

his back, or side, on the floor; the doctor, or conjurer, sits down with great solemnity at his head, rattles a tarapine shell, and sings a conjuring song for about a quarter of an hour, then lays down his shell, claps his hands and makes a kind of articulation, or noise, that nearly resembles dogs that are going to fight, talking by the intervals as if he was conversing with familiar spirits; jirking from side to side, as if he was making some discovery, occasionally taking a sup of water, which he has set by his side, and blowing over his patient. After he has gone over his manœuvre—he pretends that he has discovered the disorder; as he pretends that he can see into the inside of the patient—he then gives directions what herbs to get, and how to make use of them. There was two of those conjuring doctors employed when I was sick, but I do not recollect that I got any benefit by them.

Whilst we were living at *Kseek-he-oong*, my brother took unwell, he complained of a severe pain on the back part of his neck, or rather between his shoulders—as they impute almost every disease, incident to their manner of living, to be the effect of witchcraft, my brother readily concluded, as well as others, that he was bewitched: he had no appetite, and appeared to pine away; he continued in that condition more than a month, when a trading Indian came to the town with liquor—as they are generally much addicted to intoxication, they soon got to drinking; the night after they had got to their drunken frolick; they continued to drink without relaxation whilst the liquor was kept in the town. A number of them of both sexes were collected at our house—we had two fires in the middle of the house, one at the side of the other; they were all sitting promiscu-