

uncle, I must burn thee;" and afterwards this uncle found himself changed into a canoe. "Come," said he, "let me calk and pitch my canoe, it is a beautiful new canoe which I lately traded for; I must stop all the water holes well," and meanwhile he was passing the brand all along his legs. Another one asked him, "Come, uncle, where do you prefer that I should burn you?" and this poor sufferer had to indicate some particular place. At this, another one came along and said, "For my part, I do not know anything about burning; it is a trade that I never practiced," and meantime his actions were more cruel than those of the others. In the midst of this heat, there were some who tried to make him believe that he was cold. "Ah, it is not right," said [46] one, "that my uncle should be cold; I must warm thee." Another one added, "Now as my uncle has kindly deigned to come and die among the Hurons, I must make him a present, I must give him a hatchet," and with that he jeeringly applied to his feet a red-hot hatchet. Another one likewise made him a pair of stockings from old rags, which he afterwards set on fire; and often, after having made him utter loud cries, he asked him, "And now, uncle, hast thou had enough?" And when he replied, "onna chouatan, onna," "Yes, nephew, it is enough, it is enough," these barbarians replied, "No, it is not enough," and continued to burn him at intervals, demanding of him every time if it was enough. They did not fail from time to time to give him something to eat, and to pour water into his mouth, to make him endure until morning; and you might have seen, at the same time, green ears of corn roasting at the fire and near them red-hot hatchets; and sometimes, almost at the same moment