

We arrived at Kinibequi<sup>41</sup> towards the end of October. Kinibequi is a river near the Armouchiquois, in latitude forty-three and two-thirds degrees, and Southwest of Port Royal about seventy leagues or thereabouts. It has two quite large mouths, one distant from the other at least two leagues; it is also cut up by numerous arms and branches. Besides, it is a great and beautiful river; but we did not see good soil there any more than at the St. John river. They say, however, that farther up, away from the sea, the country is very fine and life there agreeable, and that the people till the soil. We did not go farther up than three leagues; we whirled about through so many eddies, and shot over so many precipices, [177] that several times it was a great miracle of God that we did not perish. Some of our crew cried out at two different times that we were lost: but they cried too soon, blessed be Our Lord. The Savages cajoled us with the hope of getting corn; then they changed their promise of corn to that of trade in beaver skins.

Now, while this trading was going on, Father Biard had gone, with a boy to an Island near by, to celebrate holy Mass. The Savages, on account of the trading to take place, crowded very eagerly into our barque; from curiosity (I think) because they did not often see such sights. Our people were afraid that this was only a trick, and that under the pretense of trading they wanted [178] to get possession of the barque; therefore they armed and barricaded themselves not to be taken unawares. Seeing then that, notwithstanding their threats and cries, they continued to file in, and there were already about thirty of them upon the deck, they decided