

in a profound silence; I was already as accustomed to go to sleep in the midst of his cries and the sound of his [252] drum, as a child is to the songs of its nurse.

The next evening, at the same hour he seemed disposed to enter into the same infuriated state, and to again alarm the camp, saying that he was losing his mind. Seeing him already half-mad, it occurred to me that he might be suffering from some violent fever; I went up to him and took hold of his arm to feel the artery; he gave me a frightful look, seeming to be astonished, and acting as if I had brought him news from the other world, rolling his eyes here and there like one possessed. Having touched his pulse and forehead, I found him as cool as a fish, and as far from fever as I was from France. This confirmed me in my suspicion that he was acting the madman to frighten me, and to draw down upon himself the compassion of all our people, who in our dearth, were giving him the best they had.

On the 20th of the same month of November, finding no more Beavers and Porcupines in our quarter, we resumed our journey, this being our second station. The Sorcerer's wife was carried [253] upon a stretcher, and they placed her, as I have already said, upon the snow until our palace was erected. Meanwhile I approached her, showing how greatly I sympathized with her; already for some days I had been trying to gain her affection, that she might more willingly listen to me; I knew that she could not live long, as she was like a skeleton, hardly having strength enough to talk. When she called some one in the night, I arose and awoke him, I made fires for