

At Point Douglas he discovered the Dakotas collected together in a large camp; their war party had just arrived with the three children's scalps, and he heard as he neared their village, the drums beating, accompanied with the scalp songs of rejoicing, while young and old in the whole encampment were dancing and yelling in celebration of the exploit, and the discomfiture of their enemies.

Omig-aun-dib paddled his light canoe straight towards the centre of the long rows of lodges which lined the water-side: he had covered his face and body with the black paint of mourning. The prow of his canoe lightly struck the beach, and the eyes of the rejoicing Dakotas became all bent on the stranger who so suddenly made his appearance at their water-side: some ran to see who it could be, and as he became recognized, his name passed like wildfire from lip to lip—the music and dancing suddenly ceased, and the former noisy and happy Dakotas spoke to one another in whispers.

Omig-aun-dib sat quietly in the stern of his canoe smoking his pipe. Soon a long line of elderly men, the chiefs of the village, approached him; he knew his half brothers, and as they recognized him and guessed the cause of the black paint on his body, they raised their voices and wept aloud. No sooner was the example set, than the whole encampment was in tears, and loud was the lamentation which for a few moments issued from lips which, but a moment before, had been rejoicing in the deed of blood.

They took the canoe wherein the bereaved father was still sitting, and lifting it off the ground, they carried it on to the bank where stood their lodges. Buffalo robes, beautifully worked with quills and colored with bright paints, were then brought and spread on the ground from the canoe reaching even to the door of the council lodge, and the Ojibway chieftain was asked to walk thereon and enter the lodge.