

seen the little Parisians [233] throw a musket ball into the air and catch it with a little bat scooped out; the little montagnard Savages do the same, using a little bunch of Pine sticks, which they receive or throw into the air on the end of a pointed stick. The little Hiroquois have the same pastime, throwing a bone with a hole in it, which they interlace in the air with another little bone. I was told this by a young man of that nation as we were watching the montagnard children play.

My Savage and the Sorcerer, his brother, having learned that there were a great many Montagnais near the place where they wished to pass the winter, decided to turn Northward, lest we should starve each other. They decided to go to the place where my host and the Renegade had promised me they would go; but we had scarcely made three leagues in crossing the great river, when we met four canoes which turned us back to the South, saying the hunting was not good up North. So I was obliged to remain with the sorcerer, and to winter beyond the great river, in spite of all I could [234] urge to the contrary. I realized well the dangers into which they were throwing me, but I saw no other remedy than to trust in God and leave all to him.

As soon as these new Savages, who had come in the four canoes, had landed, my host made them a banquet of smoked eels, for we were already out of bread. Hardly had these guests returned to their cabin, when they made a feast of peas which they had bought in passing through Kebec. But that you may understand the excesses of these people, [I will add that] in emerging from this banquet, they went to a third, prepared by the sorcerer, composed of eels,