

is made in the very middle of it, and all the guests seat themselves around it, having a wall of snow behind them, and the Sky for a roof. The wine of this inn is snow, melted in a little kettle which they carry with them, provided they do not wish to eat snow in lieu of drink. Their best dish is smoked eel. As they must carry their blankets with them for cover at night, they load themselves with as few other things as possible.

When the Father reached the cabin, they did not know what welcome to give him. There are no greetings here; they say neither "good day" nor [88] "good evening." Their manifestations of rejoicing, or expressions of thanks, consist of this aspiration; "Ho! ho! ho! ho!" etc. They greet people here by actions. Immediately each begins his work; one puts water, or rather snow, in a kettle; another places it on the fire; another throws in large pieces of Venison, not washing them for fear of losing the grease. This being half cooked, it is withdrawn in order to put in some more. While so engaged, one of the sons-in-law of la Nasse returns from the hunt, bringing two Beavers; he tears them to pieces at once, and throws them into the kettle, in proof of his joy at seeing the Father. Another gives him a young and very tender Beaver, with the request that he should be most careful not to give the bones to the dogs, otherwise they believe [89] they will take no more Beavers. They burn these bones very carefully. If a dog should eat them, there would be no more good hunting. The Father told me that he was astonished at their waste of meat. This is a great misfortune for these miserable people, for they have nothing but feasts when they have plenty, and