

thought that I had reason to suspect the truth of the news. Four hundred boats or canoes, which for two days had covered the surface of lake Saint Sacrement, made too great a show to have escaped the watchful and clear-sighted eyes of an enemy. Holding this opinion, I had difficulty in persuading myself that two barges would have the temerity, I do not say to measure themselves with such superior forces, but to appear before them; I was arguing, and it was only necessary to open my eyes. One of my friends, a witness of everything, warned me again, in a tone too serious for me not to yield, that I was out of place. He was right. All the Missionaries were together on a somewhat large boat. A tent had been put on this in order to protect us from the injurious effects of the air during the nights, which in that climate were somewhat chilly; this awning, thus set up, made in the air a sort of shadow that was easily discovered by the light of the stars. Eager to inquire into it, the English steered directly toward us. To take such a course and to run to death was almost the same thing. Few, in truth, would have escaped it, if, fortunately for them, a slight circumstance had not betrayed us a few moments too soon. A sheep belonging to our people began to bleat; at this cry, which disclosed the ambush, the enemy faced about, steered for the opposite shore, and plied their oars that they might escape under cover of the darkness and the woods. This manœuver being immediately understood, what was to be done? Twelve hundred Savages began to move, and flew in pursuit of them, with yells as terrifying by their duration as by their number. Nevertheless, both sides seemed at first to respect