

near the river Rouge. Gen. Cass, with his party, proceeded to that part of the country, and the Indians fled. He afterwards, with the citizens, marched towards the settlements on the Clinton river, which were menaced by the enemy, and the savages again retired, and fled to Saginaw. His constant, unremitting vigilance, and energetic conduct, saved our people from many of the horrors of war, and he was well sustained by our *habitans*. They were brave and fearless to a fault; the Indian yell, and the war-whoop had no terrors for them when they heard it in battle; they invariably *returned* it, rushed upon the enemy, as they did at Maguaga, under the gallant De Quindre. They had great confidence in Gen. Cass, and willingly followed him into any danger.

Horses were very scarce, and it was with some difficulty that enough were obtained for the expedition. Gen. Cass had several, and his were readily and willingly furnished; one magnificent horse of his, rode by one of the bravest fellows in all the West, (the late William Meldrum,) was accidentally killed during the expedition.

X.—Ne-gwa-gon, the Little Wing

Among the sachems, chiefs, head-men and warriors of the tribes now assembled in council in this city, is Ke-way-o-sung, the son of the famous old Chippewa chief, Ne-gwa-gon, the friend of our people, whose memory is held in high esteem, not only by the Red Men, but by all of our people who knew him. He has long since passed away to the happy hunting grounds of his fathers.

During the last war with England, many of the Red Men on this frontier, offered their services to the United States, but, from a mistaken policy the Government declined the offer. The restless young braves could not be kept quiet, and joined