

hamphega (Lighting the Water), Wakuntschapinka (Good Thunder), and Chatschunka (Wave). Wave was an interpreter, being one-half Sac and one-half Winnebago. These three went through the woods to the camp of the Sac Black Hawk, and delivered to him the speech of Winnebago Black Hawk. They advised the Sac chief to go peaceably to Prairie du Chien, and doubtless he would not be harmed. The Sac chief said: "You want us to be killed by the whites; as you so wish it, we will go."

So the Sac Black Hawk, and those who were with him, were brought back to our village; and a number of our warriors went down to Prairie du Chien with them, and delivered them up to General Street. One-eyed Decorah was not of this party. I am positive of it.¹ He remained at our village all the time. He was not a good man, and not then a chief. After the treaty and the payment, he was made a chief through the influence of the American Fur Company and the Indian agent, General Street. The agents and traders had a way of putting aside old chiefs, for

¹ Cf. Karrymaunee's statement in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, vii., p. 332; Clark's statement in viii., p. 316; and Dr. Draper's note on the last citation. Indian Agent J. M. Street made official report that upon Aug. 27, 1832, at 11 a. m., "Black Hawk and the Prophet were delivered * * * by the One-eyed Decorah and Chætar, Winnebagoes, belonging to this agency." Official contemporaneous documents are our only reliable sources of information. Indians are phenomenal boasters, and when an act of importance, that may win white men's favor, has been achieved by any of them, there are not lacking those who claim a share in the proceeding. It does not take long among the aborigines for an historical event to pass into shadowy tradition, fit material for any story-teller among them who has an active imagination. Thus it has come about, for instance, that there are as many burial-places of the Sac Black Hawk, in Wisconsin, as Homer had native towns; and any well-informed Winnebago can show you, in his neighborhood, some cave or bluff or ravine where Black Hawk hid during his flight. White historians are thoroughly informed as to the burial place of Black Hawk, in Iowa; but the unlettered savage tale-bearers are as mystified over him and his deeds as though he were a tenth-century hero. I have been surprised, in visiting among old Wisconsin Winnebagoes, to find that only a few of them seem to remember having heard anything about the Prophet, one of the most marked characters in the tragedy of 1832.—ED.