

them; they make a little flight and return immediately to the attack; our arms become weary sooner than they do. When we are on land from ten o'clock until two or three, for the purpose of taking our dinner, we have a whole army to fight. We then make a smudge,—that is to say, a large fire that is afterward smothered with green leaves, and we must stay in the thickest of the smoke, if we wish to avoid the persecution; I do not know which is worse, the remedy or the evil. After having dined, we might be inclined to take a little nap at the foot of a tree, but that is absolutely impossible; the time of rest is spent in fighting mosquitoes. We reëmbark with the mosquitoes; at sunset we land again; we must immediately hasten to cut canes, wood, and green leaves so as to make our *baires* and the smudge, and to prepare our meal; each one does his share of the work. Then it is not one army, but many armies, that we must fight; that is the mosquitoes' hour! we are eaten, devoured; they enter our mouths, our nostrils, our ears; our faces, hands, and bodies are covered with them; their sting penetrates the clothing, and leaves a red mark on the flesh, which swells on those persons who are not yet proof against their stings. *Chicagou*, in order to make the people of his Tribe comprehend the multitude of Frenchmen that he had seen, told them that there were as many in the great village (in Paris) as there were leaves on the trees or *mosquitoes in the woods*. After having hastily eaten our supper, we are impatient to bury ourselves under our *baires*, although we know that we shall stifle with the heat; but with whatever skill, whatever adroitness we slip under this *baire*, we always find that some mosquitoes have entered, and