

who now made their appearance, and the warriors made demonstrations to fire on them. Their chiefs interfered, but with little effect, and bullets were already flying about the ears of the Ojibways, when Renville, an influential Dakota trader and half-breed, made his timely appearance, and with a loud voice quelled the disturbance, and took the peace party under his protection. The excited warriors, however, insisted on firing a salute, and their bullets, for some minutes, spattered the water in every direction around the canoes of the Ojibways, and even perforated the flag which hung over the head of their chief. The old men, still living,¹ who were present on this occasion, describe it as the most dangerous scene in their lives. They would much rather have met their enemies in open fight than bear the long suspense between life and death which they perceived hanging over them, the wild excitement among the Dakotas, and the bullets whizzing past their heads. They all acknowledge that they owed their deliverance to the timely interference of the trader Renville.

Broken Tooth and his party made but a short stay in the midst of a people who were so anxious to spill their blood, and handle their scalps. Under an escort provided by the kind trader, who guarded them some distance towards their country, they succeeded in reaching their homes in safety, and felt thankful for escaping from such a fearful predicament. They had been at home but a few days, when a Dakota war party who had followed on their tracks, waylaid an Ojibway hunter on the shores of Gull Lake. They left a war-club, with a sharp iron spearhead, sticking in the mutilated body of their victim. Curly Head, the Mississippi chief, immediately collected such warriors as were camping with him on Gull Lake, and in their canoes, they floated down the swift current of "the great river." They crossed the portage around the Falls of St. Anthony during the night, and arrived at the mouth

¹ A. D. 1852.