

Pillager braves, who, being excellent runners, kept some distance ahead of their fellows, fearlessly followed after them. They ran through the woods and emerged upon an open prairie, where they were struck with surprise, at suddenly perceiving long rows of Dakota lodges. The fleeing camp had joined another, and together they numbered three hundred lodges. Guns were firing to call in the straggling hunters, drums were beating to collect the warriors, many of whom, already prepared for battle, their heads decked with plumes and their bodies painted in red and black, made a terrific appearance as they ran to and fro, marshalling the younger warriors and hurrying their preparations.

One look was sufficient for the three panting Pillagers, and amid a shower of bullets which laid one of them in death, the survivors turned and ran back, and as they met their fellows, they urged on them the necessity of immediate flight, for it was impossible to resist the numbers which their enemies were about to turn against them. Heated, tired, and panting for breath, the Pillagers could not think of flight. Their utmost exertions had been spent in a foolish and fruitless chase, and they could now do no more than die like men. Deliberately they chose their ground, at a place where a small rivulet connected the lake, through the narrow neck of sand beach, with a wide swamp. Here they could not be surrounded, and when half of their number had collected, they hid in the tall grass which grew on either side of the little creek, and here, entirely commanding the narrow pass, they awaited in ambush the coming of the Dakota warriors, who soon appeared from the woods, and marshalled in long lines on the lake shore, dressed and painted for battle. Their advance was imposing. They were led on by a prominent figure who wore a blue military coat, and who carried conspicuous on his breast a large silver medal, denoting his rank as chief. In one hand he brandished only a long spear,