

Bay, became obnoxious to a Government agent who had the authority to grant licenses to the traders. On applying for a license, as usual, the trader was refused, on the alleged ground, that he had on some former occasion, violated the laws of trade and intercourse with the Indians. The trader therefore hired two Indians and their canoes, and started for a distant agency, intending there to obtain his license, and return for his goods. After proceeding some miles, the trader was overtaken by another canoe, strongly manned and armed, having on board the United States Indian interpreter, and eight or nine Indians. The interpreter stopped the trader, and ordered him to go on board of the armed canoe, together with his Indian comrades. This he refused to do, when he and his companions were seized, and forcibly carried back to the place whence they started a few hours previously. They were all landed on a beach near the Agency House, and the trader and Indians ordered into the building. The trader of course refused to obey and went his way unmolested, but the poor, innocent Indians fared much worse. They were marched as prisoners to the garrison, accompanied by the interpreter, with a polite note from the agent, requesting the commanding officer *to give each a dozen lashes*, and confine them in the guard-house until further orders. This request was promptly complied with, before the civil authority could interpose to prevent it. I need hardly say, that great excitement prevailed, and much indignation was manifested at this cruel and arbitrary exercise of unlawful authority. As soon as a writ of *habeas corpus* could be obtained, the poor maltreated Indians were released.\* But unable to comprehend why they were thus punished, they fled as soon

\*Those poor injured red men must have felt very much as Red Jacket did when returning with a group of lawyers from a court of justice, where one of his Seneca brothers had just been sentenced to imprisonment for life, after the old chief had eloquently and sturdily plead that the accused might be tried and punished by Indian laws and usages—seeing the emblematical representation of Liberty and Justice emblazoned in large figures and characters on the sign of a printing office, the old chieftain stopped, and pointing to the figure of Liberty, asked in broken English—“*What—him—call?*” He was answered, “Liberty.” “Ugh!” was the significant and truly aboriginal response. Then pointing to the other figure, he inquired—“*What—him—call?*” He was answered, Justice—to which, with a kindling eye, he instantly replied, by asking—“*Where—him—live—now?*”