

1867 Man, the Red Man's friend. We know that his descendants are yet living, scattered throughout this great Country, who have yet the same mind, and the same heart to do the Red Man good.

I come here with this delegation of my poor people, partly, to assist them in making a treaty with this great Government and partly - which concerns me most dearly - to forward my mission work amongst my own people, on the head waters of the Great Mississippi. To day we feel the pressure, and the rapid march of Civilization towards us. The White Man, with his rapid speed, is crowding us out of our own Country, and pointing us towards - appropriate words - the Setting Sun.

"As I sit in my poor wigwam, with broken heart, I meditate over the past, and the future. The past! Oh! I can not recall the happy days! They are gone: gone, forever and ever. The future! all is dark before me! My path is obscure: My destiny inevitable. I refuse to be comforted, because I am un- pitied and unloved.

And now we turn our weeping hearts towards the Christian White Man, to wipe away the tears from our eyes, to make strong our broken hearts, and to lighten our paths. Our only hope of salvation in the future, is (to become civilized), to embrace the Christian Religion in hand and in heart, and to pray to the God of the White Man.

Fifty years ago our numbers were many. Once we covered this great Country, from East to West, and from North to South, was the Red Man's Country and the Red Man's home. To day, we are few in number! We are fast dwindling away, falling like the leaves of the forest, to rise no more.

My hand trembles and my heart aches within me, while I stretch my feeble hands towards the Christian White Man, in behalf of my Countrymen. I am alone, standing before my dying Countrymen, I stand here and there! they are so scattered. I am doing all I can to tell them about the Saviour of the World, who came to save that which was lost - Sabbath after Sabbath I stand before them, and point them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. I am happy to say that many of our people are now turning their attention to the Christian religion: And many are now earnest, praying Christians. But I cannot reach them more than few in number, they are so scattered in Minnesota. I am the only Missionary

1867 now living to such vast numbers of my people. I have no one to assist me in the work.

I now come to explain one season which brought me down to the White Man's Country. I brought three of my own children into the State of Minnesota, to go to school among the Whites, and be educated for usefulness in the future, for their own people. I left them in the hands of good teachers, but without any means, trusting the Great Spirit to hear my prayers - that the Great Spirit would give good minds, and good hearts, to those who have the means to help the poor Red Man.

My desires and wishes also are, and I wanted to speak to the proper Authorities for my Christian Indian Brethren, to this effect: That some means may be adopted so that those Indians who have become Christians, and the wild ones may not be obliged to live together. The Christian Indians naturally work hard, till the soil, and provide for their family comforts - pursuing industry, in the hope of gathering the harvest of their labor. The wild ones destroy the property of the industrious Indians, our fences are destroyed and burned by them, our little crops are destroyed before they are ripe for harvest. To sum up the whole we cannot live with them: it is impossible.

When I started from my Christian Brethren, what I intended to do further, was to ask the Government to give us a tract of land, say one or two townships, exclusively for the Christian Indians or those who may follow in the way of Christianity and Civilization - but every thing looks dark before us. I do not think I shall venture to do any thing of the kind.

As I return to my Country west of the Mississippi I may venture to stay a few days in Baltimore, but I should feel more at home in the City of Philadelphia. I know there lies the hearth Stone of the great and noble Man Wm Penn the Red Man's Friend.

Your unworthy Brother
John Johnson

Whose name among his own people is Emmegahbowh

Benj. Hallowell

The Committee sent the writer of this letter \$100. from the Indian fund, to assist in the Education of his children to whom he refers.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Committee
Benj. Hallowell, Secretary -

Baltimore 10th Mo. 31st. 1867