

not escape from present torture. His tormentors surrounded him, and forced into his tender skin small splinters of pitch-pine, and, when a number had been pressed in thus, they applied blazing torches to the parts which obtruded, and the dark flame ran swiftly, from one to another, along the bristling surface, until it became a mass of fire. In vain the suffering youth struggled to escape; his bands only permitted him to wind round and round the stake; but, whichever way he turned, blows met him or blazing knots of pine. Thus eight victims suffered—ten thousand deaths were they enduring, and yet so skilful was the Indian in his torture that death itself could not relieve them. The novice, weak from his long fatigues, yet sore from former wounds and sufferings, at length became exhausted, and hung supported by his bands alone. Father Laval, moving in the midst of his tortures around the stake, began to pray aloud:

“The pale-face warrior sings his death-song,” said Kiohba, “how many warriors hath he slain? How many scalps has he taken? He is a woman! a slave! a dog!” and the shouts