

made his escape from the grinders down the lane of the chief's throat, and there taking his post to good advantage, he unmercifully choked the poor fellow. Notwithstanding the agony of the chief, Steere and myself could not avoid laughing at his flouncing; but this offended him much; and after he had obtained the better of the cruel little fellow in his throat, he called for his war club and was about to vent his rage on us for not being more solemn on so distressing an occasion. We thought then that the end of our days had come sure enough, and began to look for the fatal blow, which undoubtedly would have been given, had not a young chief, who was ever a friend to us, interceded in our behalf: by this means our lives were spared, and we escaped.

Their religion appears to be as follows; each tribe has a man, something like a priest, called Rombetty; and in the midst of their villages, they have a large building called Booree-curLOW, that is, house of the Spirit, for the purpose of their religious devotion; where they worship the sun, moon, and stars. To this sanctuary the people retire every morning, led by their Rombetty, whom they follow promiscuously; at the house they appear very solemn and regular; and apparently seriously retire after their service is ended.