

your head; to drag your baggage over the mountains, to let yourself roll down into frightful valleys; to eat only once in two or three days, when there is no hunting,—that is the life you must lead in following the Savages. It is true that, if the hunting is good, there is no lack of meat; if not, one must be in danger of dying from starvation, or of enduring great suffering. One of our Frenchmen, who lived with them last winter, told us that during two days he ate nothing but a small piece of [94] candle, that he had accidentally carried in his pocket. This is the treatment that I shall perhaps have next winter; because, if I wish to learn the language, I must necessarily follow the Savages. I fear, however, that our growing family may keep me here this year; but sooner or later I must go. I would like to be there already, I am so sick at heart to see these poor straying souls, without any help because of our inability to understand them. We can die but once; the soonest is not always the worst. Let us change the subject; I must speak here of the charge which the Savages make against the French. It is that they love what is theirs; when you refuse anything to a Savage, he immediately says *Khisakhitan*, "Thou lovest that," *sakhita, sakhita*, "Love it, love it;" as if they would say that we are attached to what we love, and that we [95] prefer it to their friendship.

Our Savage would like to live with us as a brother; in a word, he would like to have us divide with him all that we have. "I will give thee," said he, "of all that I possess, and thou shalt give me of all that belongs to thee." In this way, we should eat in a month all the provisions for a year, for they never stop eating as long as they have anything. Hav-