we went back to the agency, we again failed to get the payment; we had neglected to have General Dodge put his words in writing.

We stayed out on the Iowa River for ten years. In 1848. the Big Father arranged for moving all the Winnebagoes to Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, in the Long Prairie agency. We had gone as far north as Winona on our way to Long Prairie, when our party became afraid, from the reports that reached us of the number of Sioux who were in the neighborhood of the new reservation. We wanted to stop. At Winona there were some white soldiers, whose captain told us we must go along peaceably with the rest of the tribe, or there would be trouble. We didn't pay much attention to this. We were enjoying ourselves in dancing, when the soldiers turned a cannon on us. It seems that the white captain thought our dance was a war dance. But we were peace Indians, and were merely determined not to go any farther towards the new home they had made for us; for the Sioux were not good neighbors. A soldier stood at the cannon, with a torch in his hand, and was going to touch it to the powder, when Big Wave, of White Eagle's band, went up and knocked the torch out of his hand. The soldiers were much excited, though they soon saw we meant no harm, but would not be fired on if we could help it.1

I went up to the officer and told him that I did not like this treatment. I said I wanted to get back to Wisconsin. There was a good deal of talk, but finally H. M. Rice and H. L. Dousman, who were traders, following us up from Prairie du Chien, spoke for me. They gave me a paper, saying that I was a good Indian, and that my father lived on the Wisconsin River at Portage. So I crossed the Mississippi River in a borrowed canoe, swimming my pony behind. I left the canoe on the Wisconsin side, and went down to La Crosse on my pony, stopping on the way to hunt elk on the Black River. There I found a good many of my friends who had hid themselves so as

¹ Neill, *Hist. of Minn.* (4th ed., 1882), pp. 483, 487.— ED.