

Meanwhile, the Devil was playing his pranks elsewhere, and speaking through the mouth of the Sorcerer *Tonnerauanont*, was turning aside these peoples from applying to God. Some time before, this little hunchback had declared that the whole country was sick; and he had prescribed a remedy, namely, a game of crosse, for its recovery.¹⁰ This order had been published throughout all the villages, the Captains had set about having it executed, and the young people had not spared their arms; but in vain. The disease did not cease to spread, and to gain ground all the time; and on the 15th of October we counted in our little village thirteen or 14 sick people. Nor did our Sorcerer engage at this time to undertake the [89] cure of the whole country; yet he ventured one word as rash as it was presuming, for the village of *Onnentsati*, whence he came. He was not satisfied to give some hope that no one there would be sick,—he gave assurances thereof that he made indubitable, by founding them upon the power he claimed to have over the contagion in his character of Demon; he was immediately given something with which to make a feast. This boast spread everywhere, and was accepted as truth; all the people of *Onnentsati* were already considered fortunate and out of danger. This constrained us to exert ourselves with God, and to implore his divine goodness to confound the devil in the person of this wretch, and to obtain glory for himself from this public affliction. And the next day, the 14th, we made a vow to say for this purpose 30 Masses in honor of the glorious Patriarch, saint Joseph. It was not long before we had something with which to close the mouths of those who boasted to us of their prowess, and this Village was hardly