

My Father, our young men are not at our village; they are all on the war-path. Those who remained have come down to see you, and they greet you by this present.

*By four Branches of Porcelain*

My Father, I Clear your sight so that you may more easily see the Warriors who are here. I have brought with me those who had most Sense.

*By a Collar*

My Father, when we came here you said to us: My Children, I do not want your Furs nor your presents; I ask but your Hearts. We bring them to you as well as our bodies. Do what you will with us; we are ready to obey you.

*By a Collar*

My Father, it is the custom of all the Chiefs to advise us not to go to the English. Monsieur de Noyan, who is at Detroit, told us, on your behalf, not to go there any more. My Father, I have Encouraged my young men to obey your will, saying to them: I have never Been there and I have not died of it. I think, My Father, they will Listen to your message. I ask for them the same token you have given the others.

My Father, I have come to see you. As I am an aged man, I expect it will be the last time. I appear before you with empty hands, because I am no longer Capable of anything, and I came here solely to obey the Commandant.

*By two Calumets*

My Father, what I have just said to you is without design. I have experienced difficulty in reaching here, because my Canoe is worthless. I Hope you will give me another for the homeward journey.

My Father, I said to the Commandant that so long as I lived, nothing evil would happen at Detroit, because my Father's heart and mine Were the same. Something might occur after my death.