

just when Monsieur de Biancourt arrived in France, whose return was expected at Port Royal during the whole month of November of the same year, 1610. But they were very much surprised when they did not see him at Christmas; then they lost all hope, on account of the winter weather, of seeing him again before the end of the following April.

For this reason they cut down their rations; but such economy was of little avail, since Sieur de Potrincourt did not lessen [21] his liberality toward the Savages, fearing to alienate them from the christian faith. He is truly a liberal and magnanimous gentleman, refusing all recompense for the good he does them; so when they are occasionally asked why they do not give him something in return for so many favors, they are accustomed to answer, cunningly: *Endries ninan metaij Sagamo*, that is to say, "Monsieur does not care for our beaver skins." Nevertheless, they have now and then sent him some pieces of elk-meat, which have helped him to gain time [i.e., to save his own provisions]. But they, the French, had a good chance of economizing when winter came, for their mill froze up, and they had no way of making flour. Happily for them they found a store of peas and beans, which proved to be their manna and ambrosia for seven weeks.

Then April came, but not the ship; now it was just as well that the mill was frozen up, for they had nothing to put in the hopper. What were they to do? Hunger is a bad complaint. Some began to fish, others to dig. From their fishing they obtained some smelts and herrings; from their digging some very good roots, called *chiqueli*, which are very abundant in certain places.