

The Ojibways fled panting for breath, in the dense smoke of the burning prairie, towards the Mississippi, and jumping into its waters, they eventually took refuge on an island. It is said that the froth hung in wide flakes from the lips of the tired warriors as they reached this, their last covert. The Dakotas followed them closely in the wake of the murderous fire which they had lit, but they dare not attack them on the island, where they had sought refuge, and from this point, after one of the most terrible combats which is told of them in their traditions, both parties returned to their respective villages.

The Ojibways acknowledge to have lost eight of their warriors at the hands of the Dakotas, and three caught and consumed by the flames. They claim having made a much greater havoc in the ranks of their enemies, especially during the time they fought from the secure shelter of the oak grove. And as the Dakotas have always acknowledged them as being the better shots during battle, it is not at all unlikely that they suffered a severe loss in killed and wounded on this occasion.

On the following year it happened that the Ojibways, to the number of sixty, again proceeded down the Mississippi on a war party, and on the very spot where the preceding year they had accidentally met the Dakotas, they again met them in greater force than ever. From all accounts which I have gathered, the enemy, on this occasion, numbered full four hundred warriors, but the hardy Ojibways, again under the guidance of their brave war-chief, Big Marten, although they first discovered the enemy, refused to retreat, and the camps remained in sight of each other's fires during the first night of their meeting. The Ojibways, however, prepared for the coming battle. They dug holes two or three feet deep in the ground, large enough to hold one and two men, from which they intended to withstand