

who are here held in reverence, [23] because they promise to turn aside the misfortunes with which Heaven threatens them. These deceivers played all the tricks that dreams and their own empty heads could suggest to them, in order to bring rain, but in vain, the Heavens were as brass to their foolishness. There was one of these Sorcerers named *Tehorenhægon*, more famous than the others, who promised marvels, provided the whole Country made him a present of the value of ten hatchets, not to speak of a multitude of feasts; but these efforts were in vain,—dreaming, feasting, dancing, were all to no purpose, there fell not a drop of water; so that he had to confess that he could not succeed, and he declared that the crops would not ripen; but unfortunately, or rather fortunately for us, he said that he was hindered from making it rain by a Cross which is before our door, and that the house of the French was a house of demons, or of ill-disposed people who had come into their Country in order to make them die. Some thereupon, trying to outdo him, said perhaps we cherished resentment for the death of Estienne Bruslé and that we wished to draw down vengeance upon the whole Country for the death of a single person. [24] Others added that the Algonquins had told them that the French came here only to compass their death, and that from them had come the contagion of last year. In consequence of these statements we were told that we must take down our Cross; and that, if the crops should not mature, they might beat us to death as they do the Sorcerers and other pernicious people here. Some, to our great regret and sorrow, said that they would pull down the Cross; and it even went so far that some young