

Of the latter they handled only one Old Man, of whom I have spoken before, who died this Autumn on his return from fishing: this swollen corpse had only begun to decay during the last month, on the occasion of the first heat of Spring; the worms were swarming all over it, and the corruption that oozed out of it gave forth an almost intolerable stench; and yet they had the courage to take away the robe in which it was enveloped, cleaned it as well as they could, taking the matter off by handfuls, and put the body into a fresh mat and robe, and all this without showing any horror at the corruption. Is not that a noble example to inspire Christians, who ought to have thoughts much more elevated to acts of charity and works of mercy towards their neighbor? After that, who will be afraid of the stench of a Hospital; and who will not take a peculiar pleasure in seeing himself at the feet of a sick man all covered with wounds, in the person of whom he beholds the Son of [199] God? As they had to remove the flesh from all these corpses, they found in the bodies of two a kind of charm,—one, that I saw myself, was a Turtle's egg with a leather strap; and the other, which our Fathers handled, was a little Turtle of the size of a nut. These excited the belief that they had been bewitched, and that there were Sorcerers in our Village,—whence came the resolution to some to leave at once; indeed, two or three days later one of the richest men, fearing that some harm would come to him, transported his Cabin to a place two leagues from us, to the Village of *Arontaen*.<sup>23</sup>

The bones having been well cleaned, they put them partly into bags, partly into fur robes, loaded them on their shoulders, and covered these packages