

they do not go to the feasts, they go out only at night for their necessities; they cause a handful of hair to be cut from the back of the head; they say this is done only when the grief is profound,—the husband practicing this ceremony generally on the death of his wife, or the wife on the death of her husband. This is what there is of their great mourning.

The lesser mourning lasts all the year. When they go visiting they do not make any salutation, not even saying *Cway*, nor do they grease their hair; the women do it, however, when their mothers command them, as the latter have at their disposal their hair, and even their persons; it is their privilege to send the daughters to feasts, for without the command many would not go. What I find remarkable is that, during the whole year, neither the husband nor the wife remarries; if they did, they would be talked about throughout the Country.

The graves are not permanent; as their Villages are stationary only during a few years, while the supplies of the forest last, the bodies only remain in the Cemeteries until the feast of the [193] Dead, which usually takes place every twelve years. Within this time they do not cease to honor the dead frequently; from time to time, they make a feast for their souls throughout the whole Village, as they did on the day of the funeral, and revive their names as often as they can. For this purpose they make presents to the Captains, to give to him who will be content to take the name of the deceased; and, if he was held in consideration and esteem in the Country while alive, the one who resuscitates him,—after a magnificent feast to the whole Country, that he may make himself known under this name,—makes a levy of