

and an appeal to all who feel interested in the welfare of the Indian race.

If ever I see the day when my people shall become happy and prosperous, I shall then feel great and lasting pleasure, which will more than repay me for the pain, both of body and mind, which I have endured for the last twelve years. My motto is — “*My poor People.*”

In all my crooked paths, I have endeavored to mean well. I thank my friends for their kind gifts and wishes. Yet still as much, and more, remains to be accomplished.

Pray for us — that *religion* and *science* may lead us on to intelligence and virtue; that we may imitate the good white man, who, like the eagle, builds its nest on the top of some high rock — *science*; that we may educate our children, and turn their minds to God. Help us, O help us to live — and teach us to die a christian’s death, that our spirits may mingle with the blessed above.

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.