

with shouts of joy, it being considered a good omen if they had an opportunity of exercising their cruelty before going to war. The prisoners were released from the cords which bound them and were taken ashore

**New tortures
inflicted**

where they were forced to run the gauntlet between two rows of Iroquois, who amused themselves by plucking out the hair and beard of the Frenchmen and tearing the tender parts of their bodies with their finger nails which, the *Relation* informs us, were extremely sharp. After this new ordeal René Goupil presented a pitiable sight. He was covered with blood, and he staggered under the blows which his inhuman tormentors showered upon him. But the saints have the secret of returning good for evil. One of the Iroquois fell sick and Goupil employed his surgical skill in opening a vein for him, with as much patience and charity as if he were doing the act for a friend.

On the tenth day they had reached the southern end of Lake George where the prisoners made the rest of the journey on foot and by portaging to the Mohawk cantons, thirty or forty miles away. Although weak from hunger and loss of blood, the unfortunate men were forced to carry on their backs the parcels destined for the Huron mission. Mile after mile they trudged over the Indian trail, staggering under their heavy burdens, and urged on by the blows and the insults of their captors. Finally on the thirteenth day, eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, about the twentieth hour,

**Among the
Mohawks**