

afflicted man, from whom I drove away all the spectators, with a tone of authority which I doubtless would never have dared to take had I been less impressible to his misfortune. I stood guard by his side part of the day; at length I did so well that I succeeded in interesting the Savages (his masters) in his favor, so that there was no longer need of my presence to shield him from persecution. I hardly know if he were really conscious of my services,—at least, a dull glance was all that I could obtain from him; but, independently of religion, I was only too well rewarded by the mere pleasure of having succored an unfortunate person. There were other people whose fate was also to be pitied. Every day, savage activity and bravery multiplied the prisoners,—that is to say, the wretched. It was not possible for the enemy to take a step beyond the fort without being exposed either to captivity or to death, so alert were the Savages. You may judge of it by this single account. An English woman ventured to go to gather vegetables in a kitchen-garden almost adjoining the trenches. Her boldness cost her dear; a Savage concealed in a bed of cabbages perceived her, and with his gun killed her on the spot. The enemy had no opportunity of coming to take away her body; the victor, still concealed, kept guard all day long, and took off her scalp.

In the meantime, all the savage Tribes were very weary of the silence of our “great muskets,”—it is thus that they designate our cannon; they were anxious no longer alone to bear the brunt of the war. In order, therefore, to satisfy them, it was necessary to hasten the work on the intrenchments, and plant our first battery. The first time when it was fired,