

impossible to remedy, was the continual noise, both within and without the cabin. For you could not have prevented the visits and the importunities of the Savages, who do not know what it is to speak low, and therefore often thought it strange that we gave them a little word of caution on this point. As I said one day to a Savage, "My [68] friend, I pray thee, speak a little lower." "Thou hast no sense," he said to me; "there is a bird," speaking of our cock, "that talks louder than I do, and thou sayest nothing to him."

On the 1st day of October, I felt some touches of illness; the fever seized me towards evening, and I had to give up, as well as the others. But I became free from it too cheaply; I had only three attacks, but the second one was so violent that I condemned myself to be bled; my blood was obstinate, however. God reserved for me a more natural remedy, which appeared at the end of the third attack, and rendered me able to say the holy Mass from the next day on. However, I was almost unable for six or seven days to render any service to our Fathers. The Savages wondered at the order we observed in caring for our sick, and the diet that we made them observe. It was a curious thing to them, for they had never yet seen French people ill. I have not told your Reverence that Tonneraouanont, one of the famous Sorcerers of the country, having heard that we were sick, came to see us. To hear him talk, he was a personage of merit and influence, although in appearance he was a very insignificant [69] object. He was a little hunchback, extremely misshapen, a piece of a robe over his shoulders,—that is, some old beaver skins, greasy and patched. This is one of the Oracles of the whole