

yells were "scalp-yells"; but they had not heard with sufficient accuracy to decide whether they indicated scalps to be *taken* or *given*; but, doubtless, inferred the first.

Barges were sent across to receive, and an escort of military to accompany, them within our lines. The white flag which had been seen in the distance was borne by the Red Bird. During the crossing a rattle-snake passed me, and was struck by Capt. D., with his sword, and partly disabled, when I ran mine through his neck, and holding up the slain reptile, a Monomonee Indian cut off his head with his knife. The head was burned to keep the fangs from doing injury by being trod upon, and his body cut up into small pieces, and distributed to the Indians for their medicine bags—thus furnishing a new antidote against evil agencies, should any happen, during the remainder of their march. This was looked upon as another good omen by the Indians.

And now the advance of the Indians had reached half up the ascent of the bluff, on which was our encampment. In the lead was Car-i-mi-nie,* a distinguished chief. Arriving on the level, upon which was our encampment, and order being called, Car-i-mi-nie spoke, saying: "They are here—like braves they have come in—treat them as braves—do not put them in irons." This address was made to me. I told him I was not the big captain. His talk must be made to Major Whistler, who would, I had no doubt, do what was right. Mr. Marsh, the sub-agent, being there, an advance was made to him, and a hope expressed that the prisoners might be turned over to him. There was an evident aversion to their being given up to the military. I told him Mr. Marsh should be with the prisoners, which composed them. For the remainder of the incidents, I must resort to a letter which I addressed to the Hon. James Barbour, Secretary of War, giving an ac-

*NAW-KAW, or *Car-a-mau-nee*, or *The Walking Turtle*, went on a mission with TECUMSEH in 1809 to the New York Indians, and served with that chief during the campaign of 1813, and was present at his death at the Thames. He signed the treaties of 1816, 1825, 1827, 1829 and 1832. Mrs. KINZIE, in her charming work, *Wau-bun, or the Early day in North-West*—a work too little known, and which well deserves to be republished, and extensively circulated—thus describes this old chief as she saw him at the period of 1830: "There was NAW-KAW, or KAR-RAY-MAU-NEE, *The Walking Rain*, since the principal chief of the nation, a stalwart Indian, with a broad, pleasant countenance, the great peculiarity of which was an immense under lip, hanging nearly to his chin." He was living as late as 1840.