

were present in that battle,— Father Bressany, who ran about everywhere, inspiring the Hurons with courage, and watching carefully to see if any one needed his assistance; and two others, who fought bravely, but, when the *mêlée* began, they stopped short, not knowing whom to strike for they could not distinguish the *Hiroquois* from the Hurons. One of these two Frenchmen observed a terrified *Hiroquois*; he went up to him, clapped him on the shoulder, and said to him: “Courage, my brother! let us fight bravely.” He took him for one of our party; but a Huron came up, fell upon him, and took him away, whereat the Frenchman was [42] astonished. That prisoner afterward sang that he had been captured by a Frenchman; for he imagined that he who had clapped him on the shoulder had said to him: “Thou art my prisoner.” When the battle was over, the swiftest warriors pursued the fugitives, some of whom they captured and killed, bringing back their heads and scalps; but the desire of appearing and refreshing themselves at three Rivers, after the fatigues of a journey of over two hundred leagues, prevented them from completely following up their victory, and a great many escaped.

They wrote to us from Montreal that one of the fugitives ran as far as there, crossed the river, and went to surrender to the French. He entered the courtyard of the hospital without meeting any one except *Mademoiselle de Boulogne*, sister of *Mademoiselle d'Ailleboust*,<sup>18</sup> to whom he held out his arms. Those who know that the modesty and bashfulness of that good Lady cause her a terrible fear of those barbarians said, through the respect which they feel for her gentleness and virtue, that she had