

"'Tis well—very well—to-morrow he will come and take my scalp!"

In due time Kondikosh arrived among his people, to whom he related his adventure with the solitary white man. He found them exasperated by repeated acts of treachery, urging a terrible and successful war. They swept all before them, and at length made a sudden dash at Montreal, marking their advent with flame and blood. They seized about two hundred prisoners, and victoriously retired unmolested to their native fastnesses. On their way, however, they came upon the cabin of the solitary Frenchman, whom they treated to a grand serenade, tom-toming and yelling in a manner more calculated to startle than assure. They then paraded their prisoners before him. A sad spectacle they were, bound, bleeding and foot-sore, in the utter abjectness of terror and misery, whose only hope was a speedy award of death.

The Indian, magnanimous in many ways, had no sympathy or mercy for a prisoner. There are, certainly, a few examples of their having liberated a conquered enemy, but they are few, and only show more effectually the horrible cruelties they practised.

An incident of this kind, which occurred about that time, is worthy of mention. A missionary who dwelt among the Iroquois, and had induced the chiefs to attend the council of the treacherous Denonville, but, who was innocent of any participation of the crime of his fellow countrymen, was seized by the offended tribe, who, after considering the matter, came to a determination which was nobly expressed to him by an ancient warrior before the assembled tribe:

"Thou hast been a brother and our friend, but now thou art our enemy, thou and thy people. We have held council, and resolved not to have thee tortured, and we believe that you will disapprove of this wicked thing