

PIONEER PRIESTS OF NORTH AMERICA

himself and his son-in-law were killed two days afterwards at Narantsouac.

About midday the invaders were near the village. Like Indians they crept cautiously through the woods, and at three o'clock stood before the silent wigwams. Not a soul was seen. Then at a given signal every musket blazed and a shower of bullets pierced the thin walls of the houses. Hutchison denies this, and says the Indians fired first, though he admits that the settlement was surrounded before any one was aware of what was happening. There were only fifty warriors in the place, and they seized their weapons and rushed out to cover the flight of their women and children, who were already making a mad rush for the river. Where was Râle? He was already facing the foe. He was the only one whom the English wanted, and he knew that if he presented himself it would divert their attention from the fugitives. He was not mistaken. A loud shout greeted his appearance. The man they had so often failed to find was before them. Every musket covered him, and he fell riddled with bullets at the foot of the cross which he had planted in the centre of the village. They crushed in his skull with hatchets again and again, filled his mouth and eyes with filth, tore off his scalp, which they sold afterwards at Boston, and stripped his body of his soutane, which they wanted as a trophy, but as it was too ragged to keep they flung it back on the corpse. Meantime the fire was kept up on the fleeing Indians, who were endeavoring to reach the shelter of the woods on the other shore. Some were slain before they reached the river, others were killed in midstream, and others before they reached the protecting forest.

When the slaughter was over, the soldiers retraced their steps to the village and began the work of plunder. They desecrated the Blessed Sacrament, and defiled the vessels of the altar. Then putting the torch to the buildings, they withdrew in the glare of the conflagration. They were