

"like one in a dream, trying to call, or to run, but without the ability to do either." To save himself, We-kau kept running round the big tree at the corner of the house, well knowing if he should put off in a line, she would have better aim, and be more likely to kill him. After a few turns round the tree, and finding she had no power over the rifle, she turned short about, and made for the village, bearing the rifle with her, to give the alarm; which, being given, she returned, followed by a posse of armed men, and found her infant, which she had left, covered up in the bed on the floor, scalped, and its neck cut, just below the occiput, to the bone. This was the work of We-kau, who being intent on having a scalp—the other two having secured theirs—there being no other subject, took one from the head of the child. The knife, from the examination made of the head, was applied in front of the crown, and brought round by the right ear, and far down behind, and up again on the other side, the object seeming to be, to get as much hair as he could. In the turn of the knife, at the back of the head, the deep cut was given, which found its way to the bone.

The child, when I saw it, was comfortable, and I believe it recovered—but the sight of a rifle, even at that tender age, when one might suppose it could not distinguish between a rifle and anything else, would terrify it almost into fits. Young as it was, it must, from its place in the bed, have seen a rifle, in connection with what it was made itself, so immediately after, to suffer. I made the mother presents for herself and child.

Governor Cass, after our first parting at Green Bay, arrived at the Prairie just after these murders had been committed. The inhabitants being, as was natural, in a state of great alarm, he devised the best means of defence in his power, and descended the Mississippi with tidings of the out-break, to Gen. Atkinson. From the day the Governor left Green Bay, till his return to it, which was four weeks, he had voyaged in a bark canoe *sixteen hundred miles*—this was going at an average rate of about sixty miles the day, including a tarry of one day at the Prairie, and three at St. Louis.