

heat, and menaces, the savage fury of the Indians, the intense pain of our untended and now putrefying wounds, swarming even with worms; but no trial came harder upon me than when, five or six days after, they would come up to us, weary with the march, and in cold blood, with minds in no wise aroused by passion, pluck out our hair and beard, and drive their nails, which are always very sharp, deep into parts most tender and sensitive to the slightest impression. But this was outward; my internal sufferings affected me still more when I beheld that funeral procession of doomed Christians pass before my eyes, among them five old converts, the main pillars of the infant Huron church.

Indeed, I ingenuously admit, that I was again and again unable to withhold my tears, mourning over their lot and that of my other companions, and full of anxious solicitude for the future. For I beheld the way to the Christian faith closed by these Iroquois, on the Hurons, and countless other nations, unless they were checked by some seasonable dispensation of Divine Providence.

On the eighth day we fell in with a troop of two hundred Indians* going out to fight. And as it is the custom for the savages, when out on war parties, to initiate themselves as it were by cruelty, under the belief that their success will be greater as they shall have been more cruel, they thus received us. First rendering thanks to the sun, which they imagine presides over war, they congratulated their countrymen by a joyful volley of musketry. Each then cut off some stout clubs in the neighboring wood in order to receive us.

* This was on an island in Lake Champlain. Here the Latin text inserts some details not in the MS. of 1652.