

off their dead and wounded. On our side, one man named Harkelrhodes was killed, and several wounded. He was buried near the Fort, but no trace remains of his resting place.

When Capt. Dixon arrived at Galena with the news of the attack at Apple River, every man was ready to volunteer relief, but Col. Strode, thinking that so large a party of Indians would undoubtedly take the Fort, and then march on to Galena, called out every effective man, placed a numerous guard, and awaited an attack. The night was dark and rainy, and though entreated and warned by the people at the Fort, a young man named Kirkpatrick, one of the express, formed the determination of going to Galena to inform its inhabitants of the result of the battle. In vain they expostulated with him that the Indians had gone, no one knew where, perhaps to Galena, and in that case, he would meet certain death. He replied that he did not care where the Indians had gone; that he knew the people there would be anxious to hear from them, and he would relieve their fears before he slept. He mounted his horse, and arrived at his destination between 10 and 11 o'clock at night. He was soon surrounded by crowds eager to hear the news. It is doubtful if the inhabitants of Galena ever gave to any one a warmer welcome than they did to this noble and brave young man. He had descended from an Indian fighting family, and was himself as fearless as the bravest of his ancestors.

It was generally conceded that the Fort would have been taken had it not been for the exertions of Mrs. Armstrong. Her address and presence of mind undoubtedly enabled the courageous defenders of the Fort to save themselves from a horrid death by the hands of a cruel and unsparing enemy. Too much praise cannot be awarded to her for casting aside all womanish fear, and substituting a resolute will and strength of courage which might do honor to those of the opposite sex. Mrs. Armstrong was one of the first settlers in this Western country, and she was by nature well qualified for the hardy scenes of pioneer life. Though unacquainted with the forms