

December,
1678.



we debarked in a canoe opposite the river of the Sonnontouans, in order to get some Indian corn at the village of the same name; then continuing our journey toward the Niagara River. At a distance of nine leagues from the river, the wind failing us, we pushed forward by land, M. de La Salle leaving orders with his pilot to make the Niagara River in case he got a northwest wind, while in the event of a southwest wind he was to put in at the river of the Sonnontouans on account of the season.

Towards evening we arrived at the mouth of the Niagara River, and, having called the Savages who were on the farther side, they crossed over to us in their wooden canoes, received us hospitably into their lodges, and gave us some fish to eat with Indian meal porridge. These dishes seemed to me insipid and even strange. Nevertheless there was nothing to do but to give up bread, wine, salt, and pepper, and to subsist upon venison, fish, and Indian corn; and such our food often is to this day. For shelter from the inclemency of the weather, lodges are made of bark stripped from the trees. About midnight we set off by the light of the moon to join M. de La Motte, who had had a house built at a distance of two leagues from that place. We did not find him. He had gone into hiding

*Strange
food and
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