

tribe, a hundred miles away, and he was brought to the fort after only eight days' absence. The chief was forthwith released from confinement, and his nephew put in his place, where he remained a couple of days. Capt. Bulger was ignorant of Indian character, and Col. Diajon, a nobody, wished to save the prisoner on the ground, that in case he should be executed, it would turn all the Indians against us; while I, on the contrary, insisted that it would produce a feeling of respect, and it so resulted. I believe *fear*, among Indians, to be a means of securing their friendship. The culprit was shot as he deserved.

The commandant ordered a court-martial to try the prisoner. The wounded interpreter identified the murderer. The old chief said, "kill him; he is a bad man, and has murdered two Indians of his own family." The prisoner confessed his crime, saying his object in shooting them was to secure the gun. The court brought in the prisoner guilty, and sentenced him to be shot. Capt. Bulger approved the sentence, and ordered his execution the next day at ten o'clock, when the sentence was carried into effect—his death instantly followed the crack of the volley of rifles. Indians, whites, and all appeared satisfied at the result. The wounded interpreter died in my arms a few days after.

All was now quiet, until the latter end of May, 1815, when we received news of peace, and orders to evacuate the post, and return with all haste to Mackinaw. Capt. Bulger, who was heartily tired of the secluded situation, was off within two hours, leaving me to settle the accounts, and bring away the Volunteers. At twelve o'clock the next day, all was in readiness, and I was about getting on board, when a batteau full of Sauk Indians, with Black Hawk at their head, was seen coming up the river, and near at hand. After landing, and the usual formal smoke, I informed them of the conclusion of peace, and that they must now bury their war-clubs, and be good friends with the Big Knives—Americans. The whole-hearted man and unflinching warrior, Black Hawk, cried like a child, saying our Great Mother, Great Britain, has thus concluded, and further talk is useless. I gave them some ammunition, provisions, with a hearty shake of the hand, and we parted sorrowfully.