

of our fingers did not permit us to clear our persons. Besides this, we suffered from hunger; more truly here than elsewhere is the saying,

"Cibus non utilis egro."

"Food is hurtful to the sick."

So that, with nothing to add to their American corn, (which in Europe we call Turkish,) carelessly bruised between two stones, but unripe squashes, we were brought to the brink of the grave; and René, especially, whose stomach refused this food, and who, from his many wounds, had almost lost his sight.

The Indians then, seeing us fail day by day, hunted up in the village some small fishes and some bits of meat dried by the fire and sun, and, pounding these, mixed them with our sagamity.

After three weeks, we were just recovering from our illness when they sought to put us to death.

The two hundred Indians who had maltreated us so on the way, advanced into New France, to the point where the River Iroquois, so called from them, empties into the great river St. Lawrence; here, seeing a party of the French engaged in laying the foundations of Fort Richelieu,* they thought they could easily kill some and carry off the rest as prisoners. Accordingly, to the number of two hundred, in a single column and almost all armed with muskets, they rushed almost unexpected upon the whites engaged in the various

* This fort was begun on the 13th of August, 1642, at the place now called Sorel, and must not be confounded with the one built by Champlain under that name in 1634, on the Isle of St. Croix, 15 leagues above Quebec, and which soon disappeared.