stealthy tread, and when near enough, drew up their rifles, and took deliberate aim. There was but a hair's breadth between the Morans and death. At this critical moment, the old gentleman turned the side of his face to the Indians; the old chief knew him at once, by his crooked nose, to be his former friend. He whistled, the rifles dropt, and the Indians went off. After the peace, they told "Uncle Lewis" that his nose had saved his life.

The forest near, and in sight of the city, was filled with these marauding bands, and they were daily seen from the city, killing cattle, and driving off horses, &c. Col. Croghan built a little Fort, which is yet standing, I think, on Judge Sibley's land, near the Pontiac road, to keep the Indians from the common, and then fired into it from Fort Shelby, to see if he could drive the Indians out, if they should take it. There was too small a garrison of soldiers at Fort Shelby to risk it, or any part of it, in an Indian fight.

Gov. Cass called upon the citizens to come and follow him. Detroit was then a small town, and had but few inhabitants, but they were of the right sort. They gathered together at the summons of the General, armed in all manner of ways—muskets, fowling pieces, rifles, sabres, tomahawks, &c.; but still armed, and willing to use their arms with Gen. Cass at their head, for he was always there. They went up the river about a mile, and there took to the woods, intending to gain the rear of the Indian force; but their scouts were on the alert, and when the citizens reached the Indian camp, they had just quitted it. A fire was opened, however, upon them; one Indian only was known to be killed; how many others were killed or wounded was never known. The Indians effected a retreat, followed by the party for some distance—the dense forest and thick underbrush, however, prevented a rapid pursuit on horseback.

After the return of the party, they were informed that Indians were hanging on the borders of the settlement below,