

eral slanderous tongues, which were already of themselves fruitful enough in impostures and calumnies, thought they had a new opportunity to throw the cat at our legs,—alleging as their motive that affliction had not fallen upon this cabin until after the solemn Baptism of Pierre. In fact, they had passed the winter very comfortably, the majority of the other cabins having been very badly treated by the disease.

This idea so deeply entered the minds of some of them that one entire village, according to the report made to us, decided no longer to use French kettles, imagining [6] that everything which came in any way from us was capable of communicating the disease to them.

There came another piece of news from the Tobacco Nation (for these reports continued to increase, even in the surrounding Nations). It was asserted that a Savage, stricken with this pestilential disease, had vomited up in some blood a leaden pellet, whence they concluded that a Frenchman had bewitched him. We were obliged every day to answer the bearers of similar news; and there were very few of them capable of understanding the arguments we brought forward to show them how disinclined we were to these evil thoughts. Their usual answer was that "this was being constantly said everywhere; and that, besides, all the inhabitants of the Island where these peoples live had their brains upset,—that the death of so many of their relatives had unsettled their minds; and so one need not be surprised if, like madmen, they should inconsiderately lay the blame on whatever was at hand." For our own part, we consider ourselves too highly honored to wear the livery of Our Lord; one thing alone afflicted us—to