

with so much vehemence that he left the feast with his brain in a sling. See him then with the turtle, or more correctly, with the fool's cap in his hand, in the most trying season of winter,—naked as when he was born, running about in the snow, and singing night and day. Next day—it was the twenty-eighth of January—he went to the village of *Wenrio*, where they made three or four feasts for his health; and he returned thence, as mad as when he went away. Some Savages said we were the cause of this; but the wiser ones remarked that he had mocked when, in explaining the Commandments of God, I had condemned the *Aoutaeroihi*; and they attributed his madness to divine punishment.

On the night of the thirty-first, he dreamed that he must have a Canoe, eight Beavers, two Rays, six score Gull's eggs, a Turtle, and [139] a man who would adopt him as his son; just think, what a fancy! and yet they must make for him a cataplasm of all that, to heal his brain. Indeed, he had no sooner recited his dream than the old people of the village met to talk it over. They set about finding what he had asked with as much care and eagerness as if it had been a question of preserving the whole Country; the Captain's father adopted him as his son, and everything he had dreamed was given up to him, the same day; as for the Gull's eggs, they were changed into as many small loaves, which kept busy all the women of the village. The feast took place in the evening, and all without effect. The Devil had not everything yet.

On the first of February, there was another feast; I would have liked several Christians to be present at this sight; I doubt not they would have been