

how grateful I am to those who sent me some Tobacco last year. The Savages love it to madness. Whenever we came to a difficulty, I gave my master a piece of tobacco, to make him more attentive. I [34] never can thank our Lord enough for this fortunate circumstance. In all the years that we have been in this country no one has ever been able to learn anything from the interpreter named Marsolet,³⁵ who, for excuse, said he had sworn that he would never teach the Savage tongue to any one whomsoever. Father Charles Lallemant won him, and I think I have acquired what he learned from him, but I could not make use of it at all; the construction of the language, entirely different from that of the European languages, is not declared therein. May God be praised forever; his providence is adorable, and his goodness unbounded.

Before knowing a language, it was necessary for me to make the books from which to learn it; and, although I do not hold them to be so correct, yet now, at the time when I am writing, when I compose anything I make myself understood very well by the Savages. It all [35] lies in composing often, in learning a great many words, in acquiring their accent; and my occupations do not permit it. I was thinking of going with them next winter into the woods, but I foresee that it will be impossible, tied as I am. If my teacher had not left me, I should have made considerable progress in a few months.

I have noticed in the study of their language that there is a certain jargon between the French and the Savages, which is neither French nor Savage; and yet when the French use it, they think they are speaking the Savage Tongue, and the Savages, in using it,