

[80] CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE DEVASTATION OF THE COUNTRY OF THE
HURONS, IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 1650.

WE had passed all the Winter in the extremities of a famine which prevailed over all these regions, and everywhere carried off large numbers of Christians, never ceasing to extend its ravages, and casting despair on every side. Hunger is an inexorable tyrant,—one who never says, “It is enough;” who never grants a truce; who devours all that is given him; and, should we fail to pay him, repays himself in human blood, and rends our bowels,—ourselves without the power to escape his rage, or to flee from his sight, all blind though he be. But, when the Spring came, the Iroquois were still more cruel to us, and it is they who have indeed blasted all our hopes. It is they who have transformed into an abode of horror—into a land of blood and carnage, into a theater of cruelty, and into a sepulchre of bodies stripped of their flesh by the exhaustions of a long famine—a country of plenty, a land of Holiness, a place no longer barbarous, since the blood [81] shed for love of it had made all its people Christians.

Our poor famished Hurons were compelled to part from us at the commencement of the month of March, to go in search of acorns on the summits of the mountains, which were divesting themselves of their