

8/ 20030

soon see our women and children throw off their leather
dresses and be clothed in the fine blankets of our Great

Father - In which belief, I gave you (pointing to Captain
Andrew) a large canoe full of the Big Knives
hair and skins, that you might be charitable to them

Thirty four
scalps & three
prisoners -
to restore the
prisoners and
bury the scalps
last year
at the mission

These promises happy days have
not yet made their appearance, and yesterday I got so
much frightened by a black cloud that I prevented my
voyaging pipe to my young men and told them that
I would come to hear my Great Father's voice -

Father
out of Louis

Yesterday the Big Knives below our village sent
word that they wanted to talk with me on a matter of
consequence - I went to their fort with a party of young
men - On entering the fort I found a great many American

Officers
of the mission
with the
mission in their
hands -
to buy metals

chiefs seated around, as you are to day - there were great
guns pointed at me, and at each gun man ready to light
them and a great many soldiers surround us, with knives
at the ends of their guns - they looked frightful, and
were as numerous as the quills on a porcupine -

Father

One of the Big Knives got up and called us his children,
talked to us a long time, as if he had been drunk - The
subject of his discourse was to take away from us the lands
which the Master of Life gave us to live upon - He thought
to frighten us with his guns, and make us listen to his
demands: but if it had been he should not have them, and
that if he thought himself a great man under the

protection

shadow of his great father, I believe myself, at least,
as great a man as he was under the shadow of my
Great Father. - He then said, why should you love
the English? what have they left you? - I have thrown
them far away, and you will never see them again -
Give me some of your lands, and be my children: but,
Father

Father, I refused, and am come to tell you how we have
been treated by this black cloud, and to ask your assistance
and support to defend our lands, because you told us to
fight for them, and the Master of Life would be charitable
and show us kindness -

Father
last year

Your red children, with one voice, spoke to you yest-
erday about their grievances - We are anxious for an
answer from our Great Father: and for fear that any acci-
dent should happen to this our parole, be charitable to
me, and you, yourself carry it by the same route the
other week: you have always been our friend do not refuse
us this, my request -

Father

The best words I have to speak are, that, your Red
children never will be slaves to the Big Knives - They
will prefer to die, young, like men, and join their forefa-
thers in the scalp song, in the Great Meadow of brave
spirits, than to live, old, as slaves, and carry water for
old women in the miserable land that is the habitation
of the spirits of old women -

Father
the last
month

Shongakau, a Winchago Chief, then arose and said
I have been listening to Mahateemshibeague with
great patience, and as I am fond of talking I was hoping
he would leave something for me to say: but he has not
omitted anything: what he has said is the truth: it is the
sentiments of my nation and of all your Red children -
We are all miserable - The Big Knives have flogged some
of our young men - They threaten to flog us all and take
our lands and our Great Father's words from us -

Father

As you: take this, our parole, to our Great Father
and tell him with your own mouth (for you are well
acquainted with our miserable situation) that, we cry on his
head for assistance, and that he will support us in our
rights - We cry on his head for charity; and hope he will
not

Pool Copy