

Channel to the right. There is a good league and a half from the point of disembarkation to the Village of the houmas,—over a very bad Road, for one has to ascend and descend, and walk half bent, through the Canes. The village is on the crest of a steep mountain, precipitous on all sides. There are 80 Cabins in it, and in the middle of the Village is a fine and very level open space, where, from morning to night, young men exercise themselves. They run after a flat stone, which they throw in the air from one end of the square to the other, and try to Make it fall On two Cylinders, which they roll wherever they think the stone will fall.

There is nothing fine about the temple except the Vestibule, which is embellished with the most pleasing and best executed grotesque figures that one can see. These Are four Satyrs, two of which are in relief,—all four standing out from the wall, and having on their heads, their hands, and their legs,—for fillets, bracelets, Garters, baldrics, and belts,—snakes, mice, and Dogs. The colors are black, white, red, and Yellow; and are applied so well, and with such absence of confusion, that they constitute an agreeably surprising spectacle. The Old man who keeps up the fire—the name of which, he told us, was *Louak ouloughé*—the “sacred fire”—showed us the bones of the woman Chief who died last year. That woman had so distinguished herself by the blows that she inflicted upon their enemies, having in person led several war-parties, that she was looked upon as an Amazon, and as the mistress of the whole village. Greater honor was paid to her than to the great Chief; for she occupied the 1st place in all the Councils, and, when she walked about, was always