

swim, and pushed me before them to the other shore.

It is not without reason that they feared a party of warriors; they would have had no quarter from them. Either their heads would have been split, or else they would have been taken prisoners, to be burned afterward by a slow fire, or to be cast into the kettle. Nothing is more frightful than the wars of our Savages. Ordinarily their parties consist only of twenty, thirty or forty men; sometimes these parties are of only six or seven persons, and these are most to be feared. As their entire skill lies in surprising their enemy, the small number facilitates the pains that they take to conceal themselves, in order that they may more securely strike the blow which they are planning. For our warriors do not pique themselves upon attacking their enemy in front, and when he is on his guard,—for that they would need to be ten to one; and, moreover, on those occasions each one avoids being the first to advance. Their method is to follow on the trail of their enemy, and to kill some one of them while he is asleep,—or, rather, to lie in ambush in the vicinity of the Villages, and to split the head of the first one who comes forth,—and, taking off his scalp, to display it as a trophy among their countrymen. This is the way in which they do it.

As soon as one of these warriors has killed his enemy, he draws his knife, makes a cut around the head, and tears from it the skin with the hair, which he carries in triumph to his Village. For several days this scalp is hung from the top of his cabin, and then all the people of the Village come to congratulate him upon his valor, and bring presents to show him the interest that they take in his