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HISTORY

OF

THE WYANDOTT MISSION,

AT

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY REV. JAMES B. FINLEY.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined," Isaiah ix, 2.

CINCINNATI:

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of his day, for forty years made the Indian literature his study, and obtained much evidence on the subject, assures us that the syllables which compose the word Yo-he-wah, (Jehovah,) and Yah, (Jah,) are the roots of a great number of Indian words, through different tribes. They make great use of these words, and of the syllables that compose the names of God—also which form the word halleluiah, through their nations, for thousands of miles, especially in their religious songs and dances, with beating an exact keeping of time. They begin a religious dance thus: *Hal, hal, hal*, then *le, le, le*, next *lu, lu, lu*, and then close, *yah, yah, yah*. This is their traditional song of praise to the Great Spirit, and it is well attested. This is sung in the south as well as in the north. This same author states, “Two Indians who belong to far distant nations, may, without the knowledge of each other’s language, except from the general idiom of all their tribes, converse with each other, and make contracts, without an interpreter.” I will give here one specimen of the analogy of language: In the Creek dialect, *e-rin-ne* signifies a man; in the Ojibbewa, it is *e-nin-ne*; in some other dialects approaching the Delaware, it is *il-len-ni*; in the Delaware, *len-no*; in the Menominee, *e-nain*, or *e-nai-new*. There is one fact in the structure of the words in Indian dialects, that they are compounded of syllables of different words to an enormous length, and that for the purpose of expressing not only the thing, but its nature. In this there is a great similarity throughout; for let them name what they will, it is with reference to the nature, or use, or quality of the thing named. For instance, the literal meaning of the Wyandott word for a clock, or watch, is, *the eye of time*; a cow is called, in Wyandott, *quo-tus-quo-runt*, and the meaning of this is, *the oil of*

milk. And so with their names for their men and women; all have reference to their tribes, or the totem of the tribe. Hence the names of *Whitewing*, *Highskies*, *Crackskies*. These names belong to the Eagle tribe. *Lump-on-the-head*, to the Deer tribe, denoting a buck fawn. *Between-the-logs*, *Three-logs*, &c., refers to the Bear tribe, denoting the manner in which the bear crouches, or sleeps. *Re-ya-ques*, a name for a female of the Turtle tribe, denoting her sex, and the nature of a turtle to make a nest in the sand to lay eggs, and raise many young ones. I think this custom will be found to extend, more or less, to all the North and South American Indians. The languages of all the nations of Indians are highly metaphorical in their character, and most of them possess great strength, gracefulness, and beauty of expression, and are capable of a grammatical analysis. They have a triple superlative. Instance: *E-a-was-ta*, good; *shu-moch-tah e-a-was-ta*, good little; *king-ga-te e-a-was-ta*, good very; *ho-qua-tau-ge e-a-was-ta*, good above description. This is another item in which, so far as I have been acquainted with their language, they all agree. It is now a matter of great astonishment that these tribes should so long, without a written or printed language, in their exiled state from any intercourse with nations that had the arts and sciences—it is surprising they should have preserved so much uniformity and strength of expressing ideas. How very different from other heathen nations, whose language has dwindled into barrenness, as their minds have sunken into idolatry, and themselves to the deepest state of degradation. I can account for this but on one principle, viz: All, without any exception of any tribe or nation amongst them, believe in one God, who made all things, and on whom all things are dependent, and who superin-

andott, and all the northeastern and southern tribes: *Muk-kwaw*, the bear; *Moons*, the moose; *Ad-dik*, reindeer; *Ah-meek*, beaver; *Me-giz-ze*, bald-head eagle; *Ka-kaik*, great hawk; *Pe-zhew*, wild-cat; *Mus-sun-dum-mo*, water-snake; *She-she-gwun*, rattle-snake; *Ad-de-jawk*, crane. These are some of the most common totems of these nations. The hieroglyphical writing is universal amongst all the Indians, and this is done by the totems principally. Those nations that live far west have their totems fixed by their own choice; for any one may choose what animal he pleases for his medicine. But after he has chosen, he must not change it; and these choices very much depend on their dreams, when they are children, in their great fasts. Such was the influence of this tribe law on the Wyandotts, that even after they had embraced the Christian religion, and were willing to give up all their Indian traditions, yet were they not willing to give up this. When the chiefs and leading men adopted me and my wife into their nation, and gave each of us names, they would not suffer us to belong to the same tribe. I was adopted into the Bear tribe, and called *Re-waw-waw-ah*; and she was adopted into the Little Turtle tribe, and called *Far-rah-quis*.

They all worship the Great Spirit, by offering sacrifice. It would seem almost unnecessary for me to offer any evidence on this subject, as it is so universally known and acknowledged. These are offered sometimes by burning their offering in the fire; sometimes by casting it into the water; at other times by hanging it up on trees, and at other times by turning it loose. Lewis and Clark say, that one of the Mandans informed them, that lately he had eight horses, but that he had offered them all to the Great Spirit. His mode of doing it was this: He

Each party frequently went there to hunt, but it was always at great hazard.

The Wyandotts were always a humane and hospitable nation. This is clearly manifested in their suffering their former enemies to settle on their lands, when driven back before the white population. They kindly received the Senecas, Mingoës, Mohegans, Mohawks, Delawares, and Shawnees, and spread a deer-skin for them to sit down upon; signifying the allotment of a certain portion of their country, the boundary of which was designated by certain rivers, or points on certain lakes; and freely given for their use, without money and without price.

This fact was clearly developed when the different tribes came to sell their lands to the government. The Wyandotts pointed out these bounds; and I heard *Between-the-logs*, a distinguished chief, say, that the Senecas on the Sandusky river had no right to sell their land without the consent of the Wyandott chiefs, for they at first only borrowed it from them.

Another proof of their humanity is their treatment of their prisoners, the most of whom they adopted into their families, and some in the place of their own chiefs who had fallen in battle. Hence the greater part of their nation is now very much mixed with our own people: as the families of Brown, Walker, Zane, Armstrong, and others, whose descendants now constitute the strongest part of the nation.

According to their traditions, it is about two hundred years since this nation divided; before which time, I was told by *Honnes*, one of their most venerable chiefs, that the warriors of their nation were called upon to put each one grain of corn into a wooden tray that would hold more than half a bushel, and that before all had done so,

and untiring in the pursuit and punishment of their enemies. They are strongly suspicious, and always on the watch. They set the highest estimate on their liberty, and look with contempt on those who think themselves above them. They glory in daring feats, either in war or on the chase. They suffer privation without murmur, and torture without complaint; and believe it unmanly, and below the dignity of a high-minded Indian, to complain, on any consideration. They seldom manifest any surprise at any thing or circumstance, nor do they betray any curiosity, but look with sober indifference on all things. They are calm and cool in their deliberations; and when once their minds are made up, are unchangeable in their purposes. They never forget an act of kindness, but will seek an opportunity to repay it; and I know of nothing that will so effectually bind the Indian, and make him feel his obligations, as repeated acts of kindness. The word *friend* amongst them means something, and will make them risk life and property to save a friend. But on the other hand, they never forget an injury or insult; nor will they ever be at rest until they fully satisfy the passion of revenge; and are untiring, and always on the watch, to execute their designs.

The Indians worship the Great Spirit by feasts and burnt offerings; and ascribe to him, and not to chance, the creation of all things. The Wyandotts call him *Homen-di-zue*. Among the Indians, those who give the most feasts, and who, in the language of their songs, "cause the people to walk about the most," are accounted the greatest. When game is plenty, and the harvest is full and abundant, feasts are multiplied. In former days, before the introduction of the burning waters (they gave it this name, because when thrown into the

They hold feasts for the sick, and for the dead, to feed and appease their hungry spirits.

They hold what is called the *buffalo feast*. This is to cure fits. This feast presents a singular and frightful scene. Ten or twelve young men privately put on false faces, the most frightful they can invent. They then roll themselves up in the skins of animals, until they have the most frightful appearance. They then rush out into the streets of the village; and it is dangerous for any person to be found in the street, as they will treat them very roughly. They enter into the house of the afflicted suddenly and unexpectedly—they seize him, throw him into the fire, roll him on the floor, and scatter fire all over his wigwam, until he is frightened almost to death. After this, they repair to every house in the village, and if one of the inmates will give them something, whether tobacco, or any thing else, they will retire, screaming and making a most hideous and frightful noise; but if they do not give them something, they will bespatter the house with all kinds of dirt. I have been told that this process has, in some instances, so frightened the afflicted that they have had no return of the fits.

The Wyandotts are divided into tribes, as before stated. Their head chief was taken out of the *Deer tribe*, until Wayne's decisive battle at the foot of the Rapids of the Maumee, August 20th, 1794, when this tribe became so weak by the loss of their warriors, that the nation took the burden off their shoulders, and placed it on the *Porcupine tribe*. The far-famed *Tar-hee*, or *Crane*, and his successor, *De-un-quot*, the reigning chief, were taken from this tribe. The head chief has the power to appoint a council chief for himself, who is called the *little chief*; and also his war pole, or military

led; but recollecting that John the Baptist, could live on these insects, I thought I might venture, at least, to eat one meal. I therefore sat about the work, and found it a most delicious breakfast, verifying the truth of the saying, that "hunger is the best sauce." I have yet to go for the first time to an Indian house or camp, and not be invited to eat.

In eating, they seldom have more than one ladle in the kettle or tray; and the whole company has to be served with it. When one takes a sup, he hands the ladle to the one that sits next to him, and he to the next, until it goes round. In the mean time, if there be any flesh, you may take a piece of that with your knife, or fingers, and eat away until the ladle comes round. If, however, there is nothing but hommony, you have time enough to chew it well, especially if there be four or five in the circle.

Two white men came to an Indian camp on the Scioto, thirty-seven years ago, very hungry. The females set before them a kettle of hommony, with one ladle in it. One of the men seized it, and fell to work; and instead of handing it to the other, and taking ladle-full about, he ate on with great voraciousness. This waked up the indignation of the women, and one said to the other, "That fellow eats like a hog—he is a hog." She was so much displeased that she took the ladle from him and gave it to the other, exclaiming, "*Yute! quis quis!*" This is the most contemptuous expression, and the worst name an Indian can make use of in his own language. *Yute* is the expression of contempt; and *quis quis* is a hog. Indians cannot swear in their own language.

Great confidence may be placed in their friendship. This also I have experienced in confiding myself, horse, and money, to their care. I was once traveling from De-

like a little child beginning to walk. Sometimes I am very weak, and almost give up; then I pray, and my great Father in heaven hears his poor child, and gives me a blessing; then I feel strong and happy; then I walk again: so sometimes I stand up and walk, and sometimes I fall down. I want you all to pray for me, that I may never any more fall, but always live happy and die happy; and then I shall meet you all in our great Father's house above, and be happy for ever."

The next who spoke was *John Hicks*, another chief, a very grave and zealous man. His speech was not all interpreted; but brother Armstrong told me that he exhorted the Indians to be engaged for the blessing; and urged his exhortation in the following manner: "When I was a boy, my parents used to send me on errands; and sometimes I saw so many new things, that I would say to myself, 'By and by I will ask, when I have seen more;' but after awhile I would forget what I was sent for, and go home without it. So may you—you have come a long way to get a blessing, and if you do not ask for it, you will have to go home without it. Then the wicked Indians will laugh at you for coming so far for nothing. Now seek—now ask; and if you get the blessing you will be happy, and go home right, and then be strong to resist evil and do good." He then concluded by asking the prayers of his friends.

Scuteash arose, and with a serene and smiling countenance began: "I have been a great sinner and drunkard, which made me commit many great crimes, and the Great Spirit was very angry with me, so that in here, (pointing to his breast,) I always sick. No sleep—no eat—no walk—drink whisky heap; but I pray the Great Spirit to help me quit getting drunk, and forgive all my sins, and

many of our people are wicked and do wrong, for we believe some white men are wicked yet, that had the good word preached to them longer than our people; and our great heavenly Father has had long patience with us all; and we let the old father know that we, the speakers, will not give over speaking and telling our people to live in the right way; and if any of us do wrong, we will still try to help him right, and let none go wrong; and we will try to make our head chiefs and all our people better, and we are one in voice with our queens, and we all join in giving thanks to our good fathers that care for our souls, and are willing to help our people; and we want them all to pray for us, and we will pray for them, and we hope our great heavenly Father will bless us all, and this is the last.

BETWEEN-THE-LOGS,
JOHN HICKS,
MONONCUE, *Chief Speaker*,
PEACOCK,
SQUINDEGHTY.

“*July 27, 1820.*”

The council consisted of twelve chiefs and five queens, or female counselors. Seven of the counselors of the nation were religious, and five of them were speakers.

This ends the year 1819—20, and brother Henkle was re-appointed at the conference held in Chillicothe, August, 1820.

We held regular quarterly meetings with them. Stewart continued his labors amongst them, as well as brother Henkle, who visited them from his residence on Buck creek, in Clark county, once a month, and staid, perhaps, two Sabbaths every time. From this arrangement, there

and kill you, or some of their squaws or children; or if you should escape, they will go home, and be very apt to kill a wife, a mother, or a child: for whenever this mad water gets into a man, it makes murder boil in his heart, and he, like the wolf, wants blood all the time; and I believe it makes you white people as bad as it makes us Indians, and you would murder one another as we do, only that you have laws that put those people in jail, and sometimes hang them by the neck, like a dog, till they are dead: and this makes white people afraid. We have no such laws yet; but I hope that by and by we shall have. But I think they ought first to hang all people that make and send this poison abroad, for they do all the mischief. What good can it do to men, to make and send out poison to kill their friends? Why this is worse than our Indians killing one another with knife and tomahawk. If the white people would hang them all up that make it and sell it, they would soon leave it off, and then the world would have peace. Now, my white friends, if you love us or yourselves—if you love peace, I beg that you will not sell these fire waters to our poor people. They are but children, many of them, and you know that a child will just as soon take poison as food. God is doing a great work for us at our town. Many of our Indians are embracing religion, and striving to serve the Great Spirit. Many of those that used to get drunk, and fight, and quarrel, and murder, are now praying people; and now, instead of the drunkard's song and yell, you can hear in almost every cabin the sound of prayer going up to heaven. It makes my heart glad. I hope many of you are praying people, and striving to serve the same God, and going to the same heaven. *Go on, go on—seras-qua, seras-qua,*” said the noble chief,

realized the saying of the prophet Isaiah xxxv, 1, 2, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." The red men and women rose in quick succession, and told of the grace of God, through Christ Jesus, in their awakening and conversion to God, until we were overwhelmed with his goodness, and all united in giving glory to God in the highest. After a little respite, a sermon was delivered on the subject of the sacrament, as an institution to be observed by the disciples of Christ. Then we proceeded to the administration of the Lord's supper. The humble believer felt he had not followed cunningly devised fables, but that the Gospel and its ordinances, are the power of God to all that believe in Christ. Here many that were enemies to the cross of Christ, by wicked works, stood amazed and trembled, wept and cried for mercy, while others shouted for joy.

This scene is properly represented by Ezra iii, 12, 13, "They wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy; so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people: for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off." A number were converted and joined the Church. This quarterly meeting was the beginning of good times in this nation.

The Sabbath following we had our meeting at the Big Spring, and many went from the Great reservation. As we were riding through a low swampy piece of road, we saw an Indian woman riding alone before us, wrapped up in her blanket. She was seeking religion, and praying as she rode along. All at once, she let go the bridle, and began to clap her hands and shout, "Oramah, oramah! Ho-

mendezue! (Glory, glory! to the Great Spirit!) Her horse set off on a gallop; but she paid no attention to it. One of our company rode after her, overtook her, and stopped her horse; and when we came up, we had a joyful time.

This meeting was excelled by none that we ever had. It seemed as if all came together in the spirit of prayer; and such a travail of soul for the conversion of sinners, I have seldom if ever seen; for we had not been more than an hour upon our knees, until the Holy Ghost fell upon us. Sinners fell—mourners were converted—parents and children, husbands and wives, embraced each other, and gave praise to God, who, by sending his servants and Gospel among them, had saved them from their darkness, and that death that never dies. Ten joined class.

Through the course of this year I baptized a number of adults, and many children. I also joined many of them in matrimony, some of whom had children and grand-children; and among the Christian party a general disposition prevailed to comply with all the institutions of the Gospel.

It was impossible for us to do much in the school this year, for the want of proper buildings. We took into our family six children, whom we kept and taught through the winter; and when spring came, we took a few more: in all ten. They were taught by sister H. Stubbs, who had volunteered to leave her comfortable home, and go with us to the wilderness. She taught them sometimes in the house, and sometimes in a bower, or in the woods, under the shade of the trees. Brother Stewart also taught a small school of twelve scholars, at the Big Spring, through the winter. All these children made good progress in learning. The old people were

proceeds out of the heart: therefore, all our hearts must be evil, and that continually; that we are proud, and of this we have an example before us, in our grandfather, the head chief. Surely these things can do him no good, but to feed a proud heart. They will not warm his body when cold, nor feed him when he is hungry.

As soon as I sat down, he arose with all the dignity of an Indian, and spoke as follows: "My friends, this is a pretty day, and your faces all look pleasantly. I thank the Great Spirit that he has permitted us to meet. I have listened to your preacher. He has said some things that are good, but they have nothing to do with us: we are Indians, and belong to the red man's God. That Book was made by the white man's God, and suits them. They can read it—we cannot; and what he has said, will do for white men, but with us it has nothing to do. Once, in the days of our grand-fathers, many years ago, this white man's God came himself to this country and claimed us. But our God met him somewhere near the great mountains, and they disputed about the right to this country. At last they agreed to settle this question by trying their great power to remove a mountain. The white man's God got down on his knees, opened a big Book, and began to pray and talk, but the mountain stood fast. Then the red man's God took his magic wand, and began to pow-wow, and beat the turtle shell, and the mountain trembled, shook, and stood by him. The white man's God got scared, and ran off, and we have not heard of him since, unless he has sent these men to see what they can do." All the time he was speaking, the heathen party were on tiptoe, and often responded, saying, "*Tough gondee*," that is, *true* or *right*; and seemed to think they had won the victory.

to join in prayer. They sang in sweetest strains, in Indian, the following hymn:

“Come thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,” &c.;

and I sang with them in English, which seemed to have a powerful effect on the man of the house and his family, it being a strange thing to them to hear Indians thus sing and pray. My old friend's soul was fired with his theme, and he prayed as if the heavens and the earth were coming together. When we arose from our knees, he and Squire Gray-eyes went and shook hands with all in the house, weeping and exhorting them in Indian to turn to God, believe and live. We had a good meeting, for many of the family wept. Here I will give a few verses of the hymn before mentioned, in the Wyandott language:

Yar-ro-tawsa shre-wan daros
Du-saw-shaw-taw-tra-war-ta
Di-da-sha-hoo-saw-ma-gawrah
Dow-ta-ta ya-tu-haw-shu.
CHORUS.—Durah-ma-yah! durah-ma-yah!
Ded-so-mah-ras qui-hun-ca.
ENGLISH.—Halleluiah! halleluiah!
We are on our journey home.

Yar-ro-tawsa shre-wan daros
Shasus tatot di cuarta
Scar tre hoo tar share wan daro
Sha yar ne tshar see sentra.
Durah-ma-yah! durah-ma-yah, &c.

On-on-ti zo-hot si caw-quor
Sheat un taw ruh de Shasus so
You yo dashar san de has lo
Dishee caw quar, na ha ha.
Durah-ma-yah! dura-ma-yah! &c.

instead of insulting or threatening me, they would mostly say, "*Rewowwowah*," (My father.)

I do not now recollect that I was ever insulted by an Indian, drunk or sober, during all the time I was with them; nor did any of them ever manifest any unkindness towards me. The heathen party did not like my religion, nor my course in establishing a Church; but still I was respected, for I treated all with kindness and hospitality. Indeed I do not believe that there are a people on the earth, that are more capable of appreciating a friend, or a kind act done towards them or theirs, than Indians. Better neighbors, and a more honest people, I never lived among. They are peculiarly so to the stranger, or to the sick or distressed. They will divide the last mouthful, and give almost the last comfort they have, to relieve the suffering. This I have witnessed again and again.

ing up, will carry on the work. I am much attached to our brother Finley; and I suppose the reason is, because it was under his prayers and exhortations that I was brought to know the truth. And this is the case with many of the nation.'

"Sum-mun-de-wat.—'I am thankful to God that he has been so kind as to bring our old gray headed brother to us again. I will inform our old brothers, that though I am young in the cause, I enjoy the love of God. My tongue is too weak to express what God has done for me, and for my people. The providence of the Great Spirit was wonderful in sending the Gospel among us, in preparing the way before it came, that it might be understood. No longer ago than I can remember, and I am young, we had a way of worship. But it was all outward, and there was nothing in it to reach the heart. Those who taught us would say good things, and say and do bad things. But now they live as they speak, and the people are affected. They weep; and their hearts, and words, and actions are changed. The school will be a great blessing. The children learn to read the word of God, and to work with their hands, and to be good. Some day they will rise up to preach the word, and teach the nation. It is impossible to describe the mighty change which has taken place. Go into families morning and evening, and you hear them praying for the spread of the Gospel in the wilderness; and many weeping and rejoicing for what God has done. This is all God's work. He will continue it. We must be faithful, and leave it all to him. My word is very feeble; but my brothers can draw out my mind, and know what I mean; and they will excuse the weakness of my speech.'

"Gray-eyes.—'My language is weak, and I have not

or the pardon of sin by virtue of the atonement through faith, and of regeneration and sanctification by the agency of the Holy Spirit; of all these they have such ideas as, associated with the effects, authorize the belief that the Spirit of God has written them on their hearts. In their religious conversation, in their public instructions and exhortations; but especially in their prayers, they use the names of the three persons in the Trinity with peculiar solemnity, offering their petitions to each. ‘*O, Ho-men-de-zue! O, Jesus! O, Suck-ca-sah!*’ frequently occur in their prayers. The true import is, ‘O, God the Father! O, God the Son! O, God the Holy Spirit!’ These titles do not often occur united, but various petitions and thanksgivings are addressed to each.

“This may be considered as a digression from the path of narrative, but I thought it too important to be overlooked, and knew not where to introduce it more suitably. To return. While the Bishop was employed in visiting and instructing the Indians, I visited, accompanied by brother Finley, a new settlement of whites, about ten miles from the mission establishment, near the western boundary of the reservation. Verily these people were like sheep without a shepherd. About sixty collected to hear the word, and I have seldom preached the Gospel with greater satisfaction to my own soul, in the spacious churches of our most splendid and populous cities. They seemed to be hungry for the bread of life. The old and young appeared to wait on the lips of the speaker with fixed attention, while tears and sighs evinced the interest they felt in the subject. O what a field for the missionary of Jesus! Calls are repeated from the white population of these vast frontiers, as well as from the Indian tribes, to come and help them. Lo! the

their great surprise and terror, four Indians rose up, and ordered them to stop. The young man attempted to make his escape by running, but had made a few steps only, when the Indians fired, and he fell dead. Robert said, that he ran a few yards, but one of the Indians overtook him, and picked him up. Said he, "I was so scared to see the young man tomahawked and scalped, that I could hardly stand, when set on my feet, for I expected it would be my lot next. One of the men took me on his back, and carried me for several miles, before he stopped. The company divided. Two men took the scalp, and the other two had charge of me. In the evening they met, and traveled until it was late in the night, and then stopped to rest and sleep. The next morning, I had to take it afoot as long as I could travel; and although they treated me kindly, yet I was afraid they would kill me. Thus they traveled on several days, crossing some large rivers, until they got to an Indian town, as I learned afterwards, on the Jerome's fork of Mohickan creek, one of the branches of Muskingum river. Here they rested awhile, and then went on until they came to Lower Sandusky."

This little captive was now disposed of according to the customs of war. He was adopted into the Big Turtle tribe of Wyandotts, and his Indian name was *O-no-ran-do-roh*. But little more is known of his history until he became a man. He learned to be an expert hunter. When he grew up, he married an Indian woman. He had become a perfect Indian in his feelings and habits of life; and had so far lost the knowledge of his mother tongue, that he could speak or understand but little of it.

After Wayne's treaty he associated more with the whites, and conversed more in the English, and learned

season of heavenly joy to our souls. The children have regular prayer meetings on Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Sabbath mornings are devoted to reciting catechism, in which there is much emulation and correctness. In fine, I am happy to state, that at present, things move well. Among our greatest troubles is the want of house room and bedding, our houses being too small and uncomfortable; but notwithstanding, we are not discouraged.

“We hope that the friends of Zion will remember us, that the God of all grace may be with us. I beg an interest in all your prayers.”

In June, this year, (1827,) Bishop M’Kendree made his last visit to the Wyandotts. Perhaps no man ever took a deeper interest in Indian missions, or the welfare of the Indians, than Bishop M’Kendree. He was the first person I ever heard suggest a Methodist mission among them. In the summer of 1817, at a camp meeting held in Jefferson county, Ohio, he made an engagement with my brother, the Rev. John P. Finley, to go to the Wyandott nation as a missionary and school teacher. But the uncertain possession of their lands, and their unsettled condition, prevented this contemplated plan from being put into operation at that time; and before the circumstances of the Indians would seem to justify the commencement of a school, my brother was employed at Augusta College.

From the commencement of a regular mission at Upper Sandusky, the Bishop not only used all his influence to sustain and encourage it, but with his presence and advice, afforded the mission great help. The establishment and the Indians, looked up to him as the *Mi-a-wah-na-zes-tot-see*, (the head preacher, or father

of us all.) He visited the mission three times in person, examined all our plans of operation, as well as the progress of the children in learning to read, write, &c., and their advancement in the arts of husbandry and housewifery. He set the example of industry, and gave them many interesting lectures. He visited from house to house, and ate at their tables, conversed freely on all subjects that pertained to their spiritual and temporal welfare, and gave such advice as his best judgment dictated. The whole nation venerated and loved him, and when he made a visit, it was a time of rejoicing with us all. The last visit he made was a most interesting one, and especially the council he spoke of in his letter, with twenty of the chiefs and principal men.

This council was held near the house of *An-daw-yau-way*, (or Peacock,) under the shade of some wild cherry trees. When all were assembled, the Bishop, and the whole assembly with him, bowed before the throne of grace, and he offered up prayers to God for the mission, school, nation, and for the universal spread of Christian principles, until all the world should embrace the Gospel of Christ and the blessings of civilization, and for God's blessing on the deliberations of the council.

After prayer, he addressed them in the following manner:—"Dear brothers, God, in whose hands are all our lives, and all our blessings, has brought us together this day, in health and peace; and it has been with some pain and affliction that I have got here, to see and speak to you once more. I am getting old. My head is white, and my limbs are stiff. I cannot walk or ride, as I once could. I am drawing nigh to my grave. But although my body is old and almost worn out, yet my soul feels as young as ever, and I still feel as if I wanted to travel

4. CU-AN-DA-MA HICKS was the daughter of brother *John Driver*, and belonged to the Big Turtle tribe. She joined the Church, January 25th, 1824. This child of the forest was quite young when the sound of the Savior's name charmed her heart; and after shedding many tears, she yielded herself to be saved by grace. This modest, retiring Indian girl had many charms of youth about her. Among them, and not the least, was her entire obedience to her parents. Her pious parents prayed much for her; and at a quarterly meeting held at Negrotown, she obtained religion. I have known her mother and her, when they could not get their horses to ride, to walk fifteen miles, and wade Tyamochtee creek, in winter, to meeting—such was her regard for the word of life. She married a pious Indian youth in 1827; and in the following year was called away. She died in peace, exhorting her husband and friends never to depart from the true and right way, but to meet her in heaven. I have no doubt but that Cu-an-da-ma now shouts with the hosts above.

My youthful reader, this poor Indian girl had not the advantages you now have; and are you not in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity? Will you be at last consigned to that place where weeping and wailing will be for ever, for the abuse of so many Christian privileges, while the poor out-cast Indian girl will shout in glory?

5. MAURICE, or wife of the *Little Chief*. This woman embraced religion in the winter of 1823; and to the day of her death, was an exemplary Christian. And although she had some dark hours, and severe conflicts in her Christian warfare, yet she was constant in her religious duties; and as a wife and mother, was faithful. She at last conquered through faith, and her last moments were

peaceful and triumphant. She dwells, we trust, where the weary are at rest. She departed this life, August 30th, 1828.

6. MARY was the daughter of *Big-river*. When a child she sought and found the Savior. Her conversion was a matter of great joy to her parents. When grown to a young woman she married Daniel Williams, son of Abram Williams, a pious young man. Mary continued faithful, and was steadfast in her Christian course, until her spirit took its flight to mansions of bliss. She died of consumption, December 23d, 1829, in great peace.

7. WAH-SHU-TA-MAH, or *Queen of the Bear tribe*. She was among the first who sought and found mercy, and experienced religion at Mt. Tabor camp meeting, a few miles above Urbana; and here she publicly renounced all her heathen religion, and fully embraced the Lord Jesus Christ, as her only Savior; and promised the Lord that she would, as far as her health and circumstances would admit, go to all camp meetings within her reach. Until her death, she was a constant and zealous follower of the Redeemer. She never missed her class or other meetings, unless hindered by sickness. A few days before her death, although in great weakness, she attended a two days' meeting; and on the return of another Sabbath, her immortal spirit took its flight to the realms of eternal day, on the 30th day of January, 1829.

8. AN-DAW-YA-WAH, or *Peacock's* mother, was a very aged woman when the Gospel first began to be preached in the nation; and had some severe conflicts in giving up her former belief in her religion. But it pleased God, who will not have one wretched sinner die, to send the word of truth to her heart, by the agency of the Holy

my soul with love." This man was one of the most uniform, devout, and holy men I ever knew; and for many years lived to enjoy religion, and to show forth its power. After his conversion, he was never known to taste a drop of any kind of ardent spirits, cider, beer, or wine, except on sacramental occasions. He died on the 2d of June, 1829; and his death was marked with triumphant joy and peace. He sent for brother Thompson, a short time before his death, and related to him his Christian experience, which was sound and rational. He manifested great anxiety for the conversion of his relations. He requested brother Thompson to write his will; and he bequeathed all his property (except some presents to his relatives) to his wife, of whose faithfulness he bore testimony for thirty years; and by this act he showed the victory of Christianity over heathenism—it being their custom to let the property that ought to support their widows and children, fall into the hands of their relatives.

12. HANNAH, the wife of *Sen-ta-mas*, or *Long-sides*. This woman was converted to God in 1824, and fully embraced the religion of the Lord Jesus. She was anxious to have her children educated; and brought them, and gave them up for that purpose. She departed this life in great peace on the 13th day of June, 1829.

13. ELIZA JANE HANSBERGER, (so called, after the name of a worthy female friend to the mission,) was daughter of *Hannah*, above mentioned, and one of the school children. She was early taught the fear of God, and to seek and serve him; and although at first she did not acquit herself so as to meet the wishes of her teachers, or the hopes of her pious mother, who expressed great anxiety for her on her dying bed, she was taken

sick soon after the death of her mother, and died happy in the Lord. He took her, perhaps, to save her from future evils. Her last words were, "Jesus has come for me." She was buried one week after her mother.

14. Sister FROST, died, November 2d, 1829, in the woods, at their hunting camp on Blanchard's fork. She was a woman of uniform and deep piety, and persevered through great difficulties. Her path was a thorny one; but Jesus kept her, and finally took her to himself, to rest from all her sorrows, in heaven's sweet abode.

15. TWO FEATHERS. This man long halted between two opinions; and although he was convicted as to what was his duty, yet he never yielded, until death laid its icy hand on him. Then he renounced his old traditions, and requested to be admitted as a probationer into the Church, and died soon after. In this man's example, reader, you perceive the great risk you are running if you are not in the Church of God, and in the way of duty. O let not another opportunity pass by before you take up your cross!

16. MAURICE was an orphan girl, raised by the wife of Between-the-logs, and was one of the first scholars at the mission school. She made some progress in learning, and especially in housewifery. She joined the Church when young, and afterwards professed religion. She married Ta-ha-men-toot, and was a faithful wife. Her death was sudden and unexpected—only seven days sickness. Her class-leader visited her, and found her resigned and happy. She departed this life, August 30th, 1830.

17. KEN-TAUGH-QUE, or, *Big-tree's* wife. This most excellent woman lived near the mission family from its first establishment. She was an early subject of the

grace of God, and of pardoning mercy. The evidence of the knowledge of sins forgiven she never lost, but grew in grace and in the knowledge of her Savior. She appeared always deeply interested for her children, and her constant and earnest prayer was well calculated to show them the path of life; and it was her joy to see some of them filled with the same blessed hope. She was a kind neighbor, a good, humble wife, a devotedly pious and loving mother, and a consistent and cheerful Christian; and this was the result of the mighty grace of God. She died on Monday morning, October 18th, 1830, in the blessed and joyful triumphs of Christian faith, universally lamented. Her last words were, "*My work is done.*"

18. SUSAN BRANT was a Mohawk, and soon after the establishment of the mission joined the Church; but having a husband who led a dissipated, wandering life, she was not received in full connection. But she united herself again to the Church in 1830; and in the March following, she departed this life. After her second admission into the Church she lived exemplary, and died happy, exhorting her friends to be faithful, and meet her in heaven.

19. IN-CATS-SEE, or wife of *Jas. Washington*. This woman was brought to the knowledge of God through the preaching of the Gospel, in 1823. She was a good woman, and a faithful attendant on the means of grace. She died in the full hope and prospect of eternal life, in May, 1831; and left her pious husband and children to mourn their loss.

20. The wife of CU-AH, died, July 24th, 1831, in great peace. She had embraced religion, and bore the cross

of Christ from her youth. She enjoyed peace at her death, surrounded by her friends and relations.

21. JOHN BRANT was a Mohawk, and was brother-in-law to John Vanmetre, who was taken by the Indians when a boy. Brant joined the Church on Honey creek, in the house of his brother-in-law, in 1824. He ran well for a season; but got into bad company, and forfeited his membership. He remained out until the summer before he died. He died without that full confidence which faith in Christ inspires; yet it is hoped he was saved, for he was truly penitent.

22. ELI PIPE was a Delaware, and a descendant of Captain Pipe, the chief of the Delawares, who took (and was the principal agent in burning) Col. Crawford, to avenge the death of the Delawares, who were massacred on the Tuscarawas, by Williamson and his party—the most barbarous of all murders. He married a Wyandott woman; and became a member of the Church in 1824. He was a moral man, and in the first of his religious profession did not manifest much zeal; but his afflictions made a deeper impression on his mind, and he was more engaged. On the 7th of July, 1831, he died; and it is hoped he died in peace.

23. TA-ZUH departed this life, November 2d, 1831. Though for sometime after joining the Church, he was at times unstable; yet, for the last years of his life, he gave evidence of enjoying a happier state of mind; and strong hopes are entertained that he has exchanged this earthly for a heavenly state.

24. NAU-GAH-HAT was the daughter of a widow, and was the first Indian child that was admitted into the mission family. She was baptized, and called Eliza Brooke, after my only daughter. She was among the first of our

children that embraced religion. She made good progress in her learning; and after she left school, she was married to young Warpole, and continued steadfast in her high and holy calling till death. She died, April 28th, 1832, in the triumphs of faith, leaving two children, who have since followed her to her happy home.

25. MARY FIGHTER was a Seneca, and embraced religion in the winter of 1823. She was a quiet and peaceable woman, and died in the faith of the Gospel, June 2d, 1832.

26. SY-ON-TO's wife was the sister of Between-the-logs, and embraced religion at an early period of the mission. She was a woman of great piety, and was a uniform member from her conversion to the day of her death. She, it is confidently believed, has gained the blessed shore of eternal bliss.

27. NONE-WAY-SA was the wife of the far-famed *White-eyes*, who resided in the plains on the Tuscarawas river, and now called after his name. He was shot by a boy whom, in a fit of intoxication, he attempted to stab with a knife. After his death, she became the wife of brother Mononcue, with whom she lived till her death. She was converted in the winter of 1822. Her convictions were deep and pungent, and her conversion clear and powerful; the truth of which she never afterwards doubted. It might be said of her truly, that she was a mother in Israel; and to the mission family she was peculiarly kind. She visited us often, and seldom came without bringing something to add to our comfort. She was a lively and a shouting Christian. I have often seen her feasting on Gospel food, until her soul would be filled to overflowing with the love of God; when she would praise God aloud for redeeming mercy. Her af-

fictions were great, but she bore them all with great patience until her change came, and in joy and peace she slept in Jesus the 15th day of August, 1832.

28. YAS-YAH was the only person that attended John Stewart's first meeting, and to whom he preached Jesus and him crucified. The next day herself and old Big-tree were all who came to hear the joyful sound. She received Jesus the first offer that was made of him to her. She maintained her integrity, and was faithful to her Lord until she was taken to her rest. Her life had always been uniform; and though she met with great opposition at first from many of her relations, yet she never wavered, but continued to fight the good fight. She fought and conquered, kept the faith, and laid hold on eternal life, June 23d, 1832.

29. Sister JACO, wife of *Tar-i-un-ta*, was a woman of piety, and died as she lived, in peace, February, 1833.

30. MEN-DA-ZA died in peace, July, 1833.

31. Sister TAR-UN-ENE died in peace, October, 1833.

32. POLLY ZANE was the daughter of William Zane, and grand-daughter of Ebenezer Zane, who was taken prisoner near Wheeling, by the Indians, and lived with them, and raised a large family. Polly was pious. The Lord called her in the morning of life, and took her away from the evil to come, in the year 1831.

33. YA-MEN-DASH departed this life in 1832. She was received as a probationer on the 2d of May, 1832, but did not stay long to enjoy the communion of saints below, in the Church militant; but we trust she has been hailed by the Church triumphant, in the realms of endless bliss.

34. TA-SA-TEE, or *Samuel Brown*, was the oldest son of Adam Brown, Sen., after whom Brownstown, in the

state of Michigan, is named. He was awakened, and attached himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Canada, the first visit I made to the Indians in that country; at which time I formed a class there, of which brother Gold was leader. He soon after obtained religion, and began to exhort, and was licensed as such. He had a tolerable education, and was capable of reading the Bible for himself, and expounding it to others. He became useful, and was successful in his labors. He was an humble man, and had been solicited to apply for a regular license to preach; but this he refused, saying, that he wished not to rise higher than his brethren. He was a good interpreter, and accompanied me and the chiefs in that capacity to the eastern cities. He interpreted on the Sabbath before his death. He was taken on the Monday evening following with an inflammation of the brain, which deprived him of hearing and reason on the following day; and on Thursday, December 5th, 1833, he exchanged this suffering and uncertain state for a crown of rejoicing in the mansions of bliss. His remains were deposited in the grave-yard on the following Saturday. A funeral sermon was preached to a large and weeping congregation.

35. Sister JACQUES departed this life, December 8th, 1833, after lingering for some months with a consumption. She was an amiable woman, exemplary in her character, modest and unassuming in her manners, faithful as a Christian, and affectionate as a wife and mother. In her the Church had to mourn the loss of one of her brightest ornaments; but is consoled in believing their loss to be her eternal gain.

36. TAY-HOW-WA-HA had lived all his life attached to the heathen party; but when he was seized with his last

sickness (like all other stubborn sinners) his fears came upon him mightily, and he renounced his heathen traditions and worship, and was admitted on trial in the Church, December 28th, 1823, and was truly penitent. He made application to be married to his wife according to the Gospel institution, and the time for performing this duty was fixed on; but ere it arrived, he took his departure to another and, we humbly trust, to a better world. We believe his penitence was genuine, and that his sufferings ended in eternal life.

37. TAR-E-SHA, or *Big-lake*, was a moral person in his character, and serious in his deportment, from a child. He became a probationer, February 2d, 1833; but did not live long to enjoy the privileges of the militant Church. He was engaged, however, during his short warfare. In the succeeding fall he departed this life to join the family above.

38. TAR-HE-TOO was a sister of Between-the-logs. She was blind, and had been so from her childhood. This woman did not hesitate to embrace the Savior at the first offer made; for she said, "I want just such a friend and Savior to keep and comfort me." She sought him as directed, and soon found him, and remained steadfast until her death. It might be said of this poor, blind, heathen woman, as of one of old, "Her soul continually magnified the Lord." Her communion with God was deep and constant; and from her Savior she never strayed, but "closer and still closer cleaved to his beloved embrace," until her warfare ended; when she left a most soul-cheering testimony that she had gone to the Christian's home. "O sweet, sweet home!" To this rest she took her departure, April 1st, 1834.

39. MAURICE BIG-SPOON was the daughter of James

derance to her in the divine life. She, however, continued to bear her cross; and toward the close of her life, while yet in good health, the work of the Lord was greatly revived and deepened in her soul. At the last class she attended, a few days before her death, she seemed to have some presentiment of her near approach to eternity. Her soul was in a flame of love. She went home in health: was suddenly seized with an affection of the brain, which terminated her life in two days, on April 10th, 1834; and no doubt she has joined her pious mother and grand-mother in paradise.

40. AN-DA-WIZ-U, or *Big-river*. Of this man I can say, he was my bosom friend. I have seldom found his superior. He was among the first fruits of the mission. He was much interested for the welfare of his children, and was ably assisted by his pious wife, Eagle. Their souls were both formed in the Gospel mold. I appointed him class-leader; which office he faithfully filled. Sometime after he was nominated and elected steward in the Church, and remained faithful in this relation, until death. In all things, he lived in reference to the future; and the text from which the missionary, brother Thompson, preached his funeral sermon, was descriptive of his life, "Set thy house in order," &c., Isaiah xxxviii, 1. I here quote the words of the speaker: "This text was applicable to his case—to his farm, house, cattle, family circle, economy, unembarrassed circumstances, and state of mind, which enabled him to converse with death, and welcome his approach as a friend. His disease was consumption; and a few days before his death he sent for a white man to come and take the measure for his coffin, and to return with it in two days; which was attended to. When the maker laid it down by his bed, he then asked

proved faithful to the end of his earthly journey. He died, February 2d, 1835, and we trust he now wears a crown of life.

44. MEN-SA-NOO was admitted on trial, June 1st, 1834, and was continued on trial to the close of life, not being able to prevail on her husband to get lawfully married. But amidst her embarrassments she strove to be faithful. She died, January 2d, 1835.

45. MAY-YAT-TA-HAT, or *Standing-water*, the oldest son of old Big-tree, and brother to James Big-tree, one of the native speakers. He was one of the first to join the Church, in the early history of the mission. He experienced religion at a memorable meeting, and one of the first that I held in the council house, at which Between-the-logs and Matthew Peacock, then a chief, with several others, experienced religion. He was exemplary to the close of his life. When he prayed in public, or spoke in class or love feast, his words had a warning influence, and melted the whole assembly. His farm was well regulated, and gave evidence that he had learned to be diligent in business, as well as fervent in spirit. He died in holy triumph, on the 7th day of February, 1835. Being asked by his younger brother, Big-tree, how matters stood between his Maker and his soul, he replied, "I am ready to go. I have been waiting for sometime, and now have no fear of death." He repeated the same to the Little Chief, and thanked him for his faithful labors as his leader—exhorted his wife and the bystanders to be faithful to God, and commended his youngest son to the care of his brother, to raise and send him to school. He spent his last moments in praising God; and undismayed and tranquil, resigned his spirit into the hands of his Maker.

46. JOHN COON, died, in peace, after a short illness, on the 2d of March, 1835. He was many years wavering between heathenism and Christianity; but appeared to become established for the last twelve months. In his last moments he expressed his confidence in his Savior, and only lamented that he had to leave his four sons strangers to religion and Christian fellowship.

47. JOHN M'LEAN was the only son of Rhon-yan-ness, and was educated at the mission school. John was a good boy at school, and was good to work; and in his deportment and manners he was agreeable. He joined the Church while at the mission school, though he did not manifest much zeal until after he closed his studies. He then became an exemplary member, and was appointed to assist his father in meeting his class, and afterwards was licensed as an exhorter, in which office he grew to be a strong man in Israel. His powerful exhortations toward the close of his life will not soon be forgotten. His death was unexpected, but he was prepared to meet it.

48. YA-ZHE-AH was an old member, and was faithful for many years. She died full of faith, and in prospect of glory, in April, 1835.

49. CHARLOTTE BARNET, died on the 10th of August, 1835, having passed through several months of affliction. She had several times attempted to live a Christian life, but as often failed, having a husband who was always ready to discourage her. But affliction was the means of bringing them both to the fold of Christ, and we doubt not they both sleep in Jesus. He departed this life in April, 1836, having joined with his wife on probation the 10th of January, 1835.

50. ELIZABETH MONONCUE was one of the mission

school children, embraced religion when young, and was uniform in all her deportment, from the time she became serious. She became the wife of George Mononcue, lived four years of trouble and affliction, and died in great peace.

51. TOM LONG was, for several years, the chief of the heathen party. He was a man of a strong mind, and a good counselor, but a great drunkard. He was often convicted of his sinful ways, and would weep bitterly; but his habits and associations were too strong for his convictions, until his last illness, when he positively refused to touch any intoxicating drink whatever. He was a great penitent, and was very solicitous to show his change and his sincerity of mind, by being received into the Church; which request was granted him two days before his death.

52. MARIAH was the daughter of *Rhon-yan-ness*. She was sent among the very first to the mission school; and among all our children, she was one of the best. She made good progress in her studies, while at school. She embraced religion, and grew in grace—was afterwards married to John Brown, and lived an example of piety. She died triumphantly, April, 1835.

53. RHON-YAN-NESS was the oldest man in the nation when he died. He was a professor of religion, and had belonged to the Church for sixteen years. For thirteen years he professed to enjoy the blessing of perfect love. He was a chief of his tribe, and had been for many years a class-leader and steward. He walked with God always. His life was unblamable and unreprouable. He continued in the faith, and was settled and grounded in love. He attended quarterly meeting on the Sabbath; and being steward, he waited on the brethren, spoke in