

camps I saw were mostly white, with some blacks—I did not like them. At last I got here one day, when the sun had gone down out of sight. Hearing singing and dancing at the Falling Water (St. Anthony Falls), I perched myself on that big oak tree where your people encamp. From my elevated place, I could see through the tops of the lodges all things within as well as without. A war party had just returned with the scalps of their enemies. They were the most merry people I had ever seen, feasting, singing, dancing, and engaged in all kinds of sports. So I concluded to try your way for a while.

“When all was quiet, and the fires burned down, I crept into the lodge of Cut-Thumb, the war-chief, and became by choice a Sioux. Now, my friends, you know my history; and I now tell you, I want to be your war-chief. If you say ‘no,’ I will soon die, and travel to some other country; but if you say ‘yes,’ I will lead you on the war-path until my legs get too old and frail to carry me.” There was no opposition; he did not leave the lodge a common warrior, but head chief of the tribe.

The first time I saw him, in 1806, he appeared to be about fifty years of age. I think, in 1807,<sup>1</sup> Lieut. Pike, of the American army, afterwards Gen. Pike of Little York fame, was on his way to discover the source of the Mississippi. He slept for the night on an island, immediately opposite the mouth of the St. Peter’s. It was late in November. The Red Whale, with part of his band, was encamped on the island at the time. An awful storm of wind, snow, hail, and rain, came up, with thunder and lightning. The storm had abated in the morning, and Lieut. Pike missed his flag. After the usual military invitation, the man who was on sentry at the time was pinioned to be flogged. Red Whale, hearing a rumpus in the camp, went up to see what it was all about. He found the man tied to a tree, ready to be scored, and the chief was told by the American commander that the man had lost the flag, and must be flogged.

<sup>1</sup> Capt. Anderson is somewhat at fault as to the date when Lieut. Pike camped on the island at the mouth of the St. Peter’s. According to Pike’s *Travels*, p. 24, it was Sept. 21, 1805; but nothing is related by the Lieutenant as to the incident of the Red Whale.