

wolves. The women and children wept bitterly, and those half Demons took pleasure in hearing their doleful chants. When the supper was cooked, these wolves devoured their prey; one seized a thigh, another [161] a breast; some sucked the marrow from the bones; others broke open the skulls, to extract the brains. In a word, they ate the flesh of men with as much appetite as, and with more pleasure than, hunters eat that of a Boar or of a Stag.

Daylight had approached during this fine feast. When those wolves had gorged themselves on a meat that they consider delicate, they took away their prisoners. A woman named Kicheuigoukwe, who was unable to keep up with the band, was at once knocked on the head. Many men and women envied her good fortune, for she had escaped from her misery very easily. "As for me," said she who told the story, "if I had been baptized, I would have considered it a mercy to die thus; my eyes would not have been forced to see the horrible sights and unnatural cruelties that they have witnessed.

"Among all the captive women, we were three who had each a little child, about two months old. We had not journeyed far before those wretches robbed us of them. Ah, my Father," she said, "be not surprised if I weep now. I shed many tears when they tore from my bosom [162] my poor little son. But alas! if I did not know that thou wilt have compassion on us, I would say no more. They took our little children, placed them on spits, held them to a fire, and roasted them before our eyes. Did I not hope that you Frenchmen will wreak vengeance for such cruelties, I would be unable to speak. Those poor little ones knew not as yet the fire, when they