

days at this station; and the following [249] are some of the things I noted down in my memoirs during this time.

It was here that the Savages consulted their genii of light, in the manner I have described in Chapter four. Now as I had always shown my amusement at this superstition, and on all possible occasions had made them see that the mysteries of the Sorcerer were nothing but child's play,—endeavoring to carry off his flock so that, in time, I might deliver them up to him who had bought them with his blood,—this unscrupulous man, the day afterward, went through with the performance I am going to describe.

My host having invited all the neighboring Savages to the feast, when they had come and seated themselves around the fire and the kettle, waiting for the banquet to be opened, lo, the Sorcerer, who had been lying down opposite me, suddenly arose, not yet having uttered a word since the arrival of the guests. He seemed to be in an awful fury, and threw himself upon one of the poles of the cabin to tear it out; he broke it in two, rolled his eyes around in his head, looked here and there like a man out of his senses, then facing those [250] present, he said to them, *Iriniticou nama Nitirinisin*, "Oh, men, I have lost my mind, I do not know where I am; take the hatchets and javelins away from me, for I am out of my senses." At these words all the Savages lowered their eyes to the ground, and I raised mine to heaven, whence I expected help,—imagining that this man was acting the madman in order to take revenge on me, to take my life or at least to frighten