

Before it, two Iroquois chiefs fell dead, a third mortally wounded. From the presence of a power to them supernatural, their warriors fled in terror, leaving a number of prisoners in the hands of Champlain's party. A new force had been introduced into their warfare, which in the end was to destroy both opposing parties. That night, on the Vermont shore, a few miles north of the battle-ground, they sacrificed a prisoner with tortures such as none but American Indians ever conceived.

There was a singular synchronism in the march of civilization upon both extremes of this great route of communication. In the same summer of Champlain's discovery, Hudson sailed up the river which bears his name. The French settlements at Montreal, and the Dutch at Albany, began at the same time and advanced with equal steps. These controlled the fortunes of the war. But the motives which brought the two nations hither were widely different. The conversion of the Indians to Catholicism invited the French; trade impelled the Dutch. It was the policy of the former to prevent the introduction of fire-arms, of the latter to encourage them. The effect was quickly apparent. The Iroquois, no longer content with resisting invasion, became invaders. I have not the time even to sketch the course of this war movement from 1635 to the end of that century. During that period, there was probably not a year in which a war party did not pass down the lake to Canada, and often a dozen were absent from their villages at the same time. They lay in ambush along the St. Lawrence, and returned triumphant with their spoils and prisoners. It was during this period that Father *Jogues* and other French missionaries, with numerous Algonkin converts, were carried up the lakes to the Iroquois towns, where they found their crowns of martyrdom with all its surroundings of savage cruelty.

At length the Canadian Indians and French were threatened with annihilation. To save their own lives, the French were