

Now, to drive away this Demon, they make feasts that they accompany with songs which very few indeed can [128] sing. There is, indeed, much to bewail at the foot of the Altars. But alas! this is not yet all. Besides what I have just mentioned, I might speak of as many different sorts of feasts as there are extravagances in their dreams, for, as I have said, it is usually dreams that ordain feasts, and fix even to the smallest details the ceremonies that must be observed there. Hence come those feasts where they disgorge, which cause horror to most of them; and yet whoever is invited must resign himself, and resolve to skin the fox, otherwise the feast will be spoiled. Sometimes the sick man will dream that the guests must enter by a certain door of the Cabin, and not by the other, or that they must pass only on one side of the kettle, else he will not be healed. Can anything be more ridiculous?

There are as many as twelve kinds of dances that are so many sovereign remedies for sickness; now to know whether this or that is the proper remedy for such and such a disease, only a dream [129] or else the *Arendiowane*, or Sorcerer, can determine.

Of three kinds of games especially in use among these Peoples,—namely, the games of crosse, dish, and straw,¹⁹—the first two are, they say, most healing. Is not this worthy of compassion? There is a poor sick man, fevered of body and almost dying, and a miserable Sorcerer will order for him, as a cooling remedy, a game of crosse. Or the sick man himself, sometimes, will have dreamed that he must die unless the whole country shall play crosse for his health; and, no matter how little may be his credit, you will see then in a beautiful field, Village con-