

of Lakes, Rivers, and Forests, begging the winds, the thunder, the storms, and the tempests to be favorable to them during the Voyage. The next day, the crier went through the Village, inviting the men to the Cabin where the Feast was to be prepared. They found no difficulty in going thither, each furnished with his Ouragan and Mikouen.<sup>1</sup> The three Musicians of the previous night began to sing; one was placed at the entrance of the Cabin, another in the middle, and the third at its end; they were armed with quivers, bows, and arrows, and their faces and entire bodies were blackened with coal. While the people sat in this Assembly, in the utmost quiet, twenty young men—entirely naked, elaborately painted, and wearing girdles of Otter-skin, to which were attached the skins of Crows, with their plumage, and gourds—lifted from the fires ten great kettles; then the singing ceased. The first of these Actors next sang his war-song, keeping time with it in a dance from one end to the other of the Cabin, while all the Savages cried in deep guttural tones, "Hay, hay!" When the Musician ended, all the others uttered a loud yell, in which their voices gradually died away, much as a loud noise disappears among the mountains. Then the second and the third Musicians repeated, in turn, the same performance; and, in a word, nearly all the Savages did the same, in alternation—each singing his own song, but no one venturing to repeat that of another, unless he were willing deliberately to offend the one who had composed the song, or unless the latter were dead, so that he could restore his name by appropriating his song. During this, their looks were accompanied with gestures and violent movements; and some of them took hatchets, with which they pretended to strike the women and children who were watching them. Some took firebrands, which they tossed about everywhere; others filled their dishes with red-hot coals, which they threw at each other. It is difficult to make the reader understand the details of Feasts of this sort, unless he has himself seen them. I was present at a like entertainment among the Iroquois at the Sault of Montreal, and it seemed as if I were in the midst of

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<sup>1</sup>His dish and spoon.—LA POTHERIE.