

She immediately endeavored to extricate one hand, and succeeding in this, without much difficulty unbound herself completely.¹ 1646.

On this, she rose, went softly to the cabin-door, took a hatchet, and brained the one who lay readiest to her hand. She then sprang to a hollow tree, large enough to conceal her entirely, and which she had already observed quite near the cabin. The noise made by the dying man soon roused the whole village; and as no doubt was entertained of their prisoner's flight, all the young men started in pursuit. All this she marked from her shelter, and she perceived that her pursuers all took one direction, and that the rest had returned to their cabins, leaving no one near her tree. She immediately stole out, and taking just the opposite direction from that of the braves, she reached the woods undiscovered.

No one thought of taking that direction all that night; but when day came, her trail was discovered and followed. The start she had gained gave her two days over her enemies. On the third day she heard a noise. Being on the bank of a lake, she waded in up to her neck; and the moment she perceived the Mohawks, she plunged entirely under, behind some flags, under cover of which she put her head above water occasionally, to breathe and watch. She saw her pursuers, after a careful scrutiny all around, retrace their steps. She let them get to some distance; then she crossed the marsh and continued her route.

She travelled thirty-five days, living solely on roots and berries. At last she struck the St. Lawrence, a little below St. Peter's Lake; and not daring to remain in the neighborhood of the River Sorel, for fear of being surprised by some Iroquois war-party, she hastily made a sort of raft to cross the river. As she approached Three Rivers, without well knowing where she was, she discov-

¹ Creuxius, *Historia Canadensis*, p. 477; Relation, 1647, p. 15.