

the Big Knives, he did not reflect that he was putting us in the power of our great enemy.

*Father!*—Our Nation has not yet taken the Big Knives by the hand, and it is a doubt to us here present, if our brethren, who are in the interior of the country, agree to bury the hatchet. For our part, we will consider what we intend to do, and speak again to you before we depart for our respective homes.

On the 7th of June following, the same parties met again, when young Sau-sa-mau-nee rose and said:

*Father!*—Your children, the Winnebagoes, addressed you some days ago, and told you that they would again speak to you before they would take their leave of you.

*Father!*—Though we regret much that this Island which we have fought for, is to be given back to the Big Knives, yet we must submit, for it is the doings of our Great Father beyond the Big Salt Lake, and we know well it is not your fault. We believe you have done what was in your power to prevent it being given up.

*Father!*—Our Nation has always been considered as a turbulent set; it is owing entirely to our being independent people, who have made our enemies always feel the weight of our anger. We have in this, and in the former war, done our duty as warriors, which is well known to the rest of your red children. The Big Knives hate us more than the other nations on that account.

*Father!*—When we left our country to come to this place, our brethren that remained were pensive and melancholy. Distress was painted on their countenances. The news of your having made peace with the Big Knives was the cause of their distress. We are anxious to get back to them in order to acquaint them of your sentiments, and desire them to "bury the hatchet." We are fearful that before we get back to our country, some may have foolishly gone to war, contrary to the promise they had made us previous to our leaving them.

*Father!*—Some of our chiefs propose going to Quebec for the purpose of seeing our Great Father, who gave our Nation,