

Ojibway chief step proudly and boldly into their midst and address them as follows:—

“My little son, whom you are about to burn with fire, has seen but a few winters; his tender feet have never trodden the war path—he has never injured you! But the hairs of my head are white with many winters, and over the graves of my relatives I have hung many scalps which I have taken from the heads of the Foxes; my death is worth something to you, let me therefore take the place of my child that he may return to his people.”

Taken totally by surprise, the Foxes silently listened to the chief's proposal, and ever having coveted his death, and now fearing the consequence of his despairing efforts, they accepted his offer, and releasing the son, they bade him to depart, and burnt the brave father in his stead. The young man returned safely to his people at La Pointe, and the tale of his murdered kindred, and father's death, spread like wild fire among the wide scattered bands of the Ojibways.

A war party was gathered and warriors came, even from distant Ste. Marie and Grand Portage, to join in revenging the death of their chief.

They marched toward the headwaters of the St. Croix and Chippeway rivers, and returned not home till they had attacked and destroyed six villages of the Foxes, some of which were composed of earthen wigwams, which now form the mounds which are spread so profusely over this section of country. They reaped a rich harvest of scalps, and made such an effective strike, that from this time the Foxes evacuated the rice lakes and midland country about the St. Croix and Chippeway rivers, and retired south to the Wisconsin.

Soon after the above occurrence, the Ojibways pressed up the lake shore, and Wa-me-gis-ug-o, a daring and fear-