

were there in the very middle of it, shut up as in an oven, where they had placed themselves to have a sweat. They make a little low tent of bark, and cover it with their fur robes; then they heat five or six stones and put them into this oven, which they enter entirely naked. [26] They sing all the time while in there, gently striking the sides of these stoves. I saw them come out all wet with perspiration; this is the best of their medicines.³¹

On the 12th of November, winter made its first appearance, beginning to besiege us with its ice. Having spent a long time on that day in one of the large cabins of the Savages, where there were a number of men, women, and children of all kinds, I noticed their wonderful patience. If so many families were together in our France, there would be nothing but disputes, quarrels, and revilings. The mothers do not get impatient with their children, they do not know what it is to swear, their only oath consisting of this one word *taponé*, "in truth;"³² there is no jealousy among them; they aid and relieve each other very generously, because they expect a return of the favor. [27] If this expectation fail, they respect the person no longer, whoever he may be.

Just as a man in Europe arranges his toilet with care when he is going to pay a visit to some respectable family, so these Savages have their faces painted when they make visits. The son of Manitougache wishing to go to our settlement, I saw his mother grease him and paint him red; she did the same to her husband. They find this so agreeable that the little children do not think they are beautiful unless their faces are smeared over with something. I saw