

roused from their bewilderment, and began a rapid, despairing fire on the wooden wall, without much effect. Occasionally a shield-bearer would be seen to fall, but the place of the fallen brave was quickly filled by those in the rear. They did not waver for an instant, and when within a few feet of the palisades—casting their shields from them—they leaped forward, hatchet in hand, and began hacking and tearing at the palisades, to force their way into the fort.

The brave little garrison felt that the end had come. As they had fought like heroes they were ready to die like heroes. When they had undertaken the expedition, they had determined to take no quarter; now they knew they need expect none. Daulac strengthened them by word and actions. Eager to repulse the foe, he crammed a large musketoon—a kind of small cannon—to the muzzle with powder and shot, and lighting the fuse, attempted to throw it over the wall. It struck the top of the palisades, and fell back into the fort, bursting as it struck the ground. Some of the Frenchmen were blinded and wounded by the explosion, and, in their excitement, left the loopholes. The Indians, taking advantage of this, began to fire upon them from the outside. A breach was soon made through the wall, and eager warriors rushed in, but equally determined Frenchmen met them, knife and axe in hand. Their courage had excited the admiration of the savages, and they were anxious to take them alive, that they might kill them by slow deaths. Orders were given to capture all alive if possible. Again and again the Iroquois crowded into the gap, but Daulac's axe and knife, or those of his companions, went crashing through their skulls or pierced their breasts till a great heap of dead lay about the entrance. At last Daulac was struck down, but his men took his place and kept up the fight.

Maddened by this resistance, the leaders of the Indians gave the order to fire, and a score of muskets carried death to the survivors of the heroic party. With fiendish yells the Iroquois leaped into the fort in search of scalps. Only three Frenchmen had any life left, and these were at once burned before the heartless crowd. Longing for more blood, they turned for revenge upon the Huron deserters; and some of them were put to death at the stake, with the cruelest torture. Others they reserved for a like fate, when