

Lake. He was once rich, but he is now poor—very poor. His hunting grounds are now few, and his home is one of poverty. We are now willing to live as our white brothers; the difficulty is great, but we must not lose courage, and we shall learn.

Brothers,

We shall now show you how the Indian dances, when he goes to war; and we will use our war club, as we did before, and for a short time after, the white man came, and brought us knives, guns, and hatchets. We used these clubs against the people of the United States, last war; and we shall not shrink from using them again, should our Great Mother (the Queen) require our services.

Brothers,

Our dancing is not so pleasing to the eye, nor our singing as agreeable to the ear, as yours; but such is the way we dance and sing in our own country, and we know no other.

Brothers,

I hope to see you all again, to say good-bye; for after leaving your shores, 'tis not probable we shall ever meet until the Great Spirit calls us to join our forefathers in the happy hunting-ground, and you to join your forefathers, in the happy land he has prepared for you.

Brothers, I have spoken.

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