

flattering the Huron, with all the eulogies that truth could permit me to bestow on the bravery of his Tribe. He understood me at once: *Here*, said he to me very civilly, *dost thou see this infant? I have not stolen it; I found it deserted in a hedge; thou wishest it, but thou shalt not have it.* It was in vain that I pointed out to him the uselessness of his prisoner, its certain death for lack of food suitable to the tenderness of its age; he showed me some tallow with which he would feed it, adding that after all, in case of death, he would find a spot for burying it, and that I should then be free to give it my blessing. I replied to his remarks by making an offer to give him a comparatively large sum of money if he would relinquish his little captive, but he persisted in the negative; afterward, he unbent so far as to exact in exchange another Englishman. If he had in no way diminished his claims, the life of the child would have been lost. I believed the death-sentence already pronounced, when I perceived that the man was consulting in Huron with his companions; for until then the conversation had been held in French, which he understood. This conference made a ray of hope dawn on my eyes; this hope was not deceived. The result was that the infant belonged to me, if I would hand over to him an enemy's scalp. The proposition did not embarrass me: *It will soon be seen*, I replied to him on rising, *if thou art a man of honor.* I set out in haste for the camp of the Abnakis. I asked the first one I met if he were the possessor of any scalp, and if he would do me the favor of giving it to me. I had every reason to rejoice at his readiness to oblige me; he untied his bag, and gave me my choice. Supplied with one of