

because the information is of vast importance to such as go to settle in those new countries, as we Frenchmen go, headlong, blindly and trustingly, thinking that once in Canada, and getting hungry, we have nothing to do but betake ourselves to an island, and, striking right and left with a great club, knock down at every blow a bird as good as a duck. This has been told, and truly, for so have our people done more than once, and in more than one place; and it would be all very well, if you were never to be hungry but at the time of the year when those birds resort to those islands, and if, even then, you chanced to be near them; for if you were fifty or sixty leagues off, what would you do?

To return to our subject, it is not hard to find a place which has some one thing to recommend it—as a good harbour, fine meadows, a fruitful soil, a fair hill commanding a view, a pleasant river, a rivulet, &c.; but to build one's dwelling where all desirable qualities are combined, is not the good luck of any ordinary living man, as Aristotle hath it, nor doth it enter into the speculation of a wise one: for, after all, in reality, the best condition and perfect nature of a place, as of man himself, is, not that nothing should be wanting, but that nothing essential and of primary importance should be wanting. This is why I say that, all things considered, taking it for all in all, I think that the lands there are as good as ours, if they were duly brought under tillage. But we expect to find all things there in a narrow compass, which we cannot get even here, in this wide realm, after ages of culture.

In many places we found vines and wild grapes, ripe in their season, but not in the best soil, it being a kind of sand or gravel, like that of Bordeaux. They abound at the river St. Jean, in 46 degrees latitude, where we saw, also, many nut and filbert trees; neither there is the soil very good. No other kind of fruit tree is found in all the country; but all species of wild forest trees, as the oak, the beech, the hornbeam, the poplar, &c., besides the cedar—so at least the French call it.

If the country were inhabited, the mines might be made profitable; one there is of silver in St. Mary's Bay, so reported by the *Sieur Champlain*, and two of rich and pure copper ore—one at the entrance of Port-Royal, the other at the Bay of Mines; also an iron mine at the river St. Jean, and others elsewhere. Sandstone and freestone, slate, and all other kinds of stone, besides coal, are not wanting.

The whole of New France is divided among various nations, each having its own language and its own separate country. They assemble in the summer season to traffic with us, mostly on the Great River. Thither also come many other tribes from distant parts. They barter their skins of the beaver, the otter, the elk, the marten, the seal, &c., for bread, peas, beans, dried plums, tobacco, &c., kettles, hatchets, iron points for arrows,