

an Hiroquois canoe, in which is seen a single man, [221 i.e., 217] armed only with a long pole. No one knew what to think of it. The day before, another one had been seen, hovering before our eyes as if to brave us, knowing well that we were only a few persons in our fort. So when this canoe was seen approaching, guided by a single man, certain ones said it was some fugitive prisoner; others imagined that it was an Hiroquois who came to divert our attention, while the main body of their men would come and surprise us from within the woods. Some of the Savages went forward to reconnoitre; having perceived that it was a canoe, neither of the Hurons nor of the Montagnez, but of the Hiroquois, they fled as rapidly as they could, crying, "Hiroquois, Hiroquois, Hiroquois! the enemy, the enemy!" The cannoneer, seeing this man within cannon-range, wished to fire, but Monsieur the Governor stopped him. We were all upon a platform, watching this poor boy, who, having landed, turned toward us. Then we saw plainly that it was some poor Huron escaped from the claws of those tigers. "Would to our Lord," (we said) "that this were our poor Seminarist *Teouatirhon*." Scarcely had [222 i.e., 218] we uttered the words when Monsieur our Governor exclaimed, "It is he indeed; I know him by his walk and his figure." It was really he, coming to throw himself again into our arms as into a port of safety. He was as naked as one's hand, except for a ragged clout which covered what the eyes cannot behold without shame. When he reached us, he related how, having seen his uncle *Taratouan* attacked by a strong force, he and his companions had striven to escape by strong thrusts of the paddles. "We were