wood-yard, and, without tents or covering of any kind, thinly clad, they endured the bitter cold of a long January night; but they were soldiers of the republic, and suffered without murmuring at their hard lot. They were surrounded by a strong chain of sentinels, to prevent their escape, and to keep the savages off, who pressed hard to enter the enclosure. inhabitants of the village, at night, in large numbers, sympathizingly crowded around, and thus favored the escape of a few of the prisoners. One of them, who was slightly wounded, passed out unseen by the sentinels, and, mingling among the mass of the people, walked quietly off to the out-skirts of the village, and, entering the house of old Mr. Bellair, half dead, as it were, with excessive cold, fatigue and hunger, he frankly told him his situation. Bellair said to him, that it was dangerous for him to stay there long, but he would do the best he could for him. He took him to a private room, warmed and fed him, and, after being secreted till somewhat recruited, Mr. Bellair told him in what direction to go, that he must avoid the highway, and keep on till he came to a house described to him. The soldier found it, and in it one of nature's nobles, a friend of humanity, who cheerfully and kindly provided for all his wants; and the soldier, throwing aside his military garb, engaged as a laborer, and worked for several weeks, and then boldly and unconcernedly returned to Malden, hired a canoe to cross the river, and finally rejoined his friends in the States.

The people of Malden were generally kind to prisoners. It is not in the nature of a Frenchman to be otherwise than kind to the suffering.

Mr. Bellair tells me, that, at the time these prisoners were brought into Malden, the village presented a horrid spectacle. The Indians had cut off the heads of those who had fallen in the battle and massacre, to the number of a hundred or more, brought them to Malden, and stuck them up in rows on the top of a high, sharp-pointed picket fence; and there