

My Father, I listen to you always, we are Renards and Saques who are only one body, there are some that call themselves our kinsmen but they are not.

My Father, I have disobeyed the Word that you gave me, but those that call themselves our Kinsmen are the cause.

My Father, You are kind to us, but I am going to tell you what has happened to me. My Father on the other side of the great Lake is kind to me, yes my Father it is true it is not new the kindness that you do us. You have always done it though we deserve it not. My Father, there are some of your children to whom you have been kind who have promised you much on receiving Your kindness, who have told you that they will always love Your Word near you as well as far from you, still these children have shown that they have not always loved Your Word, they have done evil acts, and the leader of this act who is called Wabashaiw¹ is the cause that we have been killed by the Soteux, that we have neglected your Word and that our Father loves us — not like his other children who have mixed the Ground.²

I thank you my Father for coming upon our Land and for having sent us a Trader, but truly our Head is bewildered.

For the tree that you have spoken of to me, I know of it; our Interpreter was shielded from being defeated, with all our little children.

My kinsmen the Puants, we pray you to take away that tree so that the hunters may pass quietly. My kinsmen the Puants, I ask charity; leave the road open. We are deserving of pity, I think our friends the Scieux are of the same feeling.

My Father, we are joyful to see you on our lands, we deserve not this goodness, we give our Land to our Father.

Anatchie, chief of the Sacques, speaks:— My Kinsmen the Renards, Sacques, Puants, Scieux, and Folles avoines it is

¹ Wabasha.— Ed.

² “*Brouillé les Terres.*”— Tr.