

those barbarous trophies, I carried it in triumph, followed by a crowd of French and Canadians eager to know the outcome of the adventure. Joy lent me wings; in a moment I was with my Huron. "Here," said I on meeting him, "here is thy payment." *Thou art right*, he answered me, *it is indeed an English scalp, for it is red*. In reality it is this color which more commonly designates the English Colonists of these districts. *Well then! here is the infant, take it away; it belongs to thee*. I did not give him time to withdraw from his agreement. I immediately took into my hands the little unfortunate creature. As it was nearly naked, I wrapped it up in my robe. It was not accustomed to be carried by hands so unskillful as mine. The poor child uttered cries that apprised me as well of my clumsiness as of its sufferings; but I consoled myself with the hope of very soon quieting it, by holding it out to more tender hands. I reached the fort; at the cries of the little one, all the women came to me in haste. Each one hoped to find the object of her maternal tenderness. They examined it eagerly; but neither the eyes nor the heart of any one of them recognized in it her son. They withdrew apart, to give anew free vent to their groaning and lamentation. I found myself in no slight embarrassment by this retreat, separated as I was forty or fifty leagues from any French dwelling: how was it possible to feed a child of so tender an age? I was buried in my reflections when I saw an English Officer, who spoke the French language very well, pass by. I said to him in a decided tone: "Monsieur, I have just rescued this infant from slavery, but it will not escape death unless you order some one of these