

misery. These spirits, say they, wander through the desert, or float upon the waters. It is from the evil genii that misfortunes proceed, especially diseases; and it is to the good genii they are indebted for deliverance and cure. The ministers of the genii are composed of a set of artful jugglers, male and female, who practise also as physicians, and are tolerable adepts in the healing art. Of this subtle race, a curious specimen is afforded in the ensuing narrative, in the person of Cooch-coo-cheeh, an old Indian squaw, who seems, in the art of deception, to have been a first-rate professor. These jugglers are supposed to be inspired by the good genii, most commonly in their dreams, with the knowledge of future events. When called in to the sick, they are asked whether the patient will recover, and in what way he should be treated. But with all their folly, they are not so simple as to expect the desired result without means; and it is remarkable that, like certain empirics in a certain civilised land far distant from America, they prescribe one and the same remedy for all diseases. Whether the sufferer be blown up with tympanum, or wasted with atrophy; whether he shiver with ague, or consume away with fever; whether he rave under the paroxysms of gout, or have fallen headlong by an epileptic blow; whether his habit is plethoric, or spare; and whether the remedies employed should tend to quiet the already irritated system, or excite