

come to us from the Province of Toulouse.<sup>1</sup> One of these was murdered by the hand of an enemy, on the seventh day of December, in the middle of the village, which the victorious Iroquois had raided and laid waste with fire and arms. The other was slain only the next day, a day sacred to the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. It is uncertain by whose hand he fell, whether that of an enemy, or, more probably, that of a treacherous apostate,— who may have murdered the Father as he wandered, a fugitive, through the trackless forest, that he might rob the priest, poor as he was, of even his clothes, shoes, and torn hat.

But of these matters I will write more fully at another time. For, in truth, our Hurons are distressed not only by war, but by a deadly famine and a contagious plague; all are miserably perishing together. Everywhere, corpses have been dug out of the graves; and, now carried away by hunger, the people have repeatedly offered, as food, those who were lately the dear pledges of love,— not only brothers to brothers, but even children to their mothers, and the parents to their own children. It is true, this is inhuman; but it is no less unusual among our savages than among the Europeans, who abhor eating flesh of their own kind. Doubtless the teeth of the starving man make no distinction in food, and do not recognize in the dead body him who a little before was called, until he died, father, son, or brother. Nay, more, even the dung of man or beast is not spared. Fortunate are they who can eat the food of swine,— bitter acorns, and husks,— innocent food, and indeed not without relish, to which hunger adds a sauce; to these, the scarcity of