

very bad Druggets, of the Wool of their old Cloaths, mix'd with Linen Thread: But the long Habit they had contracted of doing nothing, did not suffer them altogether to emerge from their Misery. They have, indeed, Bread and Cattle sufficient to live on; but many have nothing to cover themselves with, and are obliged to pass the Winter, which is very long, and very severe, with only some wild Goat-skins upon their Backs.

And yet the King expends every Year an hundred thousand Crowns in this Colony: The Furs are worth about two hundred and eighty thousand Livres; the Oil, and other Provisions bring in about twenty thousand Livres; the Pensions upon the Royal Treasury, which the King gives to private Persons, and the Revenues that the Bishops and Seminaries receive in *France*, amount to 50 thousand Franks. Here we see the whole Produce of *New France* is confined to six hundred and fifty thousand Livres: This is the Sum total it has for the Basis of its Commerce; and it is evident, that this can never be sufficient to support a Colony of twenty, or twenty-five thousand Sou's, and to supply what she is now obliged to draw from *France*.

The Affairs of the Colony were formerly upon a better Footing, and the King expended more in them. She sent into *France* to the Value of a Million of Livres in Beaver, yet was not then so well peopled: But she has always drawn off more than she was in a Condition to pay, which caused her to lose her Credit with the Merchants in *France*, who are no longer in a Humour to send Effects to the Merchants of *Ca-*