

My Father, the Hearts of all the young men have been brought to you. Here is mine which I also bring to you. The message of the young men is the Calumet that fills hearts with gladness.

My Father, as we cannot swim and Are not familiar with Canoes, we beg you to give us somebody to convey us.

My Father, we cease not to weep for the death of Monsieur de Vincennes, and we are continually on the warpath against the Chicachas to avenge it.<sup>1</sup>

My Father, our young men Hope you will be good enough to Send them some of your Milk.<sup>2</sup>

My Father, goods are sold us at very high prices. We therefore beg that the Post of the Ouyatanons be under the system of Licenses like Detroit, so that Everybody may go and trade there.<sup>3</sup>

My Father, we love Monsieur de Noyelles; he is Familiar with our usages and is accustomed to our Ways. We beg you to give him to us.

#### *The Petikokias*<sup>4</sup>

My Father, as I have never appeared in Councils, I beg you to Excuse me if any Thing Escapes me in my discourse.

My Father, what the other band has said to you is the same Thing that I wish to say to you.

I am of the same Mind as my Father who has already come here twice. I follow the footsteps of my ancestors and my Heart is the same.

My Father, all that I have said is said in all sincerity. I know that you have but one word.

<sup>1</sup> For the capture and death of Vincennes at the hands of the Chickasaw, see *ante*, p. 259, note 1.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> French "milk," in Indian parlance, signified brandy or other alcoholic liquors.—Ed.

<sup>3</sup> On the Ouyatanon post, and licenses therefor, see manuscript of 1731, *ante*, pp. 131-134.—Ed.

<sup>4</sup> A Ouyatanon (Wea) tribe; see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xvi, p. 376.—Ed.