

My Father, all our young men are quiet in our village. They Hope you will have pity on Them.

There was an evil nation, that of the Renards. We waged war on them and drove them Away because we knew they would not do your will.

My Father, our sole occupation will be to avenge the blows struck by the Chicachas upon your French and upon Monsieur de Vincennes.

My Father, this Calumet is for the purpose of making the sky clear and dissipating the clouds.

The Kikapoux

My Father, I think you will have pity on us because we have never Deviated from the Path you traced out for us.

My Father, I think your Heart will have pity on me. It is contained in this Paper.¹

My Father, we have widened the Road you laid out for us, in order to follow the traces more easily.

My Father, I have a Desire to leave the Ouyatanons and Settle in the meadow of the Maskoutins.¹

My Father, I do not think I shall ever come back here because I am very old.

My Father, we ask you for a Chief, a blacksmith, and Frenchmen to bring us what we need.

The Maskoutins—in two bands

My Father, you have always had pity on us; we think you will continue to show us the same kindness.

¹Note on margin of original MS.: "it is a commission of great Chief of a village."

¹This is apparently a well-known landmark; see *N. Y. Colon. Docs.*, ix, p. 1097, and x, p. 20, where it appears to be identified incorrectly. The editor thereof is inclined to think it was at or near the site of South Bend, Ind.; but the evidence is inconclusive. See Carr, "The Mascoutins," in *Amer. Antiq. Soc. Report*, April, 1900, for an account of the wanderings and relationships of this tribe.—Ed.