

tomary for parties from either tribe, to pay one another visits of peace. On one occasion, Bi-a-jig joined a small party of his people, who proceeded to pay a visit to the village of the Foxes on Green Bay. They were well received, and entertained with divers feastings and amusements.

One day the Foxes proposed a grand war-dance, where the warriors of each tribe should have license to relate their exploits in war. The dance was held in a long lodge erected purposely for the occasion. The men of the Ojibways were seated on one side of this lodge, while the more numerous Foxes occupied the other. A red stake was planted in the centre, near which was also planted a war-club, with which each warrior, wishing to relate his exploits, was to strike the red stake, as a signal for the music and dancing to cease. The dancing commenced, and as the warriors circled the stake, occasionally yelling their fierce war-whoop, they soon became excited, and warrior after warrior plucked the club and told of bloody deeds.

Among the Ojibways was an old man, bent with age and sorrow. In the course of the late war with the Foxes he had lost ten sons, one after another, till not a child was left to cheer his fireside in his old age. Often had he gone on the war trail to revenge his losses, but he always returned without having seen the enemy. On the occasion of this dance, he sat and listened to the vaunts of his children's murderers, and he could not ease the pain at his heart, by being able to jump up and tell of having in turn killed or scalped a single Fox.

Among the Foxes was a warrior noted far and wide for his bravery and numberless deeds of blood. He was the first war-chief of his tribe, and his head was covered with eagle plumes, each denoting an enemy he had slain, a scalp he had taken, or a captive whom he had tortured to death. This man again and again plucked the war-club to relate