

Speech of the Indian Chief.
Biqigishiqueshkam to Colonel
Parris on Walpole Island September
1839.

Father we are rejoiced to see
you for the first time among us

Father give me your hand
and accept the welcome of this
Army of Wampum.

Father listen to my voice
and complaints as your fathers
did in days of you to mine, and
I will not detain you long for I
know that it is many days since
you left your home and that you
have travelled far.

Father we have no records of
ancient treaties to refer to, we have
no books handed down to us by our
ancestors to direct us in our speech,
we have but our hearts and the traditions
of our old men: they are not deceitful

Father when the White Elk
finding that our Fathers were growing
poor and wretched in the vicinity of
the Long Knife brought them up to the
Island on which you now find us;

he left from his canoe with a lighted Brand in his hand and after having kindled the first Council Fire which had ever shone upon it he gave it to them for ever.

"Remain my children said he, do not desert the abode to which I have brought you & never shall any one molest you. Should any persons come to ask from you a part of these lands, turn from them with distrust and deny them their request. Never for a moment heed their voice and at your dying day instruct your sons to act thus, teach them as generation succeeds generation to preserve intact their inheritance and poverty shall be unknown to them. Tell them as I tell you now never to forsake the Alliance of their Great British Father, tell them to aid him in all his wars with the bad Long Knife who tho' a giant in stature & in strength must ever succumb before the Red Coat.

Adieu my children I now leave you to enjoy your new lands. May you dwell upon them in happiness and in plenty. More would I do for you but my arms are weak, & short & I cannot reach for you all the goods that I could wish."

Father such were the words of

the White Elk. You find us still the same as the old men that he addressed faithful and ready in our Allegiance to our Great Mother but in all other respects alas how altered. Our lands have passed from our hands into those of the rapacious Squatter, the Clearings we had made have been torn from us to yield their crops to new Masters. There is hardly a foot of ground that we can call our own or tread secure from the threats & ill deeds of these Men. One hundred of our pigs have been destroyed, our dogs have been shot at the very doors of our Lodges, our Horses have been stolen from us. Father we have become Slaves & we are unhappy.

Father whence all this misery? why is it that we now look with despair instead of happiness at the smiling faces of our infants? why do our young men hang their heads & vainly seek to pierce the deep gloom which envelops this once happy Island? Father I can tell you!

Some of our chiefs unmindful

Kerakigwion
 chief alluded to

of the warnings of the White Elk,
 deaf to the voice of their Fathers
 have given away our Land and
 with it our happiness. Painfully have
 we reproached them with it our
 answer has been. This Land is ours
 the great Father in Toronto has given
 us the sole disposal of it. We have
 even heard that they have said that
 we should ~~go~~ be removed either to
 the distant plains of the Mississippi
 or the frozen regions of the North.

Father we do not believe them.
 This deep darkness of woe which
 has surrounded us so long is gradu-
 ally breaking. The sun which we
 thought had set to us for ever
 have lately seen striving to ascend
 in its course. it has reached the
 tops of the trees; it has increased
 in brilliancy, the clouds are gone
 & now it breaks upon us in the
 brightness of noon day.

Father a bird whispered to me
 that he was near the Comforter of
 our misfortunes, that he was near
 he who would re-establish us in