

Iguatias, and, on the second of August, were once more on our way for Huronia. The second day after our departure had just dawned, when, by the early light, some of our party discovered fresh foot-prints on the shore. While some were maintaining that they were the trail of the enemy, others, that of a friendly party, Eustace Ahatsistari, to whom, for his gallant feats of arms, all yielded the first rank, exclaimed: "Brothers! be they the bravest of the foe, for such I judge them by their trail, they are no more than three canoes, and we number enough not to dread such a handful of the enemy." We were, in fact, forty, for some other had joined us.

We consequently urged on our way, but had scarcely advanced a mile, when we fell into an ambush of the enemy, who lay in two divisions on the opposite banks of the river, to the number of seventy in twelve canoes.

As soon as we reached the spot where they lay in ambush, they poured in a volley of musketry from the reeds and tall grass, where they lurked. Our canoes were riddled, but, though well supplied with fire-arms, they killed none, one Huron only being shot through the hand. At the first report of the fire-arms, the Hurons, almost to a man, abandoned the canoes, which, to avoid the more rapid current of the centre of the river, were advancing close by the bank, and in headlong flight, plunged into the thickest of the woods. We, four Frenchmen, left with a few, either already Christians, or at least Catechumens, offering up a prayer to Christ, faced the enemy. We were, however, outnumbered, being scarcely twelve or fourteen against thirty; yet we fought on, till our comrades, seeing fresh