

the head of the french settlements,—I was carried promptly to the hospital, where I was placed upon a mattress in a corner by the fire; there I remained 4 hours, always ready to render up my soul. Through the care of the officers who were there, and of some kindly people, I was drawn from the gates of death. On the following morning, Messieurs the priests of the seminary of Saint Sulpice, who are in this place, took me to their house. I spent two years and a half in partially recovering from this singular disease of scurvy. As I had contracted my illness while serving the soldiers, the king's officials defrayed my expenses during all this time, and paid those Gentlemen who had so obligingly taken me to their house. It was in february, 1688, that this occurred.

The Iroquois, meanwhile, from the end of 1687, had injured our colony at various places, through the murder and captivity of many frenchmen,—whose cattle they had killed, and whose houses and barns, with those who were therein, they had burned. As they were approaching Montréal with their army, it was resolved to employ me to avert the storm, and to make them certain propositions which might be capable of checking them. By that means, we might gain time, until the King should send aid that might resist these Barbarians, and at the same time sustain the war against the English,—who declared war upon us a year after we had become embroiled with the Iroquois. I was carried out to meet these enemies, accompanied by an officer,—one of my friends, for whom the chiefs of the Iroquois had regard. Our negotiation was favored by heaven, and we brought to Montréal—whither