

give it up, "Alas!" said he, "what is that thou art saying to me? When I go to trade, I have only to open the pouch where he is; I request him to procure for me a porcelain collar of so many beads, or a robe or mantle of so many beaver skins; I throw him, in homage and gratitude, [170] some porcelain beads, and a piece or morsel of beaver; finally, I make the feast; then I go away, and what I have aimed at never fails me. My wife," said he, "trembles when I draw him out to speak to him; but she is a woman." The Father begged that he would let him see it. "Oh, my nephew, what a great favor thou askest!" said he; "but what wilt thou give?" This man passes for one of the wisest and most discreet men of the village; and, in fact, he is! Judge of the rest. This poor wretch has gone to war, with inexpressible regrets on our part, and fears of misfortune that may happen to him, and consequently to his family, which is a large and prominent one.

Another, complaining that his charm had no more power,—either in fishing, or hunting, or trading, but above all, in gambling,—the Father asked him what would be necessary to restore to it its virtue. "A feast," replied the barbarian, "but how? I have neither meat nor fish!"

I do not know how to characterize feasts, as regards our Savages. They are the oil of their ointments, the honey of their medicines, the preparations for their hardships, a star [171] for their guidance, the Alcyon of their repose, the spring of their activities and of their Ascwandics,—in short, the general instrument or condition without which nothing is done. It is to this and for this that the best pieces are reserved, of which the whole family will deprive