

*wiiiii*. They ascribe the origin of all these mysteries to a certain Giant of more than human size, whom one of their tribe wounded in the forehead when they dwelt on the shore of the sea, for not having given the complimentary answer, *Kwai*, which is the usual response to a salute. The monster cast among them the apple of discord, in punishment for his wound; and after having recommended to them war feasts, *Ononharoia*, and this refrain *wiiiii*, he buried himself in the earth, and disappeared. Might this indeed have been some infernal spirit?

Since I am speaking on this subject, I will say that they recognize a sort of war God; they imagine him as a little Dwarf. By what they say, he appears to many when they are on the [127] point of going to war. He caresses some, and that is a sign, they say, that they will return victorious; others he strikes upon the forehead, and these can truly say that they will not go to war without losing their lives.

Let us return to the feasts. The *Aoutaeroi* is a remedy which is only for one particular kind of disease, which they call also *Aoutaeroi*, from the name of a little Demon as large as the fist, which they say is in the body of the sick man, especially in the part which pains him. They find out that they are sick of this disease, by means of a dream, or by the intervention of some Sorcerer. Having one day gone to visit a woman who thought herself sick of *Aoutaeroi*, when I assigned another cause for her sickness, and laughed at her *Aoutaeroi*, she began to say, apostrophizing this Demon, *Aoutaeroi hehrio Kihenkho*. *Aoutaeroi*, "Ah, I pray thee that this one may know who thou art, and that thou wilt make him feel the ills that thou makest me suffer."