

mortal blows, he took to flight, having on still his priestly garments, and without any other defense than an entire confidence in God, whose particular protection was given him, as the event proved. He threw himself into the water, and after advancing some steps, gained the pirogue in which two of the voyageurs were making their escape. They had supposed him to be killed by some of the many balls which they had heard fired on him. In climbing up into the pirogue, and turning his head to see whether any one of his pursuers was following him too closely, he received in the mouth a discharge of small shot, the greater part of which were flattened against his teeth, although some of them entered his gums, and remained there for a long time. I have myself seen two of them there. Father Doutreleau, all wounded as he was, undertook the duty of steering the pirogue, while his two companions placed themselves at the paddles. Unfortunately, one of them, at setting out, had his thigh broken by a musket-ball, from the effects of which he has since remained a cripple.

You may well imagine, my Reverend Father, that the Missionary and his companions had no thoughts of ascending the river. They descended the Mississippi with all the speed possible, and at last lost sight of the pirogue of their enemies, who had pursued them for more than an hour, keeping up a continual fire upon them, and who boasted at the Village that they had killed them. The two paddlers were often tempted to give themselves up, but encouraged by the Missionary, they in their turn made the Savages fear. An old gun which was not loaded, nor in a condition to be, which they pointed at them from