

axe met them there, and at once ended their miseries. The voices of all were soon stilled in death; and there their bones long lay, bleaching in the sun and storm. The savages forbade the inhabitants to bury them, under pain of death.

A soldier, made prisoner at the battle, was taken to Mr. Campau's house by the Indians. Some apples were handed to them. The prisoner happened to receive his first. This was a mortal affront; and the poor fellow was instantly seized, dragged to the door, and cut down on the steps.

Another soldier had hid in a hay-stack. He was discovered by an Indian boy, who informed the Indians while at Campau's house. With a fierce whoop, they started for him. Campau called out, "Chief, give me your word to save that man." "I give it," said the chief; and this saved the poor fellow from certain death.

It were endless to relate all the tales of blood that were witnessed on this frontier. The lives of the French inhabitants, in consideration of former kindnesses to the Indians, were generally spared, and they exerted themselves to the utmost in behalf of the suffering captives, and saved many, very many, from untimely graves.

Forty years have passed away, and the Regent, with all his Ministers, who employed the savages, and stimulated them to such atrocious deeds, together with most of the more immediate actors in the scenes, have passed to the great tribunal, to meet their countless victims there, where the crimes of the one, and the sufferings of the other, have been registered for the final reckoning.

VIII.—Incidents, 1807-1814

In 1807, the little town of Detroit was just rising from its ashes. The Indians of the surrounding wilderness were, even then, seriously threatening the settlements. At that time, there