

This wicked blasphemer, to arouse the others against me, said that God was angry because they had something to eat. "I did not say that," I replied to him in Savage, "but that he prohibits eating to excess." The Sorcerer answered me, "I am never so well off as when I am full." Now as I could not come to the [284] end of my portion, I invited one of my neighboring Savages to take a part of it, giving him some tobacco as a reward for what he would eat for me. I threw another piece of it, secretly, to the dogs. The Savages began to suspect something, from the fight that afterwards took place among these animals; and commenced to cry out against me, saying that I was contaminating their feast, that they would capture nothing more, and that we would die of hunger. When the women and children heard of this afterward, they looked upon me as a very bad man, reproaching me disdainfully, and saying that I would be the cause of their death; and truly, if God had not granted us anything for a long time, I would have been in danger of being put to death for having committed such a sacrilege, to such an extent does their superstition go. To prevent the recurrence of this misfortune, after that they gave me only a small portion; and they also told me that I should not eat any more than I wanted to, that they would eat the rest, but above all I should take care not to throw any to the dogs.

On the thirtieth of the same month of December, we broke camp, and in the course of our [285] journey we passed over two beautiful lakes covered with ice. We turned toward the place where our Moose was hidden, which would not last long in this eighth station.