

Here are two of the most stupid ones, which I get from persons of intelligence and judgment among them.

A Savage having lost one of his sisters, whom he loved above all the rest, and having wept for some time after her death, resolved to seek her, in whatever part of the world she might be; and he traveled twelve days toward the setting Sun, where he had learned the Village of souls was, without eating or drinking. At the end of this time, his sister appeared to him in the night, with a dish of meal cooked in water, after the fashion of the country, which she gave to him, and disappeared at the moment he wished to put his hand on her and stop her. He went on, and journeyed three whole months, hoping always to succeed [103] in claiming her. During all this time she never failed to show herself every day, and to render him the same service that she had at first,—increasing in this way his desire, without giving it any other consolation than the little nourishment which she brought him. The three months expired; he came to a river, which presented great difficulty to him at first, for it was very rapid and did not appear fordable. There were, indeed, some fallen trees thrown across it; but this bridge was so shaky that he did not dare to trust himself to it. What should he do? There was on the other side a piece of cleared land, which made him think there must be some inhabitants near. In fact, after looking in all directions he perceived, on the outskirts of the wood, a little Cabin. He calls several times. A man appears and shuts himself up immediately in his Cabin; this gives him great joy, and he resolves to cross. Having successfully accomplished this, he