

"I returned to my home. I endured the severity of the long, cold winter with what nature had provided for me—relieved only by the skins I had taken from the beasts of the forest. I had to sit nearer to my little fire for want of what I did not get of my father, and could not get of my traders; I requested my father the next year to bring me what I needed very much. I am not like your red child that lives on the borders of the Chippewa Lake—he desired you to bring him the irons to spear the fish, and small twine he uses in dropping his hook into the water. I told you, my father, I live principally in traveling through my home in the forest, by carrying the iron on my shoulder,—that whenever I aim at the wild animal, he falls before me. I have come with my young men, and we have brought most of our families on the strength of your promise last year, that you would give us good portions for our wants this year. And like all your children, my father, after a hard day's labor, or walk, I am hungry—my people need something to give them strength and comfort. It is so long since a gun was given us—we have only a few stubs, bound together by leather strings, with which to kill our game, and to defend ourselves against our enemies.

"My father, look around you upon the faces of my poor people; sickness and hunger, whiskey and war are killing us fast. We are dying and fading away; we drop to the ground like the trees before the axe of the white man; we are weak—you are strong. We are but foolish Indians—you have knowledge and wisdom in your head; we want your help and protection. We have no homes—no cattle—no lands, and we will not long need them. A few short winters, my people will be no more. The winds shall soon moan around the last lodge of your red children. I grieve; but cannot turn our fate away. The sun—the moon—the rivers—the forest, we love so well, we must leave. We shall soon sleep in the ground—we will not wake again. I have no more to say to you, my father."