

true what my father has just said, I rejoice greatly; it is true my kinsmen, I have no wit, but you others that have will say as I do. My Father I have come to see you to hear the word of our Father. I see you, I rejoice at it; my kinsmen the Scieux, and you others my kinsmen I am all alone; I listen to the Word of my Father.

My Kinsmen, I have come here almost by chance, still by the counsel of our chiefs, to hear the word of our interpreter. You see not our chiefs here because the way of the Lake is not open. They are sitting on the mat waiting the answer. My Father it is true you are kind to us, to my uncles the Renards, Saques, Scieux, Puants and Folles avoines for sending us a Trader; although I am not transported at your Demand, I am always ready for the good. We are all happy to see you to show you our good heart. I ask charity of you; it is true our children are bewildered, I say nothing that I think not, I hope you will set free this piece of Flesh that deserves to be chopped up.

My Kinsmen the Scieux and Folles avoines, I ask of you charity that you take away the tree that is in the road. I pray you my Kinsmen the Puants, the Renards, and you the warriors to aid in this. I love you dearly, and pray that this may not happen another time.

My Kinsmen the Scieux and you others of this council, I pray you to hear me and to take away this tree. I have a father down below,<sup>1</sup> but I draw nothing from him; this is why I pray my Brothers to take away this tree.

My Father you are seated there, I ask charity for the Puants; I weep, I hope that you will make me speak true, you have given one another blow for blow, I hope you will arrange this affair; and my Kinsmen the Puants, I regard you as my Brothers, I pray you to aid in this.

My Father, my Kinsmen the Puants and you others of the council there was litter in the road, there is still; I pray you to clean it away.

My Father, one told me to carry fear to Suseban and I have done so; we remain always in our home at your Demand until we have the Word of our Father.

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<sup>1</sup> The Americans.—ED.