

A second council was held with the Indians in the afternoon. They expressed great indignation at the destruction of the ammunition and liquor. Murmurs and threats were heard from every quarter.

Among the chiefs and braves were several, who, although they partook of the feelings of hostility of their tribe to the Americans, retained a personal regard for the troops, and the white families in the place. They exerted their utmost influence to allay the angry feelings of the savage warriors; but their efforts were in vain.

Among these was *Black Partridge*, a chief of some distinction. The evening after the second council, he entered the quarters of the commanding officer. "Father," said the venerable chief, "I come to deliver up to you the medal I wear. It was given me by the Americans, and I have long worn it, in token of our mutual friendship. But our young men are resolved to imbrue their hands in the blood of the whites. I cannot restrain them, and I will not wear a token of peace, while I am compelled to act as an enemy."

The reserved ammunition, twenty-five rounds to a man, was now distributed. The baggage wagons for the sick, the women and children, were ready, and, amidst the surrounding gloom, and the expectation of a fatiguing march through the wilderness, or a disastrous issue on the morrow, the whole party, except the watchful sentinels, retired for a little rest.

The fatal morning of the 15th of August arrived. The sun shone out in brightness as it arose from the glassy surface of the lake. The atmosphere was balmy, and could the feelings of the party have been relieved from the most distressing apprehensions, they could have departed with exhilarating feelings.

Early in the morning a message was received by Mr. Kinzie, from *To-pe-nee-be*, a friendly chief of the St. Joseph's band, informing him that the Pottawattamies, who had promised to be an escort to the detachment, designed mischief. Mr. Kinzie had placed his family under the protection of some friendly Indians. This party, in a boat, consisted of Mrs. Kinzie, four young children, a clerk of Mr. Kinzie's, two servants, and the boatmen, or *voyageurs*, with two Indians as protectors. The boat was intended to pass along the southern end of the lake to St. Joseph's. Mr. Kinzie and his eldest son, a youth, had agreed to accompany Captain Heald and the troops, as he thought his influence over the Indians would enable him to restrain the fury of the savages, as they were much attached to him and his family.