

CHAPTER III.

[26] ON THE SOIL, TRIBES AND VEGETATION.

THE soil, it seems to me, principally in Norambegue, is as good as that of France; you know this by its black color, by the high trees, strong and straight, which it nourishes, by the plants and grasses, often as high as a man, and similar things. At St. Sauveur, in the middle of June, we planted some grain, fruit seeds, peas, beans, and all kinds of garden plants. Three months afterwards, i. e., in the middle of September, we returned to see the results of our husbandry; the wheat had not come up (it was not sown in season) the barley was tufted, but not ripe, the peas and phasels perfectly good, but still green, the beans [27] were only in blossom; all the rest had come up admirably, even the onions and scallions; the fruit seeds had shot up, some a whole foot, the lowest ones a half a foot high.

I have said before that the whole country is simply an interminable forest; for there are no open places except upon the margins of the sea, lakes, and rivers, and where meadows have been made by the overflows of the sea and rivers; there are many such places which are very beautiful, immense fields of grass and pasture, like those near Chinictou Bay, and the river of Port Royal, and others. But here we must avoid an illusion by which many have been inadvertently imposed upon. For hearing those who come from foreign countries tell about their wealth