

ings and rejoicings among all my people. I lost no time to give orders to all my young men to collect before me. I then informed them that your words had reached me, desiring us to come immediately to you. I took the second thought, and concluded it would not be proper to advise my young men to leave immediately, while we were all busily engaged in collecting wild rice, to provide for my people against hunger and famine. After making all haste to do this, and provide for our sick old women and children, with four of my best warriors to defend them from my troublesome and dangerous neighbors, the Sioux, I and my people with me, hastened upon the path-way to the shores of the Chippewa Lake (Superior). I have obeyed your call—I am now before you.

"You say, my father, you are sorry to see us in our state of poverty. * * No wonder, my father, you see us in poverty and showing so much of our nakedness. Five long winters have passed since I have received as much as a blanket for one of my children.

"My father, what has become of your promise? You probably have sent what you promised to us, but where it has gone, is more than I am able to say. Perhaps it has sunk in the deep waters of the lake, or it may have evaporated in the heavens, like the rising of the mist—or perhaps it has blown over our heads, and gone towards the setting sun. Last year I visited our father (Indian Agent Gilbert) who came here, and gave goods to a portion of his red children—but I could not get here in time—I got nothing. I turned round to some of our traders, no doubt who are now standing among us here, and asked them for some clothing to take to my poor children, but they refused me. Therefore I had to retrace my foot-steps over a long road, with empty hands, to my home in the woods—just as I had come.

"In your words to me, you asked me not to use the fire-water; and after my traders refusing me, as I said before, I do not intend to accept their *fire-water* in case they offer it to me.