

he must indeed die, we are all subject to death, and then he dragged on too long," etc. It is true that, on such occasions, they are never lacking in speech. I have sometimes been surprised to see them dwelling a long time on this subject, and bringing forward, with much discretion, every consideration that might give consolation to the relatives of the deceased.

Word of the death is also sent to the friends who live in the other Villages; and, as each family has some one who takes care of its Dead, these latter come as soon as possible to take charge of everything, and determine the day of the funeral. Usually they inter the Dead [188] on the third day; as soon as it is light, the Captain gives orders that throughout the whole Village a feast be made for the dead. No one spares what he has of the best. They do this, in my opinion, for three reasons: First, to console one another, for they exchange dishes, and hardly any one eats any of the feast he has prepared; secondly, on account of those of other Villages, who often come in great numbers. Thirdly, and principally, to serve the soul of the deceased, which they believe takes pleasure in the feast, and in eating its share. All the kettles being emptied, or at least distributed, the Captain publishes throughout the Village that the body is about to be borne to the Cemetery. The whole Village assembles in the Cabin; the weeping is renewed; and those who have charge of the ceremonies get ready a litter on which the corpse is placed on a mat and enveloped in a Beaver robe, and then four lift and carry it away; the whole Village follows in silence to the Cemetery. A Tomb is there, made of bark and supported on four stakes,