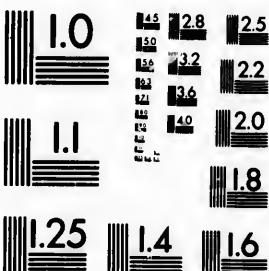
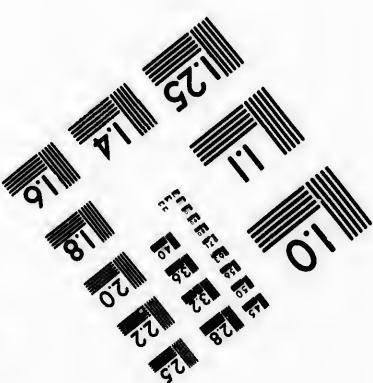
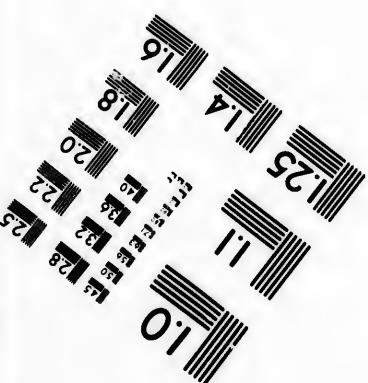


## IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



6"



Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

EE  
28  
23  
22  
20  
18

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

**© 1982**

101

**Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques**

**The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.**

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

**L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.**

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata  
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to  
ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement  
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,  
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à  
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

**This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.**

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X	
12X	16X	20X	✓	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

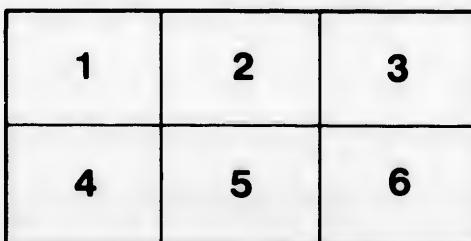
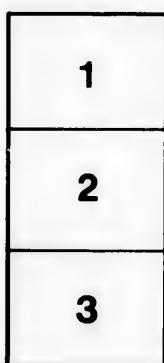
Library Division  
Provincial Archives of British Columbia

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol → (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▽ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Library Division  
Provincial Archives of British Columbia

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▽ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

KWOF  
9702  
N641



HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

#### HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, a chief of the Chippewa (formerly Ojibway) Indians, came to Father Gear, then army chaplain at Fort Snelling, bringing his little boy of about fifteen years, with the request that the good clergyman should take the child and educate him in the arts of peace and civilization, and the religion of Christ. This chief was Pu-go-na-ke-shlick, or Hole-in-the-Day, the elder, the father of the subject of this sketch. Originally he had been a common Indian; but by his prowess on the war-path against the Sioux (formerly Dacotahs), the hereditary enemies of his tribe, by his daring in battle, and his oratory in council, he had become an Oge-mah, or war-chief of the nation. He was an Indian of superior presence and ability; in personal appearance and achievement he would have ranked with the historical characters of the red race.

Once he headed a war party who launched their canoes on the swift waters of the upper Mississippi at his call, without knowing where he would lead them. When near the place of his enterprise, he explained to them a bold and daring plan, and told them they might

follow him or stay behind, as they chose. Only two of his warriors volunteered to share the danger. With these he pushed on, crept by stealth, in open day, into the midst of a Sioux village, near the present site of St. Paul, where he shouted his war-whoop and fired his rifle. Imagine the confusion and consternation of the moment, the wild indignation and the hot pursuit. A hundred warriors were on his track before the crack of his rifle had ceased to reverberate among the hills, and hunted him night and day, but in vain. For two days and nights he was in their country hiding, dodging, doubling on his track like a fox, often where his pursuers were in range of his rifle, but where he dared not reveal his hiding-place even for an enemy's scalp. At the end of this time he managed to cross the river on a log, with the loss of only his blanket. Ten days after his departure he returned to his people to tell them his wonderful exploit.

Bravery like this was unfortunately obscured by acts of cowardly treachery. By custom among these belligerent tribes, the hunting season is a time of armistice. Taking advantage of this custom, Hole-in-the-Day one night entered a Sioux *teepee*, partook of its hospitality, and laid down to sleep on the skins

spread for him by the unsuspecting inmates. It was a fatal confidence; they never saw another sunrise. He arose before they woke next morning, and tomahawked and scalped the whole family in cold blood.

In later years he seemed to become tired of such deeds and scenes of blood. Of his own accord he came to the officers at Fort Snelling, and asked their assistance and intercession to bring about a treaty of peace and amity between his nation and their hereditary foes. The officers of the fort lent their aid, and the two nations were brought face to face in council, under the walls of the fort. The sight of their ancient enemies was too much for the savage temper and untamed patience of the Sioux. By word, act, and gesture, in and out of council, they heaped abuse, insult, and derision on the Chippewas. A collision seemed inevitable. In spite of the large force of soldiery present, there remained scarcely a hope that the council ground would not be turned into a bloody battle-field. But Hole-in-the-Day proved a stoic. He sat unmoved in council. When he arose to speak he told them he did not heed their taunts nor listen to their insults. He came to make peace, and

J. G. Nicolay  
H. S. Pease  
Jan. 63

nothing should induce him to do or say aught for any other purpose. He had yet another trial. A Chippewa warrior had eaten a poisonous root or plant, and died. The Chippewas, following the suggestions of superstition, at once conceived that the death of the brave was a judgment of the Great Spirit for having dared to think of making peace with their old enemies. If their chief was a stoic before, he now added the talent of the philosopher. He convoked his people in council, calmed and dissipated their heathenish fears, and explained to them that the event was not supernatural; that, as the leaves, the trees, the birds, and the beasts must all die, so the bravest brave and wildest warrior, though he escape arrow and scalping-knife, must yet leave prairie and river and go to the hunting grounds of the happy. His firm calmness was more powerful than the savage wrath of the Sioux. The treaty of peace was concluded, and for several years the tomahawk was buried and a feud stayed, which had been and yet is so deep and bitter, that there remains no tradition of its beginning, and no guess at the number of its victims.

It is sad to know that fate does not always favor and foster the good impulses of bad men. As already written, the Chippewa chief brought his son to the good chaplain at Fort Snelling. He was tired of war, he said, and disgusted and sickened with blood. He wanted his people to become peaceful, civilized, and prosperous. He wanted his son taught the ways and the knowledge of the white man, so that he in turn might teach them to his nation. But Father Gear, though his heart warmed and quickened at the Indian's desire for usefulness and good, had neither the money nor facilities to undertake the support and education of the boy. He gave all he could—good advice; but this was not enough. So father and son went back to their *teepee*—to their idleness, their filth, their savage instincts and traditions. The father learned to know and to like the fire-water of the pale-faces, and a few years after a barrel of whisky fell upon him and killed him.

The son—whom his father called “Que-wes-sans”—“The Boy,” by which name he is still known among the Indians, but who now calls himself “Hole-in-the-Day,” after his father—in time grew up to assume the chieftainship of one of the bands of Chippewas. His shrewdness and intelligence attracted the attention of the white traders and officials who came in contact with him. The notice which they bestowed upon him to secure his friendship, and through him that of his band and tribe, gave him much influence with the Indians, and excited his vanity and ambition to become the recognized chief of the whole Chippewa nation. To this end he has for several years steadily directed his energies with a skill in diplomacy and intrigue rarely found among the Indians. To effect his purposes he knew he must also gain position and influence with the whites. By the treaty of 1855, at which time the Chippewas were removed to reservations further north on the Mis-

sissippi, he managed to secure the grant of a section of land in his own right, as his share of the compensation. This he located on the east side of the Mississippi, opposite the Indian Reservation, which lies on the west side of the river, and about two miles from the village of Crow Wing, the northernmost one on the Father of Waters. Here he has until lately made his home. With the money the Government paid him as an annuity, and that which he obtained in the way of presents and bribes from traders and agents, he built a handsome frame-house, bought a gold watch, a pair of horses, and a carriage. He had nominally but one wife; the other five squaws about his house were his servants—so he explained to the whites. In part he adopted civilized dress, and visited on neighborly terms many families in Crow Wing and St. Paul. He was always ready to accept an invitation to tea, and frequently inquired into the details of civilized cookery, with a view to improve the culinary skill of his squaws. A prominent lawyer in St. Paul was his attorney and business adviser. He acquired some facility in the English language; and when moved by the impulse of special friendliness, or warmed by the mellowing influences of “fire-water,” he would talk in the pale-face tongue. But when in the “sulks” he would sometimes sit a whole evening at a friend's fireside mute as a statue, only vouchsafing a sentence or two, through the medium of his interpreter, in unalloyed Ojibwa.

Two years ago his favorite wife, and soon after one of his children, died. They were decently coffined and interred by the Episcopal clergyman at Crow Wing, with the burial rites of the Church. The chief seemed much affected by his loss, and in conversation with the clergyman told him he did not believe the religious traditions of the Indians, and desired to learn more of the white man's faith. About this time he signed a temperance pledge, and kept it faithfully for some three months.

Among other things in which Hole-in-the-Day learned to imitate white men was to dabble a little in politics. The Legislature of Minnesota, by special Act, made him a citizen of the State. As such he had a right to vote at State and local elections, and his name is recorded on the Crow Wing poll-book as H. DAY, Esq. In the last Presidential election he is said to have been quite zealous in the Republican cause; with what effect can not perhaps now be reduced to evidence. His electioneering had one fault; he mixed the rather incongruous elements of Republicanism and whisky too freely. The latter made his tongue so thick as to render his English nearly unintelligible. “Pemmican all right,” he said, going about Crow Wing one day a little too full of adult...ted patriotism. “Pemmican all right; Governor —, Judge —, and me, all good pemmican.” That he thought his own political influence valuable is shown by the fact that he came to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Paul after the election, recounted the services rendered the new

Administration, and did not omit to mention the pecuniary remuneration which he conceived he ought to receive therefor.

He has made several journeys to Washington to see the "Great Father of the Nation," and all the wonders of civilization, in which he has always evinced a peculiar interest, and the seeing which undoubtedly led him to adopt so many civilized habits. But he did not always regard them as improvements. Only last spring he was again in the "City of Magnificent Distances," and saw among other sights our splendid army of the Potomac. Like all great warriors—whether on paper or on the battle-field—he had his own ideas of "strategy." "All no good," he said; "give me fifty thousand men, I fix 'em. I put five thousand dere, I put tree thousand dere, I put five thousand dere; I fix 'em." He would have hunted rebels as he hunted Sioux, in ambush or with swift and sudden surprise. "Somebody would have been hurt."

Let not the reader hastily suppose that this attrition with civilization has made our savage a gentleman. In all essentials he is still an Indian. He consorts sufficiently with his people to be thoroughly identified with them, and to secure their respect and obedience. He retains all the characteristic peculiarities of the Indian dress, the long hair, the leggings, the moccasins, and last but not least, the blanket, the leaving off of wearing of which now forms the chief distinction between the civilized and uncivilized red man. When among Indians he is never betrayed into a word of English. On the hunt one of his squaws follows him to carry the spoils of the chase; at home they cultivate his garden and do his household drudgery.

Hole-in-the-Day is no tyro on the war-path. The old tribal hatred still burns in the hearts of Chippewas and Sioux with unquenchable fire. They hunt each other still, with the fox's cunning and the tiger's ferocity, in the depths of the forest, on the open prairie, in the very heart of white settlements. Within a few years the inhabitants of a village on the Mississippi heard, at dead of night, the death-shrieks of a family of eleven Chippewa Indians living on an island within stone's-throw, who were crept upon, murdered, and scalped by a party of Sioux. Later still, the inhabitants of a village on the Minnesota River stood for half a day on its banks the spectators of a battle on the other side of the stream between a war party of Chippewas and another of Sioux. It is no uncommon thing for whites to witness the drunken orgies of a real scalp-dance. War chiefs flaunt their notched eagle plumes in the streets of the State capital, and bring their hairy and bloody trophies to the photographers to make pretty pictures for euriosity hunters.

Within three or four years a war party of ten Sioux came up to the Chippewa Reservation on a scout after scalps. Nearly a fortnight they haunted the neighborhood of Hole-in-the-Day's house, hoping to make him a prize. But they were unsuccessful, and were at length obliged

to start home without trophies. On their way down the prairie, some distance east of the town of Little Falls, they came to the grave where old Hole-in-the-Day was buried. Enraged at their disappointment, they dug up the bones of the chief, kicked them about on the prairie, and offered them such insults as their superstitions' brutality could devise. To an Indian a grave is a sacred thing. If young Hole-in-the-Day could have overlooked their quest after his own scalpmill he could not forgive their outrage on his father's ashes. When it came to his knowledge his blood boiled at the affront. He immediately organized a war party, donned his paint and feathers, and started in pursuit.

On the occasion of one of his visits to Washington President Pierce had presented him with a very fine, effective weapon, a six-chambered Colt's revolving rifle, of the latest pattern, perfect in its workmanship and appointments. It is a plain piece, devoid of all ornament. No paint stains the black walnut stock, and neither gold nor silver disfigures its iron and steel completeness; but light, compact, and strong, it responds to the touch and eye. It at once became his pet plaything and weapon, dearer to his savage heart than his prettiest squaw. In his muscular grasp its weight was but as a feather; but with his quick eye trained in daily practice, and his rigid muscles hardened in sun and storm, it became a sort of Jupiter's rod from which he shook out leaden thunder-bolts at will. He would shoot prairie-chickens on the wing with it, and drop his birds right and left as expertly as if he had had a double-barreled "Manton," charged with a whole handful of No. 8.

Having selected his warriors for the expedition, he started them down the Mississippi in their birch-bark canoes. He himself went to his house, bade his squaws harness his horses, and taking his "Colt" into the carriage with him, drove leisurely down the prairie to "Luther's" tavern, not far above Little Falls, where he left his carriage to be sent back home, and where his warriors in the bark flotilla, which the river's rapid current had borne to that point, joined him. With cunning wood-craft they found and followed the trail of the returning Sioux, down and across the river, and up into the Sauk Valley, un'il their path lay along a low ridge, between two almost adjoining lakes. Here he waited for them in ambush, and greeted their arrival with the war-whoop and the quick successive discharges of his "Colt." When the battle was over, and the party counted the slain Sioux, five of the scalps belonged beyond question to the chief with his revolving gun. The sixth Indian corpse also contained his ball; but as it had likewise been hit by a buckshot from the gun of one of his warriors, he generously gave him the scalp.

The next morning Hole-in-the-Day was seen quietly riding home in the stage which carries a tri-weekly mail to Crow Wing, having with him an Indian boy who bore a sack. "Boy," said one of the white passengers pointing to it,

On their way east of the town  
rave where oft  
uraged at their  
the bones of the  
e prairie, and  
er superstitions  
ian a grave is-  
the-Day could  
his own scalps  
outrage on his  
his knowledge  
le immediate  
his paint and

isits to Wash-  
nted him with  
six-chambered  
pattern, per-  
niments. It  
nament. No  
x, and neither  
nd steel com-  
strong, it re-  
at once be-  
on, dearer to  
squaw. In  
as but as a  
ained in daily  
dened in sun-  
ter's rod from  
bolts at will.  
on the wing  
and left as ex-  
reled "Man-  
l of No. 8.  
the expedi-  
lississippi in  
self went to  
s his horses,  
arriage with  
rie to "Lu-  
Falls, where  
k home, and  
tilla, which  
o that point,  
l-craft they  
e returning  
nd up into  
ay along a  
ning lakes.  
and greeted  
d the quick  
When the  
d the slain  
ond ques-  
gun. The  
ball; but  
shot from  
generously

was seen  
n carries a  
with him  
Boy," said  
ng to it,

"what have you got in that sack?" The boy said nothing, but drew his forefinger significantly across his throat. The sack contained the heads of three of the fallen Sioux; the other two scalps, still reeking with blood, hung at Hole-in-the-Day's girdle.

A sad tragedy connects itself indirectly with the chief's later history. A quarrel had gradually grown up between him and the Indian Agent of the Chippewas. Hole-in-the-Day determined to get rid of the Agent, went to Washington, and preferred charges of fraud and corruption against him. An investigation was promised, and he returned home. Pending the delay two of his braves went to the Agency and killed several cattle. This incensed the Agent, who, in turn, sent an order to the military commandant of Fort Ripley to have the chief arrested. A file of soldiers was started to execute the order; they succeeded in finding and securing one of his Indian henchmen, and also his gun, which the henchman happened to be carrying. Hole-in-the-Day, however, saw the proceeding from an eminence, hurried home to his house, quickly put his squaws and children into several canoes, and started across the Mississippi River just as the soldiers came up. They leveled their guns at the party, and ordered Hole-in-the-Day to stop and surrender himself. He did not obey; but pushing across the river, leaped out of his canoe, drew his pistol, and fired at the soldiers, who promptly returned the shots. But the Indian had been too quick; he had dodged into the bushes and escaped unhurt.

As may be supposed, this hostile skirmish did not mend matters. The whole border at once took alarm. The settlers gathered up their guns and weapons, barricaded their doors and windows, and packed up their moveables, to be ready to leave at a moment's warning. About this time the Sioux broke out in open war against the whites; and although the Reservation was a hundred and fifty miles distant, the panic spread itself to this point. Women and children were gathered together in the towns, breast-works and block-houses were built, nightly guards and patrols established, and every precaution taken against a serious outbreak. The impending troubles and dangers so wrought upon the brain of the Agent that he became deranged, fled from the Agency, traveled at break-neck speed down the Mississippi, crossing and recrossing the river, and intensifying the panic by telling wild and incoherent stories that the Indians were not only pursuing him, but attacking the settlements. Two or three days later he was found dead in the grass near the roadside, a pistol lying by him, and having a frightful wound in his side. To all appearance he had shot himself in a fit of insanity.

Hole-in-the-Day meanwhile had not been idle. Enraged at the attempt to arrest him, and at being fired upon, he at once dispatched runners to the different bands of the Chippewas at Leech Lake, at Otter Tail Lake, and at Rabbit Lake, to kill all the whites, rob their stores and dwell-

ings, and join him at once with their warriors at Gull Lake, some thirty miles from the Government Agency. The order to rob was promptly obeyed; every thing in the stores, at the Mission, and in the dwellings at Leech Lake was either seized or destroyed. The whites were taken prisoners, and their fate was debated in council. The young men clamored for their death; but two of the old chiefs, Big-Dog and Buffalo, earnestly plead for and finally saved their lives. They were brought as prisoners to Gull Lake, and afterward released and sent to the settlements. Two other chiefs, at other points, also evinced their friendship for the whites: Bad-Boy, who opposed Hole-in-the-Day's action in council, and who, with his family and three of his braves, was compelled to flee to Fort Ripley for protection, and Crossing-the-Sky, who warned and helped away the family of the German missionary at Rabbit Lake. The Indians now collected, and formed a camp of some four or five hundred warriors at Gull Lake, and soon afterward moved it down to within a few miles of the Agency and the village of Crow Wing.

This was the condition of things when Mr. Dole, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who happened to be at St. Paul on an entirely different mission, hearing of the troubles, went up to the Chippewa Reservation to see if admonition and good counsel would not allay the turbulence of the Indians, and preserve the peace of that frontier. He went to Fort Ripley, and sent word to Hole-in-the-Day and his chiefs to come and meet him in council. For ten days, though the invitation was renewed from day to day, the chief returned dilatory, evasive, and negative answers. One day he would pretend to be displeased with the messenger; the next he would answer, "Give me my gun first;" the next he would reply that he had no answer to make, and so on. Finally, after nearly two weeks of parleying, he agreed to meet the Commissioner at Crow Wing with thirty or forty of his chiefs and braves.

On the 10th of September, 1862, the Commissioner, according to agreement, went there to hold the council. A company of about a hundred raw volunteers, who had not yet seen three weeks' service, had been previously stationed there. Perhaps twenty-five citizens in addition, who were there as spectators, were also armed in various ways. This was the whole available force of the whites.

At near noon the Indians appeared, having crossed at the ferry above the village where the Mississippi sweeps round to the northeast. They came on in irregular, straggling groups, chiefs and braves promiscuously intermingled, not following the road but the bank and beach of the river. A quarter of a mile above the village they halted for ten or fifteen minutes, some seating themselves and others sauntering idly about—for what purpose could not, at that distance, be clearly seen or divined. Some ascribed it to irresolution; others thought it was

for consultation. One thing, however, was plain: as one after another of the loiterers came up and joined the party, there were not only the thirty or forty that had been agreed upon, but at least triple that number. It was a picturesque group. The bold, high angle of bank and point of yellow sand-beach jutting out into the bend of the stream, and the shining and rippled expanse of its waters; the swarthy figures of the savages, in their varied and carelessly-graceful attitudes and costumes, clearly and sharply outlined against the dark-green background of pine foliage on the opposite side of the river, with occasional red and white blankets, making bright spots of color that lighted up the whole scene.

By-and-by they again began to move, and came down, in the same straggling procession, to a little valley in the village which had been indicated to them as the council-ground, and seated themselves in a long, irregular semicircle on its northern slope, facing the group of tents, and the soldiers and citizens on the other slope. They were scarcely half seated when two or three of them ran up to the river bank and shouted some signal or command in the direction of down the river. Judge the surprise of the whites present at seeing another party of Indians, nearly equal to that in front, appear as if by magic from among the bushes on the roadside, and stretch a line across and take possession of the road a hundred and fifty paces in the rear!

The trick of the red-skins was now plain; the party in front had waited on the river bank until the other could make a circuit through the woods <sup>as</sup> to take position in the rear. As no treachery had at first been suspected by the whites, they had out neither guard nor picket to warn them of the movement. Afterward they learned that still another party of Indians of about the same number remained concealed in the woods and did not show themselves until they recrossed the river.

There were in all about one hundred and twenty-five whites who were armed; opposed to them were about three hundred Indians well armed after their fashion. One-third of them, perhaps, had guns; the others bows and arrows, war-clubs, tomahawks, and knives. Their bearing and manner was bold and confident. No sooner had the party in the rear appeared upon and taken possession of the road, which would have been the only avenue of retreat—for there was the river on the left and a hill on the right—than they stopped and detained as prisoners two white men of the neighborhood, who were coming into the village to be spectators at the council, and also stopped all transit from within the lines out toward the fort. A still worse sign now also manifested itself. Big-Dog and Buffalo, the only two chiefs who had shown any friendliness to the whites, were not with the Indians—they had been compelled to remain behind at the encampment.

Mr. Dole, the Commissioner, went forward

and met Hole-in-the-Day, who had advanced from among his men, and, through the interpreter, remonstrated with him against these strange and unusual proceedings, and demanded that the prisoners should be at once released, and the road opened to the free passage of all who might wish to come and go. The chief rather unwillingly assented, and dispatched a couple of his runners with the order; but when the Commissioner also requested him to have the Indians who were in the rear brought round to the front, he evaded a direct answer, saying he was anxious to avoid any difficulty, and that he could not control their action. So there was no alternative but to make the best of a bad dilemma and go into council.

In these latter days Indian councils are shorn of much of their preliminary ceremony; this one was <sup>at</sup> most as plain and matter-of-fact as an ordinary town-meeting. The Commissioner opened it by a few words, saying, substantially, that he was glad to meet them, and had come to hear their grievances, if they had any to make. Meanwhile Hole-in-the-Day and his principal chiefs and braves came forward and seated themselves on the ground within a few paces of the speaker, where they could distinctly hear the interpreter as he rendered the successive English sentences into their wordy phrases and difficult idioms. Hole-in-the-Day then arose from the ground, gathered his blanket about him, advanced and shook hands with the Commissioner, and began his reply.

The portrait at the head of this paper is from a photograph taken some three years since, and presented by the chief to an American tourist. I will with pen attempt to sketch his portrait as he appeared on the present occasion: A man of say forty years, but looking very young for that age; a little above medium height, symmetrical and well-proportioned figure; countenance in repose mild and attractive, the characteristics of Indian feature being rather modified; the skin of dark coppery hue; the lower half of the face, from the nose down, painted a deep brown, four or five shades darker than his natural color; a touch of white paint directly under each eye; his long black hair plaited, and the plaits wound horizontally, turban-like, round his head; the scalp-lock, say four inches long, tied so as to stand like a spreading, upturned brush, and painted bright vermilion; and three eagle feathers, slanting backward, fastened in his hair. He was dressed in a light, striped shirt, a broadcloth frock-coat, an otter-skin trimmed with red, and evidently used to fasten round the throat like a muffler, hanging back over his shoulder; leggins, moccasins, and a gray blanket gathered and held round the waist with his left arm and hand, so as to leave his right free for gesture in speaking, completed the costume. A black leather belt and holster round his waist held a Colt's navy revolver, and in his hand he carried a wooden war-club, flat and crescent-shaped, with a large round ball at the end.

had advanced  
the interpretation  
of these strange  
demanded that  
released, and  
age of all who  
the chief rather  
eched a couple  
but when the  
n to have the  
ught round to  
ver, saying he  
y, and that he  
So there was  
t of a bad di-

eils are shorn  
ony; this one  
act as an or-  
sioner opened  
ially, that he  
come to hear  
ake. Mean-  
nicipal chiefs  
d themselves  
the speaker,  
e interpreter  
sh sentences  
cult idioms.  
the ground,  
vanced and  
, and began

aper is from  
s since, and  
can tourist,  
portait as  
n: A man  
young for  
ight, sym-  
e; counter-  
the char-  
her modi-  
the lower  
painted a  
r than his  
t directly  
r plaited,  
urban-like,  
ur inches  
ding, up-  
ermilion;  
ackward,  
n a light,  
an otter-  
used to  
hanging  
sins, and  
und the  
to leave  
ompleted  
holster  
ver, and  
ub, flat  
ball at

The artistic charm of savage figures is in their motion—in the postures and looks that express strength, fleetness, cunning, or fear. They have none of the beauty which the refining emotions of love, generosity, pity, or moral courage lead to the pictures-in-repose of civilized man and woman. Standing erect, walking, moving his arm, with extended forefinger in emphatic gesture, his eye full of fire, and his features full of expressive energy, while he was making his short speech, Hole-in-the-Day was a very model of wild masculine grace—a real forest-prince, bearing upon his whole figure and mien the seal of nobility; but the moment he again seated himself on the ground his muscles relaxed, his eyes closed, his face assumed a look of stupid stolidity, and he was once more a gross, repulsive being, with no higher instinct than hunger, and no higher passion than revenge.

It was a critical and dangerous situation. Both parties now suspected treachery; both were ready for battle. The slightest spark would have fired the magazine. There was no hurry, no confusion, no excitement; a holiday gathering could not have shown more apparent carelessness. Quietly, and with scarce audible commands, the soldiers were instructed and posted in the most advantageous positions for defense; a messenger was dispatched to the fort for reinforcements; the citizens, seeming only to be sauntering about, brought and loaded their guns with studied indifference and deliberation. Two old backwoodsmen, cool and trusty shots, were stationed within a few paces of Hole-in-the-Day, with orders, at the first signs of a conflict, to make him their special mark. Every nerve was tense, every hilt and trigger within instant grasp. Nor were the Indians less alert; not a motion escaped their keen notice. Sitting and lying about in motley groups, their faces striped and spotted with every imaginable hue and device, their blankets slipping down from their naked, bronzed, sinewy arms and busts, they smoked, chatted, and laughed with each other, feeling of the sharp points of their new, bright arrow-heads, and showing one another the fashion, weight, and convenience of their war-clubs with the most provoking sang froid.

Fortunately the council brought on no angry discussion; fortunately no Indian or white man was drunk or recklessly foolish; fortunately no gun was discharged by accident; fortunately there were no exhibitions of either wanton bravado or cowardly fear; else Crow Wing would that day have been, as has happened on many another council ground, the scene of a bloody fight—a deadly and desperate *mélée*. The council resulted in merely an hour's preliminary, pointless talk, a wordy and circumlocutory concealment of objects which would have done credit to the most bestarred and bespangled diplomats, and ended in its postponement till next day. Gradually, as they had come, the Indians arose from their sprawling and reclining positions on the ground, and moved off again, like

a ragged rabble as they were, up the road and across the river to their camp, to kill and eat the customary present of an ox which had been given them by the Commissioner.

But, as is usual in such cases, Hole-in-the-Day's artful management defeated his own schemes. It came out a day or two afterward that, by his stubbornness and covert menaces, he hoped to extort amnesty for the depredations committed by his people, and a present of ten thousand dollars' worth of goods to distribute among them, as a guerdon of peace with the whites. In such distributions he has almost uniformly succeeded in securing a lion's share for himself. But some of the Indians, vexed and irritated at his delays, and at having been through his orders brought into trouble, revolted against his authority. Rivals, jealous of his prosperity, crossed the river and burned his house and furniture. A part of his followers joined Big-Dog and Buffalo, came down and held a council with the new Agent, from which they excluded Hole-in-the-Day, as he had formerly excluded them; and finally the camp was broken up and the Indians dispersed, without either the expected amnesty or bounty.

The strange and rapid commingling and attrition of races in the New World has produced few queerer or more anomalous characters than the subject of this sketch. Alternately a despot and subject, landholder and agrarian, aristocrat and communist, citizen and savage, now invoking and now defying the law, a civilized barbarian who goes scalp-hunting by stage, and an apostate heathen who believes in neither God nor Manitou, he will be a potent instrument for good or evil so long as he remains on the border, subject to the accidental influence of good or bad surroundings and impulses.

