

these aims at him, but, his arquebus having missed fire, the Frenchman did not miss him,—he laid him, stone-dead, on the spot; his shot being fired, the four other Hiroquois fell upon him with a rage of Lions, or rather of Demons. Having stripped him bare as the hand, they bruised him with heavy blows of clubs, and tore out [64] his finger-nails with their teeth,—crushing the bleeding ends, in order to cause him more pain. In short, they pierced one of his hands with a javelin, and led him, tied and bound in this sad plight, to the place where we were. Having recognized him, I escape from my guards, and fall upon his neck. ‘Courage,’ I say to him, ‘my dear brother and friend; offer your pains and anguish to God, in behalf of those very persons who torment you. Let us not draw back; let us suffer courageously for his holy name; we have intended only his glory in this journey.’ The Hiroquois, seeing us in these endearments, at first remained quite bewildered, looking at us without saying a word; then, all at once,—imagining, perhaps, that I was applauding that young man because he had killed one of their Captains,—they fell upon me with a mad fury, they belabored me with thrusts, and with blows from sticks and war-clubs, flinging me to the ground, half dead. When I began to breathe again, those who had not struck me, approaching, violently tore out my finger-nails; and then biting, one after another, the ends of my [65] two forefingers, destitute of their nails, caused me the sharpest pain,—grinding and crushing them as if between two stones, even to the extent of causing splinters or little bones to protrude. They treated the good René Goupil in the same way, without doing, at that time, any harm to