

I asked him also why they buried the clothes of the dead with them. "They belong to them," said he, "why should we take them away from them?"

If you press them, they are not very obstinate. They follow a certain routine in their superstitions, for which they can give no reason. This is why they are the first to laugh when you make them understand that their customs are ridiculous. True, I have seen some who are very much attached to their dreams.

They have different kinds of feasts. I know some special features of them, but shall wait until another year, [53] that I may speak of them with more certainty. At the feasts for the dead, they always throw what is left into the fire. At other feasts the rule is to eat all, and it is better to burst than to leave anything.

Nearly all the Savages have a little Castipitagan or tobacco pouch. Some are made from the skin of the muskrat, in such a way that the animal seems quite entire, there being only a little opening at the head made in skinning it. Others are made of other animals. Some of them carry a part of an arm or a hand of a Hiroquois whom they have slain, which is so skillfully prepared that the nails remain entire. You would really think it was a solid hand, when they fill it with tobacco or something else. I have not seen any of these, but I have been assured that it is so.

Sometimes, in order to show that they [54] have courage, a Savage will bind his bare arm to that of another; then putting between the two arms, upon the flesh, a piece of lighted tinder, they leave it until it is entirely consumed, burning themselves to the bone. The man who withdraws his arm and shakes