

NARRATIVE OF WALKING CLOUD.

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR.¹

My name is Mauchhewemahnigo (Walking Cloud). I was born on the Wisconsin River. I was about ten years of age when the treaty was held at Prairie du Chien,² where they fixed the boundaries between the Winnebagoes and the Chippewas and our cousins the Sioux. I went with my father to that treaty. My squaw's name is Champchekeriwinke (Flash of Lightning). Her uncle was Hootschope (Four Legs).³ She was born at his village on Lake Winnebago.

During the Black Hawk War, my father had his lodge near La Crosse. I did not go to the war; I was too young. But my brother did. His name was Seeorouspinka. General Dodge sent a messenger down to Prairie du Chien, and said he wanted the Winnebagoes to go into the war and help the Great Father punish the Sacs. Our

¹ The interview took place May 18, 1887, at the Winnebago settlement in the town of Albion, Jackson county. Moses Paquette was the interpreter, and afterwards revised the MS. of the narrative, which I have given as nearly as possible as it fell from Walking Cloud's lips. As with that given by Spoon Decorah, this story has ethnographical rather than historical importance. I think that these two narratives are the last of any value which may be obtained from the Winnebagoes of Wisconsin, for the reason that the younger generation of men have no traditions to which we can attach any scientific importance. Spoon and Walking Cloud were regarded by their fellows as practically "the last of the Mohicans," and their offspring are allowing the old tales to die with them. Spoon died in 1889, but Moses Paquette writes me (Black River Falls, Nov. 6, 1895) that Walking Cloud still lives; his squaw, however, is dead.—ED.

² Aug. 19, 1825.—ED.

³ *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, x., p. 114, note; *Wau Bun* (1856), p. 85.—ED.