

as into the first; they give us the same salutes of beatings, and, in order to enhance the cruelty of the earlier ones, they deal us severe blows on the bones,—either at random or on the shin of the legs, a place very sensitive to pain. As we were leaving the first village, a wretch took away my shirt and gave me an old rag to cover what ought to be concealed; this nakedness was very painful to me. I could not abstain from reproaching one of those who had had the bulk of our spoils, saying: [79] ‘Art thou not ashamed to see me in this nakedness,—thou who hast had so great a share of my baggage?’ These words somewhat abashed him: he took a piece of coarse cloth, with which a bundle was enveloped, and threw it to me. I put it on my back in order to defend myself from the heat of the Sun, which heated and corrupted my wounds; but—this cloth having glued itself fast, and, as it were, incorporated itself with my sores—I was constrained to tear it off with pain, and to abandon myself to the mercy of the air. My skin was detaching itself from my body in several places; and,—that I might say that I had passed *per ignem et aquam*, through cold and heat, for the love of my God,—while on the scaffold during three days, as in the first village, there fell a cold rain, which greatly renewed the pains of my sores. One of those Barbarians having perceived that Guillaume Cousture, although he had his hands all torn, had not yet lost any of his fingers, seized his hand, striving to cut off his forefinger with a poor knife. But, as he could not succeed therein, he twisted it, and in tearing it he pulled a sinew out of the arm, the length of a [80] span. At the same time his poor arm swelled, and