

man has five or six sons and several daughters, taking his family he leaves the large band, forms a new camp or settlement, and acts the patriarch or chief; his sons and daughters marrying, bring their wives and husbands to his band, and frequently a brother-in-law accompanies him and remains. Thus the new band multiplies from natural increase and accessions, until it becomes large and respectable. In case of the death of the father, the eldest son assumes the duties of chief, if old enough; if not, one of the brothers of the deceased assumes the office. The chief uses no authority, but advises, and if popular, his advice is followed; if not, each one judges and acts for himself. The only arbitrary authority exercised among Indians, is by the war chief when on the war path, which, I am told, is then absolute. The warriors, when on duty, never correct their children, except by advice, and if they are obstinate and pugnacious, it is laughed at, and looked upon as a sign of bravery.

There was, when I first visited the country, a band of Indians who had their village on a prairie on the west bank of the Mississippi, where the village of Winona, which means *the eldest daughter*, now stands, about one hundred and twenty miles above Prairie du Chien. The chief was called Wa-ba-shaw; he was a very sensible Indian, and was truly one of nature's noblemen.* Although only chief of his band, he had great

*The name of Wa-ba-shaw, the great Sioux chief, will long live in history. He was induced to join the fortunes of the British in the War of 1812-15, and fought at the siege of Fort Meigs and elsewhere. When peace took place, the Indians were left by their employers in a wretched condition, and, as a consequence, their spirits were broken. Gen. Cass has preserved a speech of Wa-ba-shaw's, at Drummond's Island, in 1815, when, Col. McDowell, the British commandant of that post, laid a few presents before him. It is touchingly pathetic and eloquent:

"My father," said he to Col. McDowell, "what is this I see before me? A few knives and blankets. Is this all you promised us at the beginning of the war? Where are those promises you made us at Michilimackinac, and sent to our villages on the Mississippi? You told us you would never let fall the hatchet until the Americans were driven beyond the mountains; that our British father would never make peace without consulting his red children. Has that come to pass? We never knew of this peace. We are now told that it was made by our great father beyond the water, without the knowledge of his war-chiefs; that it is your duty to obey his orders. What is this to us? Will these paltry presents pay for the men we have lost, both in battle and on the road? Will they soothe the feelings of our friends? Will they make good your promises to us? For myself, I am an old man. I have lived long, and always found the means of supporting myself, and I can do so still."