

feathers and bills of birds. Other ornaments were displayed with exquisite taste upon his breast and shoulders. In one of his hands he held the white flag, and in the other the calumet or pipe of peace.

There he stood. Not a muscle moved, nor was the expression of his face changed a particle. He appeared conscious that, according to the Indian law, he had done no wrong. His conscience was at repose. Death had no terrors for him. He was there prepared to receive the blow that should send him to the happy hunting grounds to meet his fathers and brothers who had gone before him.

All were told to sit down, when a talk followed between the head men of the Winnebagoes and Major Whistler, in which the former claimed much credit for bringing in the captives, and hoped their white brothers would accept horses in commutation for the lives of their friends, and earnestly besought that in any event they might not be put in irons. They were answered and told that they had done well thus to come in; were advised to warn their people against killing ours, and were impressed with a proper notion of their own weakness and the extent of our power. They were told that the captives should not be put in irons, that they should have something to eat, and tobacco to smoke.

Red Bird then stood up, facing the commanding officer, Major Whistler. 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, and said: "I am ready." Then, advancing a step or two, he paused and said, "I do not wish to be put in irons. Let me be free. I have given away my life—(stooping and taking some dust between his finger and thumb and blowing it away)—like that" (eyeing the dust as it fell and vanished), then adding, "I would not take it back. It is gone." Having thus spoken, he threw his hands behind him, indicating 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 prisoners marched through the line in charge of a file of men, to a tent that had been provided for them in the rear,