

Chateauguai—a young Officer nineteen years old, and brother of Monsieur d'Iberville—had gone to skirmish near the English Fort, in order to divert their attention and prevent their knowledge of our difficulties. Having advanced too far, he was wounded by a ball which pierced him through. He sent for me that he might confess, and I went to him immediately. At first, we thought that the wound was not mortal; we were very soon undeceived, for he died the next day.

A little while before, we had heard news of the *Poli*; and we learned that that vessel was in no less danger than was our own. The winds, the ice, and the shallows had all been adverse to it; once when it was aground a great noise had issued from the keel, and four pumps were not sufficient to empty out the water that was pouring in. Many barrels of powder had been made wet in unloading that vessel. It had not yet made, and it was in danger of not being able to make, the place where it was to winter.

So much sad news did not dampen the courage of Monsieur d'Iberville, although he was extraordinarily touched by the death of his brother, whom he had always tenderly loved. He made this a sacrifice to God, in whom he chose to put his whole confidence. Foreseeing that the least sign of anxiety which might appear upon his countenance would throw every one into confusion, he maintained throughout a marvelous firmness—setting every one to work, exerting himself, and giving his orders with as much presence of mind as ever. God consoled him even on that day; one and the same tide put the two vessels out of danger, and carried them both to the places that had been selected.