

and had gone in the direction of their village, consequently escaping the fate which awaited their fellows. Early the next morning, also, a number of women left the camp, to carry heavy loads of meat some distance ahead towards their next camping ground, intending to return after other loads. On their return, hearing the noise of the battle, which commenced soon after their departure, they succeeded in making their escape.

Soon after the sun had arisen on this fated morning, several of the Ojibway hunters sallied out of their wigwams for the usual day's hunt, intending to rejoin their families at the next encampment. On reaching the ice on the lake, they perceived several wolves sitting a short distance off, apparently watching the encampment. The hunters ran towards them, but as they did so, the seeming wolves got up and retreated into the woods which skirted the lake. The hunters instantly recognized them for human beings, who, covered with wolf skins, had quietly been reconnoitring their camp, and counting their lodges. They ran back and gave the alarm, but the Ojibway warriors were given but a few moments to make preparations for the coming onslaught.

On being discovered, the Dakotas immediately marshalled their forces on the ice, and in long lines, dressed and painted for battle, they slowly approached the Ojibway encampment. So unusual was this mode of attack, that for a moment the Ojibways were deceived into the belief that they came for the purpose of making peace, and under this impression two of their bravest warriors, Be-dud and She-shebe, ran out upon the ice to meet them. They were welcomed with a shower of bullets and arrows. They, however, bravely stood their ground, and returned the fire of the enemy, and their fellow warriors joining them, a fierce fight ensued on the ice, which soon became crimsoned with blood.