

trees?" "It is there," said he, "that it lays in its supply." "Why does it burn Cabins, why does it kill men?" *Chieske?* "How do I know?" he said. That is their refrain when they are driven to the wall. As regards predicting the future which is not remote, nor hard to know for that reason, I have been assured by Louys de sainte Foy that, when they were going to war, one of their Jugglers, as he came forth from the Sweat-box, predicted a meeting with the Iroquois at a certain spot. There is indeed much probability that the Devil was sentinel for him. I could say this of others who, in truth, have been found false, and about whom a good old man entertained me some time ago. *Ah*, said he, *there is a greater Master [136] than he*. He spoke of a certain false Prophet who had been deceived in his calculation. Was it not well said for a Savage? and is there not something in this to inspire some hope in regard to what we are seeking here?

The most famous among these Sorcerers or Deceivers are the *Arendiwane*, who make it their business to tell a sick man the extent and nature of his sickness, after a feast or a Sweat, and leave him there. True, they prescribe for one a dog feast; for another, that a game of crosse or dish should be played; for another, sleep on such and such a skin, and other stupid and diabolical extravagances; another still, an emetic, to make the charm, if there be any, come forth,—as I myself saw, when at la Rochelle, a poor woman who threw up a coal as large as one's thumb, after some doses of water; and a Savage assured me that he had seen sand coming forth from all parts of the body of another, who had hectic fever, after his *Arendiwane* had shaken him as one would shake a sieve.