

was not long after killed by an Indian in a drunken brawl, while his murderer was at the same time fatally stabbed by another.

Of the legend of the Red Banks, narrated in the 2d vol. of the Society's Collections, as related by O-kee-wah, I may add, that I have known O-kee-wah from my childhood, when her mother used to winter in the Green Bay settlement. O-kee-wah was frequently at my father's house, and I am confident that instead of being over one hundred years of age, she is only about six years my senior—or, in other words, is now about eighty-three years old. I have always regarded her as a good woman, and very industrious; but have my doubts about the correctness of her narrative. In the first place, O-kee-wah is no Menomonee, as she represents herself to be, for nationality is reckoned on the mother's side. Her mother, Non-non-ga-nah, was early captured by the Ottawas from the Pawnees or Osages, or some other Western tribe, and a year or two after being brought to Green Bay had O-kee-wah, some said by Charles De Langlade, and she subsequently had four husbands, all Ottawas except the last, who was a Menomonee, and had children by them all; and O-kee-wah herself has had three husbands, the two former were Chippewas, and the latter a Menomonee—so in no literal sense can she claim to have received such a tradition from her Menomonee grandfather. Besides, the narrative itself is evidently given in an exaggerated style—too many canoes, and the blood ankle deep in the ditches, would remind one of Waterloo or some other sanguinary battle on a large scale. Yet, after all, O-kee-wah may have heard such a tradition from the father of one of her mother's husbands, or the grandfather of one of her own, of whom she was perhaps in the habit of speaking as her grandfather.

I remember, very many years ago, having an aged Ottawa relate to me, as a tradition he had heard in his younger days, from aged people, of his tribe, that the Ottawas used to make