

battles. After having announced Mass for the next day, I dismissed them. I believed that would be the day of our departure; but bad weather disappointed our hopes. We were obliged to be in camp that day also, which was occupied in making suitable preparations for rendering our march secure.

Toward evening, the kindness of an Officer obtained for me an opportunity to witness one of those savage military spectacles which many people admire, as being fitted to arouse in the most cowardly hearts that martial ardor which makes veritable warriors; as for me, I have never seen in them anything but a comic farce, capable of making any one burst into laughter who was not on his guard. I am speaking of a war-feast. Imagine a large assembly of Savages, decorated with every ornament most fitted to disfigure, in European eyes, their physiognomies. Vermilion, white, green, yellow, and black made from soot or scrapings of the pots—on a single savage face are seen united all these different colors, methodically applied by the aid of a little tallow which serves as an ointment. This is the paint that is used on these grand occasions to adorn not only the face, but also the head—which is almost wholly shaved, excepting a little lock reserved on the top for the purpose of attaching to it feathers of birds, or a few pieces of porcelain, or some other similar gewgaw. Each part of the head has its distinct ornaments: the nose has its ring; there are also rings for the ears, which are pierced at an early age, and so greatly elongated by the weight with which they have been overloaded that they swing and beat against the shoulders. The rest of the paraphernalia corresponds to this grotesque decoration. A shirt