

1613. Then, too, we first began to build in a convenient place a new settlement, a new colony, etc. But most unexpectedly, by some hazard or other (for a hazard it certainly was, and not a premeditated plan), some English from Virginia were driven upon our shores, who attacked our ship with the utmost fury, at a time when nearly all its defenders were occupied on land. Resistance was nevertheless made for a time, but we were soon obliged to surrender. In the struggle, two of the French were killed, four were wounded; and, in addition, our brother Gilbert Duthet received [4] a mortal wound. He made a most Christian end, the following day, under my ministration.

Our ship having been captured and everything pillaged, it was a great concession to us,—that is, to us priests and jesuits,—that we were not killed. And yet this sparing of our lives, if considered in itself only, would have been worse than any death. For what were we to do in an absolutely desert and barren region, despoiled and destitute of everything? The Savages, indeed, used to come to us stealthily and by night; and, with great generosity and devotion, commiserated our misfortune, and promised us whatever they could. [5] Truly the condition of things was such that either death itself, or a more calamitous misfortune, everywhere threatened us. There were in all thirty of us, in these distressing circumstances. One consideration rendered the English less severe, namely, that one of our boats had escaped, in spite of their watchfulness; and, as they had no doubt that it would bear witness to the violence done us, they were obliged to spare our lives, for they feared reprisals and dreaded our king.