

not leave Kebec. He sent in his place Monsieur the Chevalier de l'Isle, his Lieutenant, a very honorable Gentleman. I wished to embark in one of the canoes of the Savages, but he made me take a place near him in his shallop. We sailed during the night as well as the day, fighting against contrary winds, until the night of the fifth of September, when we landed at the three Rivers. The Hurons immediately ran to us at the sound of the oars of the two shallops which conveyed us. The thunder of the cannon resounding from the fort at our disembarkment, I saw some throw themselves upon the ground in amazement. When we went to see Monsieur de Chateau-fort we found him very ill, so that on the [316 i.e., 312] following day I carried him the holy communion. After this, I opened the letters of our Fathers who are with the Hurons, and learned therefrom that the contagion continued in that country, that calumnies were multiplying, that the demons were making open war against us. These tribes believe that we poison and bewitch them, carrying this so far that some of them no longer use the kettles of the French. They say that we have infected the waters, and that the mists which issue thence kill them; that our houses are fatal to them; that we have with us a dead body, which serves us as black magic; that, to kill their children, some Frenchmen penetrated the horrid depths of the woods, taking with them the picture of a little child which we had pricked with the points of awls, and that therein lay the exact cause of their death. They go even farther,—they attack our Savior, Jesus Christ; for they publish that there is something, I know not what, in the little Tabernacle of our Chapel, which causes