

After having made the rounds of the almost endless rows of lodges, the scouts returned to their party, and informed their leaders that they had counted three hundred lodges, when they became confused and could count no more. Also, that from the different idioms of their language which they had heard spoken in different sections of the camp, they judged that the distant bands of the Sisseton and Yankton Dakotas were represented therein in considerable numbers; they also told of the general carelessness, and feeling of security which prevailed throughout the camp.

Having obtained this information, the Ojibways being strong in the number of their warriors, prepared themselves for battle, and at the earliest dawn of morning, they marched on the sleeping encampment of the Dakotas. They made their approach by a deep ravine which led through the high bluffs (which here bound the shores of the lake) on to the narrow prairie which skirts the water side, and on which was pitched the leathern lodges of the enemy. It is said that through the dim twilight, the advancing warriors saw a woman step out of the nearest lodge to adjust the door covering which a sudden gust of the rising east wind had thrown up; she stood as if a sound had caught her ear, and she listened anxiously, looking up the dark ravine, when she again entered her lodge. She must have heard the measured tread of the advancing warriors, but mistook it for the moaning of the rising wind, and the dashing of the waves on the sandy beach.

Once fairly debouched on the narrow prairie, the Ojibways lost no time in extending their wings and enveloping the encampment on the land side. When this movement had been completed in perfect silence, they gradually neared the lodges of their sleeping enemies, and as they arrived within the proper distance, and the dogs of the encampment began to snuff the air and utter their sharp quick yelp, the shrill war whistle was sounded by the