

eat; but it was smoked meat, so hard and so dirty, and in so small quantities, except a few days of plenty which passed in feasting, that our Savages counted these last months as well as the preceding ones, among the months and winters of their famines. They told me that, to live moderately well and without suffering, they had to have an Elk as large as an ox every two days, both because [299] we were rather numerous, and also because people eat a great deal of meat when they have neither bread nor anything else to make the food hold out; add to this that they are great diners, and that Elk meat does not remain long in the stomach.

I have forgotten to say elsewhere that the Savages count the years by winters. To say, "How old art thou?" they say, "How many winters hast thou passed?" They count also by nights, as we do by days; instead of saying, "It happened three days ago," they say, "three nights ago."

On the fifth of February, we left our twelfth dwelling to proceed to our thirteenth. I was very sick; the Sorcerer was killing me with his cries, his howls, and his drum; he continually reproached me with being proud, saying that the *Manitou* had made me sick as well as the others. "It is not," I said to him, "the *Manitou* or devil that has caused this sickness, but bad food, which has injured my stomach, and [300] other hardships that have weakened me." All this did not satisfy him; he did not cease to attack me, especially in the presence of the Savages, saying I had mocked the *Manitou*, and that he had revenged himself upon me for my pride. One day, when he was casting these slurs upon me, I sat upright, and said, "That thou mayest know it is not thy *Ma-*