

They struck, right and left, heavy blows of the hatchet on those who fell into their hands. However, the massacre was not of long continuance, or so great as such fury gave us cause to fear; the number of men killed was hardly more than forty or fifty. The patience of the English, who were content to bend the head under the sword of their executioners, suddenly appeased the weapon, but did not bring the tormentors to reason and equity. Continually uttering loud cries, these began to take them prisoners.

In the midst of all this I arrived. No, I do not believe that any one can be a man and be insensible in such sorrowful circumstances. The son torn from the arms of the father, the daughter snatched from the bosom of the mother, the husband separated from the wife; Officers stripped even to their shirts, without regard for their rank or for decency; a crowd of unfortunate people who were running at random,—some toward the woods, some toward the French tents; these toward the fort, others to every place that seemed to promise an asylum,—such were the pitiable objects that were presented to my sight; nevertheless the French were not inactive and insensible spectators of the catastrophe. Monsieur the Chevalier de Levi was running wherever the tumult appeared the most violent, endeavoring to stop it, with a courage inspired by the kindness so natural to his illustrious blood. A thousand times he faced death—which, notwithstanding his birth and his virtues, he would not have escaped if a special providence had not watched over his life and had not restrained the savage arms already raised to strike him. The French Officers and the Canadians