

to God, meaning us. This dream passed away in smoke.

When I asked Pierre Pastedechouan how to say in his language: "Where are thy brothers?" as a woman Savage was passing by, he was loath to answer; giving me as a reason that it would make her sad, and make her cry because her brothers were dead. "We do not speak any more of the dead among us," said he, "indeed, the relatives of the dead never use anything that was used by the dead man during his lifetime."

On the 15th of the same month of December, a large number of Alguonquains having come to see us, one of them seeing [57] me writing, took a pen and wanted to do the same; but seeing that he did not accomplish much, and that I was smiling, he began to blow upon what he had written, thinking that he could blow it away like powder. I had them all told that we came to teach them. They answered that I was doing well to learn their language; and that, when I should know it, everything would be easy on both sides.

On the 19th, the snow being already very deep, the Savages captured eight elks or moose. About that time one of them, named Nassitamirineou, and surnamed by the French Brehault, told them that he had dreamed that they must eat all of those Moose; and that he knew very well how to pray to God, who had told him that it was his will that they should eat all, and that they should give none of them away, if they wanted to capture others. The Savages believed him, and did not give a [58] piece to the Frenchmen. This was related to me in the presence of the dreamer. He did not admit all, yet it seemed