, lying in a canoe unable to rise.

Hard Fish and his coadjutors lost no occasion to find fault with Keokuk's administration. The payments were made in silver coin, put up in boxes, containing five hundred dollars each, and passed into Keokuk's hands for distribution. The several traders received each his quota according to their several demands against the tribes admitted by Keokuk, which invariably consumed the far greater portion of the amount received. The remainder was turned over to the chiefs and distributed among their respective bands. Great complaints were made of these allowances to the traders, on the ground of exorbitant prices charged on the goods actually furnished, and it was alleged that some of these accounts were spurious. In confirmation of this last charge over and above the *character* of the items exhibited in the accounts, an affidavit was filed with Governor Lucas by an individual, to which the Governor gave credence, setting forth that Keokuk had proposed to the maker of the affidavit, to prefer a purely fictitious account against the tribe for the sum of ten thousand dollars, and he would admit its correctness, and when paid the money should be divided between themselves—share and share alike. To swell the traders' bills, items were introduced of a character that showed fraud upon their face, such was a large number of "blanket coats," articles that the Indians never wore, and "telescopes," of which they had no knowledge of their use. This manifested the reckless manner in which these bills swelled to the exorbitant amounts complained of, in which Keokuk was openly charged with being a comploter with the traders to defraud Hard Fish's band. At this time, the nation numbered about two thousand, three hundred souls, and only about one third of the whole number belonged to Keokuk's party.

Governor Lucas warmly espoused the popular side in the controversy that arose in relation to the mode and manner of making the annual payments, and the matter was referred to the Indian Bureau, and the mode was changed so that payments were made to the heads of families, approximating a per capita distribution. This method of making the payments met the unqualified disapprobation of the traders, and after one year's trial, fell back into the old channel.

Keokuk led his tribe west to the Kansas country, in eighteen hundred and forty-five, and, according to reports, died nine years after of *delirium tremens*.

(To be Continued.)