

the same treatment; it is cruelty itself which martyrs them. As soon as the one who had been brought to the three Rivers had set foot upon land, the women and children fell upon him, each one trying to see which could strike the hardest blows. Meanwhile the prisoner sings, and continues on his way without turning around to see who strikes him. A wretched cripple, seeing him entirely naked, took a heavy doubled rope, and lashed this poor body, upon the back, upon the stomach, and upon the chest, so that he staggered and was about to fall, his flesh becoming quite livid and dead. Others put fire in his mouth, others thrust firebrands at him from different directions, to roast him; then he was given a little respite, [238] and was made to sing and dance; a woman came and bit into his finger, trying to tear it off, as a dog would do; not being successful, she finally took a knife and cut it off, then put it in his mouth, to make him swallow it; he tried to do so, but could not. Having restored it to this Tigress, she roasted it, to give it to some children to eat, who continued to suck it for some time. One of our soldiers coming along, asked them for it, but these children were reluctant to give it up; then he snatched it, and threw it into the river, in abhorrence of these cruelties. Another time two young men took this poor wretch by his two arms, and bit into them as greedily as rabid Wolves, shaking him as an angry dog shakes a carcass to get a piece off. As soon as I learned that these insane acts were being committed at our door and before the eyes of our French people, I went down to the Cabins, and reproached these tormentors severely and emphatically, threatening that the French would no longer love them. And, in