

along rubbing his eyes, peremptorily ordering me to desist. One word from me would have caused mutiny. The American boat turned a point about a mile below, and landed to stop leakage, and prevent their sinking.

Our cannon shot were now nearly all gone. So I got a quantity of lead from the village, and with a couple of brick made a mould, and cast a number of three-pound leaden balls. Meanwhile the Indians, were bringing in balls which the Americans had by their short shots, scattered about the prairie without effect. Our stores of provisions were getting low, our ammunition exhausted, but the fort and its contents we came to take, and must have them.

At daylight the next morning, our gun was within one hundred and fifty yards of the pickets, with a small fire making an iron shot red hot. When they found themselves in a fair way to be burnt out, they surrendered. We took sixty-five prisoners, several iron guns, a small quantity of pork, flour, etc., together with a quantity of whisky. The casks containing the liquor, I stove in, fearing the Indians might get it, as they were thirsting for the blood of their enemies, and required some tact to keep their hands off from the American prisoners. We could not trust any of them inside the fort. The American empty boat was fitted up, and next morning at daylight, the prisoners were on their way to St. Louis, on parole; escorted by one of our lieutenants, [Brisbois] for a short distance.

Now began the novel and much needed instruction as to guard-mounting, etc. The bombardier, and the old veteran were the only two persons in the whole batch that had any correct knowledge of the science of war. Our commander, an old North Western, *boiling inside*, and roasting outside, for the thermometer stood at ninety-eight in the shade, constantly cursing and blaspheming all above and below, now took a bark canoe, with four men, and after giving his own name—McKay—to the fort, and transferring the command to me, took his leave to the joy of all concerned.

I am now, on a smaller scale, a Wellington—commanding all around me. Some of the Indians in this quarter had been induced by exaggerated stories from the enemy, to surrender the Royal George medals which they had received, with other