

I went to shut myself in my tent, and give myself up to the reflections that Religion and humanity can suggest in circumstances of this kind. I had not thought of taking measures to warn my Abnakis against such shocking excesses. Although example is a formidable stumbling-block in matters of temperance and morals, they were incapable of proceeding to these excesses; I indeed owe them this justice, that at the time when they were plunged deepest in the darkness of paganism, they never deserved the odious name of cannibals. Their humane and docile temper on this point distinguished them even then from the greater part of the Savages on this continent. These reflections occupied me until far on into the night.

The next day, on awaking, I believed there would no longer remain about my tent a vestige of the preceding night's repast. I flattered myself that when the fumes of liquor had been dissipated, and the excitement inseparable from such an affair having been quieted, their brains would have become more calm and their hearts more human. I did not know the Outaouac nature and inclination. It was from choice—for the sake of delicacy, of daintiness—that they fed on human flesh. From the break of day they had had nothing so urgent as the recommencing of their execrable cooking. Already they were awaiting only the longed-for moment when they could satiate their more than canine hunger by devouring the wretched remains of their enemy's body. I have already said that there were three Missionaries devoted to the service of the Savages. During the whole campaign, our quarters were common, our decisions unanimous, our measures