

which ordinarily bears no mark of Savage barbarism. I have more than once heard addresses which would not have been disavowed by our finest minds in France. An eloquence drawn wholly from nature does not cause any one to regret the help of art.

When the speech is finished, they proceed to name the Captains who are to command the party. As soon as one is named, he rises from his place and proceeds to seize the head of one of the animals which are to make the principal part of the feast. He raises it high enough to be seen by the whole assembly, crying aloud: *Behold the head of the enemy*. Shouts of joy and applause are then raised on every side, and announce the satisfaction of the assembly. The Captain, with the head of the animal still in his hand, goes through the lines singing his war-song, in which he exerts all his force in boastings and insulting defiance of the enemy, and in the exaggerated eulogies which he lavishes upon himself. To hear them extolling themselves in these moments of military enthusiasm, you might believe them all to be Heroes who are able to carry off all, crush all, vanquish all. As he passes in review before the Savages, these latter answer his chant by hollow cries, broken, drawn from the pit of the stomach, and accompanied with such ridiculous motions of the body that you must be familiar with them in order to witness them with composure. In the course of his song, he is careful to introduce from time to time some grotesque joke. Then he stops as if to applaud himself, or rather to receive the savage plaudits that a thousand mingled shouts reëcho to his ears. He continues his warlike march as long as the sport