

are others, as the Abnaquiois, who are friends to us.

I will remark, in the third place, that last year, at the departure of the fleet, when we were tasting the sweetness of the incipient peace, news was brought to us that three Savages of the village of St. Joseph, or Sillery, had been killed, and some others severely wounded. This report tempered our joy with wormwood, in the doubt lest the Annierronnons had acted in bad faith with us. Finally, after all possible investigation, we found that one of the most fervent Christians of Sillery, or of saint Joseph, had been treacherously slain, with two baptized young lads; [9] that the son of François Xavier Nenaskoumat—one of the two chief pillars of the Savage reduction—had been mortally wounded. Indeed, this man came to give up the ghost very piously in our arms, after having received in the Hospital at Kebec all the charitable attentions with which a poor sick man can be assisted. In that treacherous attack, his wife was left for dead; they removed a part of the skin and the hair from her head, but Our Lord restored her health. It was a consolation to us that these last two did not die on the spot; for they assured us that the language of the murderers was altogether different from the language of the Iroquois; that stayed the hatchets of the Algonquins, who would not have failed to beat to death some Annierronnons who at that time happened to be among them and among us. At last, it was discovered that this murder had been committed by the Sokoquiois, two of whose tribe—having chanced to be, some years before, on the borders of the Iroquois—had been killed by some montagnais warriors; and another had been very badly treated by the Algonquins, but ransomed