

e-ne-nee, then an old man. He went with his people to the Upper Mississippi on a hunt, and there fell very sick, and a Chippewa medicine-man, after his incantations, said he would get well, but that he had killed a man, and would die in the same way. Not long after his return, Te-pak-e-ne-nee got into a fight with another Indian at Red River of Green Bay, and worsted him, when the latter, piqued at his discomfiture, took his gun and shot old Te-pak-e-ne-nee dead.

Sometime about this period, a blacksmith of the name of Lammiot came from France, and located himself at Green Bay, and worked at his trade. An Indian, named Ish-qua-ke-ta, left an axe with him to be repaired. At length the Indian came for his axe, and threw down a skin as the price for the work, and took his property; when Lammiot, whose memory was very poor and treacherous, replied that it was not his axe—that he had none, and bid him be off. High words followed, and Lammiot seized the Indian by the neck with his hot tongs, both burning and choking him, when Ish-qua-ke-ta struck Lammiot a heavy blow over the head with the axe, and knocked him down senseless. The Indian hastened to Charles De Langlade, and frankly said, “I have killed the blacksmith.” “What did you do that for?” “Why,” said the Indian, “look here—see how he choked and burnt me; I had to do it in self defence.” De Langlade went and found Lammiot, carried him to his bed, and employed an Indian doctress to take care of him. When nearly recovered, an elder brother of Te-pak-e-ne-nee called, and asked to see the blacksmith, as he wanted to see how he was getting along. Upon entering the room, and walking up to the bed, he stabbed him with a knife, and killed him instantly. When asked by the attendant squaw why he killed Lammiot, he said he pitied the blacksmith, and wished to put an end to his sufferings. The murderer fled to some distant region, and remained till the excitement against him had cooled down, when he returned, and thus escaped a merited punishment. But he