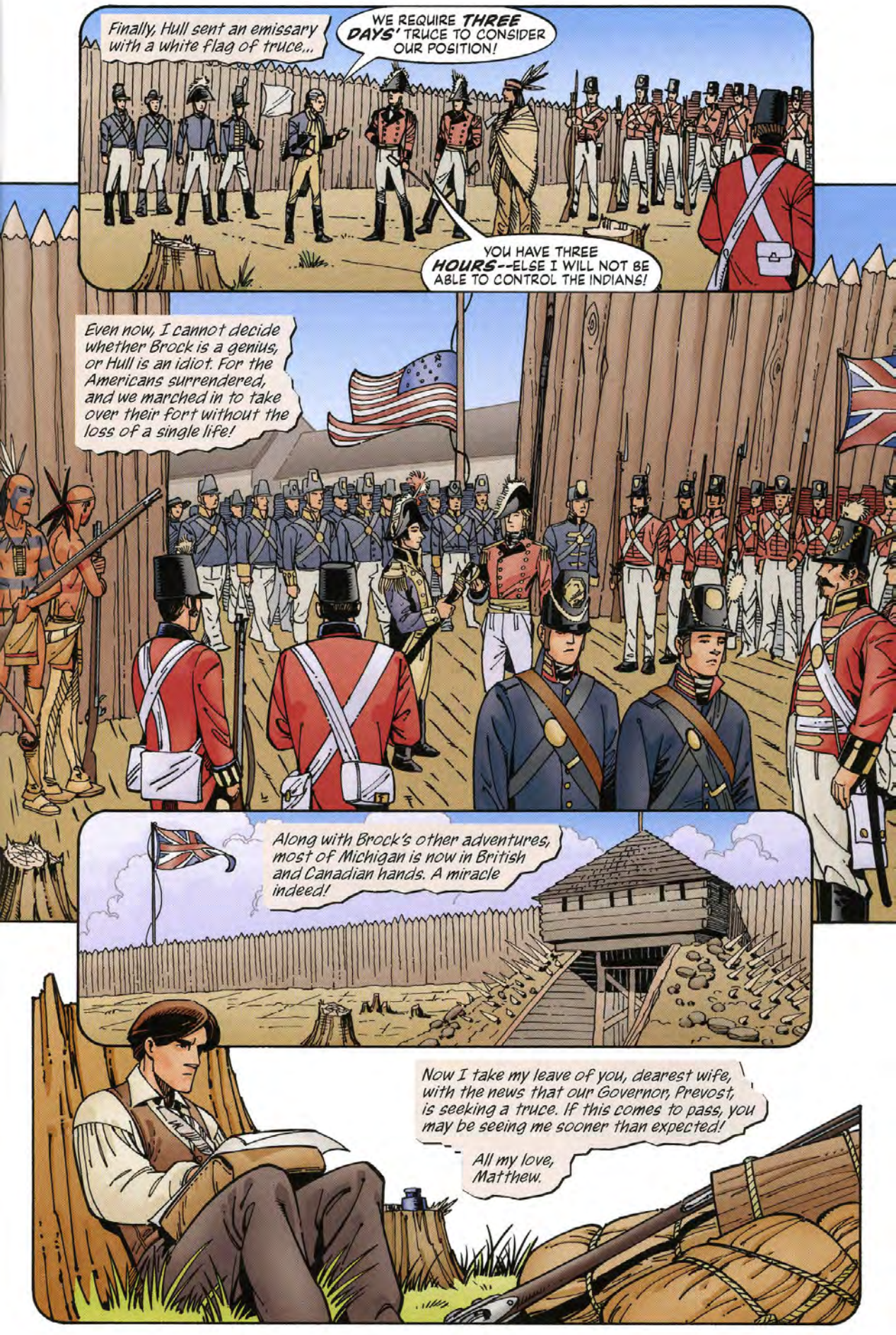

Finally, Hull sent an emissary with a white flag of truce...
WE REQUIRE THREE DAYS' TRUCE TO CONSIDER OUR POSITION!
YOU HAVE THREE HOURS--ELSE I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CONTROL THE INDIANS!
Even now, I cannot decide whether Brock is a genius, or Hull is an idiot. For the Americans surrendered, and we marched in to take over their fort without the loss of a single life!
Along with Brock's other adventures, most of Michigan is now in British and Canadian hands. A miracle indeed!
Now I take my leave of you, dearest wife, with the news that our Governor, Prevost, is seeking a truce. If this comes to pass, you may be seeing me sooner than expected!
All my love, Matthew.