

tightly, she managed so well that she set that arm free; this free arm soon detaches the cords which held captive the rest of her body. All the Hiroquois were sleeping profoundly; behold her on her feet. She passes over those great bodies buried in sleep; being all ready to go out, she comes across a hatchet; she seizes it, and, impelled by a strange warlike fury, she deals a blow from it, with all her might, upon the head of a Hiroquois lying at the entrance of the cabin. This man struggles, and others are awakened; they light a torch of bark, and they see that wretched man plunged in his own blood. They seek the author of this murder; they find that woman's place empty, and that man's hatchet covered with blood. Every one leaves the cabin, and the young men run hither and thither: but that good woman, who after her blow had thrown herself into a hollow stump which she had previously well observed, listens to all their hubbub, not without fear of being [52] discovered. Finally, seeing that the runners who sought her had darted to one side, she leaves her den, and runs to the other side as fast as she can. The day having come, those Barbarians make a great circuit in order to discover her tracks; they find these, and pursue her two whole days, at the end of which this poor creature heard them running all around the place where she was. She believed that it was over with her life; but having, by good fortune, encountered a pond formed by beavers, she plunges into it, breathing only from time to time, and so adroitly that she was not perceived. Finally, those runners, being wearied, returned toward their own people, despairing of being able to find her. Seeing herself free, she sets forth on the