

water. In this extremity our Canadians came to me, proposing to make a vow to saint Anne, and promise her to consecrate to her honor a portion of the first profit that they should make in the country. I approved of their plan; but, after having spoken of it to Monsieur d'Iberville, I warned them at the same time to be thinking of their sanctification, since it was by purity of conduct that we made our vows acceptable to God. The greater number availed themselves of my advice, and approached the sacraments. The next day, the sailors wished to imitate the Canadians, and make the same vow that they had made. Monsieur d'Iberville and the other Officers took the lead. The very next night, which was that of the 21st and 22nd of September, God gave us a favorable wind.

About six o'clock on the evening of the 24th we entered the river *Bourbon*. There was great joy among all the crew. It was Friday; we sang the Hymn *Vexilla Regis*, and especially the *O crux ave*. We repeated it many times, in order to do honor to the adorable Cross of the Savior in a country where it is unknown to the Barbarians, and where it has been so many times profaned by heretics — who have overthrown, with contempt, all the Crosses that our French had in former times set up.

The river to which the French have given the name of *Bourbon* is called by the English *the Porquetton river*, for which cause many Frenchmen still call the surrounding country *the Porquetton district*. This river is long, broad, and stretches far onward into the interior. But, as it has many rapid currents, it is less adapted to the trade of the savages; it was for this reason that the English did not build their fort on the shore of this river.