

there may have been some one with him as a companion, but I never heard any name given. Big Canoe got Black Hawk's promise to go along. So he went with his prisoner to General Street, and delivered him up. And that is how it was. Any other story is nonsense.¹

I never saw White Beaver, but have always heard he was a big warrior among the whites. My father knew General Dodge very well, and he always claimed him as his brother, in talking with him,—which was a great honor; but General Dodge was a good friend to our people, and deserved to be well treated by them. I met the general twice, and spoke a few words with him each time. The first time was at Blue Mounds, during the Black Hawk War. He had come to the Mounds for supplies. After the war I met him there again.

I remember Karrymaunee, who was among those who signed the treaty of 1832.² He was then the head of the tribe. I saw him often, for one of his daughters was my first squaw. She was named Flight of Geese, and died on the Nebraska reservation two years ago. We had parted many years before. Karrymaunee was large and powerful,—fully six feet high, and very broad. He was a fine man, every way. We never selected any but fine men for our chiefs.

In 1840, we were all moved to Turkey River;³ but in the spring our party went to Iowa River, where Little Decorah had a village. We went down, soon afterwards, to Turkey River, to get our ammunition; but for some reason,—perhaps because we had moved to Iowa River without consent of the agent,—we could not get any. So my father and I came back to Wisconsin and met General Dodge at Blue Mounds. He spoke to us, and said that we were all certainly entitled to the annuities, even to the youngest child. But when

¹ Cf. *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, viii., p. 316; the narrative of Walking Cloud, *post*, p. 465, *note*; article, "Wisconsin Winnebagoes," in vol. xi.; and *Mag. West. Hist.*, v., p. 194.—ED.

² *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, v., p. 181.—ED.

³ *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xii., pp. 405, 406.—ED.