

that they have defeated, if you like, this custom, kind of combat, in which which gave name to the night.

five leagues long; it is lands, and its water, which in fish. The fort which the name of St. Frederic; or it is built on an elevated point, northerly from the key of the colony on the side of the English, who goes off.

7th of November, 1735. The severe, multiplied the one of the most painful I lost my shipwreck, as you

from Chambly, a post near Frederic, we were obliged to dig about a foot of snow as it set in, and, although we suffer less than if we were in the open field where they put us, we are only partially sheltered by the trees, which were twelve feet high, and only a few days, added still to the snow and rain gave us. We were seized with scurvy, and at that time we were afraid of losing our lives. We were not better fed

than lodged. Scarcely can you find a few partridges near the fort, and, to eat venison, you must go to Lake George to find it, and that is seven or eight leagues off.

We finished our buildings as soon as the season would permit, but we preferred to camp out in summer, rather than remain any longer.

Yet we were not more at ease, for the fever surprised us all, and not one of us could enjoy the pleasures of the country.

This state, I say, began to be tedious, when, towards the month of August, I received from my provincial, an order to return to France. The religious whom our Commissary sent to relieve me, was of our province, and Peter Verquillé by name; he arrived on the 21st of September, 1736, at St. Frederic, and I set out the same day at four or five o'clock in the afternoon.

The next day, we had a favorable wind, which drove us on to La Pointe, about eight leagues from Chambly.

On the 23d, we were well-nigh lost in shooting the St. Teresa rapids; this was the last danger I ran before reaching Quebec, where I expected to embark at once for France.

Such, my dear brother, is a brief account of my travels in a part of New France. Those who have travelled in that country can see that I know the ground, and, in this, I have endeavored to be accurate. The relations of many travellers tell us a thousand things which I could only repeat after them; in writing my travels, my design was only to detail the shipwreck I suffered on my way back to France. The circumstances attending it are most interesting; prepare your heart for emotion and sadness; what remains for me to write