

Sau-sa-mau-nee, apparently, Speaker:

*Father!*—Listen to your children, and open your ears. It is the voice of your children, the Winnebagoes, who speak for the principal part of the Nation.

*Father!*—Last Winter and this Spring your speeches reached us, it gave us pleasure to find that you invited us to this place to assist in defending so important a point. We, the Winnebagoes, were desirous of meeting our inveterate enemy, the Big Knives.

*Father!*—Shortly after your invitation reached us, we received information of your having made peace with those bad people, the Big Knives—which intelligence was not pleasing, for we hate those Big Knives.

*Father!*—Since our arrival here, we see plainly that you have actually made peace. We have seen your young men removing your big guns from the Fort to the water side, which denotes plainly that you intend to give up this Island—this important post, that has afforded support to all your red children to the westward.

*Father!*—You promised us repeatedly, that this place would not be given up; and if you actually intend to abandon us to our inveterate enemy, who always sought our destruction, it would be better that you had us killed at once, rather than expose us to a lingering death. It is probable that the Americans may not at first show their intentions of destroying us immediately; but we are fully persuaded that they will avail themselves of the first opportunity for exterminating us.

*Father!*—The peace made between you and the Big Knives, may be a lasting one; but it cannot be for us, for we hate them; they have so often deceived us that we cannot put any faith in them.

*Father!*—We assisted you three years ago to take this Island from the Big Knives; and as you told us to consider part of it as belonging to us we have done so, and *can not think* of giving up our part to the Big Knives.

*Father!*—Our Great Father beyond the Great Lake is a tender parent; but when he agreed to give up this place to