

in our house for the night, though we offered him and his sons every accommodation we could afford: they went out to a tent which the tribe had pitched over Lanoma's bier. They sat in its shadow the greater part of the night: my father, my mother, and our old people sat with them; the rest of the tribe pitched other tents, lighted fires, unpacked their baggage, and held a sort of funeral feast, but it was held with great gravity and almost in silence, except when the mourning women who sat behind the bier raised that wild wail of theirs, as it seemed, at appointed intervals throughout the night.

Early in the morning the settlers assembled. Young and old came in