

I was not present at this conference, but understood that White Crow, Whirling Thunder, and Spotted Arm participated in it—White Crow being the chief speaker of the occasion. The object of the conference was to conciliate the Winnebagoes, and secure their friendship in our favor; and they did give Cols. Dodge and Gratiot the strongest assurances of friendship and fidelity. Still, it was generally believed that all their able-bodied and efficient young men were with the Sauks both in feeling and action.

The surrender of the Hall girls, and the suspicious conduct of White Crow, a Winnebago chief, deserve special mention. It was at the Blue Mounds, on the night of the third of June, 1832, that the Winnebagoes brought in the two Misses Hall, who had been captured on the waters of the Fox River, Illinois, a short time previous.

I was then a mere boy, and had that day just joined Col. Dodge's squadron, at James Morrison's Grove, as he was en route for the Blue Mounds. Being so young, and entirely unacquainted with any one in the squadron, except Col. Dodge and two others, he, in the kindness of his heart, took me into his mess until I could be better provided for, as he said.

When we arrived at the Blue Mounds, we found the two girls there, who had been brought in by about fifty Winnebagoes. Col. Dodge feeling grateful for this act of humanity on their part, and being desirous otherwise to conciliate them as much as possible towards the whites, treated them with kindness and consideration, mingling and conversing with them most freely.

Among this band of Winnebagoes were many of their most distinguished chiefs and braves. White Crow—who was a Cicero among Indians for his powers of oratory and eloquence—Spotted Arm, Whirling Thunder, the Little Priest,¹ and others.

¹ Manahkeetshumpkaw, or *Spotted-Arm*, was a prominent war-chief of the Winnebagoes. He was also known as *Broken-Arm*, from the fact that he had been severely wounded in the arm at the siege of Fort Meigs, in 1813, where he distinguished himself. "The wound was so painted," says Atwater, who saw him in 1829, "that the blood running from it, was so well represented by the painter, as to look like reality