

What a journey ! To lead or rather to drag with difficulty after him an undisciplined band consisting of men driven to consternation by misfortune ; of women worn out by fatigue, and of children falling from sheer privation and hardships. What a life also ! To pass the day crouching in the bottom of a canoe, and at night having no other bed than the bare, cold and damp soil. There were no stoppages except during the time required to administer the sacraments to a dying person or to dig a grave.

After fifty days of such perilous navigation, through rapids and dangerous places, Father Ragueneau had at last the happiness of bringing his people to the promised land of Quebec on the 28th July 1650 (1).



One Militia-man of the Flying Camp Governor, M^r Dailleboust, went through the ranks ; directed the works on the fortifications ; organized a flying camp and prepared for any event. The same activity

It is impossible to describe here all his gratitude to St^e Anne who had so visibly protected him during his long and fatiguing journey, and two days before, he had celebrated her feast in Montreal, with transports of love and gratitude.

The greatest Christian charity awaited those unfortunate savages at Quebec where all vied in relieving their misfortunes. But the minds of the entire French population were already seriously preoccupied. They knew by experience that the Iroquois, whose sanguinary instincts were known, would not fail to take advantage of their victories over the Hurons and they expected to see them appear at any day. Never had the future seemed so gloomy ; extraordinary excitement reigned everywhere ; families crowded near the

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(1) Relation of 1650.