

had not escaped the blow, it would have crushed and thrown me into the river.

When I reached the cabins of the Savages, I saw their place for drying eels. This work is done entirely by the women, who empty the fish, and wash them very carefully, opening them, not up the belly but up the back; then they hang them in the smoke, first having suspended them upon poles outside their huts to drain. They gash them in a number of places, in order that the smoke may dry them more easily. The quantity of eels which they catch in the season is incredible. I saw nothing else inside and [10] outside of their cabins. They and the French eat them continually during this season, and keep a large quantity of them for the time when meat is not eaten; I mean the French, for the Savages usually have no other meat than this until the snow is deep enough for Moose hunting. As I went about from hut to hut, a little boy about twelve years old came straight up to me. A few days before, meeting him somewhere, I had given him a caress, as he seemed to me quite bright and modest. Having recognized me he said: *Ania achtam achtam*; "My brother, come, come." He conducted me to the hut of his parents, where I found an old woman who was his grandmother; he said two or three words to her which I did not understand, and this good old woman presented me with four smoked eels. I dared not refuse them [11] for fear of making her angry. I sat down upon the ground near her grandson, and took out a piece of bread that I had brought with me for my dinner; I gave some to the little boy, to his grandmother, and to his mother, who came in. They roasted an eel for me upon a little wooden spit, which they thrust into