

ered whence came the blows, "Thou hast no sense," he said to me, "it is not a dog, it is I." At these words I do not know who was the more astonished of us two; I gently dropped my club, very sorry at having found it so near me.

Let us return to our dogs. These animals, being famished, as they have nothing to eat, any more than we, do nothing but run to and fro gnawing at everything in the cabin. Now as we were as often lying down as sitting up in these bark houses, they frequently walked over our faces and stomachs; and so often and persistently, that, being tired of shouting at them and driving them away, I would sometimes cover my face and then give them liberty to go where they wanted. If any one happened to throw them a bone, there was straightway a race for it, upsetting all whom they encountered sitting, unless they held themselves firmly. They have often upset for me my bark dish, and all it contained, in my gown. I was amused whenever there was a quarrel among them at [194] our dinner table, for there was not one of us who did not hold his plate down with both hands on the ground, which serves as table, seat, and bed both to men and dogs. From this custom arose the great annoyance we experienced from these animals, who thrust their noses into our bark plates before we could get our hands in. I have said enough about the inconveniences of the Savages' houses, let us speak of their food.

When I first went away with them, as they salt neither their soup nor their meat, and as filth itself presides over their cooking, I could not eat their mixtures, and contented myself with a few sea biscuit and smoked eel; until at last my host took me to task