

Directly opposite the main mouth of the Crow Wing, on the spot where the American Fur Company's post is now¹ located, and in plain view of their ambushade, the Ojibways saw their enemies disembark, and proceed to cook their morning meal. They saw the large group of female prisoners, as they were roughly pushed ashore, and made to build the fires and hang the kettles. Amongst them, doubtless, were their wives, daughters, or sisters. They saw the younger warriors of the enemy form in a ring, and dance, yelling and rejoicing, over the scalps they had taken. They saw all this, and burning with rage, they impatiently awaited the moment when their foes would come within range of their bullets and arrows. With difficulty the leader restrained his younger and more fool-hardy warriors from rushing forth to attack their enemies while engaged in their orgies.

Amongst the captives was an old woman, who at every encampment, had exhorted her fellows not to be cast down in their spirits, for their men who had gone on a war party would certainly, at some place, attack their captors, and in this case they must upset the canoes they were in, and swim for life to the shore from which their friends would make the attack. In this manner did she teach "her grandchildren," as she called them, to be prepared for a sudden onslaught.

The Dakotas, having finished their morning meal, and scalp-dancing, once more poured into their canoes. They floated down with the current in a compact mass, holding on to each other's canoes, while filling and lighting their pipes, and passing them from one to another, to be alternately smoked. Above them, dangling from the ends of poles, were the bloody scalps they had taken. In the foremost canoes were the war leaders, and planted before them were the war ensigns of feathers. After smoking out their

¹ A. D. 1852.