

by Baptist La Duke, had located their trading house near the Lower Rapids of Chippewa river. This was at some period previous to 1784. They had just finished their house, when Pennesha said he would go out hunting, and obtain a supply of meat. La Duke opposed his going; said he had had, the previous night, a dream ominous of evil; but Pennesha scouted the idea, and started—La Duke, the while, warning him that he would come back a great deal quicker than he went away. So confident was La Duke of Indian troubles, that he with the *engage* went to work, brought their canoe into the house, and filled it with water; then after making some port-holes in the chinking between the logs of the house, opened a box of guns, and loaded them all, and had them placed in convenient readiness for use. It was not long before they saw Pennesha coming over the prairie at the top of his speed. He had discovered a large party of Chippewas, and to hasten back and outstrip them, had thrown every thing away that would retard his flight, even to his breech-clout.

Arriving, nearly out of breath, at the trading house, Pennesha exclaimed, "We are all dead," and then reported about the large Indian party. "Not quite all dead yet," said La Duke, "but we should have been in a fair way for it, if I had done as you did; but see here—we are prepared for them; let them come." Pennesha now loaded his own gun with a ball, contrary to the advice of La Duke to load, as he had done, with buck-shot. The Indians soon surrounded the cabin, and fired upon the house, when Pennesha fired, and broke the jaw of an Indian, while La Duke's single fire of buck-shot killed two of the assailants. The surviving Indians, finding they had approached too near, now retired to a safer distance, and kept up the attack, but the traders were busy in discharging their musketry, and killed some others of the Chippewas; when the latter, thinking the whites must be numerous, retreated and disappeared. La Duke took an early