

instead; one was given to him, and he declared that he was perfectly satisfied; then, causing a bark dish full of water to be brought to him, he washed his face and eyes, and, swallowing the rest, 'This,' said he, 'is to wash away my tears and to change my countenance; this is to swallow all the bitterness and gall of my anger; I am no longer angry.' Thereupon he went away, taking with him his presents. Having returned to his cabin, he sent the flesh of a Beaver to our people as an evidence of reconciliation. Our Hurons urged me strongly to relate this story to Monsieur the Governor. The anger they felt at what had taken place so irritated one of them that he almost killed this barbarian, the next morning, with a blow of his hatchet. It is impossible to write any more, as the Mosquitoes or gnats are attacking me by the thousands, not allowing me to write a single syllable without pain. So for this time you must pardon me [75] if I write badly, and excuse me to Monsieur our Governor, whose charity, while I have had the honor of being with him, I cannot describe to you. He is invariable,—always himself, and always incomparable. May God bless him forever." All this is taken from the Father's letters. I promise myself that Monsieur the Chevalier de Montmagny will not fail to curb the pride of this Islander.

Father Le Moine,¹⁶ whom we are also sending to the Hurons, met with another adventure, not less dangerous. His people having wasted the food that had been given them, and having even sold some of it to the Algonquins, put on shore the Father, and two Frenchmen who were with him. Other Frenchmen, who were going down from the Hurons, hap-