

winds; but at evening it again grew calm, and we embarked a little after Sunset, by most beautiful Moonlight; we then proceeded on our journey during twenty-four consecutive hours, making only a short halt to say Mass and to eat dinner. The Sun was so hot, and the Water of the Bay so warm, that the Pitch of our Canoe melted in several places. To crown our misfortunes, the place where we halted for our encampment proved to be so infested with Mosquitoes and Gnats that it was impossible for us to close our eyes, although we had not slept for two days; and as the weather was fine, and the Moon gave us light, we resumed our journey as early as three o'clock in the morning.

After having voyaged five or six leagues, we found ourselves abreast of a small Island, which is not far from the West Shore of the Bay, and which concealed from us the entrance to a River on which is the Village of the *Malhomines*—whom our French have named *Folles Avoines* [wild rice men], apparently because they use that vegetable as their ordinary food. The entire Tribe is comprised of this Village, which is not very populous. That is a pity, for they are fine-looking Men, and among the most shapely in Canada. They are even taller than the Pouteouatamis. I have been assured that they have the same origin, and almost the same language, as the Noquets and the Saulteurs; but it is also added that they have, besides, a private Language, which they communicate to no one. Certain tales have also been related to me about them—for instance, of a Serpent that every year goes into their Village, and is there received with impressive Ceremonies; this leads me to believe that they meddle somewhat with sorceries.

At a little distance beyond the Island which I have just mentioned, the aspect of the country is all at once changed; and from being almost a wilderness, as it is up to that point, it becomes the most charming region in the World. It is even more agreeable to the sight than is the Detroit Country; but although it is everywhere covered with the finest trees, it is much more sandy and less fertile. The *Otchagras*, who are commonly called *Puans*, formerly lived on the Shores of the Bay, in a most delightful location; but they were there attacked