

CHAPTER THIRD.

OF THE SOIL, FOOD, DRESS, AND CHARACTER OF THE
BARBARIANS OF NEW FRANCE.

THIS chapter would in itself require a whole book, and that will be composed, as I hope, in course of time; but,—as this writing is not so much for curiosity as for edification, and as brevity is a chief concern with me,—I will merely say that the country is very poor, but not sterile; when cultivated, it gives back with great abundance what it receives. It has many species of Trees which we do not have here; and among others, many cedars similar to those of Lebanon, many simples unknown to us, animals and birds different from ours. Among these last is one which mews like a cat and sings like a bird, which it is; and another, very dainty, which for its diminutive size is called *oiseau-mouche* [humming-bird]. There is a hare which sings, and is more palatable than ours; and a small animal which, when pursued, defends itself with a stench which is insufferable and continues very long,—the French therefore have called it “son of the Devil.” They have also flying Squirrels, but without wings; and many other animals of greater size,—such as Elks or Great Beasts, Cows, and wild Asses,—as will be seen in the history. Even the domestic dogs are different from ours. I merely note: first, that nature, that provident mother, on account of the great cold of the Winter, clothes them almost all,—includ-