

have we to be satisfied with them, as gratitude is a virtue of which they have not the slightest idea.

Hitherto I have had no leisure to devote myself to their language; however, as they make me frequent visits, I ask them: *Talon jajai?* "What do you call that?" I already know enough of their language to make myself understood in the commonest things; there are no Frenchmen here who are thoroughly familiar with it, as they have learned, and that very superficially, what is necessary that they should know for trade. I understand it now as well as they; but I foresee that it will be very difficult for me to learn as much as will be necessary in order to speak to these Savages concerning Religion. I have reason to think that they fully believe that I know their language perfectly. A Frenchman was speaking of me to one of them, who said: "I know that he *has a great mind, that he knows everything.*" You see that they pay me infinitely more honor than I deserve. Another Savage made me a long harangue; I understood only these words: *indatai*, "my father," *uyginguai*, "my son." I answered him at random, when I saw that he was questioning me: *ai*, "yes," *igalon*, "that is good." Then he passed his hand over my face and shoulders, and afterward did the same to himself. After all these *agios* he went away with a contented air. Another came, some days after, for the same ceremony; as soon as I perceived him I called a Frenchman to me, and begged him to explain what was said to me without appearing to serve me as interpreter, for I wished to know if I had been mistaken in answering the first. This man asked me if I were inclined to adopt him as my son; if so, when he returned from the hunt