

through me, an invitation to visit him every mid-day.¹ We therefore request you will permit our interpreter to accompany them down.

Father!—Your children are destitute of clothing. We request you will afford us some clothing. Our women request match-i-ko-tahs. Our little children are entirely naked.

Father!—As we do not believe that the peace will be of long duration, we will always be ready at a short warning.

Father!—Your children want to draw near your breast.² They have not been troublesome in this way.

SPEECHES OF BLACK HAWK AND NAIOGUIMAN, AT DRUMMOND ISLAND, JULY 12, 1821

Present, Lieut. Col. Wm. McKay, British Indian Superintendent; Capt. Thos. G. Anderson, Clerk; Maj. James Winnett, and other officers of the Sixty-Eighth British Regiment, together with Lieut. L. Johnston, and three interpreters of the Indian Department.

The Black Hawk, speaker:

"Father!"—I am not very able to speak—probably I may say something improper. I may have something to reproach my father with. I could not get any of my chiefs to come with me. One of the Renard or Fox chiefs accompanied me, and some of the Menomonees who reside amongst us. My mind has been entirely taken up, since I left home, with the idea that every stroke of my paddle carried me nearer to my Great Fathers' fire, where his soldiers, the red coats, would be charitable to me, and cover my naked skin; and that, in consequence of my not having been able, for three years, to step across the barriers, which separate us from them, I would receive a double proportion of my Great Father's bounty.

The Americans, my father, surround us but we are ever ready to meet them. Now, my father, as we see you but

¹ Middle of the year.

² The Indian mode of begging for liquor.