

many letters in their Alphabet as we have in ours; they confound B and P, and [182] also C, G, and K; that is, if two Savages were to pronounce the same word, you would think that one was pronouncing a B, and the other a P, or that one was using a C or K, and the other a G. They do not have the letters F, L, consonant V, X, and Z. They use R instead of L, saying Monsieur du Pressi for Monsieur du Plessi;<sup>2</sup> they utter the sound of P instead of consonant V, Monsieur Olipier instead of Monsieur Olivier. But, as their tongues are quite flexible, they will soon acquire our pronunciation if they are instructed, especially the children.

Father Brebeuf tells me that the Hurons have no M, at which I am astonished, for this letter seems to me almost natural, so extensively is it used.

Now if, as conclusion of this Chapter, Your Reverence asks me if I made much progress in the knowledge of this language during the winter I spent with these Barbarians, I answer frankly, "no;" and here are the reasons.

First, my defective memory, which was never very good, [183] and which continues to wither every day. Oh, what an excellent man for these countries is Father Brebeuf! His most fortunate memory, and his amiability and gentleness, will be productive of much good among the Hurons.

Second, the malice of the sorcerer, who sometimes prevented them from teaching me.

Third, the perfidy of the Apostate, who, contrary to his promise, and notwithstanding the offers I made him, was never willing to teach me,—his disloyalty even going so far as to purposely give me a word of one signification for another.