

So One-eyed Decorah took the task upon himself, went and found the Sac leader, and took him into Prairie du Chien.¹ I knew One-eyed Decorah, when I was a boy at school, on Turkey river. He was an old man then; quite stout and hale, with heavy features, and hair somewhat sprinkled with gray.

Young Winneschick is now living on the Black river, seven miles above Black River Falls. He is about sixty years old, and a good Indian; he is the head man in Jackson county, being a descendant of the famous Winneschick. He has but one wife and no children. He returned from the reservation to his native state in 1872 or 1873, and is now doing fairly well on his little purchased farm of forty acres, his homestead being some four or five miles away. Cultivating his land with reasonable display of energy, he is regarded by the whites as a progressive Indian, and has a good reputation among them.²

White Pawnee (Pania Blanc), a son of the one-eyed chief White Crow,³ accompanied my father as guide during the Black Hawk war. He died in 1837, in a drunken fracas with a white man named Abraham Wood. The affair took place in a whiskey shop near where the Carpenter house was afterwards located,—the neighborhood of the Wisconsin-river end of the old transportation route at the Portage. The Pawnee was buried in a large conical mound some five or six feet high, at what is now the city end of the Wisconsin-river bridge—just across the river from where our house was afterwards located. These ancient earthworks were frequently selected as burial places by the Indians, because of their prominence in the landscape. I never heard the Winnebagoes talk about the origin of these mounds. I presume that they have always taken them to be of natural formation. Their name for them is “hchi-a-shoke,” which simply means, “a small rising of ground.” This particular mound

¹ See *ante*, p. 261, *note*.—Ed.

² Young Winneschick died about May 20, 1887.—Ed.

³ See *ante*, p. 245, *note*.—Ed.