

From this time on, we were going to invade the Kingdom of wild beasts, I mean a country far broader in extent than all France.

[241] The Savages pass the winter in these woods, ranging here and there to get their living. In the early snows, they seek the Beaver in the small rivers, and Porcupines upon the land; when the deep snows come, they hunt the Moose and Caribou, as I have said.

We made in these vast forests, from the 12th of November of the year 1633, when we entered them, to the 22nd of April of this year 1634, when we returned to the banks of the great river saint Lawrence, twenty-three halts,—sometimes in deep valleys, then upon lofty mountains, sometimes in the low flat country; and always in the snow. These forests where I was are made up of different kinds of trees, especially of Pines, Cedars and Firs. We crossed many torrents of water, some rivers, several beautiful lakes and ponds, walking upon the ice. But let us come down to particulars, and say a few words about each station. My fear of becoming tedious will cause me to omit many things that I have considered trifling, [242] although they might throw some light upon these memoirs.

Upon our entrance into these regions, there were three cabins in our company,—nineteen persons being in ours, sixteen in the cabin of the Savage named Ekhennabamate, and ten in that of the newcomers. This does not include the Savages who were encamped a few leagues away from us. We were in all forty-five persons, who were to be kept alive on what it should please the holy Providence of the good God to send us, for our provisions were altogether getting very low.