

fer to them (in case of necessity) as readily as we should do to any printed book.

I have told you in this story, that they painted their faces, and ornamented their single lock of hair. You would not like to copy them in this respect, I am sure, except it was in fun; but there is one particular in which all good children would be willing to imitate even a wild savage Indian, and that is in the remarkable respect they pay to all old people. It was to this excellent quality that the poor little boy owed his life: they obey a father implicitly, but a grandfather's decision is received with feelings of the greatest reverence, and there is no appeal from it. The old chief was a grandfather, therefore, when he commanded them to release the child, they obeyed with fidelity.

They do not reckon their time as we do ours—by days, and weeks, and years—but by winters or snows. They count by months, or rather by moons: the new moon is hailed with every appearance of joy; they have a worm moon, which they call so on account of its being the time in which the worms leave the bark of the trees, and woods, where they have sheltered themselves during the winter. They have also the moon of flowers,