

of us called Pottawattamies. We have now brought upon ourselves misery; we have courted a flower which presented all the beautiful colours; we are even like little children in our Indian state—we who are called Indians. If we take one of these beautiful flowers and present it to a young child, he will take it and tear it in pieces; this is the manner in which our Chiefs, the Pottawattamies have acted. Father, they are not now without feeling miserable and poor. Observe now our situation, we who are called Pottawattamies. It is with us, at present, as a dark night. The time has arrived that we are kicked under by your fellow-whites. On looking all around us, we find even our thoughts hemmed in on all sides, and know not where our children can be taken that they may live. It gives us anxious thoughts. It is true, when we look towards the rising sun, we see your fires smoking; the appearance is a great brightness. You, called the English, Father! For this reason our Wampum goes from our women, our children, and our young men, to convey their thoughts to you. Regard it as if they were standing at your door, Father.

Our Father, Jesus has told us that, if a younger brother (or inferior), comes standing at our door, we are immediately to assist him; for this reason we are inclined to trust you, who are called English, Father, that you will save our shadow (remnant). It would be like throwing one into the fire if you were to do as they (the Americans) desire, or wish us to drive the Indians away to that place. For this reason I say to you, Father, to save our shadow. We love our Father, the Great Spirit's instruction (religion). Perhaps it would be well if you, Father, would stretch your arm towards us. You could reach us, Father, before we be cast beyond your reach, if you will be kind to us. Is there anything beyond your power, you called English? You are, as it were, Spirits in power, Father. This is all the words we send, Father. Our ears will be open to receive anything you may say in answer to our words. We salute you!

OPE-KAI-E-GAN.  
(Rib.)

NOTE 1.—On October 28th, 1814, at Michilimackinac, Waindaway, of the Pottawattamies, said: "We were the first of your Indian children who took up the tomahawk against the Long Knives."

NOTE 2.—The year 1836 was marked by a great emigration to Michigan. We learn that the Indians at St. Joseph's Lake feared that their lands were to be taken from them.