

smear'd with vermilion, porcelain necklaces, silver bracelets, a large knife hanging over the breast, a girdle of variegated colors but always ludicrously arranged, and shoes of elk-skin—these are the savage accoutrements. The Captains are distinguished only by a gorget, and the Chiefs by a medallion which on one side exhibits the portrait of the King, and on the other Mars and Bellona, who are joining hands, with this device: *virtus et honor*.

Now imagine an assembly of people thus decorated, and arranged in rows. In the midst are placed large kettles, filled with meat cooked and cut into pieces, so as to be more readily distributed to the spectators. After a respectful silence, which indicates the importance of the meeting, certain Captains appointed by the different Tribes that are present at the feast begin to chant in succession. You will easily imagine what this Savage music may be, compared with the delicacy and taste of European music. The sounds are formed, I should say, almost by chance; and sometimes they strongly resemble the cries and howlings of wolves. This is not the beginning of the meeting; it is only the announcement and the prelude, for the purpose of inviting the scattered Savages to come to the general rendezvous. When the assembly has been organized, the Orator of the Tribe begins to speak, and solemnly addresses the guests. This is the most sensible act of the ceremony. The panegyric of the King, the eulogy of the French Nation, the arguments that prove the lawfulness of the war, the motives of glory and of Religion, all of these are fitted to tempt the young men to press on with joy to battle; this is the substance of that sort of address,