

to them their feasts, their hunting, their fishing, their war, their trade with the French, their remedies, their dances, their games, their songs; to see them in these actions, you would think they were lost souls. They have only one harmless game, it is the game of crosse; they play it in memory of some excellent crosse-player who is dead.

2. To cure a sick person, they summon the sorcerer, who, without acquainting himself with the disease of the patient, [186] sings, and shakes his tortoise shell; he gazes into the water and sometimes into the fire, to discover the nature of the disease. Having learned it, he says that the soul of the patient desires, for his recovery, to be given a present of such or such a thing,—of a canoe, for example, of a new robe, a porcelain collar, a fire-feast, a dance, etc., and the whole village straightway sets to work to carry out to the letter all the sorcerer may have ordered. At other times, to cure the sick, the old men of the village go to see the sick man, and ask him what his soul desires. He answers according to his dream, which will sometimes be extravagant and abominable. He will ask as many as twenty-five important presents, which are immediately furnished him by the village; if they failed in a single one, they would consider this the cause of the patient's death. Hence,—since we cry out against these deviltries and refuse to contribute anything of ours to them,—the devil, because he would like either to exact from us some homage, or to direct upon us all their envy, is sure to make the patient dream for something that we alone possess, or to make the sorcerer specify it. As I was writing this, on the 13th of April, about noon, a Savage, greatly excited, came