

the belief that those wretches are truly Sorcerers; our Hurons call them *Oky ontatechiata*,—that is, “those who kill by spells,” which none of them profess to do.

But they call *Arendioouanne* certain Jugglers who are Soothsayers and Magicians. Some profess to cause either rain or fine weather, according as one or the other is needed for the good of the soil. Others thrust themselves forward as Prophets, and predict future events,—for instance, whether success will be had in war; or they see [116] what is passing at a distance, whether the enemy has taken the field, for example; or again they discover hidden things, as, for instance, the perpetrator of a theft.

These impostors assert that they possess that power and that piercing sight through the favor of a Demon, who is their familiar; and their word is believed,—or, at least, provided one out of a hundred of their prophecies be true, that suffices to gain them great renown. I have seen some who claimed to have worked wonders,—to have changed a rod into a serpent, or to have brought a dead animal back to life. By dint of their saying it, some believed them, and even said that they had seen it. They have boasted in our presence that they could do such things, for they doubtless expected that we would take words for deeds; but we defied these gentry, and, to goad them to greater activity,—in order to cover them publicly with confusion, for we were quite sure that they would never succeed,—we promised them great rewards, if they performed those miracles. They have endeavored to withdraw without confusion; but their shameful retreat was a solemn admission that their game was nothing but deception, [117] and that