

about the same idea of it as we have), the great Canoe grounded on a high mountain which they point out. Some even assert, as an article of their faith, that they have often seen there an old man of enormous height, armed with bow and arrows, who stalks about in the neighborhood and seems to guard the venerable relics of that canoe,—some timbers of which, they claim, still remain undecayed. These idle fancies, among a thousand others which are unworthy of your attention, My Reverend Father, and upon which the profound erudition of Father Lafiteau—whose departure we would regret still more here, had not his too well-known merits caused him to be recalled to France—would cast a marvelous light, are so common among these peoples that there is not a child who does not know the story of the great Canoe and of the tall savage, the venerable ancestor Mechou. Moreover this tribe, reduced to a small number of people,—a portion of whom come here in the spring, while the others go to the English for what they require,—are of a gentleness and simplicity beyond any idea of goodness that can be conceived. It would not be difficult to make good christians of them, if they could only see living in closer and longer intimacy with them a missionary who was less hampered,—in a word, one who would be given greater facility and freedom to teach them and their countrymen. Very different from the others, these savages do not, as a rule, like brandy; and if the frenchman,—more eager for their goods than for their salvation,—in spite of the repeated prohibitions of our kings, overcomes their natural repugnance for that intoxicating liquor, they drink it only with ridiculous grimaces, and never return