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Hochelaga

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Hochelaga

Dawn Hackett

Journal Entry of Jacques Cartier

October 4, 1534

Good Haul of Miners and Diggers – One White Man Killed – Fifty-eight Bucks Killed

J. Cartier

18 In the gloaming, the women all weep with distress. Cartier has told many stories of our prejudices, so very many that we stand together in a web knowing no one will come for us. The river swells with violence; our husbands' mutilated bodies floated past the village yesterday with dead eyes watching but not seeing, faces bubbling and bursting, ears deaf to the screams of our children. Their small hands tomahawked, hearts knifed from their chests, Cartier's men slung them at us mothers until we were all against the great rock, forced to bow like poor little animals cringing on the earth. We turned away from the path, their hearts and hands in the dirt like grotesque gorges. They will lay the road to Hochelaga with the hands of children, dam the sundown river with the bodies of our men and axe the flaming maple until there are none. Corn fields will fall away from the river banks. Cartier will burn them and watch the nations starve. We are tied like burrows pulled by soldier ropes behind the wagons. They brim with hides and corn, the scalps of our children on spikes on the clapboard in front of us. It is too much to see with our hearts and many die. We are thirty now, we were forty-two at the village. We will stop soon and Cartier will tell his men to cut the dead ones away from their knots. They are the free ones now.

Journal Entry of Jacques Cartier

October 11, 1534

Good Haul of Diggers – Forty-two Squaws Taken – Band Exterminated

J. Cartier