

As he delivered this violent speech, he was proceeding to leave the council room, when We-esh-coob, having quietly listened to the interpretation thereof, rose to his feet, and approaching the angry Englishman, he put his hand on his epaulette and gently held him back. "Wait," said he, "you have spoken; now let me speak. You say that we should not wear the breech-cloth, but the dress of women." Then pointing to the opposite shore of the lake, towards the site of the old English fort which the Ojibways had taken in 1763, We-esh-coob exclaimed:—

"Englishman! have you already forgotten that we once made you cry like children? yonder! who was the woman then?"

"Englishman! you have said that we are women. If you doubt our manhood, you have young men here in your strong house. I have also young men. You must come out on some open place, and we will fight. You will better know, whether we are fit, or not, to wear the breech-cloth.

"Englishman! you have said words which the ears of We-esh-coob have never before heard," and throwing down his blanket in great excitement, he pointed to different scars on his naked body, and exclaimed: "I thought I carried about me the marks which proved my manhood."

The English officer whose irritation had somewhat abated during the delivery of this answer, grasped the unusually excited Indian by the hand, and requested the interpreter to beg him to forget his hasty words. Peace and good-will were thus restored, but this bitter taunt tended greatly to strengthen the minds of the Ojibways against the agents who were continually engaged amongst them, to draw them into the war.