

But let us return to our Savages, excited against us on account of the disease, and to those impostors who had maintained that Robert le Coq had so confidentially informed them of the black magic arts and the execrable spells with which we were causing them all to die. It was not very difficult to refute these calumnies, since he who was said to have been the sole source of all these rumors—not being dead, as they had supposed, but having recovered [30] perfect health—could belie all those who previously maintained they had heard the thing from his lips. But what? falsehood gets the better of the truth; the slanderers find more credit than the one who justifies us. The devil goes much further, for—this poor young Frenchman's sickness having for quite a long time kept the minds of several in suspense, seeing us involved in the same misery—when they saw him in health whom all men would have accounted dead, it came to their thought that the whole affair had been only collusion with the disease; and that, having an understanding with it, we had disposed of it in this way, in order to throw dust in their eyes. However this be, they openly cry "murder;" but the demons are like thunders, which make more noise than they do harm,—for all these threats have had but little effect. We are alive, thank God, all full of life and health. It is indeed true that the crosses have been stricken down from above our houses; that people have entered our cabins, hatchet in hand, in order to deal some evil blow there; [31] they have, it is said, awaited some of ours on the roads, with the intention of killing them; the hatchet has been lifted above others, and the blow brought within a finger-length of their bare heads;