

**THE LIFE, HISTORY, AND
TRAVELS OF KAH-GE-GA-GAH-
BOWH: A YOUNG INDIAN
CHIEF OF THE OJEBWA NATION**

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The Life, History, and Travels of Kah-ge-gah-bowh: A Young Indian Chief of the Ojebwa Nation by George Copway

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GEORGE COPWAY

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BOWH: A YOUNG INDIAN
CHIEF OF THE OJEBWA NATION**

THE
LIFE, HISTORY, AND TRAVELS
OF
KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH. ✓

(GEORGE COPWAY) ✓

A YOUNG INDIAN CHIEF OF THE OJEBWA NATION, ✕
A CONVERT TO THE CHRISTIAN FAITH, AND A MIS-
SIONARY TO HIS PEOPLE FOR TWELVE YEARS;

WITH A

Sketch of the Present State of the Objebwa Nation,

IN REGARD TO

CHRISTIANITY AND THEIR FUTURE PROSPECTS.

ALSO, AN APPEAL;

WITH ALL THE NAMES OF THE CHIEFS NOW LIVING, WHO HAVE
BEEN CHRISTIANIZED, AND THE MISSIONARIES NOW
LABORING AMONG THEM.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

SIXTH EDITION.

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1847. ✓

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NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

TO
THE CLERGY AND LAITY
OF THE
AMERICAN AND BRITISH DOMINIONS,
THIS BRIEF
HISTORY OF A CHILD OF THE FOREST,
AND OF
HIS NATION,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE

IN presenting my life to the public, I do so with the greatest diffidence, and at the earnest solicitation of numerous friends. I am an Indian, and am well aware of the difficulties I have to encounter to win the favorable notice of the white man. Yet one great object prompts me to persevere, and that is, that I may, in connection with my life, present the *present state* and *prospects* of my poor countrymen—feeling that the friends of humanity may still labor and direct their benevolence to those who were once the lords of the land on which the white man lives—and assist in rescuing them from an untimely and unchristian grave.

I have noticed some of our prominent chiefs now living; the missionaries laboring amongst my people; the extent of the missionary field; and an appeal to all who feel interested in the welfare of the Indian race.

If ever I see the day when my people shall become happy and prosperous, I shall then feel great and lasting pleasure, which will more than repay me for the pain, both of body and mind, which I have endured for the last twelve years. My motto is—“*My poor People.*”

In all my crooked paths, I have endeavored to mean

well. I thank my friends for their kind gifts and wishes. Yet still as much, and more, remains to be accomplished.

Pray for us—that *religion* and *science* may lead us on to intelligence and virtue; that we may imitate the good white man, who, like the eagle, builds its nest on the top of some high rock—*science*; that we may educate our children, and turn their minds to God. Help us, O help us to live—and teach us to die a Christian's death, that our spirits may mingle with the blessed above.

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

A WORD TO THE READER.

It would be presumptuous in one, who has but recently been brought out of a wild and savage state; and who has since received but three years' schooling, to undertake, without any assistance, to publish to the world a work of any kind. It is but a few years since I began to speak the English language. An unexpected opportunity occurred of submitting my manuscript to a friend, who has kindly corrected all *serious* grammatical errors, leaving the unimportant ones wholly untouched, that my own style may be exhibited as truly as possible. The public and myself are indebted to him for his kind aid, and he has my most sincere thanks. The language, (except in a few short sentences,) the plan, and the arrangement are all my own; and I am wholly responsible for all the statements, and the remaining defects. My work is now accomplished; and I am too well aware of the many faults which are still to be found therein. Little could I imagine, that I should have to contend with so many obstacles. All along, have I felt my great deficiency; and my inadequacy for such an undertaking. I would fain hope, however, that the kind Reader will throw the mantle of charity over errors of every kind. I am a stranger in a