

brought them to, the Dakota warriors took shelter in a thick grove of scrubby oak, and fought to the last gasp. Overwhelmed by numbers, all were killed but two, who were seen to throw themselves into the lake and swim off towards the opposite shore of the deep bay. They were never heard of afterwards, but the probability is that by swimming two miles to the nearest point of the main shore, they saved their lives, and returned to their people with the sad tale of the almost total destruction of their war-party. Over the whole point of Shag-a-waum-ik-ong, are still strewn small particles of bones, which are said to be the remains of the warriors who fell in this bloody fight.

An anecdote is told of an old man, who was the father of one of the lads waylaid by the ambushed party on the point. He was not at home when the alarm was first sounded, and when he arrived, the warriors had all gone, and taken all the canoes belonging to the village. Burning to know the fate of his beloved child, he lashed his weapons of war to his back, and notwithstanding the entreaties of the women, he threw himself into the lake, and swam over to the scene of action. He arrived too late to join in the fight, but he was ever afterward noted for this almost superhuman feat, and his name is preserved amongst his people even to this day.

On another occasion a party of four hundred Fox warriors floated down the Ontonagon River in their small inland bark canoes, and coasting along the lake shore, they landed in the night time on the island of La Pointe, and at early dawn in the morning, they succeeded in waylaying and capturing four young women who had gone from the village to cut wood. The spot is pointed out to this day, where they were taken. The Foxes satisfied with their success, hastily retreated to their canoes, and under cover of a dense fog, they silently paddled homeward. Confident, however, in their numbers, and full of exultation at