

over with red and white feathers, and their heads covered with the down of birds, began to dance with their hands upon their hips, and striking their feet with great force against the ground. During the dance, one of the sons of the master of the ceremonies made them all smoke in the pipe of war, himself shedding abundance of tears. The father in the mean while laying his hands on our heads, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, bathed himself in tears. As for us, as far as we could judge, all this grimace boded us no good; and indeed, we afterwards understood, that he meant nothing less than our destruction by it. But finding the opposition he was like to meet from the other chiefs, who were of a contrary opinion, he was content to suffer us to reembark, resolving, however, to make use of some other stratagem to get into his own hands, by little and little, the rest of our things; not daring to take them from us openly by force, for fear of the rest of his own nation; by which it plainly appears, that he was a crafty designing knave. His son was killed by the Miamis, and finding he could not revenge himself on that nation, vented his passion upon us. Having thus travelled nineteen days in our canoe by water, we came within six leagues of the fall of St. Anthony, where they held an assembly to consult what they should do with us. At last they separated and gave us to three of their chiefs, instead of three of their sons which had been killed in the war; then they seized our canoe and took away all our equipage; our canoe they pulled to pieces; their own they hid among the alders, so that though we might have gone conveniently enough quite up