

furious in their orgies. It is a question of killing one another here, they say, by charms which they throw at each other, and which are composed of Bears' claws, Wolves' teeth, Eagles' talons, certain stones, and Dogs' sinews. Having fallen under the charm and been wounded, blood pours from the mouth and nostrils, or it is simulated by a red powder they take by stealth; and there are ten thousand other absurdities, that I willingly pass over. The greatest evil is, that these wretches, under pretext of charity, often avenge their injuries, and purposely give poison to their patients, instead of medicine. What is very remarkable is their experience in healing ruptures, wherein many others in these regions are also skillful. The most extraordinary superstition is that their drugs and ointments take pleasure, so to speak, in silence and darkness. If they are recognized, or if their secret is discovered, success is not to be expected. The origin of all this folly comes from one named *Oatarra*, or from a little idol in the form of a doll, which he asked, [145] for the sake of being cured, from a dozen Sorcerers who had come to see him; having put it into his Tobacco pouch, it began to stir therein, and ordered the banquets and other ceremonies of the dance, according to what they say. Certainly you have here many silly things, and I am much afraid there may be something darker and more occult in them.