

near the spring, which looked like Mohawks (which he said were only stumps—aside), his master, being a most courageous warrior, went with James to make discovery, and when they came to the brow of the hill, James pointed to the stumps, and withal touched his kettle with his toe, which gave it motion down hill, and at every turn of the kettle the bail clattered, upon which James and his master could see a Mohawk in every stump in motion, and turned tail too, and it was the best man who could run the fastest. This alarmed all the Indians in the village. They, though about thirty or forty in number, packed off, bag and baggage, some up the river and others down, and did not return under fifteen days, and, the heat of the weather being finally over, our hard service abated finally for this season. I never heard that the Indians understood the occasion of the fright, but James and I had many a private laugh about it."

In explanation of the panic of the Indians on this occasion, we may recall Parkman's description of the Mohawks, as the fiercest, the boldest, yet the most politic savages to whom the American forest ever gave birth and nurture. They were early supplied with fire arms by the Dutch settlers, and the possession of these, added to their natural courage and ferocity, gave them an advantage over the neighboring tribes they fully understood. They boasted that they would wipe the Hurons, the Algonquins and the French from the face of the earth. "As soon as a canoe could float they were on the war path, and with the cry of the returning wild fowl mingled the yell of these human tigers. They did not always wait for the breaking ice, but set forth on foot, and when they came to open water made canoes and embarked. They burned, hacked, and devoured: exterminated whole villages at once." One of the French missionaries says: "They ate men with as much appetite and more pleasure than hunters eat a boar or a stag." This is substantiated by a story Parkman relates of a Mohawk war party that once captured an Algonquin hunting party, in which there were three squaws, who had each a child of a few weeks or months old. At the first halt the captors took the infants, tied them to wooden spits, roasted them alive before a fire and feasted on them before the eyes of the agonized mothers, whose shrieks, supplications and frantic efforts to break the cords that bound them, were met with mockery and laughter. "They are not men, they are wolves!" sobbed one of the wretched women as she told what had befallen her to the pitying Jesuit.

The Maliscets were a tribe of the Algonquin nation, and shared with their Canadian kinsmen the bitter enmity of the Mohawk nation.

The position of the spring mentioned by Gyles as the scene of the Mohawk scare, is given in the lower right-hand corner of the plan, (see page 6). Its distance from the old fort is about half a mile, and the situation and surroundings correspond so exactly with Gyles description