

that they even heard some gunshots, and that they imagine there are fully two hundred men in ambush at the entrance to lake St. Pierre. All are in a state of suspense; the women get into their canoes at four o'clock [290 i.e., 286] in the morning, and flee with their children,—some to kebec, some to the three Rivers, some to other places; the men present themselves at the fort to be admitted therein. Our French knew not what to think of this panic, for these barbarians are often alarmed without cause. They assured us that the Hiroquois would come and lay siege to us in our redout; but all this made no impression upon our minds, and the greater part of the French gave no credit to the report of the Savages. Finally an Hiroquois canoe appears in the middle of the great river, now turning its bow, now its side, and continuing to hover around, as if wishing to brave us as well as the Savages; we knew by this that there were many of them. The Montagnez and the Hurons are admitted into the fort, or rather into our redout, in order to reassure them. These poor people take courage; each one seizes some weapon,—this one a sword, that one a shield, another a hatchet, a fourth a knife, a fifth a pole. They crowd together, all howling like madmen, the Captains yelling rather than haranguing. Armed in their fashion, and some of them decked with feathers, they begin to dance, shouting from their chests songs of [291 i.e., 287] war. As these barbarians do things only by whims, and as they are governed by passion rather than reason, one side excites the other to combat by songs and violent demonstrations; in which they greatly err, for they are half worn-out and fatigued when they must come to blows. Monsieur our Governor