

otherwise it exudes, evaporates, leaks, and forces its way out, more than any other liquid.

What figure of speech shall I make use of, My Reverend Father, to prove that this oil is excellent for frying? I know not. One would have to become a poet to make it believed. What I do know is that I have seen frenchmen who were rather squeamish,—to say nothing of the Savages, who always have a good appetite,—fry their fish in pure seal oil. They take the precaution, however, first to boil the oil in the frying-pan and to throw into it, from time to time,—from afar, and outside of the house, for fear of fire,—about a pint of cold water. This certainly purifies the oil, and so completely removes its natural odor that the fried fish no more smells of it than if cooked in ordinary oil.

Pardon my making this unctuous remark,—which, in any case, can only facilitate the sale of the oils of the Domain; and, since we are indebted to all, enrich some poor traders.

To season their sagamité (a word, by the way, which is not understood, and never had the signification given to it through a misconception of its sense; for it means nothing but “the water”—or “the broth—is hot,” *tchi sagamiteou*), the savages carefully keep this oil, when it has settled, in *wikwés*—this is the name of the Seal's bladder. These bladders are rather pleasing in shape. When blown out they have a very long neck, the middle of which is considerably enlarged, oval, and terminating in a curved end, bent back somewhat like a thermometer or an alembic. Some hold from 5 to 6 pots, others from 10 to 12, without exaggeration; for I have never seen those monstrous seals that never leave the gulf of