

Listen. When we last went to the Rapids, it is true we gave you little assistance; it is hard to fight people who live like ground hogs.

Father, listen. Our fleet has gone out: we know they have fought, we heard the great guns; but know nothing of what has happened to our father with the one arm.* Our ships are gone one way, and we are very much astonished to see our father tying up every thing and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are.

You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands. It made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish; our great father the king is the head, and you represent him. You always told us that you would never draw your foot off the British ground; but now, father, we see you drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat animal, that carries its tail upon its back: but when affrighted, it drops it between its legs and runs off.

Father, listen. The Americans have not yet defeated us by land, neither are we sure that they have done so by water: we therefore wish to remain here, and fight our ene-

*Com. Barclay, who commanded the British fleet, lost an arm at the battle of Trafalgar.