

void of that obnoxious shaking of rattles which characterized the preceding one. A dozen wrinkled and witch-faced women (the oldest in the tribe) go crooning

the dances this may be considered the most graceful.

Several dances of more or less interest are indulged in until late in the afternoon; then the final one commences, in which both sexes of all ages enter, the children taking as prominent a part as their seniors. With the exception of a few minor figures this dance differs very little from the opening one. At the close of the dance a number of short speeches by the head chiefs present concludes a wonderfully interesting ceremony. The people are dismissed amid a confusion of



An Onondaga Brave.

around in a circle, and stepping to the time of the drum. This is tame and uninteresting compared to the former, but the weird and spook-like figures of the dancers remind one strongly of the fourth act in Macbeth, where the witches mumble out—

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.

Then follows the male dance; every performer is provided with a rattle, and the drummer, taking the head of the line, they move back and forward, but gradually proceeding until a circle is completed, then reversing they repeat it. Of all



The Old Fellow.

talking and laughing, barking of dogs and crying of babies.

As the sun settles down behind the dark outlines of the distant trees we mount and ride away.

