

their preparations; they fought mostly downward, so to speak; from the tops of their barges they discharged their musketry on frail barks, which a little skill—or, rather, a little presence of mind—would easily have sunk, with all those men who were defending them. That is true: nevertheless, such a complete success was purchased at the price of one single Savage wounded, whose wrist was put out of joint by a shot.

Such was the fate of the detachment of the unfortunate Monsieur Copperelh, who was the commander; and the general report is that he perished in the water.³⁰ The enemy express themselves, on the disasters of that day, only in terms that indicate equally their grief and their surprise. They frankly admit the greatness of their loss. Really, it would be difficult to deny it in the slightest particular; the bodies of the Officers and their soldiers—some floating on the water of Lake St. Sacrement, some still stretched out on the shore—would bear witness against that disavowal. As for their prisoners, the greater part are still groaning in the chains of Monsieur the Chevalier de Levi. I saw them go by in squads escorted by their victors,—who, barbarian-like, engrossed with their triumph, showed little inclination to alleviate the defeat of the vanquished. In the space of a league, which I was obliged to make in order to rejoin my Abnakis, I met several little companies of these captives. More than one Savage stopped me on my way to parade his captives before me, and to enjoy, in passing, my commendation. Love of Country did not permit me to be insensible to a success which concerned the Nation. But the title of “unfortunate” is worthy of respect,