

cattle, which are much relished by people who have only *gru* for food.

Here I am at the end of my long and tiresome narrative; I have written only for you and for a friend as indulgent as you,—that is, Father Bernard, to whom I beg you to forward this letter; he is at Dijon. I shall try further to gratify your interest in the Savages of these quarters, when I shall better know their customs. You have not the same excuse that I have; you are in the great theater which changes its scenes every day, and furnishes material for the longest and most interesting letters. I wrote to you from New Orleans; did you receive my letter?

I beg you to give my respects to the Reverend Father de Fontenai, and commend me to his holy Sacrifices; I commend myself also to yours; you are both in all my *memento*. Present my respects also to the Reverend Father Davaugour and to dear brother Talard; I beg this dear brother to forward me, in the first package that he shall send to the Reverend Father de Beaubois, as many engravings as he can—and especially those which represent the different mysteries of the life of Our Lord. Monsieur Cars will give them to him if the brother will present to him my compliments, for he promised me to do so. This is one of the best means that we can employ to give some idea of the mysteries of our religion to the Savages; they are in ecstasies when they see the picture of saint Régis that I have in my room, which was engraved by Monsieur Cars; they put the hand over the mouth, which is a sign of admiration among them. *Ouakantaqué*, they exclaim, *it is the Great Spirit!* I tell them that they are wrong; that he was a chief with a black robe like me; that while he