

ill-fated rendezvous with 140 soldiers, whose chaplain I was.³⁴ God preserved me in 2 sorties without being wounded, while near by our frenchmen lay dead at my feet, some of whom had received absolution. Finally, the Iroquois having so closed us in that we could get neither wood, water, nor fresh food, the scurvy broke out among the garrison, and carried off about a hundred men. In assisting them at death, I caught their disease. When I, like the others, was near dying, an officer of our troops, unexpectedly came over the snow, with 30 men,—15 of whom were Iroquois, friends and christians,—to learn privately in what condition we were; for this they had marched 80 leagues over the snow and ice laden with their food, clothing, and arms. They found us in a very bad condition; and, for fear of remaining themselves in this fort,—where the unwholesome air made them feel, from the 1st, the beginning of this singular malady,—they resolved to depart immediately, and to make all possible haste, that they might not be surrounded or encountered by the enemy. This officer, who was my friend, having learned from the surgeon that I had only one or 2 Days to live if they did not get me away from this post, undertook to remove me who was half dead. He refused to accord the same favor to some others, even officers,—who afterward died, but who were less ready for death than I was,—alleging the length of the journey, and the inclemency of the season; the necessity of carrying their arms, provisions, and blankets; and the necessity for making great haste on account of the enemy, who were following in their track. He undertook to do for me what he would not do for another. Having