

out of the casemates into which nothing less than an insatiable avidity for blood could make any one enter, so insupportable was the stench which exhaled from them. He carried in his hand a human head, from which trickled streams of blood, and which he displayed as the most splendid prize that he could have secured.

This was only a very faint prelude to the cruel tragedy of the next day. At the very dawn of day, the Savages reassembled about the intrenchments. They began by asking the English for goods, provisions,—in a word, for all the riches that their greedy eyes could see; but these demands were made in a tone that foretold a blow with a spear as the price of a refusal. The English dispossessed and despoiled themselves, and reduced themselves to nothing, that they might buy at least life by this general renunciation. Such complaisance ought to soften any heart; but the heart of the Savage does not seem to be made like that of other men: you would say that it is, by its nature, the seat of inhumanity. They were not on this account less inclined to proceed to the harshest extremes. The body of four hundred men of the French troops, selected to protect the retreat of the enemy, arrived, and drew up in a line on both sides. The English began to defile. Woe to all those who brought up the rear, or to stragglers whom indisposition or any other cause separated however little from the troop. They were so many dead whose bodies very soon strewed the ground and covered the inclosure of the intrenchments. This butchery, which in the beginning was the work of only a few Savages, was the signal which made nearly all of them so many ferocious beasts.