

a body to our clearing, and a touching sight it was to see the red and the white people alike gathered round poor Lanoma's coffin, while my father read an appropriate chapter in the Bible, prayed for the mourners, and delivered a short address on the uncertainty of this life, and the importance of preparing for the life to come. Then the six brothers took up the cedar coffin and laid it in the grave, which a sturdy old settler, who acted as our sexton, had opened overnight. Every brother and nearly all the tribe uttered some words in their own language over it, which we believed to be a form of farewell to the dead. The old chief spoke last, and though we could not guess the meaning of

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