

winter, when this animal is very fat, the grease that swims on the broth becomes a perfect oil, which the *Indians* frequently drink untill they burst. — As soon as the bear is killed, the hunter places the small end of his pipe in its mouth, and by blowing in the bowls, fills the mouth and throat full of smoak, then he conjures the departed Spirit not to repent the injury done his body, nor to thwart his future sport in hunting, but as he receives no answer to this, in order to know if his prayers have prevailed, he cuts the ligament under the bear's tongue, if these ligaments contract and shrivel up, being cast into the fire, which is done with great solemnity and abundance of invocations: then it is esteemed a certain mark (as it rarely fails) that the *manes* are appeased. It was now time to return to our fire where we laid us down to rest.

The 13<sup>th</sup>, in the morning, the *Indians* repaid our visit, and entertained us with a familiar conversation for half an hour at the fire. We then set out up the creek, where I observed three noble white pine trees, with many large green cones hanging on the top and side branches over the creek, which was three rods broad and pretty deep, had these been ripe I know not how we should have got at them, as they were at the extremity of large branches, that hung over the Water, on which part of the branch they generally grow. Soon after we

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