

Sioux chief mounted his horse, and rode alone to the Omahaw camp, singing his death song, and with his knife, as he rode among their lodges, cut pieces of flesh from his thighs, and throwing them to the dogs, saying, "My friends, I fed my dogs with your flesh yesterday, and am now come to feast your dogs on my poor flesh, in hopes that we may continue brethren." Red Thunder was carefully taken from his horse, his wounds dressed; and, in time, he was loaded with presents and sent home, thus preserving the harmony of the two warlike tribes.

In 1813, old Red Thunder and part of his band volunteered to go with Col. Dickson against the Americans, and were present at the battle of Fort Meigs, on the Maumee. On his return home, he had many marvelous stories to relate, such as the folly of the English soldiers running up to cut down the pickets, and being themselves shot down in the attempt. Another great piece of folly was, in his estimation, "that the English had placed their great big guns—cannon—a long way from the pickets; and they took little tin kettles, filled them with rifle balls, and put these kettles, one at a time, into the big gun, and fired it off at the clouds, as if they were ducks. "I told them," said Red Thunder, "to shoot at the fort; but they laughed at me, and I left them in disgust, and came home."

Having mentioned and described this old chief, who shared with me the hard winter [of 1809-1810] before us, I will proceed in my narrative. Old Red Thunder, with two other lodges of his band, after Ance had been gone a few days, arrived, and encamped quite close to my house. A few Indians, in this way, generally wintered about the traders' houses. They had no store of provisions, but hoped, as I did, that buffalo meat would abound. Warned by a former year's sufferings, I kept in store five or six bushels of corn. I and the Red Thunder's boys killed more of the wild fowl than fed us all for awhile. But the marshes were soon frozen over, and that supply was cut off. There were no wolves or small game of any kind in this part of the country; so Red Thunder's people were soon reduced to subsist on the old buffalo hides they had used to sleep upon, perhaps for years.