

and the old man became convinced that the Dakotas had sent him to join his murdered brethren in the land of Spirits. Now, for the first time, the bereaved father began to weep, the fount of his tears welled forth bitter drops, and he mourned bitterly for his lost children.

“An Ojibway warrior never throws away his tears,” and the old man determined to have revenge. For two years he busied himself in making preparations. With the fruits of his hunts he procured ammunition and other materials for a war party. He sent his tobacco and war-club to the remotest villages of his people, detailing his wrong and inviting them to collect by a certain day at Fond du Lac, to go with him in “*search* for his lost children.” His summons was promptly and numerously obeyed, and nearly all the men of his tribe residing on the shores of the Great Lake, collected by the appointed time at Fond du Lac. Their scalping knives had long rusted in disuse, and the warriors were eager once more to stain them with the blood of their old enemy.

Having made the customary preparations, and invoked the Great Spirit to their aid, this large war party which the old man had collected, left Fond du Lac, and followed the trail towards Mille Lac, which was then considered the strongest hold of their enemies, and where the blood which they went to revenge had been spilt. The Dakotas occupied the lake in two large villages, one being located on Cormorant point, and the other at the outlet of the lake. A few miles below this last village, they possessed another considerable village on a smaller lake, connected with Mille Lac by a portion of Rum River which run through it. These villages consisted mostly of earthen wigwams such as are found still to be in use among the Arickarees and other tribes residing on the Upper Missouri.

The vanguard of the Ojibways fell on the Dakotas at Cormorant point early in the morning, and such was the