

by mildly expostulating with these monsters of inhumanity I should gain some influence over them. But I flattered myself. A young man began to speak, and said to me in bad French: *Thou have French taste; me Savage, this meat good for me.* He accompanied his remark by offering to me a piece of this English roast. I made no response to his argument, which was worthy of a barbarian; as to his offer, you may easily imagine with what horror I rejected it.

Having learned, by the uselessness of this attempt, that my services only could be wholly fruitless in behalf of the dead, I turned to the living, whose fate seemed to me a hundred times more to be pitied; and I approached the Englishmen. One of the company attracted my attention; from the military ornaments with which he was still decorated, I recognized him as an Officer; immediately I resolved to purchase him, and assure him of liberty and life. With this in view I approached an aged Outaouack, fully believing that, the insensibility of old age having mollified his ferocity, I would find him more favorable to my design; I held out my hand, saluting him politely, in the hope of winning him by courteous manners. But it was not a man with whom I had to deal; he was worse than a ferocious beast, which is at least appeased by caresses. *No*, said he in a thundering and threatening tone,—well fitted to fill me with dread, if I had been at that moment susceptible of any other feelings than those inspired by compassion and horror,—*No, I do not wish thy friendship; go away!* I did not think I ought to wait until he reiterated a compliment of that kind, and I obeyed him.