

could we do less? Alas! would to God that we could very often regale thee in this manner!"

While I was endeavoring to recover from my fatigue, one of the Savages who had camped on the Seashore, and who was ignorant of my return to the Village, caused a new alarm. Having come to my quarters, and not finding me, or any of those who had camped with me, he did not doubt that we had been carried away by a party of Englishmen; and, going on his way in order to inform the people of his own neighborhood, he came to the shore of a river. There he stripped the bark from a tree on which he drew with charcoal the English surrounding me, and one of the number cutting off my head. (This is the only writing of the Savages, and they understand each other by figures of that kind as well as we understand each other by our letters.) He immediately put this sort of letter around a pole, which he set up on the shore of the river, so that passers-by might be informed of what had happened to me. A short time after, some Savages who were paddling by the place in six canoes, for the purpose of coming to the Village, perceived this sheet of bark: "Here is some writing," said they, "let us see what it says. Alas!" exclaimed they on reading it, "the English have killed the people in our Father's neighborhood; as for him, they have cut off his head." They immediately loosened the braids of their hair, which they left to hang carelessly over their shoulders; and seated themselves around the pole, until the next day, without speaking a single word. This ceremony is among them a mark of the greatest affliction. The next day, they continued their way to within half a league of the