

He selected thirty of his best men, well-armed, and giving them packs of goods to carry, at their head, he accompanied the Dakotas back to their camp, which they reached at the distance of one day's march. They found the camp to number over one hundred lodges, formed of leather. They were well received, and entertained with the choicest portions of the buffalo, elk, and bear meat, which abounded in every lodge. Cadotte was himself installed in the chief's more extensive lodge, where the whole night long he carried on an active trade, as one after the other, warriors, hunters, and women, entered to exchange their furs for such articles as they needed, or such trinkets as struck their fancy. He soon collected as many packs of beaver and other fur as his men could well carry away. Notwithstanding his brisk trade, many of the goods still remained on his hands, and Cadotte could not help but notice the covetous looks which the chief and his warriors cast on these as he ordered his men to bale them into packs in order to carry away.

In the morning, after the Dakotas had again feasted and smoked with them, the trader prepared to depart. The Dakota chief insisted on accompanying him a part of the way with a guard of his warriors, as a mark of honor and respect, and Cadotte, unable to resist his importunities, at last accepted the offer of his company, and together they left the camp. The Dakotas, nearly equal in number to themselves, led the van, and in this order they travelled, occasionally making short halts to smoke and rest, till they reached about half the distance to their trading house, when, just as they were about to enter a heavy clump of trees and thickets, through which winded their path, the Dakota chief and his men suddenly stopped, sat down on the roadside, and prepared to fill their pipes, requesting their white brothers to take their turn and go ahead, while