

their eyes from him whom they believed to have arisen from the tomb: still in their ears rung the cry of "Champlain! Champlain!" and the relentless Frenchman, with his band, smiting right and left, pursued them. Terror lent wings to their speed, and they scattered deep in the forest.

By the homes of their early years—by the council-fire, where their fathers had sat—upon the turf where, in childhood's hours, they had sported—still gathered a stern band of veteran Mohawks. They were few in number—fewer than their foes—but they were true and unyielding braves. For a moment, when the rout began, the battle had ceased; and the two parties now stood gazing at one another in fierce defiance. The Mohawks were armed with no weapons but those of a hand-to-hand fight—and Ahasistari, casting aside his rifle with a noble generosity, sprung forward to meet his foe upon an equality of arms. Knife in hand he grappled with a warrior; the Hurons followed his example, and for a moment there was seen a struggling crowd of indistinguishable figures;