

One of his relatives, hearing that he had been given to us, objected, saying that their Captain had forbidden them to give any of their children to the French. Thereupon the mother of the child interposed, declaring that the Captain had not taken care of her child; and that, consequently, it did not belong to him to dispose of it, but to her who was the mother, and who had reared him since his infancy. The father of the child, having learned that his former wife, who had left him, had given the child to us, was greatly pleased, saying that it would fare [61] very well with us. The one who was promised to us last year would like very much now to be with these two others. But we cannot charge ourselves with him now, we must not undertake more than we can perform. It is a pleasure to see these two children; they are my little pupils. They are beginning to read, and know how to pray to God, in Latin and in their own language. Sometimes they make us laugh by their childish prattle. Before eating we make them say the *Benedicite*. Hence, when they want to eat, they come to us and say, "My Father, *Benedicite*;" that is to say, "Give me something to eat." When they saw a little dog given something to eat, they told us that it had not said its *Benedicite*. "I am going," said one of them, "to say it for him." As we laughed at this, his companion said to him: *nama irinisionakhi attimoukhi*; that is, "The dogs have no [62] mind, they do not say their *Benedicite*, it is only for men to say that." You can hear them, going and coming, humming the *Pater noster*, pronouncing first one part and then another, in the course of which there happened the other day a very amusing incident. Sieur Emery de Caën was dining at our house.