

Indians, in dress, language, hunting, trapping, and mode of living. They were the sons of the late Judge Riley, of Schenectady, who was formerly in the Indian trade at Saginaw. The three were thorough-going Americans, in every thought and feeling; and were thought by the British, after they had possession of the Territory, too dangerous persons. They sent an officer and a few soldiers to St. Clair, seized James and sent him to Halifax, where he was kept till the peace.* He was afterward blown up and killed by a keg of gunpowder, at Grand Rapids. Peter remained about Detroit. He, (as well as his brothers,) was a great favorite with the Indians, and used occasionally, when a little *corned*, to annoy the British authorities, by putting on the uniform of an *American* officer, and with twenty or thirty Chippewa warriors at his heels, parade up and down Jefferson Avenue, and every now and then giving the war-whoop.

The warriors were, of course, in the British service, but Riley was their favorite, and of their own blood, and they would not have suffered him to be injured without a fight; they were proud of his courage, and his frolics amused them, so Peter remained unmolested.

Some months after McMillan was killed, and his son carried off, Capt. Knaggs seized three Indians, the relatives of those who had made the boy a prisoner, and they were placed under guard, and John Riley was sent to Saginaw to propose an exchange. The terms were agreed to, and on the 12th of January following his capture, Archy was brought in, and delivered, as one from the dead, to his excellent mother.

There were many sufferings endured, and dangers encountered, in those days, which no mortal tongue will ever utter, and no pen record.

*He must have returned before peace was made, else how could he have been of Gen. Cass' party, as just related?

L. C. D.