

and constantly saying: "I pray you, O God, to convert them; O God, convert them,"—ever repeating these words, and never crying out, however they might torture him.

Finally these Barbarians cut open his body and drank his blood—afterward cutting the body in pieces, putting these into a kettle, and eating them.

René received his freedom, but not without fears on his part; for, a sedition having arisen some time afterward, an Iroquois, holding a cocked pistol in his hand, entered the cabin where our Frenchman was, and asked him a question which greatly frightened him. He [101] addressed him, as if he had said in our language, "Long live who—Father le Moynes or Father Chaumonot?" Then his adopted sister told the Frenchman to say, "Long live Father Chaumonot;" and so his life was saved on that occasion.

At length, after nineteen months of hardship and fatigue, encountered now in hunting, now in fishing, and again in an attack, which he had, of smallpox,—which swept away more than a thousand souls in the country of the Iroquois,—when he was out hunting young pigeons, in company with the Nations of Anniégoué and Onneiout, it occurred to him to make his escape. Upon asking his comrade, du Fresne, who was with the people of Anniégoué, whether he would run away, the latter told him no. Then, after devising a scheme with two other Frenchmen of the same village, when preparations for breaking up and returning [102] home were in progress, he one evening asked one of the Iroquois in which direction the village lay, and in which one should go to reach the Dutch, and how many leagues distant they were. Being informed, he went and marked a tree, in order