

thirty-five scalps from the two hundred men whom they had killed; their victory was not stained with a single drop of their own blood and did not cost them a single man. The enemy, numbering three thousand men, sought in vain to have revenge by pursuing them in their retreat, but it was made without the slightest loss. They were engaged in counting the number of barbarous trophies—that is to say, the English scalps—with which the canoes were decorated, when we perceived in another part of the river a French bark, which was bringing to us five Englishmen, bound, and accompanied by some *Outaouacks*, whose prisoners they were.

The sight of these unfortunate captives brought joy and gladness to the hearts of the spectators; but for the most part it was a ferocious and barbarous joy which manifested itself by frightful yells, and by acts very sad to humane men. A thousand Savages—drawn from the thirty-six Tribes united under the French flag—were present and lining the bank. In an instant, without any apparent consultation, I saw them run with extreme haste to the neighboring woods. I did not know what was to be the result of such a sudden and unexpected retreat; but I very soon understood. A moment after, I saw these furious men return, armed with clubs which they were preparing in order to give to these unfortunate Englishmen the most cruel reception. I could not control my feelings at the sight of these cruel preparations. Tears flowed from my eyes; but, in the meantime, my grief was not inactive. Without stopping to deliberate I went to meet these ferocious brutes in the hope of calming them; but alas! what could my feeble voice do but utter some sounds that