

that time, very injurious rumors about us had been scattered through the country; this little Sorcerer had already boasted loudly that he had seen the malady come from the direction of the great Lake. They talked of nothing but an imaginary cloak, poisoned, it was said, by the French; and Captain *Aënons* had already brought a report from an Island Savage, that the late Monsieur de *Champlain* [99] had died with the determination to ruin the whole country. Besides, after having so diligently aided the sick of our Village for the space of a month, and having taken the morsels from our own mouths to give to them, there yet were found some who said that what we carried to them made them die; and others, who saw us daily skimming the grease from the soup that we were preparing for them,—which they themselves consider very injurious to the sick,—added that there was no cause for them to be under great obligations to us; that if we did give something to the sick, it was only what we would have thrown away, that we always reserved the best of it for ourselves, and that this pot, which was at our fire night and day, was only to accumulate a great deal of grease. Thus they talked. And about this time, having gone to instruct the little children as usual, a Savage gave me a piece of fish, with this compliment, “Look now, how people ought to do when they concern themselves to give; you people, you are misers,—when you give meat, it is so little that there is hardly enough of it to taste.” And yet his cabin was one of those which had the most reason to be satisfied with our liberality. [100] All these exhibitions of ingratitude are like so many favors from heaven,