

to reconnoiter them. Indeed, they were bold enough, ten though they were, to attack sixty. It is true that they crept in under favor of a dark night, and were so lucky in the choice of their route, that the sentinels failed to perceive them until they were already within the camp, and had discharged their death-blows on the first persons they encountered in their path, every one being asleep.

It seems as if death sought only good Christians, and the pillars of our Huron Church. They killed seven of these before meeting opposition,—among others, a Captain named Jean Baptiste Atironta,—of whom we have often spoken in our preceding Relations,—who, having wintered in Kebec that last season, had edified all by the purity of his life, and his virtuous example.

Father Bressany, who was bringing back to us this band,—with which he had gone down from the Huron country, toward the end of the preceding Summer,—[96] awaking at the noise made by these murderers, saw, stretched near him, his companions who had already received the death-blow. He cried, “To arms!”—and at the same time received three arrow-wounds in the head, which covered him with blood. Our men rushed to the rescue. Six Iroquois were slain on the spot; two were taken prisoners; the last two, powerless to do more, took to their heels, and saved themselves by flight. Such are our enemies; they are upon you when you believe them to be two hundred leagues away, and at the same moment vanish from your sight, if, having dealt their blow, they purpose a retreat.

The company which had met us, having been apprised of the overthrow of the whole Huron nation,