

them—[108] were not expecting a salute of arquebuses, which put them to rout. Many lost their lives; some saved themselves, under cover of the forest; a large number were bound, to become the quarry of those curs. Our Christian Captain fought with a heroism that astonished the very enemy. The judgments of God are unfathomable.

The traitor, having dwelt some time with the Iroquois, had actually the hardihood to return to the French and Algonquins, in order to plot, as it was believed, another treason, the former having succeeded so well without being discovered. But God, who is just, will not permit that an action so black should be long hidden. The Algonquins, who returned from that defeat more dead than alive, having made known to their friends their suspicions of the Huron, he was questioned on the circumstance. He seemed to waver; they pressed him to tell the truth. At length, he avowed his crime,—frankly confessing that love of life and fear of death had impelled him to that wretched act of perfidy.

Monsieur the Governor caused him to be apprehended; [109] and, after having been convicted of so foul a treachery, he was condemned to death, and delivered into the hands of his own people for execution. They bethought themselves first of the salvation of his soul: then they fastened him to the pillory erected in front of the French fort, where a Huron drew near, armed with a hatchet, who said to him: "Thou deservest death, for having betrayed our friends and our allies." "It is true," replied the culprit; "kill me." The Huron then dealt upon his head a blow with the hatchet, which did not finish him; repeating it three or four times, he was put to