

MEMORY OF A NOTED CHIPPEWA CHIEF—HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

WHILE sitting in a small office of a hotel in the West, in the year 1853, or thirty-one years ago, my attention was attracted by the imposing presence of a large Indian chief, who, with his blanket about him, strode into the room with the dignity of a Roman Senator. He was a large man, with high cheek bones, a well-poised head, dark, brilliant black eyes and hair. With a pleasant smile, he exclaimed, as he passed—"Booshu, neches," or in Indian dialect—"how to do, friend?" and took a seat near me. There was a massive characteristic about the man which did not belong to the ordinary Indian, and yet he had all the Indian peculiarities. Dinner was soon announced and he took a seat near me at the table. He ate with ordinary deliberation, and an ordinary amount of food, but while thus engaged, one of the windows was suddenly darkened, and on looking up I beheld many grimmy faces and burning eyes, with war-paint and feathers, the possessors of which belonged to the Sioux nation—the deadly enemies of the noted chief. Gleaming knives and partially concealed tomahawks, made my position by the side of the warrior rather uncomfortable, so I moved away, but he continued to eat on, and then the door opened and thirty Sioux Indians filed along in front of the foe of their nation, with clinched rifles and hearts glowing with revenge. Still, calm, with not a muscle of his mobile face denoting fear, the chief fin-

ished his dinner, coolly arose, drew his blanket about him and with a lordly tread and a compressed lip, and flashing eyes, walked down in front of these hostile Sioux, and lighting his pipe, deliberately puffed the smoke into the very faces of his inveterate foe!

That man was Hole-in-the-Day, the great and noted chief of the Chippewa Nation, and the thirty Sioux warriors were on his war-path, but they well knew, and so did Hole-in-the-Day, that the moment a blow had been struck, that the white man's troops would dash down upon them and terminate their career; so the chief passed along in safety, and the sullen Sioux soon after withdrew to their own possessions, which, at that time, was on the west side of the Mississippi river. The wily chief well knew that his safety lay in the fact that he was on land belonging to the whites, while had he been on the other side of the river, on ground owned by the Sioux, he would have met a terrible death, as it was only a short time before he crossed the river, took two Sioux scalps, right in the face of the enemy and civilization, and returned glorying over his achievement. He was a brave, intelligent Indian chief, and his memory is kindly cherished by the whites.

GRAVE OF HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

About two miles northwest of Little Falls, a town located on the Upper Mississippi river, in Minnesota, and on a high hill, known as Hole-in-the-Day's bluff, lies the body of the great Chippewa chief, and that of his father, a noted chief before him, both facing south-east, so they can watch the movements of their enemies—the Sioux. There is a gap between the depression of the two hills upon which the bodies lie, and in the



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middle of this depression stands a lone tree, conveying the idea from the road-side, that a sentinel was guarding the graves. The view from the top of this bluff is grand, presenting a scene unrivaled in beauty and charming naturalness. No other Indians are permitted to be buried near the remains of these two great Chipewa chieftains.