

making the port that we were touching, so to say, a heavy snow-storm hid the land from us, and a rough Northwest wind dashed us on the shallows, where we ran aground at high tide. We spent a sad night there. About ten o'clock in the evening, the ice, swept on by the current and driven by the wind, began to beat against our vessel with violence, and with so frightful a noise that it could have been heard a league away; this uproar continued four or five hours. The ice struck the vessel with such force that it broke through the hull, and in many places made holes three or four inches in size. Monsieur d'Iberville, in order to lighten the vessel, gave orders to cast out on the shallows a dozen pieces of cannon, and several other articles, which could not be lost in the water or injured by it. Afterward he ordered these pieces of cannon to be covered with sand, fearing lest they might be swept away in the spring by the crowding of the ice.

On the 3rd, the wind having somewhat subsided, Monsieur d'Iberville resolved to order the unloading of his vessel, which was in continual danger of being destroyed. We were not able to make use of the shallop for that, because it was not possible to guide it through the ice, which was continually floating in great quantity; but we used the bark canoes which we had brought from Quebec, and which our Canadians steered through the ice with admirable skill.

I had been indisposed for some days and had even had a fever. Monsieur d'Iberville urged me to go ashore; but I could not resolve to leave the vessel which was in such danger, when I saw the whole crew in fear. I was compelled to do so, because of the sad news that we soon heard. Monsieur de