

of it, and would get it and send it to me. I hope he will not forget his promise, as the whites generally do—because I have always heard that he was a good man, and a good father—and made no promises that he did not fulfil.

Passing down the Mississippi, I discovered a large collection of people in the mining country, on the west side of the river, *and on the ground that we had given to our relation, DUBUQUE, a long time ago.* I was surprised at this, as I had understood from our Great Father, that the Mississippi was to be the dividing line between his red and white children, and that he did not wish *either to cross it.* I was much pleased with this talk, as I knew that it would be much better for both parties. I have since found the country much settled by the whites further down, and near to our people, on the west side of the river. I am very much afraid that, in a few years, they will begin to drive and abuse our people, as they have formerly done. I may not live to *see* it, but I feel certain that the day is not distant.

When we arrived at Rock Island, Ke-o-kuck and the other chiefs were sent for. They arrived the next day with a great number of their young men, and came over to see me. I was pleased to see them, and they all appeared glad to see me. Among them were some who had lost relations during the war the year before. When we met, I perceived the tear of sorrow gush from their eyes at the recollection of their