

lage, in a Cabin where there were fully a hundred souls hung to and fixed upon the poles, some of which smelled a little stronger than musk.

On Monday, about noon, they came to inform us that we should hold ourselves in readiness, for they were going to begin the ceremony; they took down at the same time, the packages of souls; and the relatives again unfolded them to say their last adieus; the tears flowed afresh. I admired the tenderness of one woman toward her father and children; she is the daughter of a Chief who died at an advanced age, and was once very influential in the Country; she combed his hair and handled his bones, one after the other, with as much affection as if she would have desired [205] to restore life to him; she put beside him his *Atsatonewai*, that is, his package of Council sticks, which are all the books and papers of the Country. As for her little children, she put on their arms bracelets of Porcelain and glass beads, and bathed their bones with her tears; they could scarcely tear her away from these, but they insisted, and it was necessary to depart immediately. The one who bore the body of this old Captain walked at the head; the men followed, and then the women, walking in this order until they reached the pit.

Let me describe the arrangement of this place. It was about the size of the place Royale at Paris. There was in the middle of it a great pit, about ten feet deep and five brasses wide. All around it was a scaffold, a sort of staging very well made, nine to ten brasses in width, and from nine to ten feet high; above this staging there were a number of poles laid across, and well arranged, with cross-poles to which these packages of souls were hung and bound. The