

as standards in twelve different places of their village. I well knew that these signals were English, and that they fought for them. This indeed they told us, for we could speak from one fort to the other. They said they had no father but the English, and told all the nations our allies, that they would do much better to quit our side and join theirs.

The great war chief of the Pottawatamies, after having requested my advice and permission, mounted one of my scaffolds and spoke to our enemies in the name of all our nations in these words: "Wicked nations that you are, you hope to frighten us by all that red color which you exhibit in your village. Learn, that if the earth is covered with blood, it will be yours. You speak to us of the English, they are the cause of your destruction because you have listened to their bad councils. They are enemies of prayer, and it is for that reason that the Master of Life chastises them, as well as you, wicked men that you are; don't you know as well as we do, that the Father of all the nations, who is at Montreal, sends continually parties of his young men against the English to make war, and who take so many prisoners, that they do not know what to do with them. The English, who are cowards, only defend themselves by secretly killing men by that wicked strong drink, which has caused so many men to die immediately after drinking it. Thus we shall see what will happen to you for having listened to them.

I was obliged to stop this conversation, perceiving that the enemy had requested to speak, merely to attract our attention while they went for water. I ordered our great fire to recommence, which was so violent, that we killed more than thirty men, and some women, who had secretly gone out for water. I lost that day twelve men, who were killed in my fort. The enemy, in spite of my opposition, had taken possession of a house, where they had erected a scaffold behind the gable end, which was of earth. Our balls could not penetrate this defence, and thus, every day, many of our people were killed. This obliged me to raise upon one of my scaffolds, the two large logs upon which were mounted our swivels. I loaded them with slugs, and caused them to be fired upon the scaffold, which troubled me so much. They were so well aimed, that at the