

struck a blow with his hatchet upon his head. This poor wretch cried out several times, 'Brother, have pity on me; brother, have pity on me;' but these words fell upon pitiless ears. This cowardly and infamous act was no sooner accomplished than I slipped away secretly and fled, fearing the same thing might happen to me. If that wretch had seen me, he would not have been so foolish as to leave a witness of his crime,—especially a girl whom he could have killed without resistance."

The Old Men and the more prominent ones of the Village found the story so plausible, as the girl related it, that they tried to use her testimony against Sendetsi and by this means acquit him who was accused, and for whom they were under penalty. But it was in vain, for this black and cunning man told them, without changing countenance, that this was false testimony; that [9] if, nevertheless, they would persist in discharging his father-in-law, he was satisfied, but that he would henceforth hold this girl responsible,—that he had good reason to believe that she herself was guilty of this crime, it being not at all probable that one brother would ever make an attempt upon the life of another. These words, uttered with a brazen face and incredible boldness, struck all those present dumb, and the relatives were immediately set free, according to agreement. I leave your Reverence to imagine more than I can tell about this matter. The good news we received immediately afterwards carries me away, and obliges me to pass on.

On the 8th, we received a package of letters from your Reverence through the medium of a Savage, uncle of Louys de Sainte Foy. Premature fruits seem to have a sweetness not possessed by those