

to him. He proceeded from one village to another, picking a few men here and there and thus mobilized a large war party. He then returned to his own village. For every four men with him there was one woman. These women were hauled on toboggans. They busied themselves making snowshoes and moccasins.

Late in the autumn Tunel started out on his expedition against the Mohawks. Being a buowin, he was able to track the footsteps of men who had been there the previous summer. At every Mohawk town he came to, Tunel asked for the chief, and in each instance he was told that he and his party had gone on ahead, and accordingly Tunel followed. They finally came to a place on the St. Lawrence river where the Mohawk chief had built a little village. He was accustomed to going up on a little mountain and watching for Tunel.

When Tunel finally arrived, it was about the same time of the year as he had told the Mohawk chief to wait for him. While watching from his position in the mountain, the Mohawk chief observed a man creeping down with a little fir tree in his hand. When he came to the lake, he put the fir tree on the ice and sat down upon it. He then pulled out his pipe and pouch and began to smoke. Soon after the Mohawk chief saw another Indian appear and go through the same procedure, then another and another, until they became so numerous that he could not count them. He thus watched them until it had become dark, and then he could only see the clouds of smoke that arose from their midst. He then left the mountain and proceeded home. He entered his wigwam and lay down and maintained a silence broken only by an occasional grunting. Later his father interrupted with the remark, "Son, if you had heeded me and not have killed those Indians, you would be better off." "But," replied the young chief, "we are as many as they are, and should not fear."

In the course of the evening Tunel went over to visit the father of the chief and said to the Mohawk, "Our boys shall have their sport to-morrow." The old man nonchalantly replied that he did not care.

On the next morning after breakfast Tunel took his men over to the wigwam of the Mohawk chief. On arriving there, the young

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