

state, or at those of their allies, the people from every village meet them, and think they shew their attachment to their friends by their barbarous treatment of the unhappy prisoners; so that, when they come to their station, they are wounded and bruised in a terrible manner.—The conquerors enter the town in triumph. The war captain waits upon the head men, and in a low voice gives them a circumstantial account of every particular of the expedition, of the damage the enemy has suffered, and his own losses in it. This done, the public orator relates the whole to the people. Before they yield to the joy which the victory occasions, they lament the friends which they have lost in the pursuit of it. The parties most nearly concerned are afflicted apparently with a deep and real sorrow. But by one of those strange turns of the human mind, fashioned to any thing by custom, as if they were disciplined in their grief, upon the signal for rejoicing, in a moment all tears are wiped from their eyes, and they rush into an extravagance and frenzy of joy for their victory.

In the mean time the fate of the prisoners remains undecided, until the old men meet, and determine concerning the distribution. It is usual to offer a slave to each house that has lost a friend; giving the preference according to the greatness of the loss. The person who has taken the captive attends him to the door of the cottage to which he is delivered, and with him gives a belt of wampum, to shew that he has fulfilled the purpose of the expedition, in supplying the loss of a citizen. They view the present which is made them for some time; and, according as they think him or her, for it is the same, proper or improper for the business of the family, or as they take a capricious liking or displeasure to the countenance of the victim, or in proportion to their natural barbarity or their resentment for their losses, they destine concerning him, to receive him into the family, or sentence him to death. If the latter, they throw away the belt with great indignation.—Then it is no longer in the power of any one to save him. The nation is assembled, as upon some great solemnity. A scaffold is raised, and the prisoner tied to the stake. Instantly he opens his death-song, and prepares for the ensuing scene of cruelty with the most undaunted courage. On the other side, they prepare to put it to the utmost proof, with every torment

which the mind of man ingenious in mischief can invent. They begin at the extremities of his body, and gradually approach the trunk.—One plucks out his nails by the roots, one by one; another takes a finger into his mouth, and tears off the flesh with his teeth; a third thrusts the finger, mangled as it is, into the bole of a pipe made red-hot, which he smokes like tobacco. Then they pound his toes and fingers to pieces between two stones; they cut circles about his joints, and gashes in the fleshy parts of his limbs, which they sear immediately with red-hot irons, cutting and searing alternately; they pull off this flesh thus mangled and roasted, bit by bit, devouring it with greediness, and smearing their faces with the blood, in an enthusiasm of horror and fury. When they have thus torn off the flesh, they twist the bare nerves and tendons about an iron, tearing and snapping them; whilst others are employed in pulling and extending the limbs themselves, in every way that can increase the torment. This continues often five or six hours together.—Then they frequently unbind him, to give a breathing to their fury, to think what new torments they shall inflict, and to refresh the strength of the sufferer, who, wearied out with such a variety of unheard-of torments, often falls immediately into so profound a sleep, that they are obliged to apply the fire to awaken him, and renew his sufferings.

He is again fastened to the stake and again they renew their cruelty; they stick him all over with small matches of wood that easily takes fire, but burns slowly; they continually run sharp reeds into every part of his body; they drag out his teeth with pincers, and thrust out his eyes; and lastly, after having burned his flesh from the bones with slow fires; after having so mangled the body that it is all but one wound; after having mutilated his face in such a manner as to carry nothing human in it; after having peeled the skin from the head, and poured a heap of red-hot coals or boiling water on the naked skull; they once more unbind the wretch, who, blind and staggering with pain and weakness, assaulted and pelted upon every side with clubs and stones, now up, now down, falling into their fires at every step, runs hither and thither, until one of the chiefs, whether out of compassion or weary of cruelty, puts an end to his life with a club or a dagger. The body is then put into the kettle, and this bar-