

those that Sail in great Vessels. This had no Effect, for they understood not what we said, so that surrounding us immediately they began to let fly their Arrows at us, till the Eldest amongst them perceiving that I had a *Calumet* of Peace in my Hand, came up to us, and prevented our being Murthered by their Warriours.

They presently jump'd out of their *Canoes*, some upon Land, others into the Water, surrounding us on all Sides with shrieks and out-cries, that were indeed very terrifying. 'Twas to no purpose to resist, being but three to so great a Number. One of them snatch'd the Pipe of Peace out of my Hand. We presented them with some small pieces of *Martinico Tobacco*, and made Signs to them with our Oars upon the Sand; that the *Miamis*, their Enemies, whom they were in search of, had pass'd the River, and were gone to joyn the *Illinois*.

Being then out of all hopes of surprizing their Enemies, three or four of the Eldest of them laid their Hands upon my Head, and began to weep bitterly, accompanying their Tears with such mournful Accents as can hardly be express'd, while I, with a sorry Handkerchief I had left, made shift to dry their Tears; however to very little purpose; for refusing to smok in our *Calumet*, they thereby gave us to understand, that their Design was still to Murther us; and one hundred of their Leaders coming up to us, made us to