

Keokuck's band speedily followed to welcome their brothers, a grand council assembled, among whom was myself to witness the deliverance of the Hawk to his nation. The council opened with the address of the president to Black Hawk, in which he is informed that in future he was to yield supremacy to his inferior Keokuck, the white man's friend.

The old chief in violent agitation, denied that the president had told him so; that he would not be advised by anybody, that he wanted what he said to be told to the president; and that he in person would have said so in Washington; but that his interpreter could not sufficiently make known his views. The Col. [Garland] made to him a speech stating, that by his own treaty neither him or his people could for the future head a band, and that by that treaty, Keokuck was placed at the head of the Sac nation, etc. Keokuck with benevolence spoke awhile to the Hawk, then addressed the council, begging that nothing might be remembered of what the Hawk said; that he was too old to say anything good, and that he was answerable for his good behavior. The poor old chief recalled his words, and I do not know that my sympathy was ever more imbibed, than in witnessing his expiring struggle for freedom—nothing but his advanced age, and a want of military power will prevent him from making another effort. Keokuck's band, gave us a splendid dance, but the Hawk's party were either too dejected or too sullen to participate in the festivities.

That you may tell the good citizens of New York, these Indians would willingly get up another war, in order to make another visit to the East, and return loaded with presents and almost satiated with attention.