

ried on. During that period, the missionaries had retained their position amongst the Indians, and while energetic work had been done for the conversion of the multitude, the reward was scarcely such as would warm the hearts of any less determined. The teaching of weary months was oft destroyed in a day by the medicine man, by the outbreak of an epidemic or even by something of the most trivial character. Faith was not a strong point with these denizens of the wilderness. Instead, it was superstition that ruled. The missionaries, however, laboured on in the hope of greater results, but their reward was martyrdom. All the time the enmity of the Iroquois had not been lessened. In 1647 a band of this nation, as part of a plan looking to the annihilation of all tribes beyond the pale of their confederacy, burst like a thunderbolt upon the unsuspecting and unprotected Hurons. Coming in by the Narrows, now Orillia, they captured the nearest village, Contarea, killing many and taking the remainder back as prisoners for torture or to be adopted into their nation. In 1648 the Iroquois returned, this time capturing the village of St. Joseph II., and in the fight killing Father Daniel, the first of the five Jesuit martyrs who fell victims to their terrible work of destruction. In 1649 for the third time the Iroquois came, this time in March, before the snows of winter had disappeared. One village after another fell before them, and at St. Louis and St. Ignace they captured Fathers Brébeuf and Lalement, who after suffering most cruel torture, were finally killed, the former being burned and the latter by a tomahawk in the hands of an Indian. Again, in December, 1649, the Iroquois came, this time by a new route, and attacking the Petuns, the village of St. Jean was destroyed, the buildings burned and the inhabitants killed or taken prisoners. Here Father Garmier was killed, while Father Chabamel escaped, but to be treacherously

murdered by an Indian companion near the crossing of the Nottawasaga River while on his way to Fort Ste. Marie II. The remnant of the nation was in consternation. Some gathered their belongings and hastily left the country, making their way by the French and Ottawa Rivers to the Huron settlement at Lorette, near the city of Quebec. Others, notably the Petuns, made their way to the Manitoulin Island, while yet others who were gathered together by the priests after Ste. Marie I. had been given over to the flames, took up quarters on the Island of Ahoendoe, renamed St. Joseph, and now known as Christian Island. A new mission, Ste. Marie II., was established, and around it, throughout the winter of 1649-50, this band dragged out a miserable existence, starvation and scurvy proving great enemies, while the lurking Iroquois who haunted the woods accounted for many more. In the spring the greater number abandoned this temporary abode, and the dispersion of the Hurons was complete.

After the dispersion, the Hurons, including the Tobacco nation, became scattered far and wide. Of those who did not go to Lorette, some were incorporated in the Six Nations, others went to the shores of Lake Superior, but to find a new enemy in the Sioux, who came from the unknown west. Ultimately the latter gathered at St. Ignace, which was built by Father Marquette on the mainland, opposite the Island of Michilimackinac. Some of the Petuns remained on the Manitoulin for a time, but their wanderings were renewed until they became farther scattered along the Detroit River, near the present town of Amherstburg, and as far distant as the Indian Territory. To-day, three hundred years after, the once strong forest nation is but a name. The Wyandotts are their descendants, but it is not the Indian life of three centuries ago that they are living now.

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