

of vermilion wherewith to daub his young men, and some other trifles, which greatly pleased him; and I told him that I thanked him for the kindness that he had Shown to Father de Limoges. After I had embarked, They fired four Gunshots, to which the people who were with me replied. At 2 Leagues from the Village, there is a small River by which They go in Canoes in the springtime, behind the Hills, To the doors of their Cabins. Since I have spoken above of the Calumet, you will be pleased if I here tell you something about it. There is nothing among these Indians that is more mysterious or more revered. No such honors are paid to the crowns and scepters of Kings as those that they pay to it. It seems to be the God of Peace and of war, the arbiter of life and of death. It suffices for one to carry and to show it, to walk in safety in the midst of Enemies, who in the hottest of the Fight lay down their weapons when it is displayed. That is why the Illinois gave one to the late Father Marquette, as a safeguard among the tribes of the Mississippi through whom he must pass on his voyage, when he went to discover that river and the nations that dwell along It.

There is one Calumet for Peace and one for war, and they are distinguished solely by the Color of the feathers that adorn them. Red is the sign of war. They use it also to terminate their quarrels, to strengthen their alliances and to speak to Strangers. It is a sort of Pipe for smoking Tobacco, made from a red stone polished like marble, and bored out in such manner that one end serves for holding the tobacco, while the other fits upon the stem. The latter consists of a hollow stick two feet long, as