

Savages — partly through the futility of their pursuit, partly satisfied with their captures — retired; the few who remained were easily dispersed. The English continued their way in peace to fort Lydis, where they arrived — numbering, at first, only three or four hundred. I do not know the number of those who, having gained the woods, were fortunate enough to reach the fort by the help of a cannon which our people took care to fire, for several days, in order to guide them. The remainder of the garrison, however, had not perished by the sword, neither were they groaning under the weight of chains. Many of them had found safety in the French tents, or in the fort, whither I repaired, after the disorder had been once quieted. A crowd of women came and, with tears and groans surrounding me, threw themselves at my feet; they kissed the hem of my robe, uttering from time to time lamentable cries that pierced my heart. It was not in my power to dry up the source of their tears; they asked the return of their sons, their daughters, their husbands, whose capture they were deploring. Could I restore these to them? However, the opportunity of diminishing the number of these wretched creatures was soon offered, and I eagerly embraced it. A French Officer informed me that a Huron, at that very time in his camp, was in possession of an infant six months old, whose death was certain if I did not immediately go to its rescue. I did not hesitate. I ran in haste to the tent of the Savage, in whose arms I perceived the innocent victim, who was tenderly kissing the hands of its captor and playing with some porcelain necklaces that adorned him. This sight gave a new ardor to my zeal. I began by