

the treaty of Portage des Sioux in 1815, he said that he had seen me on the Missouri frontier many times during the War of 1812-15—I think he said he saw me when I escaped in the canoe at the mouth of Cuivre River.¹ I saw him several times before the Indian troubles of 1832, at Prairie du Chien and elsewhere, and he had stopped at my house and enjoyed my hospitality. He consequently seemed to rehearse to me his griefs and misfortunes with the freedom of an old friend. Of his sons I have no knowledge.

Keokuck.—At the time of which I am now speaking, 1832, there was no settlement at what is now called Keokuck, except Stillwell's cabins. Not long after Black Hawk's descent of the river as a prisoner, the remnant of his band arrived at that point, generally in canoes; warriors, women and children, numbering perhaps two hundred altogether, disembarked, and sat down along the beach. Keokuck, at the head of a few followers, now made his appearance—his first meeting with them since their departure on their adventurous and disastrous hegira. He appeared to be some thirty years of age; and as he approached, and beheld his surviving countrymen and associates, some wounded, and all haggard, and in a most pitiable condition, now returning, and looking to him as the most influential chief of the Sauk and Fox nations, for friendship and protection, he was deeply moved at the sight. He walked along their line forward and backward, for some minutes, the working of the muscles of his face, and even his brawny limbs, evincing the strong agitation of his mind at beholding such a scene. He burst into a flood of tears as he said touchingly:

"My mothers, my sisters, my brothers! I forewarned you of what I believed was inevitable—that should you persist in marching off in a body, your attitude would be regarded as a hostile one, and you would be destroyed. The destruction of that portion of our nation, of which you are the remnant, has been nearly effected. Your leader is gone—he is in the keeping of the whites—we know not what will be his fate. But you must submit to your condi-

¹ Col. Shaw's *Narrative*, ii, *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, pp. 207, 208. L. C. D.