

center of the line, facing him. After a moment's pause, and a quick survey of the troops, and with a composed observation of his people, he spoke, looking at Major Whistler, saying, '*I am ready.*' Then advancing a step or two, he paused, saying, 'I do not wish to be put in irons. Let me be free. I have given away my life—it is gone—(stooping and taking some dust between his finger and thumb, and blowing it away)—like that—eyeing the dust as it fell and vanished from his sight, then adding: 'I would not take it back. *It is gone.*' Having thus spoken, he threw his hands behind him, to indicate that he was leaving all things behind him, and marched briskly up to Major Whistler, breast to breast. A platoon was wheeled backwards from the center of the line, when Major Whistler stepping aside, the Red Bird and We-kau marched through the line, in charge of a file of men, to a tent that had been provided for them in the rear, when a guard was set over them. The comrades of the two captives then left the ground by the way they had come, taking with them our advice, and a supply of meat and flour, and tobacco.

"We-kau, the miserable-looking being, the accomplice of the Red Bird, was in all things the opposite of that unfortunate brave. Never, before, were there two human beings so exactly, in all things, so unlike one another. The one seemed a prince, and as if born to command, and worthy to be obeyed; the other, as if he had been born to be hanged. Meagre—cold—dirty in his person and dress—crooked in form—like the starved wolf, gaunt, hungry, and blood-thirsty—his entire appearance indicating the presence of a spirit wary, cruel and treacherous. The heart, at sight of this, was almost steeled against sympathy, and barred against the admission of pity. This is the man who could scalp a child, not eleven months old, and in taking off its fine locks as a trophy, and to exhibit as a scalp, cut the back of its neck to the bone, and leave it to languish and die on the floor, near the body of its murdered father! But his hands, and crooked and miserable-looking fingers, had been accustomed to such bloody work.

"The Red Bird did not appear to be over thirty years old,