

remained without eating, until we took them off. They had resolved to kill and eat a man, named Austin Young, who was resigned to his fate, and had gone down to the river for water, while his comrades loaded a musket and cast lots who should shoot him. He filled the kettle with water, and was about to go back, when he saw the raft coming, and told his companions. Our appearing at that time saved his life.

Putting the weakest of the party into a Mackinaw boat we had picked up, I sent them down to the Prairie with a couple of men. The boat must have got down a long time ahead of the raft, for when we arrived at Paint Rock, I met Lieut. Gardener looking well as ever, and he promised me something handsome if I would not give the particulars in my report, as to how the raft was lost. But I knew Taylor hated a liar as bad as he did a drunkard, so when I arrived at the Fort, I stated all the facts just as they were; and it was well I did, for Col. Taylor would soon have found out the truth. Besides, I secured the respect of Lieut. Gardener by so doing, for he was an honorable man. His wife sleeps in the officers' graveyard, where the slabs that mark the resting place of those who died at that early day, may now be seen.

The north quarter of the new Fort was completed in the summer of 1830, after I returned from Monomonee River. The powder magazine, at the south-east corner of the Fort, was built the same year. It took four men ten months (the way we worked for Government) to build it. The walls are of rock, three feet thick, and each rock matched into another like flooring, and cemented together.

In building the Fort, we disturbed an Indian mound. It was a common burying place of the Indians, and we took out cart-loads of bones.

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I think it was in the year 1830, that I witnessed a murder in the garrison of Fort Crawford, without being able to prevent it. One Coffin, a Provost Sergeant, whose duty it was