

caped, came to assure us that these barbarians were on the watch at the entrance to the great lake Saint Pierre, where they would surely capture all those of the upper nations who should come down to the French. This poor man said that he and his companions, seeing themselves surrounded on all sides, abandoned their canoe and rushed into the woods, but they were soon closely pursued. His companions were soon captured; he, being fleet-footed, left far behind five stout Hieroquois who were pursuing him. Finally, as the thorns and nettles lacerated his legs and thighs, for he was entirely naked, he took refuge in a hollow tree which he fortunately encountered. His enemies came close to this tree, searching and ferreting all around it,—so close that in trampling down some thistles they touched his foot; he meanwhile pointed his javelin at them, to kill at least one if he were discovered; [295 i.e., 291] our Lord willed that his life should be saved. As soon as he had arrived, Monsieur the Governor despatched a canoe to Kebec for reinforcements, in order to be able to pursue these barbarians and to save the lives of the Hurons and other tribes whom we were daily expecting. Toward nightfall, a canoe of Hurons appeared, who brought us sad news. “There were ten of our canoes in company,” said they; “when we were at the Islands of the great River, *Taratouan*, a brave Captain of the Hurons, followed the Northern shore, taking with him nine canoes; the rest of us kept along the Southern shore. When we reached the opening of the lake, near the French, we were swiftly pursued by the enemy, which makes us think that *Taratouan* and his band are captured, for the body of the Hiroquois are encamped on the North