* Yonnondio, I honor you, and the warriors that are with me honor you. Your interpreter has finished your speech. I now begin mine. My words make haste to reach your ears; hearken to them, Yonnondio. You must have believed, when you left Quebec, that the sun had burnt up all the forests which render our country inaccessible to the French, or that the lakes had so overflowed their banks that they had surrounded our castles, and that it was impossible for us to get out of them; yes, truly, you must have dreamed so, and the curiosity of seeing so great a wonder has brought you so far. Now you are undeceived, since I, and the warriors here present, are come to assure you, that the Cayugas, Senecas, Onondagas, Oneidas and Mohawks are yet alive. I thank you, in their name, for bringing back into their country the calumet, which your predecessors received from their hands. It was happy for you that you left under ground that murdering hatchet that has so often been dyed with the blood of the French. Hear! Yonnondio; I do not sleep! I have my eyes open, and the sun which enlightens me, discovers to me a great captain, at the head of a company of soldiers, who speaks as if he were dreaming. He says that he only came to the lakes to smoke on the great calumet, with the Onondagas. But Garangula says he sees to the contrary; that it was to knock them on the head, if sickness had not weakened the arms of the French. I see Yonnondio raving in a camp of sick men, whose lives the great spirit has saved, by inflicting this sickness upon them. Hear, Yonnondio! our women had taken their clubs; our children and old men had carried their bows and arrows into the heart of your camps, if our warriors had not disarmed them, and kept them back, when your messengers came to our castles. It is done; I have said it. Hear, Yonnondio! we plundered none of the French, but those that carried guns, powder, and balls, to the Twightwies, and Chictagicks, because those arms might have cost us our lives. Herein we follow the example of the Jesuits, who break all the kegs of rum brought to our castles, lest the drunken Indians should knock them on the head. Our warriors have not beavers enough to pay for all those arms that they have taken, and our old men are not afraid of the war. This belt preserves my words. We carried the English into our lakes, to trade with the Utawawas, and Quatoghies, as the Adriondacks brought the French to our castles, to carry on a trade which the English say is theirs. We are born free; we neither depend on Yonnondio, or Corlear; we may go where we please, and carry with us what we please, and buy and sell what we please. If your allies be your slaves, use them as such; command them to receive no others but your people. This belt preserves my words. We knock the Twightwies and Chictagicks on the head, because they had cut down the trees of peace, which were the limits of our country. They have bunted beaver on our lands; they have acted contrary to the customs of the Indians, for they have left none of the beavers alive; they killed both male and female; they brought the Satanas into their country, to take part with them after they had concerted their designs against us. We have done less than either the English or French, that have usurped the lands of so many Indian nations, and chased them from their own country. This belt preserves my words. Hear, Yonnondio, what I say is the voice of all the Five Nations. Hear what they answer: open your ears to what they speak. The Senecas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas and Mohawks say, that when they buried the hatchet at Cadaraqui, in the presence of your predecessors, in the middle of the fort, they planted the tree of peace in the same place, to be there carefully preserved; that in the place of arms and ammunition of war, beavers and merchandise should only enter there.