

festival; and on the other, I was protected by our christians, some of whom were the most notable in the country, and they could not put me to death without afflicting them.

Many, However, thought that I would never get off; the Rosary had already been taken off my Neck, and my face had been painted red and black, as a victim to the demon of war and Irroquois wrath. But the family to which all had been already referred having assembled again, where the most important women were allowed to attend, a friendly act was done me by giving me instead of a Chief who had died long before of disease, rather than for one of those who had been killed in the attack on the french at a place called la Chine above Montreal, or who had been arrested as prisoners at fort frontenac and transported to france, who were reckoned as numbered with the dead. This Chief was named Otaseté, which is an ancient name of the first founders of the Irroquois republic.¹³ The one named Gannasatiron, who by this donation became sole master of my life, used it very obligingly; He Consulted only the warriors of his family, and asked advice only from the two Christians who protected me most, and who of course Concurred At once with him in the assurance of life which He gave me by these words: *Satonnheton Szaksi*—"My elder brother, you are resurrected." At the same time, he had two of the leading sachems summoned to Report it to them: these sachems made fine speeches and congratulations, exhorting me to uphold the Interests of their nation more than I had yet done. Some Days after, a feast was given to the notables of the town. The host of Father de Lamberville, named Garakontié,