

The Iroquois, who had remained silent up to that moment,—being uncertain as to the result of the council, and of the harangues that they heard and could not understand,—began to change [79] their attitudes and countenances. One of them, a tall and well-shaped man, presented himself before Monsieur the Governor, exclaiming: “This is well, my body is delivered from death; I am withdrawn from the fire. Onontio, thou hast given me life; I thank thee for it,—I shall never forget this kindness. The whole of my country will be grateful for it; the earth will be quite beautiful, the river will be quite calm and smooth, and peace will make us all friends. I have no longer any shadow before my eyes. The souls of my ancestors killed by the Algonquins have disappeared; I have them under my feet. Onontio, it must be admitted that thou art good and that we are wicked, but our anger has departed; I no longer have any ardor except for joy and peace.” As he said this, he began to dance, in a fashion somewhat different from that of our Savages. He sang, he shook himself; he spread out his arms and raised them aloft, as if addressing himself to Heaven; he knelt down and danced in that posture, raising his eyes and arms to Heaven. Then, suddenly rising, he took a hatchet and seemed to fly into a rage; and, turning to one side, [80] he threw the hatchet into the fire, saying: “There is my anger cast down; farewell to war; I lay down my arms; I am your friend forever.” If there be barbarous actions among these peoples, there are also thoughts worthy of the spirit of the Greeks and Romans.

The Ceremony over, each one withdrew to his own quarters. The prisoners remained at liberty,