

baptized made us set out in the midst of very stormy weather; the wind and rain seemed bent on breaking and drowning everything. I also wanted to go and hear the confession of a Bengalese, who had been wounded, and had sent for me. He is a young man brought from the East Indies, who had been converted to Christianity in France, and has been passing the winter here with us. I saw him, and consoled him as best I possibly could. As to the little Savage, having presented myself at one of the doors of the Cabin, they said to me: *aouesse*, "go away." But, having heard my voice, they told me to come in by the other door; I went in, while Father de Nouë was seeking the [260 i.e., 160] Interpreter. A woman stopped me at the first step, saying, *appitou*, "sit thee down there." I answered her, "yes, I want to see the child." "Wait, wait," said she to me, "thou shalt see him." The greatest sorcerer they have among them, according to the Interpreter, who arrived shortly afterward, sang and blew upon the child to cure him. They had made a little retreat where the child was. Two or three times I tried to get near it, but was not permitted. The Savages stopped me every time. I waited until this fine doctor had treated his patient; the child, naked as one's hand, lay in a cradle of bark, upon pulverized rotten wood. He was burning with a high fever; and this charlatan, to cure him, was beating upon and whirling around an instrument full of little stones, made exactly like a [261 i.e., 161] tambourine. With all this he howled immoderately. In a word, he and his companion, in order to cure this little boy of a fever, made enough noise to give one to a healthy man. The sorcerer approached the patient, and blew all