

he would cast, *without design*, his game at my feet and I should not say to him as other Frenchmen did: *For what dost thou hunger?* (this means, "What dost thou wish me to give for that?") but I should make him sit down, and should give him food as to my own son; and when he returned a second time to see me, I should say: "Sit down, my son; look, here are vermilion and powder." You see the spirit of the Savages; they wish to appear generous in giving *without design*, and they nevertheless wish to lose nothing. I responded to his words: *Igaton thé*, "That is very good; I approve it, and consent to it,"—after which he passed his hand over me, as the other had done. Here is another anecdote, which shows how generous they are. Day before yesterday I received a visit from a Chief, and I offered him a pipe; to fail in this would be to fail in politeness. A moment after, he went for a *mataché* buckskin—which he had left in the entry of the house in which I live—and put it upon my shoulders; this is their way when they make presents of that sort. I begged a Frenchman to ask him, without appearing to do it for me, what he wished that I should give him: *I have given without design*, he answered, *am I trading with my father?* ("Trading" here means "paying.") Nevertheless, a few moments afterward he said to the same Frenchman that his wife had no salt, and his son no powder; his aim was that this Frenchman should repeat it to me. A Savage gives nothing for nothing, and we must observe the same rule toward them; otherwise we should be exposed to their contempt. A *mataché* skin is a skin painted by the Savages in different colors, and on which they represent calumets, birds,