

At the end of the third day, he went to the little bush or wood, made a rousing fire, and cutting a ten feet pole, returned to hunt up and liberate his imprisoned companions. This he accomplished by thrusting the pole at random, until one would seize it, when the Indian would dig him out. He found them all dripping wet; and the wind having rendered the snow firm, he packed each one, as he brought him from his cave, to the fire, otherwise they would have soon frozen, coming out of their warm bath into so chilly an atmosphere. For unless a person thus buried, scrapes the snow from above, and packs it below or under him, the heat of his body melts the snow, and he finds himself in a pool of water.

As promised, at the end of four days Broken Leg arrived, with ten of his young men, loaded with dried meat, pemican, buffalo's bladders filled with marrow, and a few furs. I paid them well, and all were pleased, except one young fellow, who had a wolf skin to trade; but he wanted four times its value, which I would not give. He then drew his robe about him, and leaning on the counter, as is the Indian habit, with intention of tiring me out. I, however, wrapped myself also in a robe, and laughingly lay down on another robe, when my lad, finding he was beaten at his own game, went off in a rage, and I went to trading with the others. Broken Leg was soon informed that Master Wolf was preparing his bow and arrows to shoot me on emerging from the shop. The chief was up instantly, and going from my apartment to the men's room, found Master Wolf ready to bleed me, and took his bow and arrow from him. He then gave him a few thumps over the head, threw his weapons into the fire, and turned him out of the room. On their going away the next morning, I gave the chief a keg of rum; and not expecting it, they were all the more delighted. That was the last I saw of this tribe of *Les Gens des Perches*.

Now we all—Red Thunder<sup>1</sup> and his people included—lived

<sup>1</sup> Lieut. Pike, when on his public mission up the Mississippi, in 1805-1806, did what he could to repress the sale of liquor to the Indians. When at Prairie du Chien, in April, 1806, he thus spoke of Red Thunder: "I was sent for by Red Thunder, chief of the Yanktons, the most savage band of the