

in her bosom, died soon afterward,—her milk failing,—for want of food. She added that the Hiroquois were planning to come in great numbers, especially to Montreal: “But they are,” she said, “afflicted with a general malady, which causes a great number of them to die. It is the custom, when any one dies in their cabins, to mourn for him a very long time: now, as I was adopted by a family attacked with that disease, we did nothing but weep every day; and I said in secret, to myself, ‘Would it were so that I might weep often for the same cause.’” She confirmed to us all that Marie had told us of the capture of the Algonquins and of the death of Father Jogues,—[39] adding that the Hiroquois were compelling the Algonquin women to apply fires to their fellow-countrymen, in order to burn them. Having arrived at the rapids of Saint Louys, which are a little above the settlement of Montreal, and having no canoe in which to pass it, she bound pieces of wood together; but, as she had no strength, the ties burst apart or unloosed themselves, and she sank several times to the bottom,—always coming up again, and carried along in the seething water, which was likely, a thousand times, to break her head against the rocks, if God had not most especially assisted her. “Two women,” she said to us, “escaped two days before me; the Hiroquois, enraged because we were escaping, said that if any one fled again, they would kill all the others. As they did not distrust me, on account of my confinement, I escaped more easily,—pretending to go to get wood in the forest.”

On the twenty-fourth of the same month of June, cries were again heard on the other shore of the