

decreed in the Council is intimated to me; the following night is to be (as they say) the end of my torments and of my life. My soul is well pleased with these words, but not yet was my God,—he willed to prolong my martyrdom. Those Barbarians reconsidered the matter, exclaiming that life ought to be spared to the Frenchmen, or rather, their death postponed. They thought to find more moderation at our forts, on account of us. They accordingly sent Guillaume Cousture into the largest village, and René Goupil and I were lodged together in another. Life being granted us, they [82] did us no more harm. But alas! it was then that we felt at leisure the torments which had been inflicted on us. They gave us for beds the bark of trees, flat on the ground; and for refreshment they gave us a little Indian meal, and sometimes a bit of squash, half raw. Our hands and fingers being all in pieces, they had to feed us like children. Patience was our Physician. Some women, more merciful, regarded us with much charity and were unable to look at our sores without compassion."