

news discouraged our Savages greatly, the alarm spread everywhere, and all walked with bowed heads. I do not know how I looked, but they seemed to me very much emaciated, very sad and mournful. If the Apostate had consented [292] to help me influence and win over the Sorcerer, this was the time to do it; but his mute devil tied his tongue.

I must here speak of the little esteem the Savages have for him. He has fallen into great embarrassment, in trying to avoid a slight reproach. He gave up Christians and Christianity, because he could not suffer the taunts of the Savages, who jeered at him occasionally because he was Sedentary and not wandering, as they were; and now he is their butt and their laughingstock. He is a slave to the Sorcerer, in whose presence he would not dare to move. His brothers and the other Savages have often told me that he has no sense, that he is a buzzard, that he resembles a dog, that he would die of hunger if they did not feed him, that he gets lost in the woods like a European; the women make fun of him,—if some child cries because it does not have enough to eat, they say to it, “Hush, hush, do not cry, *Petrichtrick* (they call him this in sport) will bring back a Beaver, and then thou shalt have something to eat.” When they [293] hear him return, “Go and see,” they say to their children, “if he has not killed a Moose;” thus making sport of him for being a poor hunter, a great reproach among the Savages. Because such men cannot find wives or retain them, the Apostate, with the help of his brothers, has already had four or five, all of whom have left him. The one he has had this winter told me she would leave him in the Spring, and, if she had belonged to this part of the