

denuded of its limbs and bark, except within about four feet of the top, which was left in its natural state. This pole was planted in the center of the amphitheatre. Up to this time, all conversation was carried on in an undertone, and all noise avoided as much as possible; but this restriction was, I thought, now inconsistently removed, so that all were at full liberty to yell to the utmost capacity of their lungs, and to smoke to their heart's content, without restraint or fear of being *smelt* by an unseen enemy, and thus betraying their presence.

General Cut-Thumb and his band were seated in the shade, tuning their instruments, and trying their disharmony, while the braves were dressing and primping for the dance. Finally the big drum gave its warning voice of *tum tum-tum*, while the minor rattles joined in the rude chorus. Now the living actors, with deafening yells, frightful threats, and inhuman contortions commenced their circuitous jumping dance. A spectator was kindly invited to take a seat out of the way, and near the music. Scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed of this yelling gesticulation fandango, when an innocent dog attempted to run across this consecrated ground; but was suddenly arrested in his desecrating career, by being pierced at mid-circle by half a dozen arrows. His body was instantly removed outside the dance-ground, ripped open, the pluck taken out, and hung on a stake, about five feet high, which had been planted near the balsam pole.

The dance was now resumed, and sickening to relate, that many of the dancers in their rounds, would step up and take a bite out of this bleeding pluck, which they would either swallow themselves, or transfer it from their teeth to Cut-Thumb's mouth, who, being so amply fed with so delicious a repast, soon became so sick, that he had to retire from the concert, and the scene changed.

They were to fire at the upper end of the pole, above where the peeled and unpeeled parts met. He whose shot would bring the green branches to the ground would take the first scalp. All this beastly humbug lasted about four hours. Then we again embarked, scouts were sent out, and *hush* was the word, which seemed useless after the recent noisy carousal. At dusk our canoes were drawn into the grass skirting the shore, and the whole