

necessity of threatening to turn his troops against them, if they did not instantly desist, and go off home. The Indians once off, Col. McKay, the Green Bay troops, Menomonees and Chipewas took their departure.

Capt. Rolette at length with his boat hove in sight of Mackinaw. Large numbers thronged the shore, anxiously waiting to learn the tidings from Prairie du Chien. Capt. Rolette, what is the news? "A great battle—a sanguinary contest," responded Rolette, with an air of great solemnity and importance. How many were killed? *None!* How many wounded? *None!* "What a bloody contest!" vociferously shouted the crowd, as they escorted the hero from the boat to the garrison.

Capt. Pohlman continued in command at Prairie du Chien till after the peace, which ensued the following year, when the fort was evacuated. I may mention one incident of the winter after my departure. A couple of Frenchmen, named Dubois and Chaupanie, the former a half-breed Sioux, and brother-in-law of Capt. Rolette, were sent to a Sioux camp to obtain some venison for Rolette. While at the camp, a Sioux Indian demanded first a gun, and then some ammunition, which being refused, he concluded to accompany them on their return to Capt. Rolette, saying that Rolette would let him have what he wanted. While the two men were asleep before their camp-fire in the night, the Sioux, who lay on the opposite side of the fire, got up, took the only gun, and shot them both at the same discharge, killing Chaupanie on the spot, and mortally wounding the other. The Indian now ran off, and Dubois, though distant a day's journey, reached Prairie du Chien, and died shortly after. The Sioux chief of that band was taken and detained, till the murderer was brought in, who was tried and shot. He was a bad Indian, and was much feared by his own people.

Of Col. McKay, I can only state, in addition, that after the war he retired to Montreal, where he long since ended his