Deer Park, on the Macomb (now Cass) farm, near where La Fayette street crosses it, watching our cows. McMillan and Archy passed us. We spoke to them about some apples they were eating. They passed on towards some cows that were feeding near the bushes, (the bushes then came down to near where the Capitol stands). We kept our eyes on them, thinking danger might be near. When they approached within gun shot of the bushes, we saw three or four guns fired, and McMillan fall. The Indians instantly dashed upon him, and took off his scalp. Archy, on seeing that his father was killed, turned and ran towards us with all the speed that his little legs could supply. A savage on horseback pursued him. As he rode up, and stooped to seize him, the brave little fellow, nothing daunted, turned and struck the horse on the nose with a rod which he happened to have in his hand. The horse turned off at the blow, and Archy put forth his best speed again. Again the Indian came on, but a second blow made the horse sheer off again; and this was repeated several times, until, fearful of losing his prize, the savage sprang from his horse, seized the boy, and dragged him off to the woods, and thence he was taken to Saginaw."

About the same time, a man by the name of Murphy, who lived with the late Abraham Cook, went with a horse and cart into a field, on Judge Moran's farm, (just back of where the Judge now lives). He was shot, scalped, and his bowels cut open, and left exposed in the field, and the horse was taken off.

The Indians were constantly beleaguering the town, sallying out occasionally, and driving off and killing all the cattle, &c., that approached the bushes. Determined to put a stop to this, Gen. Cass called upon the young men to arm and follow him.

They were ready at first blast of the bugle, mounted on ponies, such as could be had, (for there were but few left,) and armed with all varieties of weapons,—rifles, shot-guns, war-clubs and tomahawks, swords and spears, and whatever