

fire of my French father. I became cold and needy, and you sought me not. Others have sought me. Yes, the *Long Knife* has found me. He has placed his heart on my breast. It has entered there, and there it will remain!"

The chieftain here pulled out from his decorated tobacco pouch, an American George Washington medal, which had been given him by a former commandant of Fort Howard, and placing it around his neck, it lay on his breast, as he quietly returned to his seat.

Somewhat excited at the vehement address of the chief, and at the act of seeming bravado which closed his harangue, the British officer replied to him:—

"You say true. I have put out the fire of the French men; and in like manner am I now putting out the fire of the Long Knife. With that medal on your breast, you are my enemy. You must give it up to me, that I may throw it away, and in its stead I shall give you the heart of your great British father, and you must stand and fight by his side."

Keesh-ke-mun, without arising from his seat, answered:

"Englishman! the heart of the Long Knife, which he placed on my breast, has entered my bosom. You cannot take it from me without taking my life."

The officer, exasperated at the unflinching firmness of the chieftain, now exclaimed, in anger, addressing the interpreter: "Tell him, sir, that he must give up his medal, or I shall detain him a prisoner within the walls of this fort." This threat, being duly interpreted to him, the chief grasped his medal in his hand, and once more arising from his seat, he addressed the excited officer, himself not showing the least marks of emotion:—

"Englishman! I shall not give up this medal of my own will. If you wish to take it from me, you are stronger than I am. But I tell you, it is but a mere bauble. It is only an emblem of the heart which beats in my bosom;