

*chionetz*; it flows into the great river saint Lawrence, almost opposite Tadoussac. Our Savages, having no food for a feast here, made a banquet of smoke; each inviting the others to his cabin, they passed around a little earthen plate containing Tobacco, and every one took a pipeful, which he reduced to smoke, returning his hand to the dish if he wanted to smoke any more. The fondness they have for this herb is beyond all belief. They go to sleep with their reed pipes in their mouths, they sometimes get up in the night to smoke; they often stop in their journeys for the same purpose, and it is the first thing they do when they reënter their cabins. I have lighted tinder, so as to allow them to smoke while paddling a canoe; I have often seen them gnaw the stems of their pipes when they had no more tobacco, I have seen them scrape and pulverize a wooden pipe to smoke it. Let us say with compassion that they pass their lives in smoke, and at death fall into the fire.

[265] I brought some tobacco with me, but not for myself, as I do not use it. I have given liberally, according to my store, to several Savages, saving some to draw from the Apostate a few words of his language, for he would not say a word if I did not pay him with this money. When our people had consumed what I had given them, and what they had of their own, I had no more peace. The Sorcerer was so annoying in his demands for it, that I could not endure him; and all the others acted as if they wanted to eat me, when I refused them. In vain I told them that they had no consideration, that I had given them more than three times as much as I had