

in his presence all that is needed for his burial; they often show him the robe, the stockings, the shoes, [186] and the belt which he is to wear. Frequently they are prepared after their fashion for burial, before they have expired; they make their farewell feast to their friends, at which they sometimes sing without showing any dread of death, which they regard with very little concern, considering it only as the passage to a life differing very little from this. As soon as the sick man has drawn his last breath, they place him in the position in which he is to be in the grave; they do not stretch him at length as we do, but place him in a crouching posture, almost the same that a child has in its mother's womb. Thus far, they restrain their tears. After having performed these duties the whole Cabin begins to resound with cries, groans, and wails; the children cry *Aistan*, if it be their father; and the mother, *Aien, Aien*, "My son, my son." Any one who did not see them, quite bathed in their tears, would judge, to hear them, that these are only ceremonial tears; they make their voices tremble all with one accord, and in a lugubrious tone, until some person of authority makes them stop. As soon as they cease, the Captain goes promptly [187] through the Cabins, making known that such and such a one is dead. On the arrival of friends, they begin anew to weep and complain. Frequently some one of importance begins to speak, and consoles the mother and the children,—at times launching into praises of the deceased, lauding his patience, his good-nature, his liberality, his magnificence, and, if he were a warrior, the greatness of his courage; at times he will say, "What would you have? there was no longer any remedy,