

while in the other he carried aloft the war ensign of plumes, and as he came on, running from side to side, in front of his warriors, to keep them in line and check, he exhorted them to act like men with a loud voice.

Breathlessly the tired Pillagers crouched in the grass, awaiting the onset. The imposing array of their enemies had already reached within range of their bullets, but still they kept quiet, unseen in their ambush. The remainder of their fellows who had attempted to run around the swamp, finding out their mistake, had returned, and were now running up the sandy beach to the support of their fellows. On these the Dakotas turned their attention, and, unsuspecting, they marched right on their hidden enemies. The first gun fired by the Pillagers brought down the noble form of their leader. A yell of rage issued from the ranks of the Dakotas, and instead of dodging here and there, hiding behind trees, or throwing themselves in the tall grass, as they generally do in battle, they rushed forward in a body, determined to annihilate at one blow their feeble and tired enemy. Their front ranks, however, fell before the united volleys of the Pillagers, and the battle now commenced in earnest.

Retiring behind the shelter of trees, the Pillagers for a time kept up the hopeless contest, being every moment joined by their fellows who had been left behind. Last of the stragglers, when over one half of his comrades had been shot down, came Uk-ke-waus, the old warrior who had urged them on to the foolish chase. He had four sons engaged in the fight, the youngest of whom had been killed before the Dakota lodges. As he came up and took his stand beside his surviving warriors, the death of his favorite son was proclaimed to him, and bitter reproaches were addressed to him, for causing the untimely death of so many brave men. Determined to save some of his fellows, if possible, the old warrior called out in a voice dis-