

As for Father Lemoyne, he was obliged to part from his savages, as he had no longer any provisions. Accordingly, they left him on the bank of the river with one of our men, whose hunting, which was very successful, furnished him with food for two weeks. Then he embarked in one of the canoes of our band. The master of this canoe, two days later, wished to leave him upon a rock, and I had to give him my blanket to satisfy him.

Our food on the way was only a little Indian corn, crushed between two stones and boiled in water; our lodging, *sub dio*. Nevertheless, I was always very well, thank God. Along the way we passed three wandering Algonquin tribes; [170] 1st, the petite nation; 2nd, the people of the island; 3rd, the sorcerers; for the rest, forests and bare rocks, rapids, and precipices; I am surprised that the savages dare to undertake such a journey. As for the Huron country, it is tolerably level, with many prairies, many lakes, many villages; of the two where we are, one contains 80 cabins, the other 40. In each cabin there are five fireplaces, and two families at each.⁴ Their cabins are made of large sheets of bark in the shape of an arbor, long, wide, and high in proportion; some of them are 70 feet long. Their land produces nothing but Indian corn, beans, and squashes. These are the delicacies of the country, which has nothing in common with our France, as to things to be enjoyed, except the four elements. One sees here, nevertheless, birds, fish, and forest animals, almost the same kinds as in France. The land, as they do not cultivate it, produces for only ten or twelve years at most; and when the ten years have expired, they are obliged to remove their village to another place.