

felt its heat. They looked at us, and cried with all their might. Our hearts were broken when we saw them roasting, all naked, before a slow fire. We tried to drag them away, but in vain, for our bonds and those Barbarians prevented us. 'O! kill them,' we cried, 'kill them, wretches that you are. What have these poor little innocents done to you?' They had no ears, no pity; they laughed at our tears, and at our fruitless efforts. They are not men; they are wolves. After they had put the poor little babes to death by fire, they drew them off the spit to which they were fastened, threw them into their kettles, boiled them, and ate them in our presence." "I confess," says the Father who has written to us of this tragedy, "that when I saw the tears shed by [163] that poor mother and listened to such unheard-of cruelties, *Commota sunt viscera mea*. I was touched to the heart." But let us continue our journey; let us follow these prisoners, and see what reception awaits them in the Hiroquois villages.

When the dismal band reached the great Falls of the chaudiere,—this is a river which suddenly falls into the River of the three meadows, above Montreal,—a captive woman, observing a spot where the stream was not entirely frozen over, cast herself into it in her despair, preferring to perish in the water rather than to die by fire. At first the rapidity of the current threw her out. The Hiroquois ran up, wishing to save her from a precipice in order to cast her into an abyss. But when they saw her at the last extremity, they clubbed her to death and cut off her head, taking her scalp. It would occupy too much time to relate all the incidents that occurred on the way. Let us hasten.