

The darkness of the night did not permit us to learn the number of the enemy's dead; their barges had been seized and three men had been taken prisoners. The rest were wandering at random in the woods. Monsieur de Montcalm delighted with these details retired, that he might, with his accustomed prudence, consider the operations of the next day.

The day had hardly begun to dawn when the party from the Nipistigue Tribe proceeded to the funeral ceremony of their brother who had been killed on the spot in the action of the preceding night, and had died in the errors of paganism. These obsequies were celebrated with all savage pomp and splendor. The body had been adorned with all the ornaments—or, rather, overloaded with all the finery—that the most whimsical vanity could use on occasions sad enough in themselves; porcelain necklaces, silver bracelets, ear and nose rings, magnificent garments,—everything had been lavished on him; they had borrowed the aid of paint and vermilion in order to make the paleness of death disappear under these brilliant colors, and give the countenance an air of life that it did not possess. None of the decorations of a military Savage had been forgotten: a gorget, tied with a flame-colored ribbon, hung carelessly over his breast; the gun resting on his arm, and the war-club in his girdle; the calumet in the mouth, the lance in the hand; at his side the kettle, filled. In this lifelike and warlike attitude they had seated him on an eminence covered with grass, which served as a bed of state. The Savages, ranged in a circle around the body, maintained for a few moments a gloomy silence, which somewhat resembled grief. The Orator broke