

each other; not a single gunshot was fired. The aggressors, not having had time to form themselves, were fearful of shooting each other; and, besides, they wished to take prisoners. The fugitives were using their arms to advantage in accelerating their flight. They had nearly reached their point when the Savages, who perceived that their prey was escaping them, fired. The English, pressed too closely by some canoes in advance, were obliged to answer it. Very soon a gloomy silence followed all this uproar. We were in expectation of success when a pretended brave undertook to do himself honor by a fabulous Account of the combat, at which he had assuredly not been present. He began by asserting that the action had been deadly for the Abnakis. That was sufficient to make me set out. Supplied with the Holy Oils, I leaped hastily into a canoe to go to meet the combatants; and, at every instant, I besought my guides to make all possible haste. There was no need, at least on my account. I met an Abnakis, who—better informed, because he had been braver—told me that this very deadly action had ended with one Nipistingue killed and another wounded in the boarding. I did not wait for the rest of his story; I hastened to rejoin our people, in order to cede my place to Monsieur Mathavet, the Missionary of the Nipistingue Tribe. I was arriving by water when Monsieur de Montcalm—who, at the report of the Musketry, had landed a little above—came through the woods; he learned that I had come with news from the place, and applied to me that he might better understand the affair; my Abnakis, whom I recalled, gave him a short report of the combat.