H.

AM JOHNSON,

o the Warriors

quois Indians,

Rutherford's

of Lieutenant

eter Wraxall,

Printu, Jacob

es, yes, and clear fpeak without ite you with all

nded of you, in York, as soon as all your Chiefs to hear News, re received from great Warrios, as sent to this c, of great Guns, eft you, as well of the French.

of the French.

Man, along with Pennfylvania and ernor of Virginia, rt of the World, ing to the King. Affairs have been and Safety of our es, were conside-

and the Rest of estly desired, that

it should be replanted, is grown, by such a mighty Hand. that its Roots penetrate into the Bottom of the Earth, and its Branches are a refreshing Shade, to cover you, and your Allies. As I am to acquaint you, that, agreeable to the Instructions which the King your Father, has given to General Braddock, I am nominated to be alone Superintendant over all the Affairs that shall concern you and your Allies, in this Part of the World, I invite you, and your Brethren, the Six United Nations, and your Allies, to affemble under this Tree, where you may freely open your Hearts, and heal your Wounds, and at the same Time I transport the Shade of that Fire which was in Albany, and rekindle the Fire of Council and Friendship, in this Place: I shall make it of such Wood, as shall produce the greatest Light, and greatest Heat: I hope it will be serviceable and comfortable to all those who shall come to light their Pipes at it; and that the sparkling, and flaming Coals thereof, will burn all those who are or shall be its Enemies.

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I hope that you, and all your Brethren, would be glad to encrease the Lustre and Splendor of this Fire, in minding and keeping it always up; applying yourselves to it with that Diligence and Zeal as may derive a Blessing from it, not only upon you, but upon all your Posterity. To obtain and ascertain that falutary End, it is absolutely necessary that you extinguish all the Fires kindled by Means of Deceit and Fraud, and not natural, which light but to deceive and destroy you and yours. ABELT.

My Brethren,

By this Belt of Wampum, I cleanse the Council-Chamber, to the End that there be nothing offensive therein, and I hope that you will take care that no evil Spirit creep in among us, that nothing may interrupt our Harmony.

Gives a String of Wampum.

My Bretbren,

I am concern'd to see at my Return, that many of the two Villages desire to go to Canada; I should be much X 2 furprized