Joseph Crélie and I were great friends. I knew him at Portage for many years, and used to visit him. With those whom he liked, he was very friendly; but he was a rough man with others. Crélie died when he was a very old man. I am a very old man,—93 years, — but Crélie was an older man than I.

I never saw the Winnebago prophet, who was the friend of the Sacs, but I have heard my people tell about him. His father was a Sac, and his mother a Winnebago woman. He had a village on the Rock River. During the Black Hawk War, he came over to the Winnebagoes and remained until the war was over, when he returned to the Sacs. I have never heard when or where he died.

The Spoon Decorah who signed the treaty of 1825, at Prairie du Chien, was not I. That one was my cousin, and a son of Big Canoe. I am the nephew of Big Canoe; and Doc Decorah the medicine man, who lives near me, is my nephew. Doc's father, who was named Bad-Spirit Killer, was my brother-in-law. Bad-Spirit Killer died of small-pox, when [in 1832–33] so many of our people were taken away by that disease. We were at Mauston, then, picking blueberries. Several of our party died.

I remember the different officers at Fort Winnebago; but only the names of one or two of them. They were all of them simply white captains to me. I do, however, remember the name of Captain Low. He was a good friend of the Indians; and a great friend of my father. He gave my father plenty of provisions, and whenever we had any fresh venison we always gave the captain some. I remember Major Twiggs, who was also a good man. He very often furnished us shot and powder to shoot geese with.

I am getting very old. My memory is poor. But what I have told you I know to be true. I wish you had come when I was younger. I could have told you much about my tribe. I could have told you more about the old chiefs and our traditions. When I was a boy we were proud of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>Spoon stoutly contended that this was his age, but a careful computation made him but 84.— Ep.