

What more is wanting under heaven,
To show each tribe, (*Fox, Wolf and Bear*,)
The *Monitou*¹⁴ makes all his care.

While thus they smoke t' appear more wise,
And call for *milk*¹⁵ to clear their eyes.
Y'Escabius,¹⁶ your chiefs disarm,
Lest they should do each other harm ;
Lay by their hatchets, knives and spears,
And clear the dust out of their ears,¹⁷
That they may hear what I've to say ;
Then close them up again with clay,
Or, drive all *bad birds*¹⁸ far away,

I know you have been told by Clark,¹⁹
His riflemen ne'er miss the mark ;
In vain you hide behind a tree,
If they your finger's tip can see,—
The instant they have got their aim
Enrolls you on the list of lame.
But, then, my sons, this boaster's rifles,
To those I have in store, are trifles ;
If you but make the tree your mark,
The ball will twirl beneath the bark,
'Till it one-half the circle find,
Then out and kill the man behind.²⁰

¹⁴ The Great Spirit.—A. S. DE P.

¹⁵ New England rum, which they call mother's milk, and drink it to excess, when it is dangerous to leave them armed.—A. S. DE P.

¹⁶ The aid-de-camps, who disarm their chiefs.—A. S. DE P.

¹⁷ When Indians will not listen to your talk, they say that their ears are either filled with dust or clay.—A. S. DE P.

¹⁸ The enemy's emissaries are so called.—A. S. DE P.

¹⁹ For a brief biographical sketch of George Rogers Clark, see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xi, pp. 113. 114.—Ed.

²⁰ The Indians being a very credulous people, it becomes necessary to give the enemy a Rolland for their Oliver.—A. S. DE P.