

personage has lost one of his relatives in war, to give him a present of some captive taken from the enemy, to dry his tears and partly assuage his grief. Now the one who had been destined for this place was brought by the Captain Enditsacone to the village of Onnentisati, where the war chiefs held a Council and decided that this prisoner should be given to Saouandaouascouay, [24] who is one of the chief men of the country, in consideration of one of his nephews who had been captured by the Iroquois. This decision being made, he was taken to Arontaen, a village about two leagues distant from us. At first, we were horrified at the thought of being present at this spectacle; but, having well considered all, we judged it wise to be there, not despairing of being able to win this soul for God. Charity causes us to overlook many considerations. Accordingly, we departed, the Father Superior, Father Garnier, and I together. We reached Arontaen a little while before the prisoner, and saw this poor wretch coming in the distance, singing in the midst of 30 or 40 Savages who were escorting him. He was dressed in a beautiful beaver robe and wore a string of porcelain beads around his neck, and another in the form of a crown around his head. A great crowd was present at his arrival. He was made to sit down at the entrance to the village, and there was a struggle as to who should make him sing. I will say here that, up to the hour of his torment, we saw only acts of humanity exercised towards him; but he had already been quite roughly handled since his capture. One of his hands was badly bruised by a stone; and one finger was not [25] cut off, but violently wrenched away. The thumb and forefinger of the other hand had been