

the bow for a prize,—a Porcupine girdle, or a collar or string of Porcelain beads; elsewhere in the Village, the young men were shooting at a stick to see who could hit it. The prize for this victory was an [203] axe, some knives, or even a Beaver robe. From day to day the souls arrived. It is very interesting to see these processions, sometimes of two or three hundred persons; each one brings his souls, that is, his bones, done up in parcels on his back, under a handsome robe, in the way I have described. Some had arranged their parcels in the form of a man, ornamented with Porcelain collars, and elegant bands of long red fur. On setting out from the Village, the whole band cried out *haéé, haé*, and repeated this cry of the souls by the way. This cry they say relieves them greatly; otherwise the burden, although of souls, would weigh very heavily on their backs, and cause them a backache all the rest of their lives. They go short journeys; our Village was three days in going four leagues to reach *Ossossané*, which we call *la Rochelle*, where the ceremonies were to take place. As soon as they arrive near a Village they cry again *haéé, haé*. The whole Village comes to meet them; plenty of gifts are given on such an occasion. Each has his rendezvous in one of the [204] Cabins, all know where they are to lodge their souls, so it is done without confusion. At the same time, the Captains hold a Council, to discuss how long the band shall sojourn in the Village.

All the souls of eight or nine Villages had reached *la Rochelle* by the Saturday of Pentecost; but the fear of bad weather compelled them, as I have said, to postpone the ceremony until Monday. We were lodged a quarter of a league away, at the old Vil-