RUNNING THE GANTLET.

A THRILLING INCIDENT OF EARLY DAYS AT FORT SNELLING.*

Perhaps some of our readers may have seen CARVER or SCHOOLCRAFT'S Travels. If they have, it may be that they know, albeit neither of the books is worth a brass pin as authority, that the Chippewa and Dakota tribes have waged war against each other so long that the origin of their hostility is beyond the ken of man. General PIKE persuaded them to make peace in 1805, but it lasted only till his back was turned. The agents for the government have brought

*[The above very interesting and graphic article, originally appeared in an eastern periodical a number of years ago, and was copied by others quite extensively. It was anonymous, but in its style bears conclusive evidence that its author was WM. J. SNELLING, (son of Col. JOSIAH SNELLING). Those who are familiar with his writings need no other proof. Moreover, it must have been written by some one who was an eye-witness of the incidents, which Mr. S. was—and one of the very few spectators capable of so graphically describing it.

JOSEPH, (or as, for some reason, he usually wrote himself) WM. J. SNELLING, was a son of Col. JOSIAH SNELLING by his first wife. He was born in Boston, Dec. 26, 1804; spent some time at West Point, and when his father took command of Fort St. Anthony he repaired to that post, where he lived seven years. He mixed constantly with the Dakotas, "living in their lodges" as he says, "sharing their food and blankets," thus acquiring a very perfect knowledge of their habits, language, religion and legends, as his subsequent writings show. He acted as a guide and interpreter for Maj. LONG'S expedition in 1823, when he was only 19 years old. After leaving the frontier he went to Boston, and led a literary life, contributing to periodicals and newspapers. In 1830 he published an interesting work entitled "Tales of the North West; or Sketches of Indian Life and Character." This valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Dakotas was also anonymous, and is now rare. Mr. SNELLING died in 1848, his latter years impaired by his addiction to an unfortunate vice which alone prevented him from attaining the fame as an author that his real genius warranted.

—In vol. 3, Minn. Historical Collections, p. 76. Mrs. VAN CLEVE, an eye-witness of the tragic events described in this article, has also given a very interesting account of the same, in some portions with more circumstantiality than Mr. SNELLING.—W.]

about several treaties between the tribes, in which forgiveness and friendship for the future, were solemnly promised. Indian hereditary hate is stronger than Indian faith, and these bargains were always violated as soon as opportunity occurred. Nevertheless, our Executive gave orders, in 1825, that a general congress of all the belligerent tribes on the frontier should be held at Prairie du Chien. They flocked to the treaty ground from all quarters, to see the sovereignty or majesty (we know not which is the better word) of the United States, ably represented by Governors CASS and CLARK, who acted as Commissioners.

The policy of the United States on this occasion was founded on an error. It supposed that the quarrels of the Indians were occasioned by a dispute concerning the boundaries of their respective territories. Never was a treaty followed by more unhappy results, at least as far as it concerned the Dakotas.

They concurred in the arrangement of their boundaries proposed by the Commissioners, as they do in every measure proposed by an American officer, thinking that compulsion would otherwise be used. But they were not satisfied, nor had they reason to be, for their ancient limits were grievously abridged. All the Indians present had, or imagined they had, another cause of complaint. They had been supplied with food, while the congress lasted, by the United States, as was the reasonable practice, for they cannot hunt and make treaties at one and the same time. Dysentery supervened on the change of diet. Some died on the ground, and a great many perished on the way from Prairie du Chien to their hunting grounds. Always suspicious of the whites, they supposed that their food had been poisoned; the arguments of their traders could not convince them of the contrary, and hundreds will die in that belief.

Moreover, they did not receive such presents as the British agents had been wont to bestow on them, and they complained that such stinginess was beneath the dignity of a great people, and that it also showed a manifest disregard of their necessities. They were especially indignant at being stinted in whiskey. It behooved the Commissioners, indeed, to avoid the appearance of effecting any measure by bribery, but the barbarians did not view the matter in that light. To show them that the liquor was not withheld on account of its value, two barrels were brought upon the ground. Each dusky countenance was instantly illuminated with joy at the agreeable prospect, but they were to learn that there is sometimes a "slip between the cup and the lip." Each lower jaw dropped at least six inches when one of the Commissioners staved in the heads of the casks with an ax. "It was a great pity," said old WAKHPAKOOTAY, speaking of the occurrence, "it was a great pity! There was enough to have kept me drunk all the days of my life." WAKHPAKOOTAY'S only feelings were grief and astonishment, but most of his fellows thought that this making a promise to the eye in order to break it to the sense was a grievous insult, and so they continue to regard it to this day.

The next year, a small party of Chippewas came to St. Peters, (about which there are four Dakota villages,) on pretence of business with "their father," the agent, (Maj. TALIAFERRO,) but in reality to beg ammunition, clothing, and, above all, strong drink. The Dakotas soon gathered about the place with frowns on their faces and guns in their hands. Nevertheless, three of the Chippewas ventured to visit the Columbian Fur Company's trading house, two miles from the Fort. While there, they became aware of their danger, and desired two of the white men attached to the establishment to accompany them back, thinking that their presence might be some protection. They were in

error. As they passed a little copse, three Dakotas sprung from behind a log with the speed of light, fired their pieces into the face of the foremost, and then fled. The guns must have been double loaded, for the man's head was literally blown from his shoulders, and his white companions were spattered with his brains and blood. The survivors gained the Fort without further molestation. Their comrade was buried on the spot where he fell. A staff was set up on his grave, which became a landmark, and received the name of "The Murder Pole." The murderers boasted of their achievement and with impunity. They and their tribe thought they had struck a fair blow on their ancient enemies, in a becoming manner. It was only said that TOOPUNKAH ZEZE of the village of the *Batture aux Fievres*, and two others, had each acquired a right to wear skunk skins on their heels and war-eagles' feathers on their heads.

A winter passed, and the murdered man was not revenged. * * * In the following autumn, another party of Chippewas came to St. Peter's and as they remembered what had happened the year before, they took care to arrive just at day-break, and proceeded directly to the fort. There were twenty-four persons in the band, eight of whom were warriors; the rest were women and children. The chief was KWEEWEEZAIZHISH, or the FLAT MOUTH, the great man of the Sandy Lake Chippewas. He led his little troop straight to the fort, where he unfurled and planted an American flag, and then demanded an interview with the agent and commanding officer.

The Dakotas soon learned what was passing, and by the time the gates were opened, a considerable number of them had assembled to gaze upon the enemy. Presently the officers came forth, and desired the visitors to enter. "Be not angry, father," replied the FLAT MOUTH, "but I would rather say something here, before I enter your

wigwam or eat your bread. I desire that these Nahtooessies (enemies) should hear it."

The Colonel (SNELLING) sent for the Chippewa interpreter, and when he had come desired the chief to say on.

"Father," said the chief, "you know that more than a year since, we made peace with your Nahtooessie children, because you desired us. We have kept the peace and listened to your advice, as we always do, for our American fathers are wise men, and advise us for our good. These men know whether they have done so or not. I speak with a sick heart. We are but few here, and these men will not keep the peace with us. We ask you to protect us, as we would protect you, if you should come into our country."

The Colonel replied that he could have no concern with the quarrels of the Dakotas and Chippewas. If they fought anywhere else, he could not help it; but while they remained under his flag they should not be molested, provided they did not molest others. He bade them pitch their lodges on a spot within musket shot of the walls, and there, he said and thought, they would be safe. He would make their cause his own if any harm should come to them *there*. This speech being expounded to the Dakotas, they all exclaimed "HACHEE! HACHEE! HACHETOO!"—that is it! that is right!

The FLAT MOUTH then entered the Fort and partook of American hospitality. He then explained the object of his visit. It was the old story, repeated the thousandth time. They were very poor; they had left their friends at home with heavy hearts, and hoped that their father would give them something to make them glad. In short, the endless catalogue of Indian wants was summed by a humble petition for a little of their father's milk (whiskey) "to make them cry" for certain friends they

had lost. This shameless beggary should not be taken as proof of want of spirit. The main point in their political code is equality of property; he that has two shirts thinks it a duty to give one to him who has none. He who has none thinks it no shame to ask one of him who has two. The effect of this system is, that they are always in want of everything, and the application of their own principle of action to their white neighbors makes their company excessively troublesome. It is true that they are willing to reciprocate, as far as lies in their power, but then they never have anything to give.

On the occasion in question, our Chippewa friends got, if not all they asked, yet more than they had expected. Then, after having entered the garrison with the Buffalo dance, they left the Fort, and set up their lodges as they had been directed.

In the afternoon TOOPUNKAH ZEZE arrived from the *Batture aux Fievres*, with seven of his own band and one other. They went directly to the Chippewa camp and entered the largest lodge, where it happened that there were just nine persons. The young Dakota above named held in his hand a pipe, the stem of which was gaily ornamented with porcupine's quills and hair stained red. The Chippewas spread skins for his party, shook hands with them, invited them courteously to be seated. They also directed the women instantly to prepare a feast of venison, corn and maple sugar, all of which articles were mixed together and placed before the Dakotas in brimming bowls. When the entertainment was over, TOOPUNKAH ZEZE filled the peace-pipe he had brought and passed it round. None rejected it, and all might, therefore, consider themselves pledged to peace, if not to love. The conversation then became general and amicable. The Chippewa women coquetted with the

Dakota youths, who seemed in no wise to consider them as enemies.

No Dakota is suffered to wear a war eagle's feather in his hair till he has killed his man. TOOPUNKAH ZEZE wore one for the Chippewa he had so treacherously slain the year before, as we have already related. One of the fair Chippewas noticed it. "You are young to wear that," said she.

"I shall wear another before I am much older," he replied.

Certainly after so much friendly intercourse and so many demonstrations of good will, no one could have suspected any sinister purpose. The Chippewas, too, might have relied on their proximity to the Fort. But "the heart of man is desperately wicked." The Dakotas had shook hands and smoked the pipe of peace with their former foes, had eaten of their fat and drank of their *strong*. At last, at sunset, they took their guns and rose to depart. The eight foremost halted outside the door, while the last held it aside with his foot, and all discharged their guns into the lodge, excepting one, whose piece missed fire. The assassins gave the Indian *cri de joi*, and fled like deer.

The guns were heard in the Fort, and the news soon reached the commanding officer, who immediately ordered an officer* to proceed to the nearest village with an hundred men, and apprehend as many Dakotas as possibly he could. No time was to be lost, for the night was fast coming up the horizon. The Chippewas who were not hurt, joined the party. Circumstances proved favorable to the enterprise; just as the party left the gate, upwards of a hundred armed Dakotas appeared on a low ridge near the Fort. The captain divided his force, and despatched one

*[Mrs. VAN CLEVE says that her father, Capt. NATHAN CLARK, was the officer entrusted with this duty. NEILL so states, also, in his history, page 392. W.]

party round a small wood to take the enemy in the rear, while he advanced upon them in front. The Dakotas kept their ground firmly. Some covered themselves with the scattered scrub oak trees, others laid down in the long grass. Guns were already cocked when the detached party appeared in their rear. Then the Indians gave way. Most escaped, but thirty were taken and speedily conveyed to the Fort, where accommodations were provided for them in the guard-house and the black-hole. The Chippewas, too, removed their lodges into the Fort, and the wounded were carried to the hospital.

Eight balls had been fired into the Chippewa lodge, and every one took effect. The wounds were the most ghastly that we ever saw made by bullets. The party had been lying or reclining, on their mats; for there is no standing in a Chippewa lodge. Consequently the balls passed through their limbs diagonally tearing and cutting more than it is usual for pieces of lead to do, though as ragged as chewing can make them. One woman was killed outright, one man was mortally, and another severely wounded, the latter being shot through both ankle joints and crippled forever.* All the rest were women and children, and more or less severely wounded.

There was weeping and wailing in the Chippewa lodges that night. The noisy lamentations of the women broke the rest of the whole garrison; but no one desired them to be silent, for the rudest soldier there respected the sincerity of their sorrow. Never were Indian knives driven deeper into squaw's flesh in token of grief than on that occasion. The practice of mortifying the body, on the death of friends, seems to be, and to have been common to all rude people. The Jews clothed themselves

*[In Mrs. VAN CLEVE's account, before referred to, it is stated that a little girl was mortally wounded. W.]

in sack cloth and threw ashes on their heads; ACHILLES refused to wash his face till the funeral rites had been performed over the body of PATROCLUS. Now, the male Chippewas blackened their faces, indeed, but they did not gash their arms. A soldier who spoke their language asked of them why they did not conform to the ancient usage of their nation. "Perhaps we shall have use for our guns to-morrow," replied the LITTLE SOLDIER. "We must lose no blood, though our hearts bleed, for we must be able to see straight over our gun barrels."

The LITTLE SOLDIER was right in his surmise and precaution. At early day dawn the commanding officer visited the wounded Chippewas, and asked them if they could recognize any of their aggressors, in case they should appear before them. They replied eagerly in the affirmative. He then asked them why they had not been more on their guard. "We respected your flag," replied the mortally wounded man, "and thought that our enemies would do the same." The Colonel then asked whether they had given the Dakotas no provocation. "None," said the Chippewa, "but we endured much." He presented the peace-pipe which the Dakotas had brought with them, and said that the hair with which it was ornamented had belonged to a Chippewa head. We know not how he made the discovery, but it is well known to all who have lived on the frontier, that an Indian, on seeing a scalp, can tell, with unerring certainty, to what tribe it belongs.

The wounded men were then, with their own joyful consent, placed on litters and borne to the guard house. The Dakota prisoners were paraded before them and they identified two of the number, as having belonged to the band of assassins.

"I deliver them into your hands," said the Colonel to the Chippewa warriors. "They have deserved death, and you

may inflict it, or not, as you think proper. If you do not, they must be tried by the laws which govern us Americans I have no power to put them to death. You may let them go, if you please; I wash my hands of the matter." This speech was interpreted faithfully to the Chippewas, but none of them answered. Instead of speaking, they examined the flints and priming of their guns. The LITTLE SOLDIER drew from beneath his robe a few fathoms of cord, cut from an elk skin, and presently secured the two criminals, fastening them together by the elbows. It was observed that he drew his knots rather tighter than it was absolutely necessary; but no one blamed him. The Dakotas were then led forth. As soon as they passed the gate, the Chippewas halted and cocked their guns, for their vengeance was growing impatient.

"You must not shoot them under our walls," said one of the officers.

"I hope you do not expect us to take them very far," replied a Chippewa.

The procession then moved on. One of the Dakotas struck up the death song. The other attempted it, but did not succeed; his voice sank into a quaver of consternation. The Chippewas led them to a rising ground, about two furlongs from the Fort, there halted, and bade them run for their lives. They were not slow to obey the mandate, and their executioners gave them thirty yards law. At that distance, six guns were discharged at them, and they fell dead. Instantly the prairie rang with the Chippewa *cri de joie*, and the executioners rushed towards the corpses, with their knives bared, yelling like fiends. Twice and thrice did each plunge his weapon into the bodies of the prostrate foes, and then wipe their blades on their face or blanket. One or two displayed a ferocity which those only who saw, can entirely realize. They drew their reeking knives through

their lips, and exclaimed, with a smack, that they had never tasted any thing so good. An enemy's blood was better than even fire water. The whole party then spat upon the body of him who had feared his fate, and spurned it with their feet. They had not tasted *his* blood. It would, they said, have made their hearts weak. To him who had sung his death song, they offered no indignity. On the contrary. they covered him with a new blanket. They then returned to the Fort.

The Colonel met them at the gate. He had prevented all over whom his authority extended from witnessing the scene just described and had done his best to make the execution the exclusive business of the Chippewas. He now told them that the bodies of the slain must not be suffered to remain upon his land, where the spectacle might grieve the Dakotas who were innocent of their crime. The party retired, and proceeded to the slaughter ground. They took the dead Dakotas by the heels, trailed them over the earth to the bluff, and then threw them over a perpendicular precipice a hundred and fifty feet high. The bodies splashed and sunk, and nothing more was ever seen or heard of them.

Among the Dakotas detained in the guard-house was an old man named KHOYA-PA, or the EAGLE'S HEAD. We knew him well—he once cheated us out of a considerable amount of merchandize; but it was in the way of trade, all fair, according to Indian ethics, and we bear him no malice. He had not slept during the night, but had tramped up and down the floor, deeply agitated, to the extreme disturbance of the soldiers. One of those who were put to death, was his nephew. When this young man was designated by the wounded Chippewas as one of the assassins, and led forth to suffer death, his tears flowed; and when he heard the report of the guns which ended him, his emotion became

uncontrollable. He immediately sent for the commanding officer.

"Father," said he, "the band of the *Batture aux Fievres* are bad people. They are always getting themselves into trouble, and others are always sure to suffer with them. It was foolish to shoot the Chippewas last year, but they did it, and perhaps one of my grand-children will be scalped for it. What they have just done was a folly. They persuaded my nephew to join them, and he is dead. Let them take the consequences of their own act themselves, this time. I know where I can find two more of them, and if you will let me out I will bring them to you, and you may put them to death, as they deserve, or spare them—as you please. If you slay them, I shall be glad; if you let them go, I shall be sorry. They ought not to be suffered to bring the whole nation into disgrace and trouble."

"If the Colonel lets him out, I wonder when we shall see him again?" said one of the guards to another.

The Colonel knew the Dakota character better. "How long will it be before you return with the man-slayers?" said he to KHOYA-PA.

"By sunset to-morrow night," replied the EAGLE HEAD, "I will be before your gate, and if I come alone, you may give my body to the Chippewas."

The sun was high in the heavens when the EAGLE HEAD departed, with his gun in his hand and his knife and tomahawk in his belt. It is sixty miles from St. Peter's to the Batture aux Fievres, and he arrived there early the next morning, having slept an hour or two in the woods near the village. He went straight to the lodge of SAGANDOSHEE, or "The Englishman," for so was the father of TOOPUNKAH ZEZE named. The family were already awake, and the murderer was relating his exploit with great glee when KHOYA-PA entered.

"You have acted like a dog," said the old man to TOOPUNKA ZEZE. "So have you," he added, turning to the other assassin. "Some one must die for what you have done, and it will be better that your lives be taken, than that others should die for your folly. There are no worse men than yourselves in our nation. I tell you, you must die. Rise and go with me, like men, or I will kill you like dogs where you sit."

So saying, the old man cocked his gun and drew his tomahawk from his belt. The women began to scream and scold; THE ENGLISHMAN'S brow grew dark, but no opposition was offered. Perhaps the men were afraid to harm the EAGLE HEAD, for though he was not recognized as a chief, his sons and sons-in-law were many, and his influence was considerable. Any one who should have harmed him would have certainly have suffered for it. Besides, his reputation as an upright and valiant man was high; he was tall and erect, and age had not withered his muscles and sinews. Whatever motives might have restrained the families of the criminals from opposing the aged warrior, TOOPUNKAH ZEZE showed no disposition to disobey him. He rose with the utmost alacrity, handed the EAGLE HEAD a rope, and tendered his arms to be tied. When he was secured he requested his father to thrust sharp oaken splinters through the muscular parts of his arms, that the Americans might see that he cared not for pain. "THE ENGLISHMAN"—his father—complied, without uttering a syllable!

The other criminal was pale, trembled, and seemed wholly stupified by terror. However, he submitted passively to be tied. "Now," said the EAGLE HEAD, "start—walk before me, and that briskly, for you must die at the American Fort before sunset, and it is a long distance."

Just before sunset that day, the Colonel and another officer were standing at the gate of the Fort. "It is late," said

the latter, "and our old friend does not show himself yet. I do not think he will. He would certainly be a fool to come back to what he thinks certain danger; for he had nothing to do with the murder."

"If I had kept him," replied the commanding officer, "no good could have come of it. He was innocent, and could not have been convicted, supposing that any of our courts may be competent to try him. I believed that he would keep his word, and bring the real criminals, and I have no doubt about the propriety of the course I shall adopt with them. I trust the EAGLE HEAD yet; and by heaven, he deserves to be trusted! Look! — there he comes, driving the two black sheep before him."

"Indeed, the old man and his prisoners came in sight at that moment. They soon arrived at the gate. "Here they are, father," said the EAGLE HEAD. "Take them, and kill them, and if that is not enough for the safety of my people, take my life too, I throw away my body freely."

The white chief told KHOYA-PA that he was at liberty from that moment, and made him a liberal present, after which the old man withdrew. A hasty council was then held with the Chippewas, to whom the victims were tendered, as the two first had been.

By this time a considerable number of the Dakotas had assembled about the prisoners. "You must die now," said one man. "The white chief has given you to the enemy."

"I know it," replied TOOPUNKAH ZEZE, "and I am ready. I shall fall like a man. Bear witness of it. Here, FALLING LEAF, take my blanket—I shall have no use for it. Take my ear-rings, GRAY WOMAN."

He sat down upon the ground, and, with the aid of others, divested himself of his ornaments and apparel, which he dis-

tributed to those who stood nighest. His dauntless mien and handsome person made the whites, who looked on, sorry for him. He was in the bloom of youth, not above twenty at most, six feet high, and formed after Nature's best model. Stain the BELVIDERE APOLLO with walnut juice, and it will be an exact likeness of TOOPUNKAH ZEZE. He refused to part with the two eagle's feathers. One of them he had not yet worn two days, he said, and he would not part with them. The Chippewas would see that a *warrior* was about to die.

The companion of TOOPUNKAH ZEZE followed his example in giving away his clothing, quite mechanically, it seemed. It was evident, though he did not speak, that he was not equal to the circumstances in which he was placed. He was a villainous looking fellow; such a man, indeed, as a despotic sovereign would hang for his countenance. He had the most hideous hare lip that we ever saw, and was thence called by the Dakotas, THE SPLIT UPPER LIP. He was known to most of the white men present as a notorious thief, a character very uncommon among Indian men, though not among Indian women.

The Chippewa chief, FLAT MOUTH, thus addressed the commanding officer :

"Father, we have lost one life, and it is certain that one more will die of his wounds. We have already taken life for life, and it is all that our customs require. Father, do not think that I do not love our people whose blood has been shed. I would fain kill every one of the Nahtooessie tribe to revenge them, but a wise man should be prudent in his revenge. Father, we Sandy Lake Chippewas are a small, a very small band, and we are ill armed. If we provoke the Nahtooessies too far, they will come to our country in a body, and we are not able to resist them. Father, I am a very little, weak chief. (The varlet spoke

falsely, for he was the biggest and most corpulent Indian we ever saw.) Father, we have already had life for life, and I am satisfied."

Up started the LITTLE SOLDIER, fire in his eye. He was properly named, being a very little man, almost a dwarf. Yet he was thick set, active and muscular, and his spirit was great. Little as he was, he enjoyed the repute of being the bravest and most successful warrior of Sandy Lake. He it was, whose brother had been slain the year before at the "Murder Pole."

"Our father with the FLAT MOUTH, says that he is satisfied," said the LITTLE SOLDIER. "So am not I. We have had life for life, as he says, but I am *not* satisfied. This man, (pointing to TOOPUNKAH ZEZE,) shot my brother last year, and the sun has not yet set twice since he shot my wife also. This other aided him. They deserve to die, and they shall die. Hoh!" he added to the prisoners, signifying that they must march.

TOOPUNKAH ZEZE sprang to his feet and began to sing his death song. It was something like the following, many times repeated :—

I must die, I must die,
But willingly I fall.
They can take from me but one life;
But I have taken two from them.
Two for one, two for one, two for one, &c.

The SPLIT LIP was wholly unable to imitate his brave companion. He burst into tears, and piteously implored the commanding officer to spare his life. He did not deserve to die, he said, for he was not guilty. He had killed no one—his gun had missed fire.

Here TOOPUNKAH ZEZE ceased singing, and indignantly interrupted him. "You lie, dog. Coward, old woman, you know that you lie. You know that you are as guilty as I am. Hold your peace, and die like a man—die like

me." Then, turning his face away with an expression of exceeding contempt, he recommenced—

Two for one, two for one—

and strode forward, dragging the SPLIT LIP after him.

Arriving at the place of execution, the Chippewas gave them law, and fired. The SPLIT LIP was shot dead on the spot. TOOPUNKAH ZEZE was also stricken through the body, but did not fall. One bullet had cut the rope which bound him to his companion, and he instantly started forward with as good speed as if he had been wholly unhurt. A shout of joy arose from a neighboring copse, where a few Dakotas had hidden themselves to witness the spectacle. Their joy was of short duration. The LITTLE SOLDIER'S gun had missed fire, but he picked his flint and leveled again. TOOPUNKAH ZEZE had gotten a hundred and fifty yards from his foes, when the second bullet struck and killed him instantly.

After this catastrophe, all the Dakotas quitted the vicinity of Fort Snelling, and did not return to it for some months. It was said that they formed a conspiracy, to demand a council, and kill the Indian Agent and the commanding officer. If this was a fact, they had no opportunity, or wanted the spirit to execute their purpose.

The FLAT MOUTH'S band lingered in the Fort till their wounded comrade died. He was sensible of his condition, and bore his pain with great fortitude. When he felt his end approach, he desired that his horse might be gaily caparisoned, and brought to the hospital window, so that he might touch the animal. He then took from his medicine bag a large cake of maple sugar and held it forth. It may seem strange, but it is true, that the beast eat it from his hand. His features were radiant with delight as he fell back on the pillow exhausted. His horse had eaten the sugar, he said, and he was sure of a favorable reception,

and comfortable quarters in the other world. Half an hour after, he breathed his last. We tried to discover the details of his superstition, but could not succeed. It is a subject on which Indians unwillingly discourse.

For a short time after the execution of TOOPUNKAH ZEZE and his accomplices, the Indian country remained quiet. The Dakotas avoided all intercourse with the whites. They were angry at the death of their fellows, indeed, and spoke of vengeance among themselves; but they either were convinced of the justice of what had been done, or knew the superior force of the whites too well to think of taking any active measures.