

correct and certain. We marched three days continuously in the midst of this desert with incredible trouble, to the extent that we were obliged to stop there to rest from so much, so long, and so painful fatigue.

The next day we continued our route with new difficulties, caused by a great abundance of snow which had fallen the preceding night and which well nigh made us despair entirely; we were obliged to march from morning to evening in these snows, which made us sink even to the knee at every step. This march, extraordinarily painful and fatiguing, added to the dearth of provisions, there being but a small morsel to eat each day, reduced us to extreme misery; our Indian became tired out; his wife with her little child aroused my compassion; and I tell you frankly, for my part, that I could do no more.

The necessity in which we were in every respect, however, obliged us to continue our route, and it became necessarily march or die. Monsieur Henaut, Sieur de Barbaucannes, was the only one who had much courage; he led the way; our Indian followed him, his wife came next, and I remained the last of the company, as being the most affected by the road, which, however, I found easier and less fatiguing than the others because it was beaten and marked out by those who preceded me; a fact which was without doubt of great aid to me, and gave me much comfort. Nevertheless, however hard this march was, I declare to you that it lost in my opinion a part of its rough and vexatious power through the hope and thought I had that we were approaching the river Sainte Croix; but indeed it seemed to me frightful beyond what one can imagine, when the Sieur Henaut and the Indian told me that for three days we had been lost; that they no longer knew the route nor the way; and that it was necessary to abandon ourselves entirely to Providence and to go where it pleased God to conduct us.

That news was the more dreadful to me since there was no chance of returning to Nepisiguit, because the snow which had fallen in great quantity since our departure had filled and covered all our tracks. In fact it was still snowing, and we had to make a virtue of necessity and to march until evening to find a place fit to camp.

I do not know how to express to you here, what our anxieties were at finding ourselves in the midst of these frightful deserts, lacking everything necessary to life, overwhelmed with weakness and fatigue, in the most difficult and rigorous part of winter, without provisions; and what is worse, without guide and without a road. To complete our misery, for three days we had eaten only a little piece of bread at evening, which then failed us entirely; so that having been obliged to resort to the flour which our Indian had in his pack, we were reduced to throw two to three handfuls morning and evening into a pot of snow water, which we boiled; which served rather to whiten than to nourish us. For consolation, the Sieur Henaut told me that he had two pairs