

Fire. It is possible that our Big Kettle may be a modified or corrupted translation of the Mohawk term.

Iroquois tradition assigns to Squaw Bay, called also Cache Bay, at Tetreauville, the reputation of having been one of the favorite lurking places of these war-parties. It must have been in those days, an ideal spot for an ambush or concealed camp, as it occupied, for the purposes of river piracy, as unique a position on the old trade route, as does one of our present day toll-gates, for controlling the traffic on a turnpike road. There is no doubt of the place having been used as an Indian camping ground, at least in prehistoric times, as the shores of the bay are littered in all directions with fragments and flakes of worked flint. This is an instance in which tradition is corroborated, to some extent, by archaeology.

It is also said that Brigham's Creek, called also Brewery Creek, a narrow channel of the Ottawa, was the old Indian portage route for overcoming the rapids of the Chaudière. It may be seen by glancing at a map of the city of Hull, that parties of Algonkins or Hurons, as the case may have been, upon emerging on the main river at the head of this portage, were liable at any time to receive a warm welcome from some surprise-party of Iroquois visitors at the Squaw Bay camping ground. If descending the rapids of the Little Chaudière, they faced a far worse predicament, as, unable to escape or defend themselves in the swift current, they would have been caught, like passing flies that are blown into a spider's web.

It is said that Indian cunning was at length successful in evolving a plan to outwit the military strategy of the Iroquois. As the old portage route had become dangerous it was resolved to have an alternative one. In ascending the Ottawa, this new portage started from the western shore of Brigham's Creek at a point now occupied by the International Cement Works. It continued thence in a westerly direction, skirting the foot of the mountain and passed down Breckenridge's Creek to the outlet of that stream into Lake Deschênes. It was rather a long portage of about a dozen miles, but the Algonkin and Huron had learned in the school of bitter experience, that, in their case, the longest way round was the shortest way home. An aged squaw, who lived in Aylmer many years ago, spoke of a similar forest trail that extended, in the early days, from a point on the Gatineau near the site of Chelsea, thence by way of Kingsmere to a point