

THE HISTORY OF THE

say, and afraid of Fire; you are not a Man. They continued their Torments for two Hours without ceasing. An Utawawa being desirous to outdo the French in their refined Cruelty, split a Furrow from the Prisoner's Shoulder to his Garter, and filling it with Gunpowder, set Fire to it. This gave him exquisite Pain, and raised excessive Laughter in his Tormenters. When they found his Throat so much parched, that he was no longer able to gratify their Ears with his howling, they gave him Water, to enable him to continue their Pleasure longer. But at last his Strength failing, an Utawawa fled off his Scalp, and threw burning hot Coals on his Scull. Then they untied him, and bid him run for his Life: He began to run, tumbling like a drunken Man; they shut up the Way to the East, and made him run Westward, the Country, as they think, of departed (miserable) Souls. He had still Force left to throw Stones, till they put an End to his Misery by knocking him on the Head with a Stone. After this every one cut a Slice from his Body, to conclude the Tragedy with a Feast. It is doing no Injury, I think, to these Frenchmen, who thus glory in this horrid Cruelty, to ask them, whether they did not likewise regale their revengeful Appetites with a Share of this inhuman Feast?

Though I have had frequent Occasions to