

to give them new strength,—in order to torment them longer, and to make them their playthings, as the Demons do with the souls of the damned. They ordered the men to sing, and the women to dance. “They tore and pulled off our garments,” said this poor creature; “they exposed us, entirely naked, to the jeers and howls of all their Villages. They made us dance in that condition, to the voices and songs of our countrymen.” *Musica in luctu importuna narratio*. Alas! what joy can a heart feel in a dance amid Demons?

Adrian Earimitagousitch was a worthy Christian, a powerful man, who, as if he had foreseen his misfortune, had strongly urged Father Buteux to baptize him before he returned to his own country, “because,” said he, [166] “I might fall into the hands of my enemies.” This good Neophyte was a prisoner, as well as the others; and on being ordered to sing of women, he, with his comrades, sang only Hiroquois [*sc.* French?] songs. The Barbarians were astonished at this, and asked him why he did not sing in the Algonquin fashion. “There are no longer,” said he, “any Algonquins. We are now French; the French are our true friends.” “I think,” says the Father, “that he meant to say that all the Algonquins were becoming Christians, and that he could express his meaning only by saying that they were friends of the French.” They cut his fingers,—not across, like the others, but lengthwise, so as to make him suffer more. In a word, he was put to death like a man of importance, that is, with the most exquisite torture. He said to a young Algonquin woman whom he saw, shortly before his death: “If ever you see the French, tell them that