

them, because they can, the people believe, kill men by their arts. They are also greatly sought after, inasmuch as they can, it is said, remove disease which has been inflicted by them. It is a pitiable sight to see how the Devil makes sport of these people, who are astonished when they see how easily we challenge and defy their Sorcerers. They attribute it to a better acquaintance with the Manitou. They believe that there are men among [156] them who have no communication with the Devil. These are Jugglers who perform the same apish tricks as the Sorcerers, in order to get a few presents from others. One day, when we were inveighing against the malice of the Sorcerers, one of the Savages present, who was regarded as such, exclaimed, "As for me, I know nothing about these tricks; my father beat his drum near the sick; I have seen him do it, and I do as he did; this is all the artifice I understand." These poor Barbarians, perishing every day, say that there is no longer any real Man[i]tousiou among them, that is to say, no genuine Sorcerer.

It is the office of the Sorcerer to interpret dreams, to explain the singing of birds, or encounters with them. The Romans had their Augurs, who did the same thing. They say that when one dreams he has seen a great deal of Moose meat, it is a sign of life; but if one dreams of a Bear, it is a sign of death. I have already said several times that these Charlatans sing and beat their drums to cure the sick, to kill their enemies in war, and to capture animals in the hunt. Pigarouich, the Sorcerer of whom I have spoken above, sang to us [157] once the song he uses when he intends to go hunting. He uttered only these words, *Iagoua mou itoutaoui ne e-é*, which he re-