

say an encouraging word to him when the opportunity occurred. Towards 8 o'clock in the evening eleven fires were lighted along the cabin, about one brass distant from each other. The people gathered immediately, the old men taking places above, upon a sort of platform, which extends, on both sides, the entire length of the cabins. The young men were below, but were so crowded that they were almost piled upon one another, so that there was hardly a passage along the fires. Cries of joy resounded on all sides; each provided himself, one with a firebrand, another with a piece of bark, to burn [40] the victim. Before he was brought in, the Captain Aenons encouraged all to do their duty, representing to them the importance of this act, which was viewed, he said, by the Sun and by the God of war. He ordered that at first they should burn only his legs, so that he might hold out until daybreak; also for that night they were not to go and amuse themselves in the woods. He had hardly finished when the victim entered. I leave you to imagine the terror that seized him at the sight of these preparations. The cries redoubled at his arrival; he is made to sit down upon a mat, his hands are bound, then he rises and makes a tour of the cabin, singing and dancing; no one burns him this time, but also this is the limit of his rest,—one can hardly tell what he will endure up to the time when they cut off his head. He had no sooner returned to his place than the war Captain took his robe and said, "Oteiondi"—speaking of a Captain—"will despoil him of the robe which I hold;" and added, "The Ataconchronons<sup>7</sup> will cut off his head, which will be given to Ondessone, with one arm and the liver to make a feast." Behold his