

him no assistance. The Sciou ties my arms; I killed him because he began; Father, be not angry with me for so doing. I am come here only to hear you and execute your will."

Count de Frontenac had them all assembled again on the tenth of September, and spoke to them in this wise: "A Father loveth his children, and is very glad to see them. You afford me pleasure in being rejoiced at my health in my time of life. You see I love war; the campaign I made last year against the Iroquois is a proof of it; I am glad to repeat to you that I love my children, and that I am pleased to see them again today. The tribes of the interior (*gens de terre*) had no sense in Killing those of your Village; but you do not tell me precisely what nation it was that struck that wicked blow. Whilst waiting for that information, do not spoil the road between Missilimakinac and Montreal; the river is beautiful; leave it in that condition and do not turn it black.

"I am aware that the Miami has been killed by the Sioux, and that the former afterward lost his wits; he has not hearkened to the advice of Mr. de Lamotte; he would have done well had he listened to it; he would not have been killed as he has been. He has robbed Perrot, 'tis true; I shall obtain satisfaction for that; but you of Missilimackinac, who have but one and the same fire, do not think of creating confusion in the country; turn your Tomahawk only toward the land of the Iroquois. You perceive that there are French chiefs and warriors among the Miamis; it may have evil consequences. You live in peace in your wigwams; your wives and children ramble fearlessly and without danger through your prairies.¹ If you redden the earth of the Miami, you will run the risk of frequently seeing your wives and little ones scalped. Pay attention, then, to my word. The Miamis are, also, my children. I order the Resident Chief among them to get the principal men

¹ The French word is *déserts*, which should be translated "clearings," since there were no prairies at Michillimackinac, and allusion is made to the spaces cleared by the Indians in a forested country, wherein they planted their corn. The term is also applied by the French Canadians to "an open piece of arable land, on which no trees are growing, to distinguish it from timbered land" (Crawford Lindsay, in *Jes. Relations*, xvi, p. 258).—Ed.