

any satisfaction should, contrary to all probabilities, be delayed until the festival of that great saint. With the assistance of so powerful a protector I enjoyed perfect health to the end of my journey. There are, counting from . . .⁴⁷ hundred leagues, nearly all by water and canoe. . . . I stopped with Father Saint Pe at Missilemakina. . . . I went back fifteen leagues on the distance already covered, so as to take the route by lake superior. I coasted along the lake for the space of two . . . usually following the north, sometimes the west and south-west . . . of lake superior. I struck inland into the region which lies to the north of lake . . . and after having journeyed nearly always on foot, for the space of two or three days, I headed sometimes toward the west, sometimes toward the southwest, and sometimes even toward the south, threading my way among a profusion of lakes. Several of these lakes have a circumference of more than a hundred leagues. From the upper extremity of lake superior to fort Saint Charle, whence I have the honor of writing to you, the distance is set down at three hundred leagues. I journeyed nearly all the way through fire and a thick stifling smoke, which prevented us from even once catching a glimpse of the sun. It was the savages who in hunting had set fire to the woods, without imagining, however, that it would result in such a terrible conflagration. So long a journey through any other country would have been diversified by a number of interesting features calculated to awaken one's curiosity, but all that was to be met with in this vast region was limited to lakes, rocks, immense forests, savages, and a few wild animals,—so that, my Reverend Father, I can communicate nothing to you deserving