

of the Prophet was very embarrassing. He wanted to save his friend, but the young men and warriors who were behind him were clamoring for the scalps of the prisoners, and would never consent to their departure. After keeping the prisoners two or three days, the Prophet, uneasy, restless and disturbed by conflicting emotions, finally said to Col. Gratiot: 'Chouteau, you have always been my friend, and the friend of my people, and you and your party must not be harmed; but there is great trouble, my young men will never consent to give you up, and so you must leave without their knowledge; you canoes are on shore; go to them at a moment when I shall indicate, and leave instantly, and go with all speed, like wild-fire, for the young men will give you chase. All will depend on the strength of your good right arms.'

"The Prophet was right. Hardly had they reached their canoes when the alarm was given, and all the young men of the village raised the war-cry, rushed to their canoes to follow the prey about to escape them, and never before, nor since, have the placid waters of Rock River been the theatre of such an exciting contest. It was literally a race for life. A score of young and maddened warriors were in pursuit, amid shouts and cries and imprecations. But a sense of the overwhelming danger nerved the arms of the pursued, for to be taken was certain death to all. And the pursuit continued with cheers and savage yells through long and dreary hours. Silence fell at last upon the pursuers. In the stillness of the night no sound was heard, except the quick and regular stroke of the paddle, wielded with gigantic strength. Sullen, resolute, determined, nothing could divert the attention of these red men of our prairies, who gave no heed to anything but the vital matter in hand. The race was at last to the swift, and victory to the strong. As daylight appeared, the shores of the river revealed to the exhausted party, that they had passed the point of danger, and were within the limits of the white settlements. Doggedly, silently, the warriors gave up the chase, and the pursued were in a short time safely landed at Rock Island.

"I have these relations from the sons of Col. Gratiot—