

I put a hand on the two who were nearest to me, and said—I take these, because they came first, and not because of any preference; for I know they are all brave men and true. I now felt secure for the remainder of the distance to the Prairie, and immediately embarked and continued my voyage.

At *La Petite Roche*, forty-five miles from the Portage, at eight o'clock in the evening, we fell in with Gen. Atkinson and his command. His barges were arranged alongside the bank of the river, and moored there. These long keel-boats, some as much as thirty tons burden, with the sails of several of them hanging quietly in the calm of the evening against the masts; the numerous fires that lined the shores, around which a large portion of the General's command of seven hundred men were gathered, gave to the place the appearance of a sea-port. The general hum of voices, the stroke of the axe, with the confused noises made of it, in so out-of-the-way a place, where never before had such circumstances combined, a sort of spirit-scene; especially as the moon's light invested the whole, being made pale by the many lights, and yet paler with an occasional half-obscuration caused by the rolling up of denser portions of the smoke from these numerous fires. Everything in nature by which we were surrounded was still, save only the sounds that proceeded from this spot, and the plash of the paddles of our canoes. Presently a sentinel challenged, and demanded the countersign. I told him who I was, and that I was bearer of tidings from Major Whistler's command, (which I had left that morning at the Portage,) to Gen. Atkinson. The sergeant of the guard was called, who making this message known to Gen. Atkinson, we were invited to come alongside his barge, and (he being confined to his berth by a slight attack of fever) down into the cabin to see him.

We were received with the courtesy that always distinguished this gallant officer, when I went rapidly over the events that had transpired, and informed him of the surrender of the murderers; commended the Red Bird to all the kind usage which his unfortunate condition would permit, and especially urged that he might not be put in irons. I did this, because I very