

camp fires began to glimmer through the foliage, on the opposite shore of the bay, and a reconnaissance presently revealed a large war-party of Iroquois in a barricaded encampment on the Wendigo Mound at Big Sand Point. Well skilled as they were in all the artifices of forest warfare, the French and their Indian companions were satisfied that something would happen before morning. It was inevitable that the coming night would be crowded with such stirring incidents as would leave nothing to be desired in the way of excitement. There lay the Iroquois camp, with its fierce denizens crouched like wolves in their lair; though buried in the heart of the enemy's country, yet self-reliant in the pride of their past warlike achievements, whose military strategy had rendered them as invulnerable as the gloom of the oncoming thundercloud, and as inexorable as the fate of the forest monarch that is blasted by a stroke of its lightning.

Now, the golden rule on the Indian frontier in those strenuous times was to deal with your neighbor as you might be pretty sure he would deal with you, if he got the chance. Of course it was customary among the Indians to heap coals of fire on the head of an enemy; but as it was the usual practice, before putting on the coals, to bind the enemy to some immovable object, such as a tree or a stout picket, so that he was unable to shake them off, the custom was not productive of much brotherly love. Moreover, when the success of peace overtures could be assured only to the party that could bring the greater number of muskets into the negotiations, it will be readily understood why the French, who were in the minority, did not enter into diplomatic relations with the enemy. On the contrary, it was resolved to fight, as soon as the opposing camp was in repose, and attempt a decisive blow from a quarter whence it would be least expected, thus forestalling an attack upon themselves, which might come at any time before the dawn. The French and their allies knew very well that if their plans miscarried and the attack failed, the penalty would be death to most of their party, and that, in the event of capture, they would receive as fiery and painful an introduction to the world of shadows as the leisure or limited means of their captors might warrant.

Towards midnight, the attacking party left *Pointe à la Bataille* and proceeded stealthily southward, in their canoes, along the eastern rim of Sand Bay, crossed the outlet of Constance Creek and landing on the western shore of the bay advanced towards Big Sand Point through the pine forest that clothed the intervening sand hills, as it does to-day. This long detour, of about two miles, was no doubt a necessity, as, on still nights the most trifling sounds, especially such as might have been produced by paddles accidentally touching the sides of canoes, are echoed to considerable distances over the bay.

The advance of the expedition was the development of Indian strategy; for, by getting behind the enemy, it enabled the French and their allies to rush his barricades and strike him in the back, while his sentinels and outliers were guarding against any danger that might approach from the river front.