

## IX.—A Reminiscence

In 1813-14, after the battle of the Thames, and the appointment of Gen. Cass to the Government of the Territory, the hostile Indians were every where committing depredations on the inhabitants. The *lives* of the Way-we-te-go-che (the French people,) were generally spared, because during *peace*, they had been universally kind to them; had relieved their distresses, fed them when hungry, clothed them when naked, and sheltered them by their firesides, from the winter's storm; these things were remembered; but though they spared their *lives*, stern *necessity* compelled them, as they said, to take all their means of living. All their cattle were killed, and their horses taken away, the fences around their land used for firewood, the fruit from their orchards carried off, and, in fact, they were left *totally destitute*. Knowing their readiness to take up arms for their country, and the patriotic spirit that animated them, the Government, at the instance of Gen. Cass, supplied them, from the public stores, with the necessities of life, until they could raise something from the earth to subsist on. This was a slow process, for a people without cattle, without teams, without fences. But they murmured not; they looked upon it as the fate of war, and cheerfully submitted to it.

As to the *Yankee* portion of our population, it was comparatively small, and with the Indians it stood on a different footing. All these were either put to death, when in their power, without mercy, or were carried into captivity. Mr. McMillan, a respectable citizen, whose widow and children are yet among us, was cruelly shot down and scalped on the common, while after his cow, and one of his children taken prisoner and carried to Saginaw. On the same day, a chief and his two sons seeing old Mr. Lewis Moran and his son getting rails near the border of the wood, approached with