

Though having partially revenged the death of his kindred in this fight, yet the old Ojibway hunter was not satisfied. For two years he secluded himself from his people, and accompanied only by his two grandchildren, he made his hunts where beaver was to be found in the greatest plenty. During this time he laid by the fruits of his solitary hunts, and having collected sufficient for his purposes, he loaded a large canoe with large packs of beaver skins, and made a journey to Detroit, which was then a grand depot for the fur trade, and contained a garrison of French soldiers.

Blackening his face with coal, placing ashes on his head, and gashing his body with his knife, causing himself to be covered with blood as a sign of deep mourning and affliction, he presented himself before his "French father," told him the tale of his wrongs, and presenting his packs of rich beaver, he asked for help to revenge himself against his foes.

The O-dug-am-ees had always evinced a bad feeling toward the French, and on several occasions they had plundered and murdered their traders. They were a restless and troublesome tribe, continually embroiled in mischief, and a short time previous they had attempted with the assistance of the Dakotas and O-saug-ees to take the French fort at Detroit. The appeal of the old Ojibway hunter, therefore, was listened to by willing ears. Ammunition and guns were freely given him, and a number of Frenchmen were promised to aid him in his intended invasion of the O-dug-am-ee country. The old hunter, being supplied with the necessary means, easily raised a large war party of his people, and being joined by his French allies, he proceeded to the hunting grounds of his enemies, and after severe fighting destroyed two of the principal O-dug-am-ee villages, and drove the remnants of this obnox-