

its mouth. If you lay it down at its length, it seems to me like a bird carrying something in its beak; on one side of the head is an oblong stain which looks a good deal like an eye. This figure is only an inch wide by one and a half in length. Moreover, this industrious river pays no tribute of its treasures to Lake St. John, into which it falls,—as do many others that flow from the watershed and are fed by Lake Kawitchiwit. This, from lake to lake, reaches as far as father Albanel's lake,—so called because it was first discovered by that missionary,—about 80 leagues East-northeast from Hudson's Bay, and quite near the great Lake of the Mistassins; the latter, on receiving the waters of Lake Albanel, discharges into the Northern sea.⁴

In that quarter dwell the Michtassini—or, in French, Mistassins. They derive this name—which comes from *michta*, “great,” and *assini*, “stone”—from a great rock in their river. It is the same as that which yields the curiosities I have just mentioned. They have a veneration for that rock; it would be a sin for them to pass near it without leaving some token of their superstitious reverence for Tchigigoutchéou, the god of fine and of bad weather,—who, according to their myths, has by preference chosen his residence there. As a rule, their incense consists of a little black tobacco, a piece of sea-biscuit, or some beaver or fish bones, which they place upon the rock. But other savages, less devout, and hungry for smoking, often while passing take the tobacco from the good or evil Spirit, who has not taken care to benefit by the devotion of his worshipers.

They also claim that near this spot, after the deluge (for, according to their account, they have