

swer my letters; as for myself, I must leave one year between two letters, because the Hurons go down from here to Three Rivers at the same time that the ships arrive there from France. This letter will be shared by my two brothers and the Fathers of my acquaintance, all of whom I greet *ex animo*.

I left Three Rivers on the 4th of September, and reached the Huron country on the day of saint Michel, at twelve o'clock at night. The journey is one of 300 leagues by water, through many very long and dangerous rapids, some two or three leagues in length; consequently no others except savages can undertake the journey. They have bark canoes which merely skim over the water, and one man can carry one of them upon his shoulders. I fortunately embarked with a Huron captain, who showed me every courtesy along the way. Reverend Father Lallemant,<sup>6</sup> our superior, and Father Lemoyne, who departed before I did, did not fare so well. The former was almost strangled by one of the island savages (this is an Algonquin nation that is encountered upon the way), who tried several [169] times to put a bowstring around his neck,—“to avenge,” he said, “the death of one of his little children,” who had been bled by one of our men who had gone up a day or two before the Father. I encountered this same savage near the island, who, when he first saw me, said he must do the same to me, and for a long time tried to persuade our Hurons that they ought not to bring Frenchmen into their country, that it was we who made them all die; my captain pacified him as well as he could. Notwithstanding all this talk, one of his comrades came to see me morning and evening, to have me help him pray to God in his Algonquin language; I did so.