

These poor Algonquins were in their own country, living in huts in the depths of their great forests, in a place where, in all probability, no Hiroquois had ever been. That is why they thought of nothing but their hunting, and not of defending themselves against those Barbarians. When the latter came upon the tracks of the hunters, they crept upon them stealthily, to massacre them in their first sleep. When night began to conceal trees and men with its darkness, and to wrap most of these good people in slumber, a woman called out as she was about to lie down: "It is all over with us; the Hiroquois are killing us." I know not by what instinct she uttered those words; be that as it may, at the same time those tigers entered their cabin, with arms in their hands, and seized them, [160] some by the hair and others about the body. Some who were awakened by the noise, and who tried to defend themselves, were at once slaughtered. The fight was soon over, and the Hiroquois finding the poor people already overcome by sleep and fright, bound them with strong cords,—men, women, and children; and, in less than an hour, were masters of their lives, of their little wealth, and of their cabins. Seeing themselves victorious, they prepared their supper in the house of the vanquished. Some brought wood, and others went for water. Great kettles were placed over the fire. The shambles were not far away. They dismembered those whom they had just slaughtered, cut them in pieces, and threw the feet, legs, arms, and heads into the pot, which they set to boil with joy as great as the sorrow felt by the poor captives who remained alive, when they saw their countrymen serving as the quarry of these Were-