

I thought that I ought to go back on that same day to visit Monsieur de Tilly, whom I had left very sick. I set out then after dinner, and arrived at the bank of the river *Bourbon*, which we found absolutely impassable. We built cabins, and spent the whole night there. The next day, the river being in no better condition, we made on the shore a dense smoke, which was the signal that had been agreed upon for giving notice to the *Poli* of the capture of the Fort. They responded by similar signals, and we returned to the Fort. Three days after,—that is, on the 18th of October,—I joined Monsieur de Caumont, brother of Monsieur de Tilly, two others of his relatives, and another Canadian, that we might attempt going together to the *Poli*. We found the river still very rough, and the next day it was no better. Nevertheless, we ventured to cross it; this was not without running great risk, but at last we arrived safely. I did not leave the invalid again until the 28th, which was the day of his death. After his funeral I intended returning to the Fort, to celebrate the feast of All Saints; but it was impossible to cross the river before All Souls' day. That evening we went astray in the woods, and, after having walked a long time, we found ourselves almost at the spot from which we had started; we spent the night there, and I reached the Fort only on the 3rd of November. Afterward, I often made these short journeys; for an epidemic and the scurvy having broken out among our crews, I was obliged to go continually from the Fort to the *Poli*, and from the *Poli* to the Fort, to attend all the patients. I myself had a few attacks of scurvy; my constant activity in going hither and thither to assist those