

Now we were lodged upon a point of land exposed to all the winds. As a shelter, we placed our canoe back of us, and fearing rain or snow, my host threw a wretched skin upon some poles, and lo, our house was made. The winds were so boisterous all night that they nearly blew away our canoe. The next day the [316] storm continuing upon the water, and my people having nothing to eat, they went hunting during most wretched weather. The Renegade did not capture anything; but my host brought back a young partridge, which served as breakfast, dinner, and supper. True, I had eaten some leaves of the strawberry plant that I had found upon the ground, from which the snow had recently melted in some places. So we passed this day without resuming our journey. That night the storm, gusts of wind, and the cold, assailed us with such fury that we had to surrender to these forces, and get up half-frozen (for we had been lying upon the bare ground, not having taken the trouble to cover it with pine branches) and go into the woods to borrow from the trees their shelter against the wind and their covering against the Sky. Here we made a good fire and went to sleep upon ground still damp from snow which had probably covered it the night before. God be praised, his providence is adorable! We set this [317] day and this night down in the calendar of wretched days and nights, yet it was for us a period of good fortune. For, if these tempests and winds had not held us prisoners upon the land while they were clearing away the ice and driving it down the river, it would have been massed across the way to the Islands by which we must pass; and we would have had to die from too much drink crushing our canoe, or from too