

were filled with fear and dread of being encountered by their foes, who were beating the country or, rather, scouring the great forests. As soon as they saw their countrymen, they began to weep. Father Buteux then came up, and they said to him: "Ah, my Father! God has greatly succored us. We prayed to him every day during our captivity; it is he who has delivered us." At these words, all the Christian women who heard them gave a thousand praises to God, extolling their Faith and their belief. That is what the Hiroquois did last Winter.

In the Spring, they made raids against the Iroquet nation. This is what I have learned of the success of their arms. Having gone up to the three Rivers, I witnessed the arrival of one of the Captains of that nation, named Gariaradi. As he approached the cabins, he [172] called out three times in a loud voice: "Hó hó." Having obtained silence, he said: "The Hiroquois, this Spring, have killed some of our people, and carried off two families. My nephew is of the number," said this Captain. It is the custom of these People to call out aloud, upon their arrival, the good or bad news that they bring.

Last Summer,—that is, on the second day of the month of August,—twelve Canoes full of Hurons returning to their country, and taking back with them Father Isaac Jogues—who had come down here on business connected with the Mission—were attacked and defeated by a band of Hyroquois, armed by the Dutch with good arquebuses, which they can use as well as our Europeans. The Father was taken prisoner by those Barbarians, with two young Frenchmen who accompanied him.<sup>13</sup> Of twenty-three Hurons, some were massacred, while some were bound