

On the 27th of October, the eve of saint Simon and saint Jude, we saw an eclipse of the moon, which confirmed the observations which I made last year, that in France it is daylight a little over six hours sooner than it is here. For the Almanac had announced that the eclipse would commence at midnight in France, and we saw it about six o'clock in the evening. Therefore I concluded that the difference in the beginning of our days and our nights [20] is six hours; so that now you are in the middle of night, while I am writing this about six o'clock in the evening.

On the 28th, some French hunters, returning from the islands which are in the great St. Lawrence river, told us that game swarmed there; bustards, geese, ducks, teal, and other birds. They assured us also that there were apples in those islands, very sweet but very small; and that they had eaten plums which would not be in any way inferior to our apricots in France if the trees were cultivated. The Savages spoil everything, for, when they come to a fruit tree, they cut it down to get the fruit.

On the 31st, a Savage, surnamed Brehault on account of his loud voice, in coming back from the hunt asked us for a night's lodging and [21] consequently for his supper. We gave peas both to him and to his two children who were with him. He ate so ravenously, that to make the best of the occasion, he threw aside the pewter spoon that had been given to him, and took the great pot-ladle to eat with; and, as his dish was not big enough, he dipped into the saucepan, and even used it as a ladle, observing no other law of politeness than what his great appetite suggested to him. I let him go on for some time. After he had