

game of ball on the plain outside of the Fort, and in sight of the great gathering of whites and Indians then present. They mutually agreed that each tribe might hunt on the neutral ground between them, and separated in apparent peace and friendship.

But in April, 1838, about nine months after this treaty was made, Hole-in-the-day, accompanied by his son, then about nine years old, and seven of his braves, were on a hunt upon the neutral territory, where they found a lodge of Sioux, consisting of eleven persons. He met them with professed friendship, and being invited, took lodging with them. But, savage-like, he thirsted for blood, despite the treaty he had signed the summer previous. He laid his plans for the massacre of all in the lodge. It was arranged for each to lie down by a Sioux, and at signal from him each was to draw his knife, and thrust it into the heart of the Sioux who lay next to him. The place assigned the little son was by a girl about two years his senior. His father, in directing the affair, said to the son, "if you are afraid, I'll whip you;" but the son affirmed his courage and determination to do as directed.

After feasting and smoking together, they lay down for a night's repose, but at the signal given the nine knives were drawn, and nine Sioux, including the little girl, were slain in an instant. One woman made her escape, and one woman was taken prisoner, with whom the Chippewas immediately retreated to their own country, taking with them, of course, the nine scalps.\* The woman who escaped soon reached a lodge of her own tribe, and giving notice of what had occurred, the news spread like wild-fire, and the Sioux, far and near, were soon in arms, ready for revenge. But they

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\*In Nell's *History of Minnesota*, pp. 454-56, we find it stated, that in the fall of 1837, "Hole-in-the-Day, a distinguished Ojibway Chief, father of the young man who now bears that name, had smoked the calumet with the Dakotahs, and promised to meet them the next Spring, and make them presents for the privilege of hunting on their lands;" but instead of fulfilling that stipulation—made, most likely, to entrap the Sioux into a fancied security—a party of eleven Chippewas came to the advance of three lodges of Sioux, in the region of Lac Qui Parle, in Minnesota, composed of men, women and children, who killed a couple of dogs, and feasted their Chippewa visitors in distinguished barbarian style, and finally all laid down to sleep. When all was silent, the guests arose, and killed and scalped nearly the whole camp, old and young, eleven in number; and among those who escaped, were a wounded Sioux mother and her wounded boy.