

could it be possible for you to think that you are not to be paid by those who had taken credit from you? But you are so afraid not to have anything, you want to work upon our chiefs, advising them to put their names to a paper, so as to secure your debts, by using fire-water, and by doing so, you kindle a fire all over our country.

You want to be like the other kind of hen, (Shanghai,) that are taller, among the little hens. By feeding them a handful of corn, and the kind that are tall come running to catch up all the corn, and these other common hens go off hungry—and this is the way you wish to do, and to be like these high hens.

*My Father*, (Commissioner Manypenny,) you have come among us to see our condition—to look after our wants. Let the Great Spirit open your eyes to see straight, and give truth in your ears. It is not safe to put this patent for our lands into the hands of our chiefs because they are easily deceived and led astray. I do actually believe they would squander it away or drink it up; therefore I earnestly entreat you to have the patent put into the hands of our people, the young men to whom it belongs; by so doing our women and children may have lasting homes.

If the Chippewa young man can be made any thing more than a poor Indian, he wants the chance. We can go and clear our fields and plant our gardens, and, if we could, build our school-house and church. We can't tell what day our chiefs may combine to sell our reserved lands to Government, and drive us from our homes, and to leave the graves of our fathers and friends. Our chiefs can now sell our homes, and the Government may push us a long way into the frozen wilderness, or to seek new homes upon the islands in the Lake. If our chiefs rule on in the same way, our people will soon go off like mist before the summer's sun.

*My Father*—Our young men have not courage to rise and to civilize, while our chiefs hold the lands and destinies of our people.