

complete it. The tent of Monsieur the Chevalier de Levi²⁹ was placed at the entrance of the camp. I took the liberty of paying my respects to this Dignitary whose name announces his merit, and whose name even is his least title to respect. The conversation turned upon the act which had decided the fate of the five Englishmen whose perilous adventure I have just related. I was very far from knowing the circumstances; they are somewhat surprising. Listen to them.

Monsieur de Corbiere, a French Officer serving in the Colonial troops, had been commanded, the previous night, to go to cruise on Lake Saint Sacrement. His company numbered about fifty Frenchmen, and a little more than three hundred Savages. At the first peep of day he discovered a body of three hundred English, who had also been detached to cruise, in about fifteen Barges. The form of these boats—high on the sides, and strongly built, when contrasted with our frail canoes—counterbalanced sufficiently and more the slight superiority that we might have had in the way of numbers. Nevertheless, our men did not hesitate to begin the combat; the enemy at first appeared to accept the defiance readily, but that temper did not last long. The French and Savages, who could reasonably base the hope of victory only on the boarding that their number encouraged,—and who, besides, risked everything in fighting at a distance,—began to draw closer to the enemy, notwithstanding the activity of their firing. The enemy no sooner saw themselves pursued than fear made them drop their arms. It was no longer a contest; it was nothing more than a defeat. Of all ways, doubtless, the least honor-