

creaked up to the house and posted himself directly in front of the gateway, amongst a clump of stumps. He saw a lodge standing within the inclosure on the other side of the house, and this he determined to watch till a Dakota should issue from it. It was now dusk, and he had remained in his new position but a moment, in fact had but just lighted his pipe, when the two women he had seen in the afternoon again came out of the house, and were examining a canoe which lay close to him, when they discovered the ambushed warrior. They immediately ran screaming into the house, from whence a white man with a large head of red hair soon issued, carrying a tremendous sword under his arm, and a gun in his hand. This was Col. Dickson. He walked up to Great Cloud, who was quietly smoking his pipe, and presenting his gun to his breast, demanded in broken Ojibway, "who he was, and what he wanted?"

The Indian answered, that "he was Great Cloud, an Ojibway warrior, and he had come to look for Dakota scalps." The trader then told him that the Dakotas were all gone, and that there was no one with him but a Menominee Indian. He inquired if there were any more of his people with him, and on answering in the negative, Dickson laughed, took Great Cloud by the hand, called him a brave man, and invited him into his house, where he was well treated. The Menominee Indian soon came in, and together they took a social smoke. Great Cloud related his adventures, and so pleased was his host at his having spared his women, that he gave him a flag and placed a medal on his breast, besides loading him with a present of goods.

On his return, Great Cloud found his French comrade had fled to Leech Lake, where he himself soon arrived, dressed as a chief, and instead of fur, loaded with merchandise, to the great surprise and wonder of his people. From this time he always showed a deep attachment to Col. Dick-