

prayers,—encountered an Iroquois on the way, whom they made prisoner. Some of them being willing to content themselves with that prey, their Chief, named Jean Outagwainou,—a tall and powerful man, a very good Christian, and exceedingly valiant,—replied that they ought to push on to the Hiroquois villages, and endeavor to surprise some one of them. They pressed forward, therefore, stealthily, sending out an Algonquin and a Huron, to ascertain if the enemy were in the field. The Huron encountered a band [107] of Iroquois, and, finding that he was perceived, assumed a friendly guise, and, to save his own life, was guilty of most horrible cowardice and treachery. “How lucky that I have met you!” said he to the Iroquois; “for a long time, my brothers, I have been seeking you.” They asked him where he was going, and he replied, “I am going to my country, to seek out my relatives and friends. The country of the Hurons is no longer where it was,—you have transported it into your own: it is there that I was going, to join my relatives and compatriots, who are now but one people with yourselves: I have escaped from the phantoms of a people who are no more.” “Art thou journeying by this way, all alone?” they asked him. “No,” replied he; “I took the opportunity of coming with a band of Algonquins, who are now seeking you. I have wandered away from them, from time to time, in order to meet some people of the country to which I am going, that I may deliver myself into their hands.” The Iroquois, trembling with joy at this news, gathered themselves together; and, proceeding under the guidance of that Judas, surprised our poor Algonquins, who—trusting too much to their spies, or their Uncoverers, as they call