

young men could come to dance, and that I would look at them with pleasure. All the people of the Village, except the women, came the next day at dawn; we had nothing but dances, songs, and harangues until noon. Their dances, as you may well imagine, are somewhat odd; but the precision with which they mark the time is as surprising as the contortions and efforts that they make. I saw well that I must not send them away without giving them a *great kettle* [*i.e.*, feast]: I borrowed from a Frenchman a kettle similar to those which are in the kitchen of the Invalides, and I gave them corn without stint. Everything went on without confusion; two of their number performed the office of cooks, dividing the portions with most exact impartiality, and distributing them in like manner; there was heard only the usual exclamation, *ho*, which each one pronounced when his portion was given him. I never saw a meal eaten with worse manners or with better appetite. They went away well satisfied; but, before going, one of the Chiefs spoke to me again about accepting their calumet. I put them off as I had done before; in fact, to accept their calumet involves considerable expense. In the beginning, when it was necessary to conciliate them, the Directors of Monsieur *Laws's* grant, and the Commandants, who accepted their calumet, made them great presents; and these Savages thought that I was going to revive the old custom. But, even could I do so, I would certainly avoid it, because there would be danger of their hearing me speak of Religion only from interested motives; and because elsewhere we have learned by experience that the more we give the Savages, the less cause