

next morning the Dakotas were seen to embark in their wooden canoes, to the number of about two hundred men, and proceed up the current of the Chippeway. The watchful scouts, after being fully satisfied of the course the enemy was about to take, ran to their leader, and informed him of all that which they had observed.

The numbers of the Dakotas made it an act of almost certain self-destruction for the small Ojibway party to attack them, and the more prudent and fearful advised their chief to make a quiet retreat. His determination, however, was fixed, and bidding such as feared death to depart and leave him, he prepared himself for the coming conflict. Not one of his little party left his side, and they awaited in silence the moment that the enemy would pass by their place of ambush. Soon the Dakotas made their appearance, singing their war-songs, and paddling their canoes slowly up the rapid current of the river.

Arriving opposite the unsuspected ambushade of the Ojibways, a volley was suddenly fired amongst them, killing three of their most prominent warriors, and wounding many others. The Ojibways waited not to reload their guns, but springing up, they ran for their lives, in hopes that in the first confusion of their sudden attack, the Dakotas would not immediately pursue, and thus give them a chance for escape. They were, however, disappointed, for their enemy lost no time in leaping ashore and following their footsteps. The Ojibway leader was a large, portly man, and unable to run for any distance. He soon fell in the rear, and though the yells of the Dakotas were plainly heard apparently fast gaining on them, his little party refused his entreaties to leave him to his fate. At last he stopped altogether, and addressing his warriors, he bade them to leave him, and save their lives, for he had not brought them there to leave their bones to whiten the prairie. For his part, he knew that he must die. His