

*SPEECH OF TECUMSEH,*

In the name of the indian chiefs and warriors, to major-general Proctor, as the representative of their great father—the king.

FATHER, listen to your children! You have them now all before you.

The war before this, our British father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war, our father was thrown on his back by the Americans, and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge; and we are afraid that our father will do so again at this time.

Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren, and was ready to take up the hatchet in favor of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry, that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

Listen!—When war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us that he was then ready to strike the Americans; that he wanted our assistance; and that he would certainly get us our lands back, which the Americans had taken from us.

Listen! You told us, at that time, to bring forward our families to this place; and we did so; and you promised to take care of them, and that they should want for nothing, while the men would go and fight the enemy. That we need not trouble ourselves about the enemy's garrison; that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children, that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts glad.

Listen! When we were last to the Rapids, it is true we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground-hogs.

Father listen! Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns: but know nothing of what has happened to our father with one arm. Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up every thing

and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the king, is our head, and you represent him. You always told us, that you would never draw your foot off British ground: but now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat animal, that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted, he drops it between his legs and runs off.

Listen, father! The Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water: we, therefore, wish to remain here, and fight our enemy, if they should make their appearance. If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father.

At the battle of the Rapids last war, the Americans certainly defeated us; and when we retreated to our father's fort at that place the gates were shut against us. We were afraid that it would now be the case; but instead of that we now see our British father preparing to march out of his garrison.

Father! You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome, for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will we wish to leave our bones upon them.

Amherstburg, Sept, 18, 1813.