

they would fight to the last man, and sent me word that their fields of corn were open to the troops that I might send, as well as to all Indians going to their aid.

THURSDAY, August 25th.—The guns are in a fair way; the brass three-pounder finished at three in the afternoon. A Renard canoe arrived from above. There are eight men, with Le Jeune Homme chief. They arrived very much dejected, and were ashamed to hold up their heads. They did not offer to speak to me. The Commissary got in five hundred weight of flour.

FRIDAY, August 26th.—At ten the Jeune Homme assembled his young men, and asked to speak with me. I went and found them in Boilvin's house. They had a pipe of peace, an otter sack, and a painted elk skin, with a few pieces of dried meat to give me. When he arose to speak, he offered me his hand; but I refused to give him mine. He then began a discourse that had no sense in it. His principal strain was, that he had always wished to follow his father, the Red Head's advice; but the Americans had turned his head, and he had behaved ill, and was sorry for it. In entering into the room, I, knowing he had a British silk flag, and had not hoisted it when he arrived here, told him, before he spoke a word, to show me his flag, for I feared he had given it to his friends the Americans. He sent and had it brought. I would have taken it from him, but fearing it might be improper, he having received it from the Superintendent. On that account I said nothing about it.

When he had finished his speech, his war-chief got up with the pipe in his hand, and said: "I made use of all the sense the mother of life gave me, in order to induce you to smoke my pipe; if I have done wrong, it is because I have been advised to it by my chief;" and having concluded his remarks, and about to light the pipe, I told him to save himself the trouble, as I would not smoke with them. He laid down the pipe, etc., at my feet.

I then replied to them thus: "You ought not to be surprised that I treat you in this way. You are of an age not to be foolish. You ought to have sense. I cannot, therefore, attribute your bad conduct to us, to have risen from a want of knowing better. But I attribute it to a real inclination of wishing to be