

Add to the above that your way of lodging, sleeping, and eating being in every respect similar to that of the Savages, [13 i.e., 31] nature finds but few alleviations amid all these hardships. A little Indian corn boiled in water, and for the better fare of the country a little fish, rank with internal rottenness, or some powdered dried fish as the only seasoning,—this is the usual food and drink of the country; as something extra, a little bread made of their corn, baked under the cinders, without any leaven, in which they sometimes mix some beans or wild fruits; this is one of the great dainties of the country. Fresh fish and game are articles so rare that they are not worth mentioning, it being all the trouble imaginable to secure these for the sick. A mat upon the ground, or upon a piece of bark, is your bed; the fire, your candle; the holes through which the smoke passes, your windows, which are never closed; bent poles, covered with bark, your walls and your roof, through which the wind enters from all sides. In a word, all remains in keeping with the Savages, except the clothing, to which we must yet begin to reduce ourselves.

I say nothing of the severity of the seasons; of the inconveniences of the roads, which can be traveled only on foot or upon some one's back; [32] of continual dangers from the Enemies of the country, who are daily at your gates, filling all with a terror renewed every hour by some massacre, or some prisoner whom they have carried away, and by their determination to come and consume the whole country,—I say nothing, I repeat, of all this, and of an infinite number of other little misfortunes which accompany and follow all the above. As a final con-