

where they were waiting until the French should come out in the morning to visit the nets stretched near their fort. The warriors, on hearing this, went to reconnoitre that ambuscade; and, on discovering it, they tried to surround it. But, when the spies saw that they were found out, they rose like a covey of frightened Partridges; and having neither wings nor feet sufficiently swift to allow of their all escaping, three of them fell into the hands of our Hurons. They gave one to the Algonquins, who commenced to treat him in a barbarous manner. As there were many enemies around Richelieu, they did not feel safe; so both Hurons and Algonquins embarked to go down to the three Rivers, where they brought their prisoners in triumph. On the 26th of [175] July, at 4 o'clock in the morning, a canoe was observed from the three Rivers floating down the current. When it had approached within earshot, the doleful voice of an Algonquin was heard, calling out that one of the Hurons who had gone to the war was dead. But he was mistaken. It was quite true that one of those three Iroquois, on being captured, had stabbed with his knife the Huron who had seized him; and that the wound was considered mortal. But it was not so, although his lung was badly injured, and a portion of it protruded. The surgeon cut this off; and, strange to say, when he threw it on the ground, a Huron picked it up, roasted it, and gave it to the wounded man to eat. He swallowed it, singing: "That is very strange medicine."

Soon afterward, joyful voices were heard from afar; and from twelve to fifteen canoes made their appearance on the great river, floating gently down with the current, bearing about eighty warriors, who