

with some of his relatives, and waiting until he is summoned. One of the two takes him by the hand, and leads him to the spot prepared for him; the other respectfully removes the robe that covers him, and clothes him with another, much finer and richer; he hangs about his neck a collar of porcelain beads, places in his hand a handsome Calumet, and presents him with tobacco to put in it. All this is done so gravely, and in such profound silence, that one would take these men for statues, as they move about without speaking.

When the Captain is clothed as befits his [251] dignity, a third officer,—richly clad, with his face painted according to their custom,—rises and, acting as Herald, declares the object of all this ceremony. “Let every one remain quiet,” he calls out; “open your ears, and close your mouths. What I have to tell you is important. We are here to resuscitate a dead man, and to bring a great Captain back to life.” Thereupon, he mentions him, and all his posterity; relates the place and manner of his death, and then, turning toward him who is to succeed him, he raises his voice and says: “There he is, he who is clothed with that fine robe. It is no longer he whom you lately saw, and whose name was Nehap. He has given his name to another savage. His name is Etouait” (that was the name of the deceased). “Look upon him as the true Captain of this tribe. It is he whom you must obey; it is he to whom you must listen, and whom you must honor.” While the Herald delivers this discourse, all present remain perfectly still, and not a word is said. The new Captain maintains a gravity that indicates nothing of his barbarism.