

obtained an extensive influence over their fellows of the Mississippi. By their repeated and telling blows, aided by others, they forced the Sioux to fall back from the woods on to their Western prairies, and eventually altogether to evacuate that portion of their former country lying north of Sac River, and south and east of Leaf River, to the Mississippi.

In the language of Warren, their educated countryman, they earned, during their short career, a name that will long be remembered among their people. Strong Ground was as fine a specimen of an Indian as ever proudly trod the soil of America. He was one of those honor-loving chiefs, not only by name, but by nature also. He was noted for his unflinching bravery, generosity, and solidity or firmness; the last of which is a rare quality in the Indian, among whom not more than one out of ten is possessed of any firmness of character. As an instance of his daring, on one occasion, he fought singly, by the side of a mounted comrade, with seven Sioux, and repulsed them with loss. His first fight was, when a mere boy, at Long Prairie battle. Again, he was present at an attack on a Sioux camp at Poplar Grove, on Long Prairie, where the Chippewas killed many of their foes. At another time, he led a night attack on a Sioux camp on Crow River. At Round Prairie, also, he with an Ottawa, cut off from a large Sioux camp, three boys while they were sliding on the ice, in plain view of their friends. He was one of the Chippewas who dispatched the four Sioux prisoners surrendered by Col. Snelling in the autumn of 1826. He was present on many other occasions that tried the man's heart. He died but a few years anterior to the publication of Mr. Warren's sketch—which appeared in 1852—at about the age of forty-eight.

Hole-in-the-Day, his younger brother, continues Warren, was equally brave at the moment of trial, but some of his contemporary warriors say of him, that his extreme bravery did not last. "At the moment of excitement, he could have thrown himself into the fire." These are the words of one of his noted brave who often fought at his side. He had not the firmness of his brother Strong Ground, but was more cunning, and soon came to understand the policy of the whites perfectly. He was ambitious, and, through his cunning, stepped above his more straight-forward brother, and became head-chief. He was a proud and domineering spirit, and loved to be implicitly obeyed. He had a quick and impatient temper. A spirit like this is little calculated to be loved and obeyed by the free wild sons of the forest, who love liberty too well to become the slaves of any man. Hole-in-the-Day was more feared than loved by his bands, and had it not been for the strong support of his more influential brother, he could never have been really chief over his people.

On one occasion, he turned out and dispersed a whole camp of his fellows with a wooden paddle. The Indians were drinking liquor, and fighting among themselves, after he had twice ordered them to drink in quiet. He struck with his paddle promiscuously, and on this single occasion mortally offended some of his best warriors. Notwithstanding his harsh and haughty temper, there was in the breast of this man much of the milk of human kindness; and he had that way about him that induced the few who really loved him, to be willing even to die for him.

During his life-time, he distinguished himself in eight different fights, where blood was freely shed. At St. Peters, he was almost mortally wounded—a bullet passing through his right breast, and coming out near the spine. On this occasion, his daughter was killed; and from this time can be dated the blood-thirstiness with which he ever after pursued his enemies. He had married a daughter of Bi-ous-wah, a chief so distinguished among the Chippewas, that he may be said to have laid the foundation of a dynasty of chieftaindom, which has descended to his children, and the benefits of which they are reaping after him.

His bravery was fully proved by his crossing the Mississippi, and with but two brave comrades, firing on the large Sioux village of Ka-po-sia, below the mouth of the St. Peters. They narrowly escaped the general chase that was made for them by many Sioux warriors, crossing the Mississippi under a shower of bullets. There is nothing in modern warfare to surpass this daring exploit.