

number," said the two poor wretches, "bound like the other prisoners. Our enemies put a thousand questions to us, on the way. They spoke to us [158] of those who wear the black robes. They asked us how many Frenchmen had been killed in the fight that they had had last year at the three Rivers. And when we told them that not only had not a single one died, but that not one had been wounded, they called us liars. 'We killed,' they said, 'more than a hundred Frenchmen.' " (And yet there were only sixty-five in that skirmish.) " 'We will go back to see them in the Spring, to the number of seven hundred fighting men, to count how many of them remain. As for thee, my uncle,' they said to the elder of the two, 'thou art a dead man; thou wilt soon go to the land of spirits. Thou shalt tell them to have courage, that they will soon have a goodly company, for we are going to send the remainder of thy Nation to that quarter; the news that thou wilt take them will be very agreeable to them.' " Thus did they scoff at an old man who has not less malice but more cleverness than they have. "The Dutch, with whom we traffic," they added, "have promised to assist us against the French; we shall go well armed to see them."

[159] These two prisoners escaped soon after their capture, but here are women to whom the Hiroquois granted their lives, and who, after spending the remainder of the Winter with those Barbarians, effected their escape at last from their hands and from their country. "Let us hear what they have to relate of their misadventure; *Quis talia fando temperet à lacrymis?*" says Father Buteux, to whom one of these poor captives related the story.