

ent laugh, despite the compassion which they could not help feeling for him. A Frenchman said to him, jestingly, that a man as courageous as he was ought not to fear the fire; that it was the proper thing for a warrior such as he to sing; but that, to show him that he felt grieved at the accident, he would lay over the scalded part a plaster, consisting of a brasse of tobacco. The Saki replied that such an act showed good sense; and that the tobacco had entirely healed him. The Miamis sent to beg Perrot to visit them in their cabins, that he might point out to them a place where he desired them to assemble. The place of rendezvous was the house of the Jesuits, to which they brought one hundred and sixty Beaver-skins, which they piled in two heaps. The Miami Chief, standing by one of them, spoke after this fashion: "My Father, I come tell thee that thy dead men and mine are in the same grave; and that the Maskoutechs have killed us, and have made us eat our own flesh. My three Sisters, who were made prisoners in the year of the Battle with the Tsonnontouans, seeing that the Iroquois were routed by Onontio, escaped from their hands. Some Maskoutechs, whom they encountered at the river of Chikagon, found on their way two Frenchmen who were returning from the Illinois, and assassinated them. Their dread that the women would make known this murder led the assassins to break their heads; but they carried away the scalps, which they have given us to eat, saying that they were those of some Iroquois. The Spirit has punished those assassins by a malady which has caused them and all their children to die; at last one of them confessed his crime when he was dying. Those Beaver-skins which thou seest on the other side tell thee that we have no will but thine; that, if thou tellest us to weep in silence, we will not move."

Perrot made them several presents, and spoke to them in nearly the following words: "My brothers, I delight in your repose, and war is odious when you fight against the Maskoutech; he is brave, and will slay your young men. I do not doubt that you could destroy him, for you are more numerous and more warlike than he; but desperation will drive him to extremity, and he has arrows and war-clubs, which he can handle