

Meanwhile, we were there, praying God with all our hearts that he would please to deliver him as soon as possible from this life. They so harassed him upon all sides that they finally put him out of breath; they poured water into his mouth to strengthen his heart, and the Captains called out to him that he should take a little breath. But he remained still, [53] his mouth open, and almost motionless. Therefore, fearing that he would die otherwise than by the knife, one cut off a foot, another a hand, and almost at the same time a third severed the head from the shoulders, throwing it into the crowd, where some one caught it to carry it to the Captain Ondessone, for whom it had been reserved, in order to make a feast therewith. As for the trunk, it remained at Arontaen, where a feast was made of it the same day. We recommended his soul to God, and returned home to say Mass. On the way we encountered a Savage who was carrying upon a skewer one of his half-roasted hands. We would, indeed, have desired to prevent this act of lawlessness; but it is not yet in our power, we are not the masters here; it is not a trifling matter to have a whole country opposed to one,—a barbarous country, too, such as this is. Even if some of them, and a goodly number of the more influential ones, listen to us, and admit that this inhumanity is entirely opposed to reason, the old customs thus far continue to be in vogue, and there is much probability that they will reign until the faith [54] is received and publicly professed. Superstitions and customs grown old, and authorized by the lapse of so many centuries, are not so easy to abolish. It often happens in the best cities of France that when a troop of children get to fighting with their slings, a