

and "next the party proceed to the river and bathe, and having thus lustrated themselves, they repair to the banquet and eat, drink, and make merry, as though they never were to die." With more continuance of affection, Naga tribes of Asam celebrate their funeral feasts month by month, laying food and drink on the graves of the departed. In the same region of the world, the Kol tribes of Chota Nagpur are remarkable for their pathetic reverence for their dead. When Ho or Munda has been burned on the funeral pile, collected morsels of his bones are carried in procession with a solemn, ghostly, sliding step, keeping time to the deep-sounding drum, and when the old woman who carries the bones on her bamboo tray lowers it from time to time, then girls who carry pitchers and brass vessels mournfully reverse them to show that they are empty; thus the remains are taken to visit every house in the village, and every dwelling of a friend or relative for miles, and the inmates come out to mourn and praise the goodness of the departed; the bones are carried to all the dead man's favorite haunts, to the fields he cultivated, to the grove he planted, to the thrashing-floor where he worked, to the village dance-room where he made merry. At last they are taken to the grave, and buried in an earthen vase upon a store of food, covered with one of those huge stone slabs which European visitors wonder at in the districts of the aborigines in India. Beside these, monumental stones are set up outside the village to the memory of men of note; they are fixed on an earthen plinth, where the ghost, resting in its walks among the living, is supposed to sit shaded by the pillar. The Kherisho have collections of these monuments in the little enclosures round their houses, and offerings and libations are constantly made at them. With what feelings such rites are celebrated may be judged from this Ho dirge:—

"We never scolded you, never wronged you,

Come to us back!

We ever loved and cherished you, and have lived long together

Under the same roof;

Desert it not now!

The rainy nights and the cold blowing days are coming on;

Do not wander here!

Do not stand by the burnt ashes; come to us again!

You cannot find shelter under the peepul, when the rain comes down;

The soul will not shelter you from the cold bitter wind.

Come to your home!

It is swept for you and clean, and we are there who loved you ever;

And there is rice put for you, and water;

Come home, come home, come to us again!"

Among the Kol tribes this kindly hospitality to ancestral souls passes on into the belief and ceremony of full manes-worship: votive offerings are made to the "old folks" when their descendants go on a journey, and when there is sickness in the family it is generally they who are first propitiated. Among Turanian tribes of North Asia the Chuwash put food and napkins on the grave, saying,