

as well dressed as you are, you no doubt fancy me an object of pity.—It is him who has willed it so. He has put something in your heads, to give you more ideas and intelligence than we possess. But we wish to set off, and see what our father will do for us, that we may show it to the other nations, as we pass through them. The master of life is present—he listens to us. You know, my father, that he is on earth, in the Heavens; in fact, that he fills all matter. I hope that we are not here for the purpose of telling each other lies. You my father, can you, like us, bore your ears, and suspend bobs to them? Can you put bands of silver on your arms, or bedaub your faces as we do? No, you cannot; because the master of life would punish you were you to do it.—You see, every day, nations painted in different colors; he has ordered it so, to show the whites that we are objects of charity, and that they are to assist us.

*Father*—You see that I tell no lies. It is true that I am a fool. Our fathers received counsel from the French, then from the English, and finally from you Americans. We have abandoned the red coats because they cheated us,<sup>1</sup> and our eyes are now opened. We are to reside among you. It is true that they (the red coats), give us fine guns and goods; but we do not like their guns as well as your rifles. We hope that our father will supply us soon, and, as you have promised, you will cause our hoes and hatchets to be mended, that our wives may cultivate their fields without difficulty.

*Father*—You see me now speaking, and were I to continue for the whole day, or as it frequently happens in large councils, for three or four, you would still hear but the truth.—Your arms (rifles) please us. They shoot well, and with them we should be certain of making good hunts. If our father would furnish us with some of them, we should be able to obtain an easy subsistence for our wives and children, and a sufficiency of skins to exchange with the traders for goods, and occasionally bring our father a piece of fresh meat.

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. "Bulger Papers," *ante, passim*.—ED.