

our people right. I shall always be proud to recognize him as a friend, and glad to shake him by the hand.

Having seen all the wonders of this *big village*, and being anxious to return to our people, our guide started with us for our own country. On arriving at Albany, the people were so anxious to see us, that they crowded the street and wharves, where the steam boat landed, so much, that it was almost impossible for us to pass to the ~~hotel~~ which had been provided for our reception.

We remained here but a short time, and then started for Detroit. I had spent many pleasant days at this place; and anticipated, on my arrival, to meet many of my old friends—but in this I was disappointed. What could be the cause of this? Are they all dead? Or what has become of them? I did not see our old father there, who had always gave me good advice, and treated me with friendship.

After leaving Detroit, it was but a few days before we landed at Prairie du Chien. The war chief at the fort treated us very kindly, as did the people generally. I called on the father of the Winnebagoes, [Gen. J. M. Street,] to whom I had surrendered myself after the battle at the Bad Axe, who received me very friendly. I told him that I had left my *great medicine bag* with his chiefs before I gave myself up; and now, that I was to enjoy my liberty again, I was anxious to get it, that I might hand it down to my nation unsullied!

He said it was safe; he had heard his chiefs speak

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