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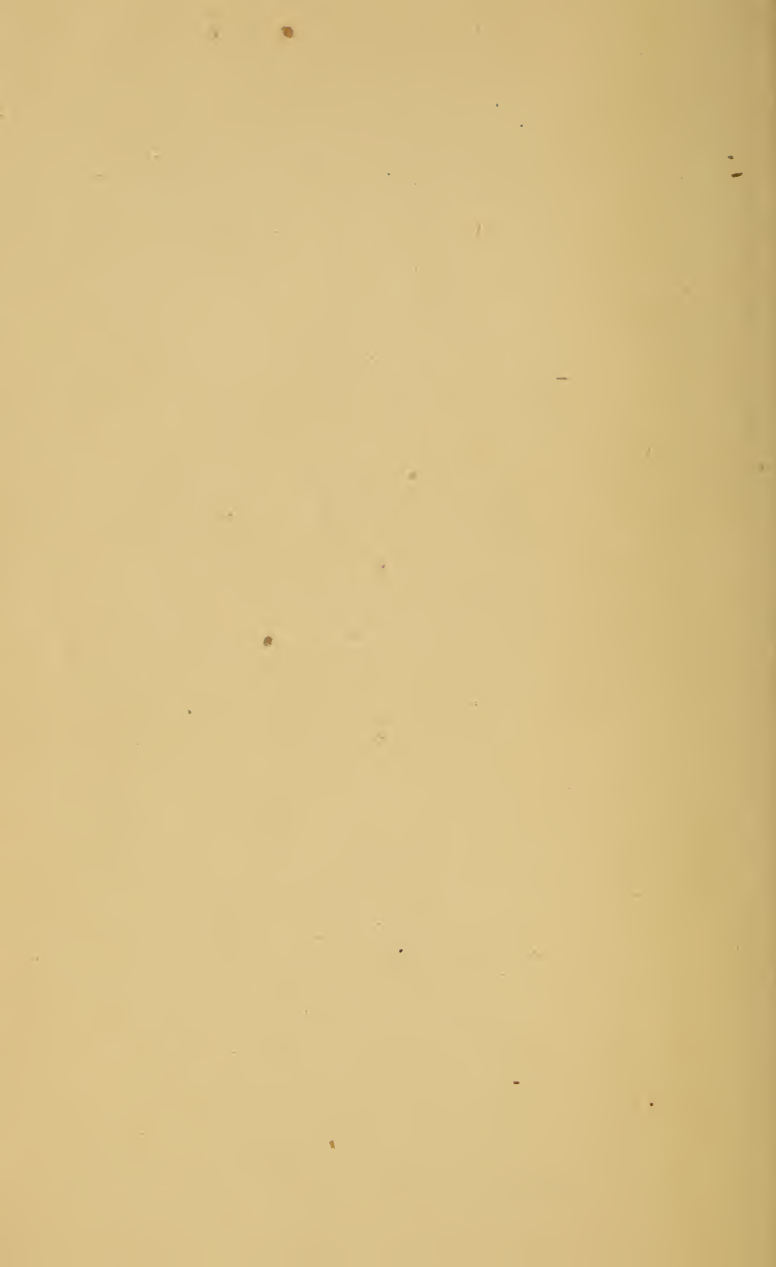
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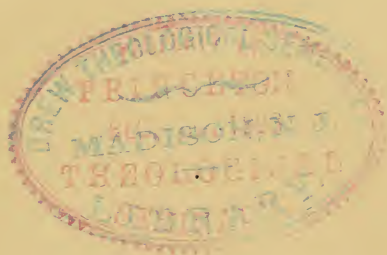
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Engraved by F. E. Longley (1847)

REV. JAMES E. FREEMAN

(AT THE AGE OF 43)

Minister to the Freedmen - Indiana in 1847

LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS;
OR,
PERSONAL REMINISCENCES
AND
HISTORICAL INCIDENTS
ILLUSTRATIVE OF
INDIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY
REV. JAMES B. FINLEY,
"THE OLD CHIEF," OR RA-WAH-WAH.

EDITED BY REV. D. W. CLARK, D. D.



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P R E F A C E .

No living man, probably, has seen and known more of the Indians in the north-west than myself. During almost seventy years I have been among them, as it were—have been acquainted with their principal men, studied their history, character, and manner of life. With me it has not been, as with most who have written about them, a mere matter of theory; for I have been among them, hunted and fished with them, ate and lodged in their wigwams, and been subjected to all the labors, excitements, perils, and privations of life among them. In this long experience and observation, I have gathered up many things which I thought worthy of record. Some of them occurred in my experience as a missionary among them:

Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, were the great battle-fields between barbarism and civilization in the west. My acquaintance extended

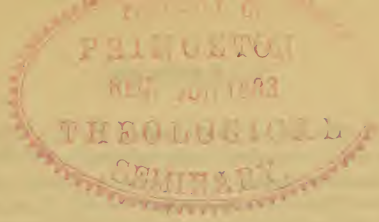
over all these states; and there is scarcely a spot celebrated in Indian warfare which I have not visited again and again. Tales of Indian life and warfare were the entertainments of my childhood; the realities of these things were among the experiences of my manhood.* Now, when the scene is nearly over with me on earth, I have gathered up these reminiscences of the past, to amuse and instruct the generations of a later age. Those who enjoy so goodly a heritage in this vast region, ought to know through what trials and perils their forefathers obtained it for them.

I have endeavored to connect the facts narrated in these pages, so as to give a condensed view of Indian history in the north-west. In the preparation of the work I am indebted to Flint, M'Donald, Drake, Schoolcraft, and others. Col. M'Donald's work was written at my suggestion, and a portion of the material was also furnished by me; consequently, I have felt free to draw upon it. The work of Mr. Flint is rich in the materials of history; but they are so entirely commingled and without system, as to detract much from its value. This work is also out of print; and I have gleaned from it some narrations of

interest. But the great body of the matter has been gleaned from my own resources—not a little of it, indeed, connected with my own experience.

Thus I send this work out, hoping that it embodies some historic elements and some practical lessons that may be useful to those who now live, and also to those who shall come after me.

THE AUTHOR.



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LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

CHAPTER I.

REMOVAL TO THE NORTH-WESTERN TERRITORY.

IN the spring of 1796, I emigrated to the North-Western territory, and commenced planting corn on the prairie, a little below where Chillicothe now stands. The country was then a dense wilderness. There was not even a "blazed path" connecting with Wheeling, Va., or Maysville, Ky.; nor was there a single inhabitant along all the route. Civilization now began to assert the supremacy of her claim to the uncultivated land over which the native savage and the wild beast had roamed for untold ages. This was, in reality, "life among the Indians;" and especially was it the commencement of a series of events in my personal history, as related to the Indians, which I design to record in this volume.

My father, after emigrating to Kentucky, purchased some land, and settled near the present town of Flemingsburg. This was in 1789. Ours was the frontier house of the settlement, and we were much

exposed to the incursions of Indians and wild beasts. The next year we moved to Bourbon county. Here my father ministered to two congregations—one at Cane Ridge, the other at Concord. Both were prosperous in a high degree.

But we found here also causes of serious discontent. There was great uncertainty among the settlers as to the title to their lands. Some of them had spent their last farthing in the purchase of their lands; and then, after encountering all the dangers and toils of pioneer life, in clearing and bringing them under cultivation, some other claimant would come and dispossess them of their homes. In such cases there was often no redress. The unprincipled speculator, having sold his spurious title, would disappear, and when the defrauded settler discovered that his claim was worthless, could not be found. My father was also utterly opposed to the system of slavery which prevailed in Kentucky, and had liberated his slaves. This brought down upon him the ill-will and persecution of the fiery advocates of the system. The main body of both his congregations, however, strongly sympathized with him in his antislavery views; and the mutual ties that bound them together were so strong, that nearly the whole of them finally emigrated with him to the North-Western territory.

While this state of things existed on the Kentucky side of the river, their attention was drawn to the rich lands of the Scioto Valley. These lands had

been surveyed by Col. Massie, in 1792, and he gave the most glowing accounts of the fertility of the soil and the beauty of the scenery. My father, in the latter part of 1794, opened a negotiation with Massie for a tract of from fifteen to twenty miles square, for the settlement of his two congregations, and such other friends from eastern Pennsylvania, as might choose to join him. On the succeeding March, Col. Massie visited him at his residence. Here he had an interview with a large company of those who were anxious to emigrate, and arrangements for that purpose were made. A day was fixed upon for a general rendezvous at Massie's Station, now Manchester, and my father took immediate measures to apprise his friends in the east of the arrangements, and the prospects of the enterprise.

Massie's Station was about twelve miles above Maysville, but upon the opposite side of the river. The settlement had been made in 1791, and now consisted of about thirty families. They were strongly entrenched in their log-cabins, and the whole town was inclosed with strong pickets firmly fixed in the ground, with block-houses at each angle for defense. Though the most desperate Indian war was then raging, and fearful barbarities were committed by the savages, this settlement, owing to its excellent preparations for defense, and the watchfulness of the brave spirits that guarded it, suffered comparatively little. Even their agricultural labors were prosecuted with comparative safety; for having cleared the lowest of

the "Three Islands," which were in the river just opposite to their settlement, they planted it with corn. The soil was very rich, and the crops abundant, so that the wants of the little settlement were abundantly supplied. Besides this, there were at this time only two settlements on the north-western bank of the Ohio—one at Columbia, eight miles above Cincinnati, and one at Gallipolis, near the mouth of the Great Kanawha. These were the germs of the great north-western states, which now, in population, enterprise, wealth, and refinement, take their rank as stars of the first magnitude in the glorious constellation of our Union.

The location at the "Three Islands" was the headquarters of Massie's surveying party. From this point he went out in every direction, surveying the country and making locations. An incident may illustrate the perilous nature of this work. It was his invariable rule to keep spies around him; and if signs of Indians in the neighborhood were discovered, he would retire to his strongly-fortified post. At one time, however, in the spring of 1792, while prosecuting his surveys, accompanied by three men—one of them named Donaldson—a party of Indians suddenly came upon them. Fortunately, the Indians had left their arms in their canoe, at the landing. Massie and his party fled. The Indians, with horrid yells, pursued them. Descending a hill, the party had to leap a ravine some twelve feet in width, and about the same depth. Three of them succeeded in effect.

ing the leap; but poor Donaldson failed to reach firm footing on the opposite bank, and fell back into the ditch. The other three made good their escape to the Station, and gave the alarm. The next morning, with a party of twenty men, Massie returned to learn the fate of his companion, and to rescue him, if possible. He found that Donaldson had evidently been captured and taken off by the Indians. He pursued their trail some distance, but found no chance to surprise them; and knowing that if the Indians were aware of his pursuit, they would immediately butcher the unfortunate Donaldson, while, if left unmolested, they might spare him till he found some chance to escape, he gave over the pursuit. He judged rightly—Donaldson finally escaped.

When he made his unfortunate plunge, the foremost Indian was close to his heels, and instantly leaped upon him, tomahawk in hand. Donaldson immediately surrendered, and was made a prisoner. The party consisted of eight or ten Indians, who had been trapping, up the Big Sandy, and were now on their return to Wapatomaka—now Zanesfield—on Mad river. It was late in the evening when they took him, and they immediately loaded him with their peltry, and made a rapid march homeward. In a few days he began to think about effecting his escape, although the difficulties against which he had to contend were great, owing to the extreme caution and watchfulness of the Indians. At night they took a strong tug—a rope made of the raw hide of the

buffalo or elk—and fastened it around his body, each end of the tug being tied around the body of an Indian. The tug was tied so tightly, that it could not be slipped, nor could he move to the one side or the other without drawing the Indian after him. It was from such a situation he had to extricate himself. One night, while the Indians were tying him after the usual manner, he puffed up his body to its full extent, by drawing in his breath; and when they had completed the process, he found that there was a good deal of play in the noose of the tug. He laid very still till the Indians were fast asleep; then, having partly undressed himself, he began slowly and cautiously to slip from the noose. After a long trial he succeeded, and found himself once more a free man. He instantly rushed to the thickets. The night was clear, and he could steer his course by the stars. Striking off in a southern direction, he traveled all night. The next day he fell on Harmer's old trace, and followed its course to the south. In two days he reached Fort Washington, now Cincinnati. Here he remained a few days to recruit himself, and then returned to his friends at Massie's Station, where he was most joyfully received, as they had felt great anxiety as to his fate. The creek, at the mouth of which he was taken, was called after him "Donaldson's Creek;" which name it still retains, and will retain when the event which gave birth to its name will be forgotten. About the year 1840, Mr. Donaldson was still living at the old settlement—

the only one of the original settlers remaining there. He was a member of the convention which formed the Constitution of the state of Ohio, and lived to witness the gigantic development of the state in which he was one of the first pioneers.

During this same year Massie had another narrow escape. He had advanced with his surveying party up the Little Miami, till he reached the spot where the town of Xenia now stands, without the least molestation or obstruction from the Indians. Early one morning, as they were going out to resume their labors, General Lytle perceived an Indian leveling his gun at Massie, who was in advance of the others. Quick as thought he fired at the Indian, killing him dead. The party then advanced cautiously, and soon discovered an encampment of one hundred and fifty Indians. It was now time to retreat. The Indians were in full chase. It was a race for life; but the whole party succeeded in making good their flight, and reached the Station in safety.

In the spring of 1793 the settlers at Massie's Station commenced clearing some lots outside of their picket-fence, but in its immediate vicinity. Here an incident occurred, which will illustrate the constant peril of the early settlers. A Mr. Andrew Ellison, one of the settlers, cleared a lot immediately adjoining the fort. He had completed the cutting of the timber, rolled the logs together, and set them on fire. The next morning, a short time before day-break, Mr. Ellison opened one of the gates of the fort, and went

out to throw his logs together. By the time he had finished this job, a number of the heaps blazed up brightly, and as he was passing from one to the other, he observed, by the light of the fires, three men walking briskly toward him. This did not alarm him in the least, although, he said, they were dark-skinned fellows; yet he concluded they were the Wades, whose complexions were very dark, going early to hunt. He continued to right his log-heaps, till one of the fellows seized him by the arms, and called out in broken English, "How do? how do?" He instantly looked in their faces, and to his surprise and horror, found himself in the clutches of three Indians. To resist was useless. He, therefore, submitted to his fate, without any resistance or an attempt to escape.

The Indians quickly moved off with him in the direction of Paint creek. When breakfast was ready, Mrs. Ellison sent one of her children to ask their father home; but he could not be found at the log-heaps. His absence created no immediate alarm, as it was thought he might have started to hunt, after the completion of his work. Dinner time arrived, and Ellison not returning, the family became uneasy, and began to suspect some accident had happened to him. His gun-rack was examined, and there hung his rifle and his pouch in their usual place. Massie raised a party, and made a circuit around the place, and found, after some search, the trails of four men, one of whom had on shoes; and as Ellison had shoes on, the truth,

that the Indians had made him a prisoner, was unfolded. As it was almost night at the time the trail was discovered, the party returned to the Station. Next morning, early preparations were made by Massie and his party to pursue the Indians. In doing this, they found great difficulty, as it was so early in the spring that the vegetation was not of sufficient growth to show plainly the trail of the Indians, who took the precaution to keep on hard and high land, where their feet could make little or no impression. Massie and his party, however, were as unerring as a pack of well-trained hounds, and followed the trail to Paint creek, when they found the Indians gained so fast on them that pursuit was vain. They therefore abandoned it, and returned to the Station.

The Indians took their prisoner to Upper Sandusky, and compelled him to run the gantlet. As Ellison was a large man, and not very active, he received a severe flogging as he passed along the line. From this place he was taken to Lower Sandusky, and was again compelled to run the gantlet, and was then taken to Detroit, where he was generously ransomed by a British officer for one hundred dollars. He was shortly afterward sent by his friend, the officer, to Montreal, from whence he returned home before the close of the summer of the same year.

Soon after this another incident, of a still more serious character, occurred; and when it is remembered that it occurred less than two years before our settlement was effected in the interior of the Scioto

region, the reader will readily conceive that our situation was not without its perils. The incident of which I speak is as follows:

John Edgington, Asahel Edgington, and another man, started out on a hunting expedition, toward Brush creek. They camped out six miles, in a north-east direction from where West Union now stands, and near Treber's tavern, on the road from Chillicothe to Maysville. The Edgingtons had good success in hunting, having killed a number of deer and bears. Of the deer killed, they saved the skins and hams alone. The bears they fleeced; that is, they cut off all the meat which adhered to the hide without skinning, and left the bones as a skeleton. They hung up the proceeds of their hunt on a scaffold, out of the reach of the wolves and other wild animals, and returned home for pack-horses. The two Edgingtons returned to the camp alone. No one apprehended danger, as the winter season was usually a time of repose from Indian incursions. They arrived at their hunting camp, alighted from their horses, and were preparing to strike a fire, when a platoon of Indians fired upon them, at the distance of not more than twenty paces. Asahel Edgington fell to rise no more. John was more fortunate. The sharp crack of the rifles, and the horrid yells of the Indians, as they leaped from their place of ambush, frightened the horses, who took the track toward home at full speed. John Edgington was very active on foot, and now an occasion offered which required his utmost speed.

The Indians threw down their guns and pursued him, screaming and yelling in the most horrid manner. Edgington ran no easy race. For about a mile the Indians stepped into his tracks almost before the bending grass could rise. The uplifted tomahawk was frequently so near his head, that he thought he felt its edge. Every effort was made to save his life, and every exertion of the Indians was made to arrest him in his flight. At length he began to gain on his pursuers, and after a long race, distanced them, and safely reached home. It was a most fearful and well-contested race.

The big Shawnee chief, Captain John, who headed the Indians on this occasion, after peace was made, and Chillicothe settled, frequently gave the writer of this sketch an account of the race. He said, "That white man smart fellow; he run and I run; he run and run; and at last he run clear off from me."

During the winter of 1792-3, Massie explored the valley of Paint creek and part of the Scioto country. These excursions were full of peril; but the plan adopted by Massie was such as to insure the greatest possible security. He usually had three assistant surveyors; each surveyor, including himself, was accompanied by six men, which made a mess of seven, and the whole party would amount to twenty-eight. Every man had his prescribed duty to perform. Their operations were conducted in this manner: In front went the hunter, who kept in advance of the surveyor two or three hundred yards, looking for game, and

prepared, to give notice, should any danger from Indians threaten. Then followed, after the surveyor, the two chain-men, marker, and pack-horse man with the baggage, who always kept near each other, to be prepared for defense, in case of an attack. Lastly, two or three hundred yards in the rear, came a man, called the spy, whose duty it was to keep on the back trail, and look out, lest the party in advance might be pursued and attacked by surprise. Each man—the surveyor not excepted—carried his rifle, his blanket, and such other articles as he might stand in need of. On the pack-horse was carried the cooking utensils, and such provisions as could be most conveniently taken. Nothing like bread was thought of. Some salt was taken, to be used sparingly. For subsistence, they depended alone on the game which the woods afforded, procured by their unerring rifles. In this manner was the largest number of surveys made in the district.

When night came, four fires were made for cooking, that is, one for each mess. Around these fires till sleeping time arrived, the company spent their time in social glee, singing songs, and telling stories. When danger was not apparent or immediate, they were as merry a set of men as ever assembled. Resting time arriving, Massie always gave the signal, and the whole party would leave their comfortable fires, carrying with them their blankets, their fire-arms, and their little baggage, walking in perfect silence two or three hundred yards from their fires. They would

then scrape away the snow, and huddle down together for the night. Each mess formed one bed; they would spread down on the ground one half of the blankets, reserving the other half for covering. The covering blankets were fastened together by skewers, to prevent them from slipping apart. Thus prepared, the whole party crouched down together with their rifles in their arms, and their pouches under their heads for pillows; lying "spoon-fashion," with three heads one way and four the other, their feet extending to about the middle of their bodies. When one turned, the whole mess turned, or else the close range would be broken, and the cold let in. In this way they lay till broad daylight—no noise, and scarcely a whisper being uttered during the night. When it was perfectly light, Massie would call up two of the men in whom he had the most confidence, and send them to reconnoiter, and make a circuit around the fires, lest an ambuscade might be formed by the Indians to destroy the party as they returned to the fires. This was an invariable custom in every variety of weather. Self-preservation required this circumspection.

If immortality is due to the names of heroes who have successfully labored in the field of battle, no less honors are due to such men as Massie, who ran equal risk of life from danger with less prospect of eclat, and produced more lasting benefit to his country.

In this manner the winters of 1793-4 and 1794-5 were spent in exploring and surveying the valleys of the Scioto and Little Miami rivers and their trib-

utaries. An incident that occurred during the winter of 1794-5, will illustrate, in some degree, the perils of the work. Massie was, at this time, surveying the lands on Buckskin creek, near where its waters interlock with those of Paint creek.

Late one evening, he came upon the tracks of Indians in the snow. Some of his men were dispatched to search out the Indian encampment, while others were sent in pursuit of the assistant surveyors, in order to collect the force into one body, that he might be prepared to attack or defend as circumstances might direct. A short time before sundown, his force was collected. In a few minutes after, the two men returned who had been sent to discover the Indian camp. They reported that they had proceeded as near the Indian encampment as they could with safety, and that it consisted of eight or ten tents; and that from the noise about the camp, they had no doubt but that there was a large number of Indians. Massie thereupon concluded that it would be too hazardous to attack them while the snow was on the ground, believing it would endanger the whole party if they should be compelled to retreat, incumbered with any wounded. He therefore resolved to desist from surveying, and to make a rapid retreat to his own Station, not doubting that he would be pursued, as the Indians would have no difficulty in tracking them through the snow. The line of march was formed for home by the party, who traveled till 10 or 11 o'clock at night, when they halted and

remained till morning, when they again resumed their march, moving in a southern direction. About 12 o'clock, they came to a fresh trail, which was made by four horses and eight or ten footmen. This trail was crossed diagonally, and was again struck upon after traveling a few miles.

After a consultation with some of the most experienced of his men, Massie concluded the Indians, whose trail had been crossed, knew nothing of them, and determined to pursue them so long as they kept the direction in which they appeared then to be going. The pursuit of the Indians was kept up as fast as the men could walk till dusk, without overtaking them. The party then halted to consult as to their future operations. In a few minutes, the Indians were heard at work, with their tomahawks, cutting wood and tent poles, within a few hundred yards of the place where the party had halted. It was put to vote, whether the Indian camp should be attacked immediately, or whether they should postpone it to daylight. A majority were for lying by and attacking them in daylight. Two or three men were then sent to reconnoiter their camp and bring away their horses. The horses were brought away, and preparations made to lie by for the night. Massie, who was more thoughtful than the rest of the company, began to reflect on the critical situation of the party. He told them he did not approve of the idea of postponing the attack till morning, as there was no doubt they were rapidly pursued by

the Indians from the head of Buckskin creek, and that by waiting till morning, the pursuing Indians might come up in the course of the night, and when daylight appeared, they would find themselves between two fires. He said it was true the Indians might be destroyed more effectually in daylight, but that it was dangerous to loiter away their time on a retreat, and advised that whatever they did to the Indians should be done quickly, and the march continued toward home. It was resolved to follow his advice.

It was about two hours in the night when this occurred. The day had been warm, and had melted the snow, which was eight inches deep, and quite soft on the top. At night it began to freeze rapidly, and by this time there was a hard crust on the top. In this situation, the crust, when broken by a man walking on a calm night, could be heard at the distance of three hundred yards. Massie, under these circumstances, prepared to attack the Indians forthwith. The men were formed in single file, with their wiping-sticks in their hands, to steady them when walking. They then commenced moving toward the Indian camp in the following manner: The foremost would walk about twenty steps, and halt; then the next in the line would move on, stepping in the tracks of the foremost, to prevent any noise when breaking the crust of the snow. In this cautious and silent manner, they crept within about twenty-five yards of the Indian encampment, when an unexpected

interruption presented itself; a deep ravine was found between Massie and the camp, which was not perceived by the reconnoitering party. The Indians had not as yet laid down to rest, but were singing and amusing themselves round their fires, in the utmost self-security, not dreaming of danger in their own country, in the depth of winter. The bank of the ravine concealed Massie and his men, who were on low ground, from the light of the Indian fires. After halting a few minutes on the bank of the ravine, Massie discovered, a few paces above him, a large log which had fallen across the ravine. On this log he determined to cross the gully. Seven or eight of the men, on their hands and knees, had crossed, and were within not more than twelve or fifteen paces of the Indians, crouching low, and turning to the right and left, when too many men at the same time got on the log; and as it was old and rotten, it broke with a loud crash. This started the Indians. The whites, who had crossed over before the log broke, immediately fired into the Indian camp, shouting as they ran. The Indians fled, naked, and without their arms. No Indian was killed in the camp, though their clothing and blankets were found stained with blood. No attempt was made to pursue them. Their camp was plundered of the horses and arms, making altogether considerable booty. The party traveled that night and till noon the next day, when they halted to cook some provisions, and rest their wearied limbs. After taking some refreshments,

they loitered about the fires a short time, and again commenced their march through snow and brush, and, about midnight of the second day, arrived at Manchester, after a fatiguing march of two days and nights from the head of Buckskin creek.

This brings down the narrative of events, leading to the connection of our family with the history of this region, till my father's first attempt to explore it with a view to its settlement. This was in 1795. When the day appointed for the rendezvous at Massie's Station arrived, there were assembled, including those from my father's two congregations and from Pennsylvania, about sixty individuals, all burning with ardent desire to see, with their own eyes, the country of whose fertility they had heard so much, and which seemed to them the land of promise. The party felt more secure from the attacks of the Indians, because Gen. Wayne was, at that very time, in treaty with them at Greenville; and, therefore, they pushed boldly forward into the interior. They were divided into three companies, one led by Massie, one by Finley, and the third by Fallenach, an old pioneer among the Indians. In a few days they reached Paint creek, near the falls. Here they encamped for the night.

In the morning they found they were in the vicinity of a body of Indians, and proceeding down the creek, soon came within hearing of their horse-bells. It was now too late to draw back, and an action with the Indians was inevitable. Some of the company were what was called *raw hands*—that is, unaccus-

tomed to border life and adventure. Full of enthusiasm, they had often expressed a desire "to smell Indian powder." One of the party, who had fought during the Revolutionary war, and also with the Indians, retorted upon these vaunting fellows: "If you get the smell you will run, or I'm very much mistaken." Their vaunted courage was now brought to the test.

Leaving Captain Pattee with a rear guard, the three divisions under Massie, Finley, and Fallenach, made a simultaneous attack upon the Indian camp. They proved to be a party of Shawnees and Senecas who had refused to enter into treaty. Charley Wilky was their leader, and they were encamped on the bank of the creek, at what is called Reeve's crossing. They were taken completely by surprise. Two of them were killed, and several wounded; and the rest took to flight. But after escaping across the creek, they rallied in the woods for a short time, and returned the salute of the whites. One man, Joshua Robinson, from Pennsylvania, was shot dead. As the old Revolutionary veteran had predicted, some of the raw hands, who had boasted so much, fled at the first "smell of Indian powder," and hid behind the logs in the rear. Captain Pattee reported them, while in this condition, as "having the shakes," from the trembling of their bodies.

The company, having buried their dead companions, hastily gathered the horses, the skins, equipage, and other plunder of the Indian camp, and started

for the Station at Three Islands. That night they reached Scioto Brush creek, and there encamped upon an advantageous spot. Suspecting the Indians would be on the pursuit, their sentinels were carefully posted for the night. Just before day-break one of the sentinels perceived something gradually working toward him on the ground. Calling out, he received no answer, and instantly leveled his piece, probably wounding or killing the Indian. The battle now commenced. The Indians met with a noble resistance from a part of the men, while the others again displayed their cowardice by hiding from the bullets of the enemy, in a deep sink-hole in the earth. The action lasted about an hour, when the Indians retreated, with the loss of two killed, and several wounded. On the part of the whites, several horses were killed, and one man, a Mr. Gilfillan, was wounded in the thigh. After this, the party made good their return to the Station, without further molestation. This ended the exploration of the Scioto Valley for that year; and it was also the last battle fought with the Indians during the old Indian war. The peace concluded by Gen. Wayne, with the Indians, during the year, remained inviolate, and gave protection to the settler, except in rare cases, till 1812; and then the swelling tide of civilization had swept the poor Indian away from the rich valleys, where had been the homes of his fathers for untold generations. The narrow escape of the exploring party, in the Scioto Valley, did not extinguish the desire to become possessed of

those fertile lands. Accordingly, in the spring of 1796, another party was organized for a second attempt. They collected at Massie's Station, about the first of March. Thence some of them proceeded by land, with their horses. The others went by water, carrying, in their boats, provisions, farming utensils, and other things necessary to make a permanent settlement. The party numbered about forty. On their arrival, they immediately commenced turning up the rich soil of the prairie with their plows, and soon had three hundred acres planted. There was some suffering from scarcity of provisions during the first few months; but an abundant crop of corn, together with the game which abounded in the forests, soon yielded a large supply.

In August of that year, Col. Massie selected the site for the town, and laid out the lots—each of the original settlers receiving one gratis. To this town he gave the name of Chillicothe. This was an Indian name; but of what signification, or to what applied by them, is not well ascertained.

The Scioto, for the most part, runs in a very regular channel, almost due south. But about four or five miles above the mouth of Paint creek, the river suddenly makes a bend, and runs a short distance east; thence south-east, to where it receives the waters of that tributary. These two rivers, for several miles above their junction, run nearly parallel to each other. Between them there is a large and beautiful bottom, varying in breadth from one to

two miles, and containing upward of 3,000 acres. This land is of alluvial formation—the loam being from two to ten feet in depth. Nothing can exceed its fertility, not even the most highly-cultivated soils. At its western boundary is a hill, two or three hundred feet in high, the terminus of the bottom-lands in that direction. The spot selected for the town site was on an elevated and dry part of the bottom, near the base of this hill. More than twenty log-cabins were immediately erected, and before the ensuing winter it had several stores and shops. The tide of population now began to set in with unexampled rapidity. “Zane’s trace,” which connected Wheeling with Maysville, was marked out simply by “blazing trees” along the route. Though just completed, it became a great thoroughfare, and large companies passed along it, seeking the rich bottom-lands of the Ohio. These bottoms, when first settled, were generally covered by a heavy growth of timber, such as black walnut, sugar-tree, cherry, buckeye, hackberry, and other trees which denote a rich soil. A portion of them, however, were found destitute of timber, and formed beautiful prairies, clothed with blue grass and blue sedge grass, which grew to the height of from four to eight feet, and furnished a bountiful supply of pasture in summer, and hay in winter, for the live stock of the settlers. The outer edges of these prairies were beautifully fringed around with the plum-tree, the red and black haw, the mulberry and crab-apple. In the month of May, when these nurseries

of nature's God were in full bloom, the sight was completely gratified, while the fragrant and delicious perfume, which filled the surrounding atmosphere, was sufficient to fill and lull the soul with ecstasies of pleasure. Some of these lands have borne sixty successive crops of corn, while the only dressing ever bestowed upon them is that provided by nature in the rich sediment deposited upon them in their annual overflow.

In the fall of this year, I returned to Kentucky, and took charge of the colored people formerly belonging to my father, but who had been freed by him, to conduct them to the new settlement. After a tedious journey of sixteen days across the country, I reached the banks of the Scioto, one mile below the town. Here we built log-cabins, and spent the winter. I fed them on pounded meal, hominy, and wild game. By spring, their sleek, glossy looks attested to the excellency of their keeping. Then my father's family moved out, and we commenced again in this new world.

The Indian wars, which had harassed the new settlements, first in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and then in Kentucky and Ohio, for a period of forty years, had now been brought to an end. So thoroughly humbled were the Indian tribes, that little was now to be apprehended from them. Indeed, they now mingled among the whites in the most friendly manner, and, for years, continued entirely peaceful, except when inflamed by ardent spirits—that bane of the

poor Indian—or excited to revenge by some wrong inflicted upon them.

A case of this kind occurred, during the summer of 1798. A Wyandott Indian came, one evening, into town, somewhat intoxicated, and behaved with great rudeness. He was reprimanded by Mr. Thomas Thompson, who was a very athletic man. The Indian drew his knife, and, concealing the blade of it in his arm sleeve, waited his opportunity to attack Thompson. A person who observed him advised him to leave for the camp; for if Thompson should find out that he had drawn his knife, he would kill him. The Indian mounted his horse, but refused to leave the place. Some one informed Thompson of his danger, and he immediately seized a handspike, and, striking the Indian on the head, felled him to the earth. That night the Indian died of his wounds, and was carried to the Indian encampment. As soon as the Indians learned the cause of his death, they immediately demanded Thompson, that they might punish him according to their law, which was life for life; and informed the town that if he was not given up, they would fall on the place, and murder, in revenge, men, women, and children—which they could easily have done, as they were much more numerous than the whites. Some of the inhabitants were for complying, but the majority were opposed to it. After some considerable consultation, it was agreed to try another method, which was to buy the life of the murderer, by making presents to the relations of the

murdered man, and promising to punish the murderer according to our law. This plan succeeded, and Thompson was placed under guard of four men, there being no jail there at the time. After some two months he was permitted to make his escape, and one of the guards went with him. The half-brother of the deceased, determining to avenge the death of his brother, took with him another Indian, and way-laying Zane's trace, they found two young men traveling alone, whom they killed and robbed of their horses and effects; and thus two innocent men paid the debt of a murderer, who, under the influence of whisky, committed the crime. Such were some of the evils and dangers brought on the community by strong drink.

The community were, at length, aroused to take efficient measures for the suppression of the evils brought upon them by the whisky traders. The Indians flocked in from all parts to trade their furs and procure whisky.

It was the custom of the traders to give and sell whisky to the Indians, and the consequence was, that many of them became intoxicated; and as a drunken Indian is a dangerous creature, the peace of society was disturbed, and the women and children were in a constant state of alarm, day and night. After mature deliberation and free discussion, it was enacted that all traders who sold spirits to the Indians, or in any way furnished them with intoxicating liquors, should be required to keep all the Indians, made

drunk by them, in their own storehouse till they were sober, on penalty, for the first offense, of being reprimanded by two persons appointed for that purpose, and on the second offense, their kegs or barrels of whisky, or strong drink, were to be taken into the street and tomahawked till all their contents were poured out. This law was set at naught by one of the traders, a Mr. M., but it was promptly executed, to the letter, the next day after the sentence. This vigorous maintenance of the law, on the part of the citizens, made the traders more cautious, and gave more safety and comfort to the inhabitants.

The holding of courts, and the administration of justice in the new settlement, was generally after a very primitive model. A single instance may serve for illustration.

In 1797 three justices were appointed by the Governor of the territory for the settlement of Chilli-cothe. One of them, Samuel Smith, appears to have done most of the business. His prompt and decisive manner of doing business, rendered him very popular. His docket could be understood only by himself. Scarcely was a warrant issued by him, as he preferred always to send his constable to the accused, to bring him forward to have prompt justice executed. No law book was of any authority with him. He always justified his own proceedings by saying, "that all laws were intended for the purpose of enforcing justice, and that he himself knew what was right and what was wrong, as well as those who made the laws,

and that therefore he stood in need of no laws to govern his actions." In civil and criminal cases, he was always prompt in his decisions, and sometimes amusing in his mode of executing justice, as will be seen from the following case, which was brought under his cognizance. A man, by the name of Adam M'Murdy, cultivated some ground in the station prairie below Chillicothe. One night some one stole, during his absence, his horse-collar. M'Murdy, next morning, examined the collars of the plowmen then at work, and discovered his collar in the possession of one of the men, and claimed it of him. The man used toward him abusive language, and threatened to whip M'Murdy for charging him with the theft. M'Murdy went immediately to Squire Smith, and stated his case. The Squire listened till his story was told, and then dispatched his constable, with strict orders to bring the thief and collar forthwith before him. The constable quickly returned, bringing with him in the one hand the collar, while with the other he grasped tightly the accused.

The Squire immediately arraigned the accused in his court, which was held in the open air, on the bank of the Scioto. It was then asked of the accuser how he could prove the collar to be his? M'Murdy replied, "If the collar is mine, Mr. Spear, who is present, can testify." Mr. Spear was then called to testify. Before he was sworn, he came forward and said, "that if it was M'Murdy's collar, he himself had written M'Murdy's name on the inner side of the ear

of the collar." The Squire turned up the ear of the collar, and found, accordingly, M'Murdy's name written there. "No better proof could be given," said the Squire, and ordered the accused to be immediately tied up to a buckeye, to receive five lashes, well laid on, which was accordingly done.

Thus ended the case to the satisfaction of all, except the culprit. The trial did not occupy five minutes of time. Such was the Squire's summary manner of dispensing justice. Squire Smith was an honest and impartial man, with a vigorous and discriminating mind, always disposed to do justice in his own way.

We have now narrated the circumstances under which the pioneer entered the North-Western territory, across the Ohio river, and obtained a firm foothold, in what had been, heretofore, emphatically the Indian country. The tide of population now began to roll in with unexampled force, and settlements were made all along the Ohio, and up the rich valleys of its many and noble tributaries. Civilization had driven down its stakes in the very home of the Indian, and a new era was opening up in this region. It will be interesting for the reader to pause at this point, and glance backward at some of the incidents of Indian life and warfare in this region. But we must reserve this for another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AND WARFARE.

DURING the long series of Indian wars, to which I have referred, old Chillicothe and the surrounding region witnessed many thrilling adventures, as well as fearful tragedies. It was the headquarters of the Shawnees, and the principal place of rendezvous, from which the war parties went forth on their excursions against the white settlers among the cane-brakes of Kentucky, and along the Ohio border.

As early as 1761, when the Indians made a descent upon the settlement on James river, Mrs. Dennis, who was then captured, was brought over the mountains and through the forests to this place. Her husband was murdered soon after he was taken; and she seeing no way of escape, conformed to the usages of the Indians, painted and dressed herself, and lived like a squaw. In addition to this, she gained great fame, by attending to the sick, both as nurse and physician. She soon became so celebrated for the cures she effected as to obtain the reputation of being a necromancer; and the natives paid to her the honor due to a person supposed to have power with the Great Spirit.

After continuing among them two years, she went

out, one day, under the pretense of obtaining medicinal herbs, as she had often done before. Not returning at the usual time, her object was suspected, and the Indians started in pursuit of her. To avoid leaving traces of her path, she crossed the Scioto three times, and was making her fourth crossing, forty miles below the town, where she was discovered and fired upon, without effect. But in the speed of her flight she wounded her foot with a sharp stone, so as to be unable to proceed. The Indians had crossed the river, and were just behind her. She eluded their pursuit by hiding in a hollow sycamore log. They frequently stepped on the log that concealed her, and encamped near it for the night. Next morning they proceeded in their pursuit of her; and she started in another direction as fast as her lameness would permit, but was obliged to remain near that place three days. She then set off for the Ohio, over which she rafted herself on a drift-log, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha. She traveled only by night, concealing herself by day, and subsisting on roots, wild fruits, and the river shell fish.

At length she reached Green Brier, having passed forests, rivers, and mountains, more than three hundred miles. Here she laid down exhausted, and resigned herself to die; when, providentially, she was discovered by some of the people of that settlement, who kindly took her, supplied her wants, and sent her forward. For this act of mercy the whole settlement suffered a dreadful penalty at the hands of

the savages. Sixty warriors came to it, pretending the most perfect friendship, for it was a time of peace. While the inhabitants were treating their guests with hospitality, and altogether without the least suspicion, the Indians rose upon them, killed nearly every man in the settlement, and carried the women and children away into captivity.

Chillicothe was also the scene of Daniel Boone's captivity in 1776. In January of that year he went to the lower "Blue Licks," with about thirty men, to make salt for the different settlements. On the 7th of the next month, while he was in the woods on a hunt to supply the salt-makers with food, he came upon a party of one hundred and two Indians, marching to the assault of Boonsboro, the third attempt upon that ill-fated place. Boone fled, but the savages pursued and took him prisoner. They then advanced upon the Licks, and made twenty-seven of the salt-makers prisoners by capitulation. Delighted with their signal success, the Indians marched their prisoners off in triumph through the forests, and across the Ohio to Chillicothe. After spending about a month here, eleven of the prisoners, among whom was Boone, were carried to Detroit, and presented to the British commandant at that post. He offered them one hundred pounds as a ransom for Boone. They refused it; and while his companions were left, he was compelled to return with the Indians to Chillicothe. The British offered him some necessary supplies for his wants, but his noble spirit refused to

accept them from the enemies of his country, when he had no prospect of ever being able to pay for them. This was about the beginning of the Revolutionary war.

Soon after his return to Chillicothe, he was adopted into the family of one of the principal men of the tribe. He wisely appeared to be reconciled to his new way of life, and accommodated himself to it with cheerfulness. Such deportment, by such a mighty hunter and untamed spirit, could not but win the confidence and affection of his masters. When challenged to a trial of his skill with the rifle, he found it much less difficult to surpass them in the closeness of his shooting, than to vanquish the envy and ill-will, created by this visible superiority in a point of so much importance in the eyes of that race. But he found it easy to ingratiate himself with the chief of the Shawnees, by showing great deference to him, and by always granting him a share of the proceeds of his hunts. His skill and success in hunting secured for him great honor among the Indians. This manner of life, and wild adventure, was so in accordance with his instinctive propensities and acquired habits, that it is highly probable his seeming acquiescence in his lot, would, in the end, have become real, had it not been for the remembrance of his wife and children, at Boonsboro. These cherished recollections constantly haunted his mind, and prompted the desire and the purpose to escape.

In June, he was taken to the Scioto salt-works,

and there compelled to labor so hard in making salt, that no chance of escape occurred. On his return with his masters to Chillicothe, he found four hundred and fifty warriors assembled, and accoutered in all their horrible painting and war-garnish, prepared for an expedition against Boonsboro. With all his love of country and family, natural to such a man, he now became thoroughly bent upon an attempt to escape at any and every hazard. In the morning he arose, and went forth, as usual, to engage in the hunt. This was done in a manner not to excite the suspicion of the savages. He had secreted a little food, but only enough for a single meal. In less than five days he traversed a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, fording or rafting across the rivers in his course. He found the fort in no state of preparation for the formidable attack that was impending. But his timely warning enabled them to put themselves in so complete a state of defense, that the savages were defeated, with the loss of thirty-seven of their warriors, and compelled to retreat.

During this same year, to illustrate the restless activity of these pioneers, Boone, taking advantage of the knowledge acquired during his captivity, set out with a company of select men to surprise the "Paint Creek town," an Indian settlement, not far from the place where Massie, Finley, and Fallenach, had their conflict with the Indians on their first expedition into the Scioto country. Having arrived within four miles of the place, they met an armed

party of thirty Indians. An extempore battle was fought, resulting in the flight of the savages. Not one of Boone's party fell; but knowing that it would be perilous to continue longer in that region, they marched back to Boonsboro, with all possible dispatch. It is painful to think of the uncertainty of life in which both the white citizen and the Indian lived at this period. In the moment of greatest apparent security, the sudden crack of the rifle might be the harbinger of their doom.

This state of life soon became far from being unpleasant to the backwoodsman of real mettle; in fact, its excitements often became a sort of necessity with him, and essential to his happiness. Another effect of it was seen in the acuteness of their perceptions, and the lightning-like rapidity with which they made their observations, and reached their conclusions. Especially was this the case with the Indians. A noise inappreciable to an ordinary ear, a broken twig or leaf, or the faintest impression on the grass, the hooting of an owl, or the gobbling of a turkey, was sufficient to attract their attention. From these faint indications they were quick to discern the presence of a wild beast, or of an enemy.

An anecdote, told by Frost in his book of the Indians, is to the point. An Indian, upon his return home to his hut, one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After going some distance in pursuit of the thief, he met a party of travelers, of whom he inquired

whether they had seen a *little, old, white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog, with a bob-tail*. They replied in the affirmative, and asked the Indian how he was able to give such a minute description of the thief. He answered, "I know he is a *little man* by his having made a pile of stones in order to reach the venison, from the height I hung it standing on the ground. I know he is an *old man* by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods. I know he is a *white man* by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. I know his gun is *short* by the mark which the muzzle made upon the bark of a tree against which it leaned. I know the dog is *small* by his tracks, and that he has a *bob-tail* I discovered by the mark of it in the dust, where he was sitting at the time his master took down the meat."

I will add still another instance of the quick perceptions and the acute observations of the red man. A most atrocious and shocking murder was once committed by a party of Indians on fourteen white settlers, within five miles of Shamokin, in Pennsylvania. The surviving whites, in their rage, determined to take their revenge by murdering a Delaware Indian, who happened to be in that vicinity, and anticipated no danger from the whites. He had ever been their friend, and was generally known among them by the name of Duke Holland. The poor Indian declared that his tribe was incapable of committing such a foul crime in a time of profound peace, and told the

enraged settlers that the act must have been perpetrated by some vile Mingoes or Iroquois. But all his protestations were in vain; he could not convince exasperated men, whose minds were fully bent on revenge.

At last he offered to go with a party in quest of the murderers; and said he was sure he could discover, in their traces, evidences that they belonged to the Six Nations, and not to the Delawares. The proposal was accepted. The party followed the Indian traces, and soon found themselves in the most rocky part of the mountains, where not one of the whites could discover a single track; nor would they believe that men had ever passed over the track, as they had to jump from rock to rock, or crawl along the edge of precipices and through almost impassable chasms. They soon began to suspect that the Indian had led them across these rugged mountains in order to give the murderers time to escape, or to betray them into their hands. They threatened him with instant death the moment they should be convinced of the fraud. The Indian, to allay their fears, as they ran along, showed them, here, where the moss had been trodden down by the weight of a human foot; there, that it had been torn and dragged forward from its place. Again, he would point out to them, that pebbles, or small stones on the rocks, had been removed from their beds by the foot hitting against them; that dry sticks, by being trodden upon, were broken; and, in one particular place, that an Indian's blanket had

been dragged over the rocks, and had removed or loosened the leaves lying there, so that they did not lie flat, as in other places. All these marks he could perceive, as he walked along, without stopping; while, with the closest observation, the unaccustomed eye of the white man would fail to discover any significant trace.

At last he discovered more distinct indentations of the feet in some soft ground. From these he learned that the enemy was eight in number; and he also observed, from the freshness of the foot-prints, that they could not be very far in advance. All these predictions were soon verified; for, on gaining the summit of an eminence, they discovered the Indians encamped on the other side of the valley. Some of them had already lain down to sleep, while others were drawing off their leggins for the same purpose. The scalps of the murdered men were also hanging up to dry. "See," said Duke Holland, "there is the enemy, not of my nation, but Mingoës. They are in our power. In less than half an hour, they will be all fast asleep. We need not fire a gun, but go right up and tomahawk them. We are two to one nearly. Come on; you will now have your revenge."

Strange to tell! the whites, who had been so ready to take revenge, by murdering an innocent and defenseless Indian, now showed "the white feather." They declined making the attack, and besought the Indian to take them back by the nearest and best

way. This he did; and when they reached home, they reported that the number of the Indians was so great, that they did not venture to attack them. Attacking an Indian camp, and killing a poor Indian, already in their power, were things very different.

But we must return to the life scenes in the Scioto region. One of the most considerable conflicts had with the Indians at Chillicothe, occurred in 1779. The tide of population was then setting strongly into their ancient hunting-grounds in the west; and though they had not intelligence and steadiness of purpose enough to effect an organized and persistent combination to roll back the tide, they did what they could, singly and in detail, to check its progress. All the savage cruelty in their nature was intensified by their thirst for revenge; but their mode of warfare was mainly by detached aggression—falling upon individuals and stragglers by stealth, waylaying travelers, surprising families—thus butchering individuals, and destroying their dwellings. These terrible events were of no unfrequent occurrence; and it is really astonishing that they had so little effect in retarding the growth of the population. The people now began to feel the necessity of some combined and more efficient action, to check these savage barbarities. Accordingly, a convention of the settlers was held at Harrisburg, and it was determined to carry the war into the enemy's country. As the Shawnees had been most conspicuous in their hostilities, it was determined to fit out an armed expedition against old

Chillicothe, which was their chief town. Two hundred volunteers were enrolled, comprising many of the most respectable citizens. The command was given to Col. Bowman; and under him, Logan, Holden, Harrod, and Bulger commanded.

They reached Chillicothe, undiscovered, in July, toward sunset. After deliberation, it was resolved to defer the attack till the dawn of the succeeding morning. The force was divided into two detachments—one commanded by Col. Bowman, the other by Capt. Logan. One division took its position on the right, the other on the left; and upon a given signal, they were to surround the town, and attack it in concert. The party commanded by Logan repaired to the assigned point, and waited in vain for the signal. The attention of the Indians was drawn to this point by the barking of a dog. At the same moment, a gun was accidentally discharged by one of the other party. The whole village of course was aroused in a moment. The women and children were hurried into the woods through a path not yet occupied by the assailants; and the warriors collected in a strong cabin. All this passed under the eyes of Logan's party, who immediately took possession of some of the deserted cabins. It was now broad daylight, and frequent shots were exchanged between the parties. The expedient of Logan, to march safely to the assault of the cabin was an ingenious one, and, as far as our reading extends, original. He proposed to his party to tear off the Indian cabin doors, and

each to carry one before him as a breast-work, in advancing upon the Indian cabin, where the warriors were assembled. As they were marching upon the foe behind their movable wall, Col. Bowman, perceiving that their plan for surprising the Indians was disconcerted, sent an order to retreat. Capt. Logan's party were astonished at this order, and reluctant to obey it. The retreat must take place over an open prairie, exposed to the covert fire of the Indians. Instead of a concerted retreat, in good order, every one endeavored to make the best of his way from the danger, in the mode indicated by his own judgment. Each one started away from behind his concealment, and made for the wood at his utmost speed. Some of their number fell by the bullets which the savages showered upon them as they fled over the prairie. The stragglers assembled in the woods, and assumed something like order. The Indians sallied out upon their invaders, commanded by their chief, Black Fish. They were much inferior in numbers, not exceeding thirty; yet Col. Bowman's force, once intimidated, continued to fly before them under the impulse of terror, and were sorely pressed. His force was brought to a halt in a low and sheltered ground. His fire upon the surrounding enemy, who were protected behind bushes, produced little effect. Captains Logan and Harrod mounted some pack-horses and made a charge upon the Indians. This assault somewhat staggered them. Black Fish was killed, and the Indians, in their turn, took to flight.

The men pursued an unmolested march homeward. In this ill-managed expedition, nine men were killed, and one wounded. The Indian loss was comparatively small; though the number of the killed among them was never fully ascertained.

But we must hasten over these events. Though now removed from us by the space of three-quarters of a century, they were fresh, when, with others, the writer assisted to carry the tide of civilization into that region. In 1780 the Kentucky rangers, under Col. Clark, destroyed not only the cornfields of the Indians at Chillicothe, but also every thing that related to subsistence, on which they could lay their hands. Thus, for a time, the savages were compelled to relinquish their barbarous and treacherous assaults upon the settlers, and devote themselves to the hunt, in order to obtain subsistence for their people. But it was the grand rendezvous of the Shawnees, Wyandotts, Fawas, Pottawatamies, and various other tribes, preparatory to their incursion into Kentucky, in the summer of 1782, of which a more particular account will be given, when we come to narrate the history of that monster, Simon Girty, who was one of the leading spirits in this savage council. That very fall, the whites took vengeance in the destruction of all the cabins at Chillicothe, though the Indians, themselves, escaped.

In 1791 old Chillicothe was the scene of a desperate battle between General Harmar and the Indians. He had entered the Indian country from Fort Wash-

ington, now Cincinnati, at the head of one thousand, four hundred and fifty-three men. Colonel Hardin, with six hundred Kentucky militia, formed a reconnoitering party, in advance. The Indians every-where fled as he approached, setting fire to their villages, and destroying their goods with their own hands. To overtake them, he placed himself at the head of a scout of two hundred and ten men, and pushed ahead with great rapidity. This scout was attacked by an inconsiderable party of Indians, when the raw militia broke and fled, leaving the brave men who would not fly, to their fate. Twenty-three of the party fell, and only a small portion succeeded in re-joining the army. Yet General Harmar pushed on, and succeeded in reducing most of the Indian towns to ashes, and destroying their provisions. When within eight miles of Chillicothe, on the Little Miami, he halted, and, late at night, sent forward Colonel Hardin to attack the enemy. The action commenced early in the morning. The savages fought with desperation. Some of the American troops again acted the coward, but the officers bore themselves gallantly, and, utterly regardless of personal safety, rushed forward into the thickest of the fight. It was a severe and disastrous conflict. More than fifty regulars and one hundred militia, and a large portion of the officers, including the brave Fontayne, Willys, and Frothingham, were slain upon the battle-ground. The number of the enemy slain was not known. But it must have been great, as General Harmar was

permitted to retire without molestation. Harmar, in his official report, claimed the victory; but it was doubtful which party lost most by the conflict.

Major General Arthur St. Clair succeeded Harmar in command of the forces at the north-west. There was now a loud and earnest appeal from the exposed settlers, for protection; and this could be obtained only by the *destruction* of their savage foes. If this assertion seems too strong, let me give a fact in evidence. In 1790 a treaty was proposed to the savages at Miami. They asked thirty days for deliberation. It was granted; and before the thirty days had passed, more than one hundred and twenty persons had been killed and captured, and several prisoners roasted alive. At the close of the specified time, the Indians utterly refused to make any answer to the proposition for a treaty. Nor is this all; their prisoners were often roasted alive, and the most revolting barbarities were practiced upon them; then, too, many who surrendered under promise of having their lives spared, were immediately butchered in cold blood. Can we wonder that those whom war had exposed to these barbarities, and whose friends had been victims of them, called aloud for vengeance? The whole land was in mourning. More than two thousand of the settlers had, in some form, been murdered or killed in battle by the savages. Along with the wail of sorrow, and the appeal for protection, the deep, muttered cry for vengeance was heard.

The destruction of the Indian towns, and the estab-

lishment of a chain of military posts, was the only thing that could give protection to the settlements. With these objects in view, General St. Clair, in 1792, entered the Indian territory, at the head of over two thousand men. On the second of November, he encamped within fifteen miles of the Miami villages. Soon after daylight, the savages commenced an attack upon the militia, which was thrown into confusion, and fled in disorder. They burst through the line of the regulars into the camp. The officers made great efforts to restore order, but with only partial success. The Indians pressed upon the heels of the flying militia, and engaged General Butler with great intrepidity. The action now became warm and general; and the fire of the assailants passing round both flanks of the first line, in a few minutes was poured with equal fury upon the rear. The artillerists, in the center, were mowed down; and the fire was the more galling, as it was directed by an invisible enemy, crouching on the ground, or concealed behind trees. In this manner they advanced toward the very mouth of the cannon; and fought with the infuriated fierceness with which success always animates savages. Some of the soldiers exhibited military fearlessness, and fought with great bravery. Others were timid, and disposed to fly. With a self-devotion which the occasion required, the officers generally exposed themselves to the hottest of the contest, and fell in great numbers, in desperate efforts to restore the battle. The com-

manding general, though he had, some time, been enfeebled by severe disease, acted with personal bravery, and delivered his orders with judgment and self-possession. A charge was made upon the savages with the bayonet; and they were driven from their covert with some loss, a distance of four hundred yards. But as soon as the charge was suspended, and the soldiers had withdrawn, the savages, with fresh vigor, returned to the attack. General Butler was mortally wounded, the left wing was broken, and the artillerists were killed, almost to a man. The guns were secured, and the camp penetrated by the enemy. A desperate charge was headed by Colonel Butler, although he was severely wounded; and the Indians were again driven from the camp, and the artillery recovered. Several charges were repeated, with partial success. The enemy only retreated to return to the charge, flushed with new ardor. The ranks of the troops were broken, and the men pressed together in crowds, and were shot down without resistance. A retreat was all that remained to save the remnant of the army. Colonel Drake was ordered to charge a body of the savages that intercepted their retreat. Major Clark, with his battalion, was ordered to cover the rear. These orders were carried into effect, and a most disorderly flight commenced. A pursuit was kept up four miles, when, fortunately, the natural greediness of the savage appetite for plunder, called back the Indians to the camp, to share in the spoils. Throwing away their arms to expedite their flight,

the disorderly troops continued their retreat till they reached Fort Washington.

This was a most disastrous battle. Six hundred and thirty-one were left dead upon the field, of whom thirty-eight were officers, and two hundred and sixty-three were wounded. The savages were led on, in this engagement, by a Mississayo chief, who had acquired experience in the arts of war under the British, during the Revolution. So very superior was his knowledge of tactics, that the Indian chiefs, though extremely jealous of him, yielded the entire command to him; and he arranged and fought the battle with great combination of military skill. Their force amounted to four thousand. They reported their killed were sixty-five, but it must have been more. They took a vast amount of plunder, including seven pieces of cannon, a large number of horses, and over two hundred oxen. The chief restrained the pursuit, saying they had killed enough.

Though the news of this battle spread gloom over the country, it stimulated rather than retarded action, and multitudes were eager for revenge. General Scott, at the head of one thousand mounted Kentucky volunteers, marched against a party of the victors. He came up to them on the fated field. They were still rioting in their plunders, riding upon the backs of the captured oxen, and acting, as if the whole body were drunken. He instantly attacked them. Their defeat was complete. More than two hundred of their number were left dead upon the

field; the cannon, and most of the stores were retaken, and the party returned in triumph.

The final great battle, before the termination of the early Indian war, was fought under the direction of General Anthony Wayne, who had been appointed to the command, upon the resignation of General St. Clair. He commanded the confidence of the western people in a high degree, and was generally called, on account of his reckless bravery, "Mad Anthony." But his appointment to the command of the western army was no "mad" act. Negotiations were at first earnestly attempted with the Indian tribes, but without any effect. Two excellent officers, Colonel Hardin and Major Truman, who had been sent to convey overtures to the Indians, were cruelly murdered by them. The horrors of war were again to be realized. The first step of General Wayne was to enter the Indian country, and to erect a fortification upon the old site of St. Clair's defeat. This he called "Fort Recovery." His principal camp was called Greenville. He had under his command about two thousand soldiers; and soon after he commenced his operations he was joined by General Scott, with eleven hundred mounted militia, from Kentucky.

Though the Revolutionary war had closed, and the two countries were at peace, yet the British Government still retained many of their forts, which were within the territory of the United States. At this juncture, while Wayne was progressing northward through the western part of Ohio, a detachment of

British soldiers from Detroit, occupied a fortified position on the Miami of the Lakes. They evidently designed to give encouragement and protection to the Indians, if not to aid them directly. But Wayne was too determined in purpose, and too strong in his force to be turned aside. On the 8th of August he reached the confluence of the Auglaize and the Miami of the Lakes. Here were the most extensive and richest settlements of the western Indians—and it was only about thirty miles from the fort established by the British. The whole strength of the Indians was about two thousand, and they were encamped in the vicinity of that post.

Still another attempt was made to prevent the effusion of blood. Suitable messengers were dispatched to have an interview with the savages. They were exhorted to forsake the evil counsels that were plunging them into ruin, and to accept the offers of peace, and be restored to their homes, and delivered from the horrors of famine, which was consuming them and their families. The reply was evasive, and sufficiently indicated that the Indians were not yet prepared to enter into a treaty. General Wayne now settled it in his mind that a battle must be fought.

On the 20th of August his army marched forward in columns. Major Price was in advance, at the head of a reconnoitering scout. After advancing five miles, suddenly a heavy fire, from concealed savages, was poured upon him. He immediately retired beyond the reach of their guns, and Wayne prepared for

a general action. The Indians had chosen their position with great judgment. They had moved into a thick wood, in advance of the British post, and had taken position among some fallen timber, which had been blown down by a tornado. Here they were formed in three lines, according to Indian custom, and were inaccessible to the horse. The American legion was ordered to advance in front, with trailed arms, and first rouse the enemy from his covert, and then pour upon him their fire. The cavalry, commanded by Captain Campbell, was to advance between the Indians and the river, where the wood permitted them to penetrate and charge their left flank. General Scott, at the head of his mounted volunteers, was commanded to make a circuit, so as to turn their right. This programme of the action was promptly carried out by the gallant officers in command, and with brilliant success. But such was the impetuosity of the charge made by the first line of the infantry, that the enemy were completely broken and dislodged from their position. The brave men who had dislodged them did their work so suddenly, and then followed up the pursuit with such rapidity, that very few of the second line, or of the mounted volunteers, had an opportunity to take any part in the action. The savages were pursued to the very gates of the British fort.

It appears that the British commandant had promised the Indians, that, if defeated, he would open to them the gates of the fort, and give them protection.

Accordingly, when routed, they huddled, like frightened sheep, before the gates, and here, pressed in the rear by the infantry, and on either side by the horse, they were cut down in great numbers, almost without resistance. The slaughter of the Indians was immense. This battle was fought on the 20th of August, 1794. The American loss, in killed and wounded, was one hundred and seven; but among these were some of the bravest officers upon the field, such as Captain Campbell and Lieutenant Towles. The rout of the Indians was complete. Their force was broken and scattered.

General Wayne remained three days on the field of battle, reducing the houses and corn-fields, above and below the fort, and some of them within pistol-shot of it, to ashes. The houses and stores of Col. M'Kee, an English trader, whose great influence among the savages had been uniformly exerted for the continuance of the war, were burned among the rest. Correspondence, on these two points, took place between General Wayne and the commander of the fort. The latter, however, soon came to understand that he could avoid hostilities with Wayne only by being careful not to interfere with his operations. Having completed the work of destruction here, General Wayne returned to Auglaize, and destroyed all the Indian towns and corn within fifty miles of the river. The savages were thus made to understand that peace or entire destruction were the only alternatives. Yet they continued to commit straggling

depredations till the next summer. Then, on the 3d of August, as we have already noticed, a definite treaty of peace was established. Thus terminated the long-protracted struggle between civilization and barbarism. The number of individuals wantonly murdered by the savages, independently of those slain in battle, can be numbered only by thousands. Yet, strange as it may appear, the tide of immigration was scarcely checked by these outrages; and the civilized population of the great valley was constantly on the increase.

CHAPTER III.

INDIAN CRUELTIES.

DURING the progress of these wars, scenes of thrilling interest, and of appalling, savage barbarity, were enacted. The record of some will be known only at the great day. Others are scattered along the history of those times, as so many monumental piles, to tell us what our fathers suffered, that we might come into possession of this goodly land.

But it must be confessed that these acts of savage cruelty were not all on the side of the Indians. Indeed, had the acts of the pioneers toward the Indians always been characterized by kind treatment and fair dealing, it is doubtful whether the savage cruelties inflicted on them would ever have occurred.

To show that these statements are not unfounded in fact, we will begin these narrations with one of the most cruel and tragic outrages ever perpetrated by mortal man, whether savage or professedly civilized. This was the butchery of the Moravian Indians, by a party of whites, in 1782. The Moravian missionaries, whose zeal is unquenched by the snows of Lapland, and whose energy braves the burning sands of Arabia and Africa, had penetrated these western wilds before the white man had made his settlement,

and had succeeded in establishing missions on the Tuscarawas, among the Delaware Indians. They had three stations on the river; namely, Gnadenhutten, Shoenbrun, and Salem. These villages were occupied by the Indians, all of whom had become Christianized, and were peacefully engaged in the various pursuits of civilization. Several depredations having been committed by hostile Indians, about the time of which I am writing, on the frontier inhabitants of western Pennsylvania and Virginia, they determined to retaliate, and a company of one hundred men was raised, and placed under the command of Colonel Williamson, as a corps of volunteer militia. They set out for the Moravian towns on the Tuscarawas river, and arrived within a mile of Gnadenhutten on the night of the fifth of March.

On the morning of the sixth, finding the Indians at work in their cornfield, on the west bank of the river, sixteen of Williamson's men crossed over, two at a time, in a large sugar trough, taking their rifles with them. The remainder went into the village, where they found an Indian and squaw, both of whom they killed. The sixteen on the west side, on approaching the Indians, found them more numerous than they had anticipated. The Indians had their arms with them, which they carried not only for purposes of protection, but for killing game. The whites accosted them kindly, telling them that they had come for the purpose of taking them to a place where in future they would be protected in safety,

no longer to be startled by the rude alarm of angry foes. They advised them to quit work, and go with them to Fort Pitt. Some of the tribe had been taken to that place in the preceding year, and were treated with great kindness by their white neighbors, and especially the governor of the fort, and returned to their homes with tokens of friendship and kindness. Under such circumstances, it was not surprising that the innocent and unsuspecting Moravian Indians surrendered their arms, and at once consented to place themselves under the protection and control of Williamson and his men. An Indian messenger was dispatched to Salem, for the purpose of apprising their brethren of the arrangement, and then both companies returned to Gnadenhutten. On reaching the village, a number of mounted militia started for the Salem settlement, but ere they reached it, so great was the dispatch of the messenger, that they found the Moravian Indians at that place had already left their cornfields, and were on the road to join their brethren at Gnadenhutten. Measures had been previously adopted to secure the Indians whom they had at first decoyed into their power, and accordingly they were bound, and confined in two houses, securely guarded. On the arrival of the Indians from Salem—their arms having been secured without any suspicion of their hostile intentions—they were at once seized, fettered, and divided between the two prison-houses, the males in one, and the females in the other. The number thus confined in both houses,

including men, women, and children, amounted to from ninety to one hundred.

A council was then held to determine how the Moravian Indians should be disposed of. This self-constituted military court consisted of both officers and privates. Williamson put the question whether the Indians should be taken, prisoners, to Fort Pitt, or *put to death*, requesting those who were in favor of saving their lives to march out of rank, and form a second rank in advance. Only eighteen, out of the whole number, stepped out as the advocates of mercy. In these the feelings of humanity prevailed; but in the others, constituting the large majority, humanity and justice were utterly extinct. They had deliberately come to the conclusion to *murder* the whole of the Christian Indians in their power. Among the doomed were several who had contributed to aid the missionaries in the work of conversion and civilization; two of whom emigrated from New Jersey after the death of their pastor, Rev. David Brainard. One Indian female, who could speak good English, fell upon her knees before Williamson, the commander, and begged most eloquently and piteously for his protection; but all her supplications and pleadings were unheeded by the heartless and dastardly wretch, who ordered her to prepare for death.

They had anticipated the cruel fate that awaited them; and their hymns of praise and fervent prayers ascended from their prison, during the whole of that eventful night, to their great Father in heaven. Their

prayers and tears, and their pleadings for mercy and protection were lost upon their white murderers, but they entered the cars of an avenging God. When the morning sun arose, the work of death commenced, and a scene of human butchery occurred, of sufficient enormity to move the heart most used to blood and carnage, and gather paleness on the cheek of darkness itself. One after another, men, women, and children were led out to a block prepared for the dreadful purpose, and, being commanded to sit down, the ax of the butcher, in the hands of infuriate demons, clave their skulls. Two persons, who were present at that time, and who related to me the fearful story, assured me that they were unable to witness, but for a short time, the horrid scene. One of these men stated that when he saw the incarnate fiends lead a pretty little girl, about twelve years of age, to the fatal block, and heard her plead for her life, in the most piteous accents, till her innocent voice was hushed in death, he felt a faintness come over him, and could no longer stand the heart-sickening scene. The dreadful work of human slaughter continued till every prayer, and moan, and sigh, was hushed in the stillness of death. No sex, age, or condition was spared, from the gray-haired sire to the infant at its mother's breast. All fell victims to the most cold-blooded murder ever perpetrated by man. There lay, in undistinguished confusion, gashed and gory, in that cellar, where they were thrown by their butchers, nearly one hundred murdered Chris-

trian Indians, hurried to an untimely grave by those who had but two days before sworn to protect them. It was an act shocking to humanity; and its perpetrators should be consigned to eternal infamy.*

No wonder that the savages were excited to the highest pitch of fury. Nor was the opportunity of revenge—a revenge that might have glutted the heart of an incarnate fiend—long wanting.

The event narrated above took place on the 8th of March, 1782. On the 22d of the succeeding May, the ill-fated Colonel Crawford headed another expedition from western Pennsylvania. The army consisted of four hundred and fifty men, and commencing its march on the day above-named, it proceeded due west, visiting, in its way, the Moravian towns, which had just been the scene of such a horrible tragedy. On the 6th of June, when near the Upper Sandusky, they were attacked by the Indians, and defeated. At least one hundred were killed and taken prisoners; and of the latter, it is said, two only escaped. When the rout commenced, instead of retreating in a body, they fled in small parties, and thus fell an easy prey into the hands of their pursuers. Colonel Crawford became separated from the main body of his soldiers, by his extreme anxiety for his son, and two or three other relations, whom he suspected were in the rear, and, therefore, waited for them an unreasonable time. He, at length, fled, in company with a Dr. Knight

* Autobiography.

and two others. Unfortunately, after traveling nearly two days, they were, with several others, surprised by a party of Delawares, and conducted to the Old Wyandott town. The Indians halted within two miles of the town. Here Captain Pipe, a celebrated Delaware chief, painted both Crawford and Knight black. As they were conducted toward the town, the captives observed the bodies of four of their friends, tomahawked and scalped. This was regarded as a sad presage. In a short time they overtook the five prisoners who remained alive. They were seated on the ground, and surrounded by a crowd of Indian squaws and boys, who taunted and menaced them. Crawford and Knight were compelled to sit down apart from the rest, and immediately afterward the Doctor was given to a Shawnee warrior, to be conducted to their town. The boys and squaws then fell upon the other prisoners, and tomahawked them in a moment. Crawford was then driven toward the village, Girty accompanying the party on horseback. At the village resided an Indian chief, named Wingenund.

This chief had been known to Crawford some time before, and had been on terms of true friendship with him, and kindly entertained by him at his own house; and such acts of kindness all red men remember with gratitude. Wingenund does not appear to have been present when the first preparations were made for burning the prisoner, but resided not far from the fatal spot, and had retired to his cabin, that he might

not see the sentence of his nation executed upon one calling him his friend; but Crawford requested that he might be sent for, cheering his almost rayless mind with the faint hope that he would interpose and save him. Accordingly, Wingenund soon appeared in the presence of the bound and naked white man.

He was asked by Crawford if he knew him, who said, he believed he did, and asked, "Are you not Colonel Crawford?" "I am," replied the Colonel. The chief discovered much agitation and embarrassment, and ejaculated, "So!—Yes!—Indeed!" "Do you not recollect the friendship that always existed between us, and that we were always glad to see each other?" said Crawford. "Yes," said the chief, "I remember all this, and that we have often drank together, and that you have been kind to me." "Then I hope," added Crawford, "the same friendship still continues." "It would, of course," said Wingenund, "were you where you ought to be, and not here." "And why not here?" said the Colonel. "I hope you would not desert a friend in time of need. Now is the time for you to exert yourself in my behalf, as I should do for you, were you in my place." "Col. Crawford," replied Wingenund, "you have placed yourself in a situation which puts it out of my power and that of others of your friends to do any thing for you." "How so, Captain Wingenund?" said the Colonel. He added, "By joining yourself to that execrable man, Williamson and his party; the man who but the other day murdered such a number of

the Moravian Indians, knowing them to be friends; knowing that he ran no risk in murdering a people who would not fight, and whose only business was praying." "But I assure you, Wingenund," said Crawford, "that had I been with him at the time, this would not have happened. Not I alone, but all your friends, and all good men, wherever they are, reprobate acts of this kind." "That may be," said Wingenund, "yet these friends, these good men, did not prevent him from going out again, to kill the remainder of those inoffensive, yet foolish Moravian Indians! I say *foolish*, because they believed the whites in preference to us. We had often told them that they would be, one day, so treated by those people who called themselves their friends! We told them that there was no faith to be placed in what the white men said; that their fair promises were only intended to allure us, that they might the more easily kill us, as they have done many Indians before they killed these Moravians." "I am sorry to hear you speak thus," said Crawford; "as to Williamson's going out again, when it was known that he was determined on it, I went out with him to prevent him from committing fresh murders." "This," said Wingenund, "the Indians would not believe, were even I to tell them so." Crawford then asked, "And why would they not believe it?" "Because," replied Wingenund, "it would have been out of your power to prevent his doing what he pleased." "Out of my power?" exclaimed the Colonel, and asked, "Have

any Moravian Indians been killed or hurt since we came out?" "None," answered the chief; "but you went first to their town, and finding it empty and deserted, you turned on the path toward us. If you had been in search of warriors only, you would not have gone thither. Our spies watched you closely. They saw you while you were embodying yourselves on the other side of the Ohio. They saw you cross that river—they saw where you encamped at night—they saw you turn off from the path to the deserted Moravian town—they knew you were going out of your way—your steps were constantly watched, and you were suffered quietly to proceed, till you reached the spot where you were attacked."

Crawford, doubtless, with this sentence, ended his last rays of hope. He asked, with faint emotion, "What do they intend to do with me?" when Wingenund frankly replied, "I tell you with grief. As Williamson, with his whole cowardly host, ran off in the night, at the whistling of our warriors' balls, being satisfied that now he had no Moravians to deal with, but men who could fight, and with such he did not wish to have any thing to do—I say, as he escaped, and they have taken you, they will take revenge on you in his stead." "And is there no possibility of preventing this?" said Crawford; "can you devise no way to get me off? You shall, my friend, be well rewarded if you are instrumental in saving my life." "Had Williamson been taken with you," answered the chief, "I and some friends, by

making use of what you have told me, might, perhaps, have succeeded in saving you; but as the matter now stands, no man would dare to interfere in your behalf. The king of England himself, were he to come to this spot, with all his wealth and treasure, could not effect this purpose. The blood of the innocent Moravians, more than half of them women and children, cruelly and wantonly murdered, calls aloud for *revenge*. The relatives of the slain, who are among us, cry out and stand ready for *revenge*. The nation to which they belonged will have *revenge*. The Shawnees, our grandchildren, have asked for your fellow-prisoner; on him they will take *revenge*. All the nations connected with us cry out, *revenge! revenge!* The Moravians, whom you went to destroy, having fled, instead of avenging their brethren, the offense is become national, and the nation itself is bound to take *revenge!*”

“My fate then is fixed,” said the wretched man, “and I must prepare to meet death in its worst form.” “Yes, Colonel,” replied the chief; “I am sorry for it, but can not do any thing for you. Had you attended to the Indian principle, that as good and evil can not dwell together in the same heart, so a good man ought not to go into evil company, you would not be in this lamentable situation. You see, now, when it is too late, after Williamson has deserted you, what a bad man he must be! Nothing now remains for you but to meet your fate like a brave man. Farewell, Colonel Crawford! they are

coming, I will retire to a solitary spot." Having said these words, he withdrew.

It is said that Wingenund shed tears at parting with his former friend.*

The preparations for the horrible tragedy were soon completed. A large stake was driven into the ground, and piles of dry wood heaped up around it. Colonel Crawford's hands were then tied behind his back; a strong rope was produced, one end of which was fastened to the ligature between his wrists, and the other to the bottom of the stake. The rope was long enough to permit him to walk round the stake several times and then return. Fire was then applied to the hickory poles, which lay in piles at the distance of six or seven yards from the stake.

The Colonel observing these terrible preparations, called to Girty, who sat on horseback, at the distance of a few yards from the fire, and asked if the Indians were going to burn him. Girty replied in the affirmative. The Colonel heard the intelligence with firmness, merely observing that he would bear it with fortitude. When the hickory poles had been burnt asunder in the middle, Captain Pipe arose and addressed the crowd in a tone of great energy, and with animated gestures, pointing frequently to the Colonel, who regarded him with an appearance of unruffled composure. As soon as he had ended, a loud whoop burst from the assembled throng, and

* Drake's Indians of North America.

they all rushed at once upon the unfortunate Crawford. For several seconds the crowd was so great around him that Knight could not see what they were doing; but in a short time they had dispersed sufficiently to give him a view of the Colonel.

His ears had been cut off, and the blood was streaming down each side of his face. A terrible scene of torture now commenced. The warriors shot charges of powder into his naked body, commencing with the calves of his legs, and continuing to his neck. The boys snatched the burning hickory poles and applied them to his flesh. As fast as he ran around the stake, to avoid one party of tormentors, he was promptly met at every turn by others, with burning poles, red-hot irons, and rifles loaded with powder only; so that in a few minutes nearly one hundred charges of powder had been shot into his body, which had become black and blistered in a dreadful manner. The squaws would take up a quantity of coals and hot ashes, and throw them upon his body, so that in a few minutes he had nothing but fire to walk upon.

In the extremity of his agony, the unhappy Colonel called aloud upon Girty, in tones which rang through Knight's brain with maddening effect: "Girty! Girty! shoot me through the heart! Quick! quick! Do not refuse me!" "Don't you see I have no gun, Colonel!" replied the renegade, bursting into a laugh, and then turning to an Indian beside him, he uttered some brutal jests upon the naked and miserable

appearance of the prisoner. While this awful scene was being acted, Girty rode up to the spot where Dr. Knight stood, and told him that he had now had a foretaste of what was in reserve for him at the Shawnee towns. He swore that he need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all the extremity of torture.

Knight, whose mind was deeply agitated at the sight of the fearful scene before him, took no notice of Girty, but preserved an impenetrable silence. Girty, after contemplating the Colonel's sufferings for a few moments, turned again to Knight, and indulged in a bitter invective against a certain Colonel Gibson, from whom, he said, he had received deep injury, and dwelt upon the delight with which he would see him undergo such tortures as those which Crawford was then suffering. He observed, in a taunting tone, that most of the prisoners had said, that the white people would not injure him, if the chance of war was to throw him into their power; but, that for his own part, he should be loth to try the experiment. "I think," added he, with a laugh, "that they would roast me alive, with more pleasure than those red fellows are now broiling the Colonel! What is your opinion, Doctor? Do you think they would be glad to see me?" Still Knight made no answer, and in few minutes Girty rejoined the Indians.

The terrible scene had now lasted more than two hours, and Crawford had become much exhausted. He walked slowly around the stake, spoke in a low

tone, and earnestly besought God to look with compassion upon him, and pardon his sins. His nerves had lost much of their sensibility, and he no longer shrunk from the firebrands with which they incessantly touched him. At length he sunk in a fainting fit upon his face, and lay motionless. Instantly an Indian sprung upon his back, kneeled lightly upon one knee, made a circular incision with his knife upon the crown of his head, and clapping the knife between his teeth, tore the scalp off with both hands. Scarcely had this been done, when a withered hag approached with a board full of burning embers, and poured them upon the crown of his head, now laid bare to the bone. The Colonel groaned deeply, arose, and again walked slowly around the stake. But why continue a description so horrible? Nature at length could endure no more, and at a late hour in the night he was released by death from the hands of his tormentors.

Whether Girty really took pleasure in the torture of Colonel Crawford, or was forced by circumstances to seem to enjoy it, is a question which historians have generally been in too much haste to determine. It is well known that at the time of Crawford's expedition the Indians were very much exasperated by the cold-blooded slaughter of the Moravian red men at Gnadenhutten—an atrocity without a parallel in border warfare—and to have seemed merciful to the whites for a single moment would have been fatal to Girty. Indeed, it is said that when he spoke of ran-

soming the Colonel, Captain Pipe threatened him with death at the stake. Let justice be rendered even to the worst of criminals.

Dr. Knight, made bold or desperate by the torture he had witnessed, effected his escape from the Shawnee warrior to whose care he was committed, and after much suffering, reached the settlements. From him the greater portion of the account of Crawford's death is derived, and corrected by the statements of Indians present on the occasion.

To augment, if possible, the horror of this dreadful tragedy, the son of Colonel Crawford was compelled to witness it, and, not long after, was subjected to the same cruel fate.*

From the above, we turn to a tragedy scarcely less horrible, which will exhibit another phase of savage cruelty. Early in April, 1787, a party of fourteen Indians attacked a family living at Cooper's Run, in Bourbon county. The family consisted of the mother, two sons of mature age, a widowed daughter, with an infant in her arms, two grown daughters, and a daughter of ten years. They occupied a double cabin. In one division were the two grown daughters and the smaller girl; in the other, the remainder of the family. At evening twilight, a knocking was heard at the door of the latter, asking in good English, and the customary phrase of the country, "Who keeps the house?" As the sons were opening

* Heroes of the West.

the door, the mother forbade, affirming there were Indians there. The young men sprang to their guns. The Indians, being refused admittance, made an effort at the opposite door. They beat open the door of that room with a rail, and endeavored to take the three girls prisoners. The little girl escaped, and might have evaded danger, in the darkness and the woods. But the distracted and bewildered child ran to the other door, and cried for help. The brothers wished to fly to her relief, but the mother forbade her door to be opened. The merciless tomahawk soon hushed the cries of the child in the silence of death. While a part of the Indians were murdering this poor child, one of the older sisters was captured by them and bound. The other defended herself bravely with a knife, killing one Indian outright, but was then killed herself by another. The Indians, having obtained possession of one half of the house, set it on fire. The rest of the family, who were now shut up in the other part of the cabin, had now to choose between a frightful death in the flames, and the hazard of attempting to escape from the tomahawks of the savages. The latter stationed themselves in the dark angles of the fence, where they were concealed in the darkness, while the bright glare of the flames exposed any who might attempt to escape, to the deadly aim of their rifles. One son took charge of his aged and infirm mother, and the other of his widowed sister and her infant. They started in different directions, and attempted to leap

the fence at different points. *The mother was shot dead, and the other brother was also killed, gallantly defending his sister. The widowed sister with her infant, and one of the brothers, escaped the massacre. These persons alarmed the settlement. Thirty men, commanded by Colonel John Edwards, arrived, the next day, to witness this horrid spectacle of murder and ruin. In the mean time, considerable snow had fallen, so that it was easy to pursue the Indians by their trail. In the evening of that day, they came upon the expiring body of the captured young woman, murdered but a few moments before their arrival. The Indians had discovered that they were pursued by the barking of a dog. The pursuing party, however, overtook and killed two of the Indians, who had apparently staid behind as a rear-guard, or to enable the others to escape.

Many were the desperate encounters between individual combatants, about this period. One occurred in 1779, at Bricket's fort, in western Virginia. A Mr. Morgan came in contact with two Indians, and was pursued by them. Being old and infirm, he soon began to falter in his race for life. But he understood the tactics of Indian warfare too well to allow himself to be overtaken in an open race. Accordingly he stopped suddenly behind a tree, and waited his chance for a shot. The Indians did the same; but one of them was not sufficiently shielded by his tree, and Morgan, watching his opportunity, fired at the exposed part of his body. The shot took effect,

and the savage rolled upon the ground in his agony. The other Indian instantly resumed the chase, and Morgan's gun, being now unloaded, he was compelled to run again. The Indian gained rapidly upon him. His gun was already poised for the deadly shot, when Morgan suddenly turned aside, and the ball passed by him. It was now a struggle for life, in single combat. Morgan struck with his gun. The Indian threw his tomahawk, which cut off one finger, and otherwise wounded his hand, and at the same time knocked the gun from his grasp. They closed, and Morgan being an expert wrestler, threw the Indian. But his powerful foe soon succeeded in getting on top, and now feeling sure of his prey, he uttered a demoniac yell, at the same time feeling for his knife. A woman's apron, which, in his savage fondness for fantastic dress, he had bound round his waist, prevented his grasping the knife. Morgan just then seized the fingers of the savage between his teeth, which he clinched to good effect. The Indian at length got his knife unloosed, and seemed again on the point of consummating the butchery of his victim. But unfortunately for himself, he had seized the handle down by the blade, and Morgan succeeded in grasping the handle above. As the Indian drew it from the scabbard, Morgan crippled another finger with his teeth, causing the hand to relax a little from its grasp, and thus succeeded in drawing the knife through the hand of the savage, cutting a deep wound, and thus gained entire possession of it. Both

now sprang erect. But Morgan still had the finger firmly clinched between his teeth. With this advantage, he soon succeeded in plunging the knife to its hilt in the savage, who now sunk down, and was soon dispatched.

During these bloody wars, also, exploits were performed by females worthy of a record upon the pages of the world's history. One occurred at Dunkard's creek, about the same time as the former. Two or three families had fled for safety to the house of a Mr. Bozarth. The Indians came upon it when it contained only Mr. Bozarth and two other men. Warned by the children, who were playing outside, that the "ugly red men" had come, one of the men ran to the door. He received a shot and fell. The Indian, who had shot him, sprang in after him, and grappling with the other white man was thrown down. Having no weapon, he called upon Mrs. Bozarth for a knife. Not finding a knife, she seized an ax, and with a single blow cleft the head of the savage. At that moment another Indian shot the white man dead. Mrs. Bozarth, by a well-directed blow, leveled the savage with her ax. Others were crowding in behind; the first received a blow on the head. As the others drew back, she succeeded in closing and fastening the door. The two white men, though both severely wounded, aided the heroine in maintaining the defense, till a detachment from a neighboring settlement came up for their relief. All the children in the yard were butchered by the incarnate fiends. The

whole transaction lasted hardly three minutes; and yet, considering the numbers and the circumstances, it was a severe and bloody affair.

Another, and perhaps a still more striking instance of female heroism occurred, in 1791, in Nelson county. The house of a Mr. Merrill was assaulted by savages. Hearing the dogs barking, Mr. Merrill opened the door to ascertain the cause. He was fired at, and fell wounded into the room. The savages attempted to rush in after him, but Mrs. Merrill and her daughter succeeded in closing the door. The assailants began to hew a passage through it with their tomahawks; and, having made a hole large enough, one of them attempted to squeeze through it into the room. Undismayed, the courageous woman seized an ax, gave the ruffian a fatal blow as he sprang through, and he sunk quietly to the floor. Another, and still another, followed till four of the number had met the same fate. The silence within induced one of them to pause and look through the crevice in the door. Discovering the fate of those who had entered, the savages resolved upon another mode of attack. Two of their number clambered up to the top of the house, and prepared to descend the broad, wooden chimney. This new danger was promptly met. Mrs. Merrill did not desert her post; but directed her little son to cut open the feather bed, and pour the feathers upon the fire. This the little fellow did with excellent effect. The two savages, scorched and suffocated, fell down into the fire, and were soon dispatched by the

children and the wounded husband. At that moment a fifth savage attempted to enter the door; but he received a salute upon the head, from the ax held by Mrs. Merrill, that sent him howling away. Thus seven of the savages were destroyed by the courage and energy of this heroic woman. When the sole survivor reached his town, and was asked, "what news?" a prisoner heard his reply—"bad news! The squaws fight worse than the long knives."

The above story I have often heard from the lips of Mrs. Merrill herself. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After the death of her first husband she was married to a Mr. Hunter. She settled on Paint creek, in 1797; and subsequently died there, in the triumphs of faith.

One more anecdote must close this chapter. Two boys, Henry and James Johnson, living on Short creek, on the west bank of the Ohio, while at play, some distance from the house, were taken prisoners by two savages. They were led several miles into the wood, and then the Indians built a fire, and lay down for the night—each holding one of the captive boys in his arms. The younger wept bitterly at finding himself in the hands of the savage monsters, but his older brother tried to comfort him. The little one soon fell asleep in the muscular arms of his master. The other slept not; his mind was too busy. At length, finding his keeper sound asleep, he gradually slipped from his arms, and arose to his feet. He might have run away, and escaped; but there was

his little brother asleep in the arms of his savage master, and he would not leave him. At first, he stepped around, and to try the soundness of the Indians' sleep, he renewed the fire—knowing if they awoke and found him thus occupied it would occasion no alarm. But their sleep was too profound to be disturbed. He then walked up to his brother, gently woke him, and drew him from the embrace of his master. The older brother put the muzzle of one of their guns to the ear of one of the Indians, and directed his brother to put his finger on the trigger, and pull it the moment he saw the hatchet descending on the head of the other. The plan succeeded. The tomahawk descended and the gun went off at the same moment. The first blow of the tomahawk was not fatal. "Lay on," cries out the little fellow; "I have done it for mine." A few more blows from the older boy "did it" also for the other Indian. The two boys immediately started for home; and just as the day was dawning they came round the corner of the log-cabin, and heard their mother, in agony, lamenting their hard fate, and saying that they had been taken prisoners and perhaps killed by the Indians. The joy of that meeting it would be difficult to describe, but we can readily conceive of the pride and delight with which that mother listened to the narrative of the heroic achievements of her two sons.

When I traveled Wills Creek circuit in 1809, I became acquainted with the Johnson family. The

father and mother were still living. Henry, their oldest son, was a class-leader and steward in the Church at St. Clairsville; James, the younger son, was a local preacher on the circuit. From the different members of the family—and especially from the mother—I have often heard the above narrative; and have also been upon the very spot where the Indians were killed.

Having sketched the incidents of Indian life and warfare up to the treaty of Wayne in 1795, and the first establishment of the white population, it will aid the understanding of the reader to take a brief survey of the Indian tribes in this region at that period. This will form the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

INDIAN TRIBES IN THE NORTH-WESTERN
TERRITORY.

I HAVE brought down the incidents of Indian life and warfare in the North-Western territory, to the treaty concluded by Wayne, in 1795. This was also the period when the whites began to pour into the country, and civilization to assume her supremacy in regions over which the savage had exercised undisputed sway for ages. Just at this point, then, it will be interesting to take a hasty survey of the occupants of the country. We shall therefore notice some of the leading Indian nations.

Of the *origin* of the Indian race, history is altogether silent. And although God "hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the earth," yet, from what branch of the family of Noah they have descended, or how and when they reached this continent, as well as their subsequent history, nothing better is left to us than mere conjecture. Even their own traditions on this subject differ, and, at best, are shrouded in great obscurity, or rejected as ridiculous fables.

It is, therefore, utterly impossible to determine, with any degree of certainty, their origin. And it

is equally difficult to keep up the distinct line of their history, even in more modern times. Many of their tribes were broken up, and portions intermingled with other tribes or nations. Sometimes whole nations became dispossessed of their own lands by the gradual encroachment of the white population; and changed their locality, either in a body, or by families, or tribes. Indian history is a thing of tradition; and, of course, such events become intermingled and confused in the lapse of a very few years. Another source of perplexity in Indian history, is the different names by which the same tribe or nation is designated by travelers and historians. From the histories relating to these times, and from my personal intercourse with leading men of most, if not all these nations, I have gathered what can be had concerning them.

The nations of which I shall principally speak, are the Wyandotts or Hurons, the Delawares, the Iroquois or Five Nations—sometimes called Mingoes—the Delawares, the Shawnees, Chippewas, Ottawas, and Pottawatamies. The “Five Nations” included the Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, and Oneidas.

First among these nations were the Wyandotts, or Hurons, as they were formerly called. So far as history and their traditions inform us, they were the original proprietors of all the country from Mackinaw, down the lakes to Quebec, west to the Great Miami river, and north-west to Lake Michigan. When

the French first settled in Canada, the nation was in possession of this whole country. They were then a numerous, bold, and warlike people; and were considered the strongest and oldest tribe of all the northern Indians, and were, therefore, called the "Grand Fathers."* All the surrounding tribes looked to them for counsel; and their decisions were respected, and, in most cases, were final.

When the French settled in Canada, it was by their permission. At that time the Hurons were at war with the Six Nations—so called—all living in the state of New York. Their traditions say that this war lasted seventy summers, was a severe conflict, and was characterized by dreadful scenes of blood and carnage. The Six Nations, being much better furnished with arms and ammunition, at first vanquished the Wyandotts, and carried the war into their country. But the Ottawas and Chippewas united with the Wyandotts, and drove the Six Nations back to their former ground; and would, in all probability, have cut them off entirely, but for the interposition of the French and English, who brought about a treaty, which so much offended the nation as to result in a lasting separation; and a part settled below Quebec. Another part, supposed to be fully one-third of the whole nation, left their country and went down the Mississippi river; and by traders who can speak the Wyandott language, are supposed now to be the *Sem-*

* General Harrison's Letter.

inoles of the south, from the fact of their speaking nearly the same dialect.

The great body of the nation, however, continued to occupy a portion of their old grounds. They were situated principally in the vicinity of Detroit. Still later their principal headquarters were upon the Sandusky river. Here they remained on their reservation, till they were removed, by the United States Government, to the lands assigned them west of the Missouri river, at the mouth of the Kansas. Here a small fragment of the Wyandott nation still remains.

While the nation remained together with their allies, they were a terror to all the surrounding tribes. They drove the Sac and Fox, and the Sioux tribes, west of the Father of Waters—the Mississippi—and had long and bloody wars with the Cherokees. Kentucky was their battle-ground; and, it is said, this was the reason why Kentucky was never settled by Indians. 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, Cayugas, 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 Armstrong, Brown, Zane, Walker, 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 Honnis, 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, the tray was full and running over. They were a numerous and powerful people, covering a large tract of country along the great lakes, and extending their claims to the Ohio river. But now, like many other mighty nations of the earth, they are gone into the shades of forgetfulness, and another race, with its teeming millions,

is filling up the whole extent of their vast possessions. Their history, like themselves, too, is almost extinct; and but little is left to tell of the deeds of valor, or the mighty achievements of these heroes of the forest. A few only of their children now remain, pent up on small reservations, and these are, in most cases, dwindling away under the vices of a Christian and civilized people.

Much has been said about the barbarity of these tribes in their mode of warfare; but let it be always recollected that they were nobly engaged in the defense of their country, their families, and their natural rights, and national liberties. Never did men acquit themselves with more valor, nor, according to their means, make a better defense. It is true, they were ignorant of military tactics, and unacquainted with the science of war. They had not equal advantages of weapons, nor the art of combining their whole forces, nor the numerical strength of their enemies. But how long and bloody was the conflict before they yielded to their new masters, and with what great reluctance they submitted to their numerous and increasing enemies, let the history of by-gone years testify. Their bravery and unwillingness to yield were clearly proved by the last struggles which they made; but at length they were obliged to submit and be dictated to by their masters. Their spirits are, in a great measure, broken, and the red man sits and smokes his pipe, and looks on his country as lost. The pleasant hunting-grounds, in which

he used to chase the deer and bear, and the luxuriant cane-brakes, where the elk and buffalo fed, which furnished him and his family with meat and clothing, have fallen into the hands of strangers. The cheerful notes of the flute, and the hoarser sound of the turtle shell, no longer make the groves vocal with joyful melody. The red man is no more seen stretched before the sparkling fire, nor the tinkling horse-bell heard in the blue-grass plains. The Indian now sits and looks at the graves of his fathers and friends, and heaves a sigh of despair, while his manly face is bedewed with the silent tear. In strains of sorrowful eloquence he tells of the happiness of ancient days, and relates to his listening children the mighty achievements of his ancestors. Gloom fills his heart, while he sees, at no great distance, the end of his tribe. He walks pensively into the deep and silent forest, wrapped up in his half-worn blanket, and pours out his full soul in his prayers to the Great Spirit, to relieve his sufferings by taking him and his to rejoin his tribe in another and better world. There he expects to have once more a country of his own, separate from white men, and good or bad hunting-ground, according as he has been virtuous or vicious in this life.

But why should my pen dwell on these gloomy scenes? Am I, alone, called to sing the mournful dirge of this most of all injured, peeled, and ruined people? No; ten thousand voices shall be heard to sympathize with the poor Indian; and that God, who

"hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the earth," will judge his cause and avenge his wrongs.

The "Five Nations" have become somewhat celebrated in Indian history. They originally occupied a large portion of the territory now included in the state of New York. The name of "Five Nations" was given to them by the English, because they constituted a confederacy of that number of distinct nations. The French called them Iroquois; the Dutch called them Maquas; and the Virginia Indians gave them the name of Massawomekes. At home, they were known by the name of Mingoës, and sometimes were called Aganuschion, or United People.

But little is known of the origin of these nations. It was a tradition among them that their forefathers came from beyond the great lakes, and subdued the inhabitants of the country, and took possession of it. When this took place, they do not pretend to say. The Mohawks, sometimes called *Wabingi*, are said to have been the oldest of the confederacy, and that the "Onayauts"—Oneidas—were the first that joined them by putting themselves under their protection. The Onondagas were the next, then the "Teuontowanos, or Sinikers"—Senecas—then the "Cuiukguos"—Cayugas. The Tuscaroras, from Carolina joined them about 1712, but were not formally admitted into the confederacy till about ten years after that. The addition of this new tribe gained them the name of the Six Nations, according to most writers,

but they are more generally known as the "Five Nations."

The following account of them is taken from the Biography of Mr. Thatcher:

"When the French settled in Canada in 1603, they found the Iroquois living where Montreal now stands. They were at war with the Adirondacks—a powerful tribe, residing about three hundred miles above Trois-Rivieres—in consequence of the latter having treacherously murdered some of their young men. Previous to this date, their habits had been more agricultural than warlike; but they soon perceived the necessity of adopting a different system. The Adirondacks drove them from their own country, and they retreated to the borders of the lakes, where they have ever since lived. This misfortune it was—ostensibly, at least, a misfortune—which gave the earliest impulse to the subsequent glorious career of these Romans of the west.

"Fortunately for them, their sachems were men of a genius and spirit which adversity served only to stimulate and renew. They, finding their countrymen discouraged by the discomfiture suffered on the banks of the St. Lawrence, induced them to turn their arms against a less formidable nation, called the Satanas, then dwelling with themselves near the lakes. That people they subdued, and expelled from their territory. Encouraged by success, and strengthened by discipline, they next ventured to defend themselves against the inroads of their old conquerors on

the north; and at length the Adirondacks were even driven back, in their turn, as far as the neighborhood of what is now Quebec.

“But a new emergency arose. The French made common cause with the nation just named against their enemies, and brought to the contest the important aids of civilized science and art. The Five Nations had now to set wisdom and wariness, as well as courage and discipline, against an alliance so powerful. Their captains came forward again, and taught them the policy of fighting in small parties, and of making amends for inferior force, by surprisal and stratagem. The result was, that the Adirondacks were nearly exterminated, while the Iroquois, proudly exalting themselves on their overthrow, grew rapidly to be the leading tribe of the whole north, and finally of the whole continent.

“The efforts necessary to attain that ascendant, may be fairly estimated from the character of the first vanquisher and the first victim. The Adirondacks fought long and desperately. In the end, they adopted their adversaries’ plan of sending out small parties, and of relying especially on their captains. Five of these men, alone, are said, by their astonishing energy and bravery, to have well-nigh turned the balance of the war.

“One of the number was PISKARET, in his own day the most celebrated chieftain of the north. He and his four comrades solemnly devoted themselves to the purpose of redeeming the sullied glory of the

nation, at a period when the prospect of conquest, and perhaps of defense, had already become desperate. They set out for Trois Rivières in one canoe; each of them being provided with three muskets, which they loaded severally with two bullets, connected by a small chain ten inches in length. In Sorel river, they met with five boats of the Iroquois, each having on board ten men. As the parties rapidly came together, the Adirondacks pretended to give themselves up for lost, and began howling the death-song. This was continued till the enemy was just at hand. They then suddenly ceased singing, and fired simultaneously on the five canoes. The charge was repeated with the arms which lay ready loaded, and the slight birches of the Iroquois were torn asunder, and the frightened occupants tumbled overboard as fast as possible. Piskaret and his comrades, after knocking as many of them on the head as they pleased, reserved the remainder to feed their revenge, which was soon afterward done by burning them alive in the most cruel tortures.

“This exploit, creditable as it might be to the actors in the eyes of their countrymen, served only to sharpen the fierce eagerness for blood which still raged in the bosom of Piskaret. His next enterprise was far more hazardous than the former; and so much more so, indeed, even in prospect, that not a single warrior would bear him company. He set out alone, therefore, for the country of the Five Nations—with which he was well acquainted—about

that period of the spring when the snow was beginning to melt. Accustomed, as an Indian must be, to all emergencies of traveling as well as warfare, he took the precaution of putting the hinder part of his snow-shoes forward, so that if his footsteps should happen to be observed by his vigilant enemy, it might be supposed he was gone the contrary way. For further security he went along the ridges and high grounds, where the snow was melted, that his track might be lost.

“On coming near one of the villages of the Five Nations, he concealed himself till night, and then entered a cabin, while the inmates were fast asleep, murdered the whole family, and carried the scalps to his lurking-place. The next day, the people of the village sought for the murderer, but in vain. He came out again at midnight, and repeated his deed of blood. The third night, a watch was kept in every house, and Piskaret was compelled to exercise more caution. But his purpose was not abandoned. He bundled up the scalps he had already taken, to carry home with him as a proof of his victory, and then stole warily from house to house, till he at last discovered an Indian nodding at his post. This man he dispatched at a blow, but that blow alarmed the neighborhood, and he was forced immediately to fly for his life. Being, however, the fleetest Indian then alive, he was under no apprehension of danger from the chase. He suffered his pursuers to approach him from time to time, and then suddenly darted away

from them, hoping in this manner to discourage, as well as escape them. When the evening came on, he hid himself, and his enemies stopped to rest. Feeling no danger from a single enemy, and he a fugitive, they even indulged themselves in sleep. Piskaret, who watched every movement, turned about, knocking every man of them on the head, added their scalps to his bundle, and leisurely resumed his way home.

“To return to the Five Nations. The career of victory, which began with the fall of the Adirondacks, was destined to be extended beyond all precedent in the history of the Indian tribes. They exterminated the Eries or Erigas, once living on the south side of the lake of their own name. They nearly destroyed the powerful Anderstesz, and the Chouanons or Showanons. They drove back the Hurons and Ottawas among the Sioux of the Upper Mississippi, where they separated themselves into bands, ‘proclaiming, wherever they went, the terror of the Iroquois.’* The Illinois, on the west, were also subdued, with the Miamies and Shawnees. The Niperceneans of the St. Lawrence fled to Hudson’s Bay, to avoid their fury. ‘The borders of the Outaonis,’ says a historian, ‘which were long thickly peopled, became almost deserted.’ † The Mohawk was a name of terror to the farthest tribes of New England; and though but one of that formidable

* Herriot’s History of Canada.

† Ibid.

people should appear, for a moment, on the hills of the Connecticut or Massachusetts, the villages below would be in an uproar of confusion and fear. Finally they conquered the tribe of Virginia, west of the Alleghanies; and warred against the Catawbias, Cherokees, and most of the nations of the south.

“The result of this series of conquests, was, that the Five Nations finally became entitled, or, at least, laid claim to all the territory not sold to the English, from the mouth of Sorel river, on the south side of Lakes Erie and Ontario, on both sides of the Ohio, till it falls into the Mississippi; and on the north side of these lakes, the whole tract between the Outawas river and Lake Huron. The historian, Douglas, estimates their territory at about twelve hundred miles in length, from north to south, and from seven hundred to eight hundred miles in breadth.”

As to the extent of the Iroquois in the west, and the influence they exerted over other nations, we think Mr. Thatcher's account somewhat exaggerated.

They entered into a treaty of peace with the Dutch soon after their settlement in New York. They treated with the English subsequently on the same terms; and this memorable engagement remained inviolate for more than a century, during all the revolutions and machinations of the French and English governments, on either side. With the former of these people they were often at war.

When the swelling tide of civilization overflowed most of their ancient central territory, and drove

them westward to mingle with the other Indian nations already occupying the country, they lost much of their pre-eminence, and soon blended, to a great extent, with other tribes, so as to lose much of their identity. This was their condition at the first advent of civilization into the territory north-west of the Ohio river. Indeed, they were less prominent in the warlike excursions of the savages, prior to Wayne's treaty, in 1795, than some of the other nations. They were, at this period, scattered mainly along the southern and eastern shores of Lake Erie, though tribes and settlements of them were formed in different parts of the north-west.

We have referred to the wars between the Iroquois and the Adirondacks, or Algonquines, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, about the year 1600. From this stock the Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottawatamies, claim to have sprung. Their traditions represent that they emigrated westward, in a body, till they reached Lake Huron, where they separated into three parties, from which originated these three nations. The Ottawas settled in the region of Mackinaw, while the Pottawatamies and Chippewas penetrated still farther into the north and west regions. The latter appear to have settled at the outlet of Lake Superior, from which point they penetrated into the regions bordering upon that Lake. The Ottawas were the most enterprising and warlike.

Detroit was founded, by the French, in July, 1701, and from that time the Ottawas began to give fre-

quent manifestations of a spirit which finally made them, respectively, an ally or an enemy of the first importance to the different civilized parties with whom they held intercourse. Only three years after the French settled in their vicinity, several of their chiefs were induced to visit the English at Albany. The almost inevitable consequence of the interview was, that they returned home with a firm persuasion that the French intended to subdue them. They attempted to fire the town, therefore, in one instance; and, about the same time, a war-party, on their return from a successful expedition against the Iroquois—whom they were bold enough to attack in their own country—paraded in front of the Detroit fortress, and offered battle. After some hard fighting, they were defeated and driven off. Subsequently the Ottawas entered not only into a treaty of peace with the French, but became their warm and fast friends.*

At the close of the old French and English war, in 1760, the territory of the north-west was given up by the former to the latter. The Ottawas gave to this arrangement a sullen acquiescence. But very soon, under the powerful leadership of Pontiac, their discontent resulted in an extensive combination of the north-western tribes against the English. Pontiac occupies a prominent place in Indian history. He appears to have been at the head of several hundred Indian warriors, when Braddock was defeated in 1755.

* Thatcher's Indian Biography.

He also distinguished himself in several battles. By the force of his character, and the wisdom of his address, he acquired a predominance over all the other chiefs; so that, in fact, he was a sort of emperor over several confederate nations. The principal of these were the Ottawas, Wyandotts, Shawnees, Chippewas, Pottawatamies, Miamies, Winnebagoes, and one or two tribes of less importance. His headquarters were near Detroit, but his influence was felt among the Indian tribes throughout the north-west.

Colonel Rogers marched into the country, at the head of an English force, from Montreal, in 1760, to displace the French in the several military stations. On his way he was met by an embassy from Pontiac, consisting of some of his own warriors, together with several chiefs belonging to subordinate tribes. The object was, to inform him that Pontiac, in person, proposed to visit him; that he was then not far distant, coming peaceably; and that he desired the Colonel to halt his detachment till such time as he could see him with his own eyes. Pontiac soon came up in person, and, with an air of majesty, demanded of the officer his business, and how it came that he dared enter the country without his permission. When the Colonel told him he had no design against the Indians, and only wished to remove the French, their common enemy, and cause of all their trouble, delivering him, at the same time, several belts of wampum, Pontiac replied, "I stand in the path you travel in, till to-morrow morning," and gave him a

belt. This communication was understood, and "was as much as to say," says the Colonel, "I must not march further without his leave."*

The Colonel continues: "When he departed for the night, he inquired whether I wanted any thing that his country afforded, and if I did, he would send his warriors to fetch it. I assured him that any provisions they brought should be paid for; and, the next day, we were supplied by them with several bags of parched corn, and some other necessaries. At our second meeting, he gave me the pipe of peace, and both of us, by turns, smoked with it; and he assured me he had made peace with me and my detachment; that I might pass through his country unmolested, and relieve the French garrison; and that he would protect me and my party from any insults that might be offered or intended by the Indians; and, as an earnest of his friendship, he sent one hundred warriors to protect and assist us in driving one hundred fat cattle, which we had brought for the use of the detachment from Pittsburg, by the way of Presque Isle. He likewise sent to the several Indian towns, on the south side and west end of Lake Erie, to inform them that I had his consent to come into the country. He attended me constantly after this interview till I arrived at Detroit, and while I remained in the country, and was the means of preserving the detachment from the fury of the Indians, who had

* Drake's Indian Biography.

assembled at the mouth of the strait, with an intent to cut us off. I had several conferences with him, in which he discovered great strength of judgment, and a thirst after knowledge."

This same officer observes, that he discovered much curiosity at their equipage, and wished to know how their clothes were made, and to learn their mode of war. He expressed a willingness to acknowledge the king of England, though not as his superior, but as his uncle, which he would acknowledge, as he was able, in furs. England was much in his thoughts, and he often expressed a desire to see it. He told Colonel Rogers that if he would conduct him there, he would give him a part of his country. He was willing to grant the English favors, and allow them to settle in his dominions, but not unless he could be viewed as sovereign; and he gave them to understand, that, unless they conducted themselves agreeably to his wishes, "he would shut up the way," and keep them out.

This peace and acquiescence of Pontiac were of short duration. His far-seeing mind was not long in perceiving that his own people must, ere long, be entirely uprooted by the English, and that his own power would pass away before the new order of things. This conviction roused all the soul of the great Pontiac, and he determined upon an organized resistance to the encroachments of the English. In fact, he counted upon nothing less than their entire extermination.

The plan of operations, says Mr. Thatcher, adopted by Pontiac, for effecting the extinction of the English power, evinces an extraordinary genius, as well as a courage and energy of the highest order. This was a sudden and cotemporaneous attack upon all the British posts on the Lakes—at St. Joseph, Ouate-non, Green Bay, Mackinaw, Detroit, the Maumee, and the Sandusky—and also upon the forts at Niagara, Presque Isle, Le Bœuf, Verango, and Pittsburg. If the surprise could be simultaneous, so that every English banner, which waved upon a line of thousands of miles, should be prostrated at the same moment, the garrisons would be unable to exchange assistance; while, on the other hand, the failure of one Indian detachment would have no effect to discourage another. Certainly, some might succeed. Probably, the war might begin and be terminated with the same single blow; and then Pontiac would again be the lord and king of the broad land of his ancestors.

Having determined upon his plan, he called together his own tribe—the Ottawas—who were peculiarly under his control. He rehearsed to them the wrongs and indignities the Indians had received from the English; showed them that if no check were put upon the invaders of their country, the utter destruction of the Indian race must ensue. He then unfolded to them the plans he had formed. The Ottawa came warmly into the views of their great leader. With equal zeal the Chippewas and Pottawatamies

came into the combination. With untiring energy Pontiac matured his plans and extended them, till all the prominent Indian nations were drawn into the combination. He succeeded even in drawing the Pennsylvania and Ohio Delawares, and the Five Nations—or Six, as they were then called—into the combination.

The plan was now ripe for execution, and with the suddenness of a whirlwind, the storm of war burst forth all along the frontier. Nine of the British forts, or stations, were captured. Some of the garrisons were completely surprised, and massacred on the spot; a few individuals, in other cases, escaped. The officer who commanded at Presque Isle, defended himself two days, during which time the savages are said to have fired his block-house about fifty times, but the soldiers extinguished the flames as often. It was then undermined, and a train was laid for an explosion, when a capitulation was proposed and agreed upon, under which a part of the garrison was carried captive to the north-west. The officer was afterward given up at Detroit.

A great number of English traders were taken, on their way from all quarters of the country, to the different forts; and their goods, as well as those of the residents at such places, and the stores at the depots themselves, of course, became a prize to the conquerors. Pittsburg, with the smaller forts, Ligonier, Bedford, and others in that neighborhood, were very closely beset, but successfully defended, till the

arrival of large reinforcements. The savages made amends for these failures by a series of the most horrible devastations in detail, particularly in New York, Pennsylvania, and even in northern Virginia, which have ever been committed upon the continent.

In case of the most, if not all of the nine surprisals first mentioned, quite as much was effected by stratagem as by force, and that apparently by a preconcerted system, which indicates the far-seeing superintendence of Pontiac himself. Generally, the commanders were secured in the first instance, by parties admitted within the fort, under the pretense of business, or friendship. At Maumee, or the Miamies—as the station among that tribe was commonly designated—the officer was betrayed by a squaw, who, by piteous entreaties, persuaded him to go out with her some two hundred yards, to the succor, as she said, of a wounded man, who was dying. The Indians waylaid and shot him.

But in this storm of war, the most thrilling and tragical scenes were enacted at Mackinaw and Detroit. The former was the scene of a bloody, savage triumph; the latter, of a long and perilous siege. These two events will be fully noticed in subsequent chapters.

The Delawares figure somewhat in the Indian wars of the west. At the early discovery of this country, the Delawares occupied a large tract north of the Potomac, and including most, if not all the state of Pennsylvania. It was with this nation that William

Penn made his celebrated treaty; and among them his name was almost idolized for two or three generations. As civilization advanced, the ancient proprietors of the soil receded before it. After crossing the Alleghanies, they found a brief resting-place in the wilds of Ohio. This was about the year 1760, when they were settled on the banks of the Muskingum and neighboring small rivers. Here they became somewhat intermixed with the Shawnees, and joined them in many of their warlike or predatory excursions. In the Revolutionary war, this nation was divided—one portion of them, under the leadership of Captain Pipe, taking part with the English; the other, under Captain White-Eyes, taking part with the Colonies. The division proved especially destructive to them. But they still preserved their nationality; and on the death of White-Eyes, came under the influence of Captain Pipe.

The tribe was largely represented by warriors in the defeat of St. Clair. They also shared the common calamity of defeat in the destructive campaign of General Wayne against the Indians. After this, in common with the other Indian tribes, they wasted away under the blasting influence of the accursed fire-water. In connection with the Shawnees, under the leadership of Tecumseh, they rallied once more to resist the ever-encroaching tide of civilization. But it was only a spasmodic effort of vital energy, vainly put forth, and immediately subsiding into the torpor of the unawaking sleep of death. First they

were removed west of the Mississippi, and finally pushed still further, to the west of the Missouri, where a remnant of this great people now remains.

The following incident occurred during the past winter. It was related by a correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, and will throw some light upon the present condition of the Delawares. "The walk," says our traveler, "from Leavenworth to Lawrence—a distance variously estimated from thirty to thirty-five miles—is not a hard one for a day; but, yesterday, the wind blew strongly in my face, the small streams were so swollen as to cause some delay in crossing them, and night overtook me on the Indian lands about ten miles from Lawrence. It was cloudy and dark, and the prairie fires afforded light only to bewilder me. Four miles from Lawrence lives Sarcocie, the chief of the Delawares. When I reached there it began to rain, and I stopped at the chief's to ask lodging for the night. He welcomed me cordially, parading on the occasion all the broken English he had at command. He is an old man—his form tending to corpulency, and his hair sprinkled with gray. What is remarkable for an Indian chief, he was very sociable.

"His principal house is a log-cabin, about eighteen feet square, of hewed logs, and well chinked. It was so comfortable for Kansas that I expressed my admiration of it. He said, 'White man build it,' and expressed some contempt for such labor. I asked him if there had been much fighting in Kansas. He

sail, 'Yes, heap; white man fight heap.' I asked which fought best—the Missourians or the Yankees? He replied, 'Missourians fight and run off; Yankees fight and stay here. Yankees got good guns; shoot man half a mile.' I asked if the Indians fought? He replied, 'Delawares don't fight—they are men.'

"His wife and daughters prepared supper for me of ten eggs, fresh pork, and warm bread, no butter and no milk. A good-natured, barefooted, Indian girl, with a broad, apple-dumpling face, and a form largest at the waist, poured out my tea. She appeared about fourteen years old—just budding into squaw-hood. I looked at her so intently while she was pouring out the tea that she became embarrassed, blushed, and then laughed and poured on till the cup ran over.

"After supper I tried to engage her in a conversation. I talked of every thing I could think of that might interest a young lady, except the most interesting of all subjects, but got no reply. As a last resort, I talked of that. She listened attentively, and, at length, said, with a cunning expression, 'You want land.' That short sentence was every word that I got out of her the whole evening.

"I slept in an out-house, which, after turning out a lot of Indian dogs, and barricading the door with an old musket, I thought I had to myself, but, after I got fairly into bed, the dogs came in by getting under the cabin, and pushing up the floor boards. The Indians seemed to be prowling about all night, and had breakfast ready long before daylight. I had

long suspected that the habit of early rising was a remnant of barbarism, and since I have discovered that the lazy Indians practice it, I think I shall never seek to indulge it again.

“While eating breakfast, I observed the girl in whom I had been interested the previous evening, sitting by the fire with a pappoose in her arms.

“It was a bright little one; and, though only two months old, had its ears pierced, and pewter rings in them. I was perfectly thunderstruck by her telling me that it was her child, but she seemed quite fond of it. Indeed, it adds to her value, for as land is divided per head among the Indians, this pappoose entitles her to double the amount she could claim without it. This explained the suspicion with which she regarded my advances the previous evening; but I do most solemnly assure you, incredible as it may seem, that, notwithstanding her double dowry, I did not feel avaricious enough to renew them.”

Before leaving the Delawares, we should remark, that among them were the principal missionary stations of the Moravians. The names of Count Zinzendorf, of David Zeister, and John Heckewelder, will be held in everlasting remembrance for their efforts to bring these poor natives to the knowledge of Christ. Alas! that those noble, self-denying efforts should have been brought to naught by the wickedness of white men! I mean that class of backwoodsmen of whom Mr. Heckewelder says: “Acting up to the pretended belief that ‘an Indian has

no more soul than a buffalo,' and that to kill either is the same thing, they have, from time to time, by their conduct, brought great trouble and bloodshed upon the country." The outrages of this class of men often incited the savage cruelty of the wild Indians; and then, in revenge for the cruelties practiced by them, would practice brutal outrages, not less disgraceful and revolting to humanity upon the peaceful Moravian Indians.

An instance of this kind occurred in 1763. There was a peaceful settlement of those Indians at Conestoga, entirely peaceful and inoffensive. No sooner, however, did the community begin to be excited by the breaking out of Pontiac's war, than a company of white demons resolved upon the destruction of this settlement. In true savage style they came upon the peaceful village by stealth. There were only twenty-nine souls in it at the time. Fourteen of these were murdered in cold blood. The others escaped, and reaching Lancaster, were placed in the jail for safe-keeping. The bloodthirsty demons who had already butchered their kindred, broke through the walls and completed their fiend-like work.

An eye-witness of the latter part of the drama of death says: "I ran into the prison-yard; and there, O what a horrid sight presented itself to my view! Near the back door of the jail lay an old Indian and his squaw—well known and esteemed by the people of the town, on account of his peaceful and friendly conduct, as well as for his honesty and integ-

rity of character. His name was Will Sock; across him and his squaw lay two children of about the age of three years, whose heads were split with the tomahawk, and their scalps taken off. Toward the middle of the jail yard, along the west side of the wall, lay a stout Indian, whom I particularly noticed, to have been shot in the breast; his legs were chopped with the tomahawk; his hands cut off; and, finally, a rifle-ball discharged in his mouth, so that his head was blown to atoms, and his brains were splashed against, and yet hanging to, the wall for three or four feet around. In this manner lay the whole of them—men, women, and children, scattered about the prison-yard, shot, scalped, hacked, and cut to pieces.”

No wonder that such foul deeds of darkness not only excited the deadliest hostility against the whites among the heathen Indians, and at the same time deepened their aversion to the religion of Christ. Thus were they blinded to the truth, and rejected that Savior who would have folded the poor outcast Indian to his breast, and enriched him with the salvation of the Gospel.

The Shawnees have acquired an unenviable notoriety. Many are the tales of terror told of them in “the dark and bloody ground.” The very name of Shawnee was a word of terror or of execration to the early settler among the cane-brakes of Kentucky, or upon the rich bottoms of Ohio. They originally had their home in the south, occupying, probably, Georgia and the Floridas. “They were a restless people,

delighting in wars." At length a combination of the most powerful Indian nations of the whole south—the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, and others—was made against them. To escape utter annihilation, they fled their country, and emigrated north. They settled on the Ohio and its branches, where the generous Wyandotts "spread a deer-skin for them to sit down upon"—that is, gave them lands to settle upon. In these regions they became numerous and powerful, without at all changing their general character. Marshall, the historian of Kentucky, says: "Of all the Indians who have been marauding in the country, the Shawnees were the most mischievous as they were the most active." In fact, from the commencement of the old French war in 1755, down to the conclusion of Wayne's treaty in 1795—a period of forty years—the Shawnees seem to have been ever active in some bloody war, or murderous foray against the new settlements. Ten or twelve years of comparative quiet succeeded to the treaty of Wayne; then came the great and final conflict of the nation under the lead of their favorite chief—Tecumseh—the last great Indian warrior, who, for a short period, sought to stay the inevitable extermination of his race.

The principal headquarters of the Shawnees were in the valleys of the Scioto river and Paint creek. They had also a large village near the mouth of Massie's creek, a few miles north of where Xenia now is; and another called Piqua, on the Mad river, a few miles below Springfield. When the Miamies removed

from the Great Miami, a division of Shawnees succeeded them in the possession of the country. The Shawnees, like most other Indian nations, were originally divided into tribes, and each tribe subdivided into families. Mr. Drake says, that of these tribes the names of but four are preserved—the remainder having become extinct, or incorporated with them. They are, first, the Mequachake; second, the Chilli-cothe; third, the Kiskapocoke; fourth, the Piqua. When in council, one of these tribes is assigned to each of the four sides of the council-house, and, during the continuance of the deliberations, the tribes retain their respective places. They claim to have the power of distinguishing, at sight, to which tribe an individual belongs; but, to the casual observer, there are no visible shades of difference. In each of the four tribes, except the Mequachake, the chiefs owe their authority to merit, but, in the last-named, the office is hereditary. Of the origin of the Piqua tribe, the following tradition has been recited.* “In ancient times the Shawnees had occasion to build a large fire, and after it was burned down, a great puffing and blowing was heard, when up rose a man from the ashes! hence the name Piqua, which means a man coming out of the ashes.”

The Shawnees arrogated to themselves a superiority over the whites, as well as over other tribes of

* Stephen Ruddell's manuscript account of the Shawnees, in possession of the author.

Indians. At the convention held at Fort Wayne, in 1803, one of their principal men set forth their views in the following manner: He said, "The Master of Life, who was himself an Indian, made the Shawnees before any other of the human race; and they sprang from his brain: he gave them all the knowledge he himself possessed, and placed them upon the great island, and all the other red people are descended from the Shawnees. After he had made the Shawnees, he made the French and English out of his breast, the Dutch out of his feet, and the long-knives out of his hands. All these inferior races of men he made white, and placed them beyond the stinking lake.*

"The Shawnees, for many ages, continued to be masters of the continent, using the knowledge they had received from the Great Spirit in such a manner as to be pleasing to him, and to secure their own happiness. In a great length of time, however, they became corrupt, and the Master of Life told them that he would take away from them the knowledge which they possessed, and give it to the white people, to be restored when, by a return to good principles, they would deserve it. Many ages after that they saw something white approaching their shores. At first they took it for a great bird; but they soon found it to be a monstrous canoe filled with the very people who had got the knowledge which belonged

* Atlantic Ocean.

to the Shawnees. After these white people landed, they were not content with having the knowledge which belonged to the Shawnees, but they usurped their lands also. They pretended, indeed, to have purchased these lands; but the very goods they gave for them were more the property of the Indians than the white people, because the knowledge which enabled them to manufacture these goods actually belonged to the Shawnees; but these things will soon have an end. The Master of Life is about to restore to the Shawnees their knowledge and their rights, and he will trample the long-knives under his feet."

Some of the Shawnee villages had quite a large population. That called Upper Piqua, on the Miami, is said to have numbered over four thousand. But, since the inroads of civilization, no tribe had dwindled away more rapidly. So reduced were they that, of the forty thousand Indians removed to the Indian territory west of the Mississippi, prior to 1836, only eighteen hundred were Shawnees. A mere fragment of them now remains; and soon the race will exist only in history.

Mr. Schoolcraft thus describes the condition of the Shawnees in 1840:

"They are placed at the junction of the Kansas with the Missouri, extending south and west. They number a little short of thirteen hundred, and own a territory of ten thousand square miles, or six million, four hundred thousand acres. They are cultivators and graziers in an advanced state of improve-

ment. Hunting may be occasionally resorted to as a sport or amusement, but it has, years since, been abandoned as a source of subsistence. Indeed, the failure of game in that region, would have rendered the latter imperative, had not their improved habits of industry led to it. This tribe have essentially conquered their aversion to labor. They drive oxen and horses trained to the plow. They split rails and build fences. They erect substantial cabins and barns. They have old corn in their cribs from year to year. They own good saddle-horses and saddles, and other articles of caparison, and a traveler or visitor will find a good meal, a clean bed, and kind treatment in their settlements."

From this we learn, that though driven by necessity to change their habits, even this has not checked their downward course. Inevitable ruin seems to be their doom. A few only will probably escape this doom, by attaining to a higher civilization, and intermingling with the white race, which even now is flowing all around their forest home.

We have referred to the wrongs perpetrated too often upon the poor natives, by the more intelligent white man. We are happy now in being able to add that, so far as our Government is concerned, the proprietorship of the soil has been always recognized as being vested in the aboriginal occupants, and only by treaty have they been required to relinquish it. A writer in the Democratic Review, for 1844, says:

"It remained for the patriots of 1775, who set up

the frame of our present government, by an appeal to arms, to award the aboriginal tribes the full proprietary right to the soil they respectively occupied, and to guarantee to them its full and free use, till such right was relinquished by treaty stipulations. So far, they were acknowledged as sovereigns. This is the first step in their political exaltation, and dates, in our records, from the respective treaties of Fort Pitt, September 17, 1778, and of Fort Stanwix, of October 22, 1784. The latter was as early after the establishment of our independence, as these tribes—the Six Nations, who, with the exception of the Oneidas, sided with the parent country—could be brought to listen to the terms of peace. They were followed by the Wyandotts, Delawares, Chippewas, and Ottawas, in January, 1785; by the Cherokees, in November of the same year; and by the Choctaws and Shawnees, in January, 1786. Other western nations followed in 1789; the Creeks did not treat till 1790; and from this era, the system has been continued up to the present moment. It may be affirmed, that there is not an acre of land of the public domain of the United States, sold at the land-offices, from the days of General Washington, but what has been acquired in this manner. War, in which we and they have been frequently involved, since that period, has conveyed no *territorial right*. We have conquered them on the field, not to usurp territory, but to place them in a condition to observe how much more their interests and permanent pros-

perity would be, and have ever been, promoted by the plow than the sword. And there has been a prompt recurrence, at every mutation from war to peace, punctually, to that fine sentiment embraced in the *first* article of the *first* treaty ever made between the American Government and the Indian tribes; namely, that all offenses and animosities 'shall be mutually forgiven, and buried in deep oblivion, and never more be had in remembrance.' ”*

In addition to the occupation of their lands, which is guaranteed by the United States Government, an annual appropriation is made to the various Indian tribes, pursuant to the treaty with each. The following is the appropriation bill for the present year, making an aggregate of \$2,350,368:

For the Camanches, Kiowas, and Apaches of Arkansas river.....	\$25,000
Blackfeet Nation	52,000
Chippewas of Lake Superior.....	48,680
Chippewas of the Mississippi.....	30,000
Pillager and Lake Winnibigoshish bands.....	31,387
Chippewas of Saginaw, Swan creek, and Black river.....	20,140
Chippewas, Menomonees, Winnebagoes, and New York Indians..	1,500
Chickasaws	3,000
Chickasaws of Sault St. Marie.....	17,475
Choctaws.....	35,520
Creeks	649,140
Calapoosas, Molala, and Klackamas Indians of Willamette Valley	12,260
Delawares	3,754
Florida Indians, or Seminoles.....	329,100
Iowas	2,875
Kansas	10,000
Kaskaskias, Peorias, Weas, and Piankeshaws.....	9,940
Kickapoos	19,000
Menomonees	48,565

* Treaty of Fort Pitt, 1778.

Miamies of Kansas.....	\$42,643
Miamies of Indiana.....	16,700
Miamies of Eel river	1,100
Navajoes	5,000
Nisqually, Puyallup, and other tribes.....	7,500
Omahas	42,140
Osages	25,456
Ottos and Missouris.....	22,140
Ottawas and Chippewas of Michigan.....	55,040
Ottawas of Kansas.....	2,000
Pawnees.....	1,000
Pottawatamies	60,600
Pottawatamies of Huron	400
Quapaws	2,660
Chasta, Scoton, and Umpqua Indians.....	6,980
Rogue River	2,500
Sacs and Foxes of Mississippi.....	73,880
Sacs and Foxes of Missouri.....	15,870
Senecas	2,660
Senecas of New York.....	11,000
Senecas and Shawnees.....	2,060
Shawnees.....	105,000
Six Nations of New York.....	4,500
Sioux of the Missouri	150,050
Treaty of Fort Laramie.....	70,000
Umpquas	550
Umpquas and Calapoosas.....	6,360
Utahs	5,000
Winnebagoes.....	97,485
Wyandotts.....	126,667
Sioux of the Mississippi.....	42,841
Miscellaneous purposes	291,750
Total.....	\$2,350,368

CHAPTER V.

SIEGE OF DETROIT AND THE DEATH OF PONTIAC.

ONE of the most thrilling scenes in western history was the siege of Detroit by the Indians in 1763. We have already given an account of the extensive combination of the western tribes under the leadership of Pontiac. Detroit was, at that time, the most important post in the western country; and on this account its reduction was undertaken by Pontiac himself. We take our account, with some modifications and retrenchments, from the interesting work of Mr. B. B. Thatcher.*

The town is supposed, at this period, to have been inclosed by a single row of pickets, forming nearly four sides of a square; there being block-houses at the corners and over the gates. An open space intervened between the houses and the pickets, which formed a place of arms and encircled the village. The fortifications did not extend to the river, but a gate opened in the direction of the stream, and not far from it, where, at the date in question, two armed vessels, fortunately for the inhabitants, happened to lie at anchor. The ordnance of the fort consisted of

* Indian Biography.

two six-pounders, one three-pounder, and three mortars; all of an indifferent quality. The garrison numbered one hundred and thirty, including officers, besides whom there were in the village something like forty individuals who were habitually engaged in the fur-trade. The inadequate proportion of this force, even to the size of the place, may be inferred from the fact that the stockade which formed its periphery was more than one thousand feet long.

Such was the situation of Detroit when the Ottawa chieftain, having completed his arrangements, on the 8th of May presented himself at the gates of the town, with a force of about three hundred Indians, chiefly Ottawas and Chippewas, and requested a council with Major Gladwyn, the commandant. He expected, under this pretext, to gain admission for himself and a considerable number of attendants, who, accordingly, were provided with rifles, sawed off so short as to be concealed under their blankets. At a given signal—which was to be the presentation of a wampum-belt in a particular manner by Pontiac to the commandant, during the conference—the armed Indians were to massacre all the officers; and then, opening the gates, to admit a much larger body of warriors, who should be waiting without, for the completion of the slaughter and the destruction of the fort.

Fortunately, Major Gladwyn obtained a knowledge of the scheme, before an opportunity occurred for its execution. One of the French residents in the

vicinity, returning home, on the morning of the day last mentioned, is said to have met Pontiac and his party upon Bloody Bridge. This place, which still retains its name, is between one and two miles from the village. The last warrior in the file, being a particular friend of the white man, threw aside his blanket, and significantly exhibited the shortened rifle beneath. Whether his disclosure was communicated to Major Gladwyn, can not be determined.

Carver states—and his account is substantially confirmed by tradition, as well as by other authorities—that an Indian woman betrayed the secret. She had been employed by the commandant to make him a pair of moccasins out of elk-skin; and having completed them, she brought them into the fort, on the evening of the day when Pontiac made his appearance, and his application for a council. The Major was pleased with them, directed her to convert the residue of the skin into articles of the same description, and having made a generous payment, dismissed her. She went to the outer door, but there stopped, and, for some time, loitered about as if her errand was still unperformed. A servant asked her what she wanted, but she made no answer. The Major himself observed her, and ordered her to be called in, when, after some hesitation, she replied to his inquiries, that as he had always treated her kindly, she did not like to take away the elk-skin, which he valued so highly; she could *never bring it back*. The commandant's curiosity was of course excited, and he

pressed the examination, till the woman at length disclosed every thing which had come to her knowledge.

Her information was not received with implicit credulity, but the Major thought it prudent to employ the night in taking active measures for defense. His arms and ammunition were examined and arranged; and the traders and their dependents, as well as the garrison, were directed to be ready for instant service. A guard kept watch on the ramparts during the night, it being apprehended that the Indians might anticipate the preparations now known to have been made for the next day. Nothing, however, was heard after dark, except the sound of singing and dancing, in the Indian camp, which they always indulge in upon the eve of any great enterprise. The particulars of the council of the next day we shall furnish on the authority of a writer already cited.*

In the morning, Pontiac and his warriors sang their war-song, danced their war-dance, and repaired to the fort. They were admitted without hesitation, and were conducted to the council-house, where Major Gladwyn and his officers were prepared to receive them. They perceived at the gate, and as they passed through the streets, an unusual activity and movement among the troops. The garrison was under arms, the guards were doubled, and the officers were armed with swords and pistols. Pontiac inquired of the British commander what was the cause of this

* Governor Cass.

unusual appearance. He was answered, that it was proper to keep the young men to their duty, lest they should become idle and ignorant. The business of the council then commenced, and Pontiac proceeded to address Major Gladwyn. His speech was bold and menacing, and his manner and gesticulations vehement, and they became still more so, as he approached the critical moment. When he was upon the point of presenting the belt to Major Gladwyn, and all was breathless expectation, the drums at the door of the council-house suddenly rolled the charge, the guards leveled their pieces, and the British officers drew their swords from their scabbards. Pontiac was a brave man, constitutionally and habitually. He had fought in many a battle, and often led his warriors to victory. But this unexpected and decisive proof, that his treachery was discovered and prevented, entirely disconcerted him. Tradition says he trembled. At all events, he delivered his belt in the usual manner, and thus failed to give his party the concerted signal of attack. Major Gladwyn immediately approached the chief, and drawing aside his blanket, discovered the shortened rifle, and then, after stating his knowledge of the plan, and reproaching him for his treachery, ordered him from his fort. The Indians immediately retired, and as soon as they had passed the gate they gave the yell, and fired upon the garrison. They then proceeded to the commons, where was lying an aged English woman with her two sons. These they murdered, and afterward repaired

to Hog Island, where a discharged sergeant resided with his family, who were all but one immediately massacred. Thus was the war commenced.

“The tenth, in the morning—Tuesday—they attacked the fort very resolutely. There continued a very hot fire on both sides till the evening, when they ceased firing, having had several killed and wounded. They posted themselves behind the garden-fences and houses in the suburbs, and some barns and out-houses that were on the side of the fort next the woods, which were immediately set on fire by red-hot spikes, etc., from the cannon.” In this manner, and by occasional sorties, the enemy was dislodged and driven back, till they could only annoy the fort by approaching the summit of the low ridge which overlooked the pickets, and there, at intervals, they continued their fire.

Little damage was done in this way, nor did the Indians at any time undertake a close assault. The commandant, however, ignorant of their style of warfare, apprehended that movement; and he believed that in such a case—their numbers being now, according to some estimates, six or seven hundred, and according to others, about twice as many—the situation of the garrison would be hopeless. Besides, he had but three weeks’ provision in the fort, “at a pound of bread and two ounces of pork a man per day.” Under these circumstances, fearful of the consequences of delaying, he immediately commenced preparations for an embarkation on board the two

vessels which still lay in the stream, with the intention of retreating to Niagara.

He was dissuaded from this course by the French residents, who positively assured him that the enemy would never think of taking the fort by storm. A truce or treaty was then suggested. Some of the French—who were the chief medium of communication between the belligerent parties—mentioned the circumstance to Pontiac; and the latter, it is said, soon after sent in five messengers to the fort, proposing that two of the officers should go out and confer with him at his camp. He also requested, that Major Campbell might be one of them. That gentleman accordingly went, with the permission, though not by the command of Major Gladwyn, in the afternoon of Wednesday, the eleventh. Campbell took Lieutenant M'Dougall with him, and both were attended by five or six of the French.

Whether the latter had meditated a treachery or not, does not appear. The French residents generally, at all events, can not be fairly charged with improper conduct between the contending parties, during the siege. They were naturally enough suspected and accused, but we have seen nothing proved against them. The two officers were, however, detained by the Indians; and Pontiac, who is generally supposed to have conceived this scheme for obtaining an advantage over the garrison, now sent in terms of capitulation. These were to the effect, that the troops should immediately surrender, "lay down their

arms, as *their* fathers, the French, had been obliged to do—leave the cannon, magazines, and merchants' goods, and the two vessels—and be escorted in batteaux by Indians to Niagara." The Major promptly made answer, that "his commanding officer had not sent him there to deliver up the fort to Indians or any body else, and he would therefore defend it so long as a single man could stand at his side."

Hostilities now recommenced, and were so vigorously sustained on the part of Pontiac, that, for some months—says the diary—"the whole garrison, officers, soldiers, merchants, and servants, were upon the ramparts every night, not one having slept in a house, except the sick and wounded in the hospital."

Three weeks after the commencement of the siege—on the thirtieth of May—the English sentinel on duty announced, that a fleet of boats, supposed to contain a supply of provisions and a reinforcement of troops from Niagara, was coming round "the point," at a place called the Huron Church. The garrison flocked to the bastions, and for a moment, at least, hope shone upon every countenance. But presently the death-cry of the Indians was heard, and the fate of the detachment was at once known. Their approach having been ascertained, Pontiac had stationed a body of warriors at Point Pelee. Twenty small batteaux, manned by a considerable number of troops, and laden with stores, landed there in the evening. The Indians watched their movements, and fell upon them about daylight. One officer, with thirty men, escaped

across the lake; but the others were either killed or captured; and the line of barges ascended the river near the opposite shore, escorted by the Indians on the banks, and guarded by detachments in each boat, in full view of the garrison, and of the whole French settlement.

The prisoners were compelled to navigate the boats. As the first batteaux arrived opposite to the town, four British soldiers determined to effect their liberation, or to perish in the attempt. They suddenly changed the course of the boat, and by loud cries made known their intention to the crew of the vessel. The Indians in the other boats, and the escort on the bank, fired upon the fugitives, but they were soon driven from their positions by a cannonade from the armed schooner. The guard on board this boat leaped overboard, and one of them dragged a soldier with him into the water, where both were drowned. The others escaped to the shore, and the boat reached the vessel, with but one soldier wounded. Lest the other prisoners might escape, they were immediately landed, and marched up the shore, to the lower point of Hog Island, where they crossed the river, and were immediately put to death, with all the horrible accompaniments of savage cruelty.

During the month of June, an attempt to relieve the garrison proved more successful. A vessel which had been sent to Niagara, arrived at the mouth of the river, with about fifty troops on board, and a supply of stores. The Indians generally left the

siege, and repaired to Fighting Island, for the purpose of intercepting her. They annoyed the English very much in their canoes, till the latter reached the point of the island, where, on account of the wind failing, they were compelled to anchor.

The captain had concealed his men in the hold, so that the Indians were not aware of the strength of the crew. Soon after dark, they embarked in their canoes, and proceeded to board the vessel. The men were silently ordered up, and took their stations at the guns. The Indians were suffered to approach close to the vessel, when the captain, by the stroke of a hammer upon the mast, which had been previously concerted, gave the signal for action. An immediate discharge took place, and the Indians precipitately fled, with many killed and wounded. The next morning, the vessel dropped down to the mouth of the river, where she remained six days, waiting for a wind. On the thirteenth, she succeeded in ascending the river, and reaching the fort in safety.

Pontiac felt the necessity of destroying these vessels, and he therefore constructed rafts for that purpose. The barns of some of the inhabitants were demolished, and the materials employed in this work. Pitch and other combustibles were added, and the whole so formed, as to burn with rapidity and intensity. They were of considerable length, and were towed to a proper position, above the vessels, when fire was applied, and they were left to the stream, in the expectation that they would be carried into

contact with the vessels, and immediately set fire to them. Twice the attempt was made, without success. The British were aware of their design, and took their measures accordingly. Boats were constructed, and anchored with chains above the vessels, and every precaution was used to ward off the blow. The blazing rafts passed harmlessly by, and other incidents soon occurred to engage the attention of the Indians.*

A week subsequent to this date, we find various letters from Detroit, published in Atlantic papers, of which the following passages are extracts. They will furnish the reader with an idea of the true situation of the garrison at this time, much better than could be derived from any description of our own. The first is dated, Detroit, July 6, 1763:

“We have been besieged here two months, by six hundred Indians. We have been upon the watch night and day, from the commanding officer to the lowest soldier, from the eighth of May, and have not had our clothes off, nor slept all night since it began; and shall continue so till we have a reinforcement up. We then hope soon to give a good account of the savages. Their camp lies about a mile and a half from the fort; and that’s the nearest they choose to come now. For the first two or three days we were attacked by three or four hundred of them, but we

* Discourse of Governor Cass.

gave them so warm a reception that they don't care for coming to see us, though they now and then get behind a house or garden, and fire at us about three or four hundred yards' distance. The day before yesterday we killed a chief and three others, and wounded some more; yesterday went up with our sloop, and battered their cabins in such a manner that they are glad to keep further off."

The next letter is under date of the 9th:

"You have long ago heard of our gloomy situation; but the storm is blown over. Was it not very agreeable to hear every day of their cutting, carving, boiling, and eating our companions? to see, every day, dead bodies floating down the river, mangled and disfigured? But Britons, you know, never shrink; we always appeared gay to spite the rascals. They boiled and eat Sir Robert Devers; and we are informed by Mr. Pauly, who escaped the other day from one of the Stations, surprised at the breaking out of the war, and commanded by himself, that he had seen an Indian have the skin of Captain Robertson's arm for a tobacco-pouch!

"Three days ago a party of us went to demolish a breast-work they had made. We finished *our* work, and were returning home; but the fort espying a party of Indians coming up, as if they intended to fight, we were ordered back, made our dispositions, and advanced briskly. Our front was fired upon

warmly, and returned the fire for about five minutes. In the mean time, Captain Hopkins, with about twenty men, filed off to the left, *and about twenty French volunteers* filed off to the right, and got between them and their fires. The villains immediately fled, and we returned, as was prudent; for a sentry, whom I had placed, informed me he saw a body of them coming down from the woods, and our party, being but about eighty, was not able to cope with their united bands. In short, we beat them handsomely, and yet did not much hurt to them, for they ran extremely well. We only killed their leader, and wounded three others. One of them fired at me, at the distance of fifteen or twenty paces, but I suppose my terrible visage made him tremble. I think I shot him."

This "leader" was, according to some accounts, an Ottawa chief; according to others, the son of a chief. At all events, he was a popular if not an important man; and his death was severely revenged by one of his relatives, in the massacre of Major Campbell. That gentleman had been detained a prisoner ever since the proposal of a capitulation, together with his friend M'Dougall. The latter escaped, a day or two before the skirmish; but his unfortunate comrade was tomahawked by the infuriated savage. One account says, "they boiled his heart and ate it, and made a pouch of the skin of his arms!" The brutal assassin fled to Saginaw, apprehensive of the ven-

geance of Pontiac; and it is but justice to the memory of that chieftain to say, that he was indignant at the atrocious act, and used every possible exertion to apprehend the murderer.

The reinforcement mentioned above, as expected, arrived on the 26th of July. It was a detachment of three hundred regular troops. Arrangements were made, the same evening, for an attack on the Indian camp. But, by some unknown means, Pontiac obtained information of the design; and he not only removed the women and children from his camp, but seasonably stationed two strong parties in ambuscades, where they were protected by pickets and cordwood, and concealed by the high grass. Three hundred men left the fort, about an hour before day, and marched rapidly up the bank. They were suffered to reach the bridge over Bloody Run, and to proceed about half-way across it, before the slightest movement indicated that the enemy was aware of their approach. Suddenly a volley of musketry was poured in upon the troops; the commander fell at the first discharge, and they were thrown into instant confusion. A retreat was, with some difficulty, effected by driving the Indians from all their positions at the bayonet's point, but the English lost seventy men killed, and forty wounded.

This was the last important event attending the prosecution of the siege. A modern author observes, that Pontiac relaxed in his efforts, that the Indians soon began to depart for their wintering-grounds, and

that the various bands, *as they arrived in the spring, professed their desire for peace.* Such seems to have been the case at a much earlier date; for we find it stated, under date of the 18th of August, 1763, that "the Hurons, who begin to be wearied of the war," had brought in and given up eight prisoners. The writer adds, that "the Hurons and Pottawatamies, who were partly forced into the war by the menaces of the Ottawas, begin to withdraw." Pontiac *had* been so confident of success as to have made some arrangements, it is said, for dividing the conquered territory with the French; and several Indians planted fields of corn. But his warriors grew weary of the siege, and his army was, at this time, reduced to about five hundred.

Where or how he passed the winter, we are not told. But his movements were still watched with anxiety, and the garrison at Detroit, especially, seem not to have thought themselves safe from his operations from day to day. "We have lately been very busy," says a respectable writer, under date of December 3, 1763, "in providing abundance of wheat, flour, Indian corn, and peas, from the country, in which we have so far succeeded as not to be in danger of being starved out." It further appears that detachments of the enemy were still in the neighborhood. "The approach of Major Wilkins's party had a very good effect; the enemy moved farther off. 'Tis said that PONTIAC and his tribe have gone to the Mississippi, but we don't believe it." Again: "The

Wyandotts, of Sandusky, are much animated against us; they have been reinforced lately by many villains from all the nations concerned in the war." So late as March 25th, we are told that "about twelve days ago, several scalping-parties of the Pottawatomies came to the settlement, etc. *We now sleep in our clothes, expecting an alarm every night.*"

But the reign of terror maintained by the movements of Pontiac was drawing to its close. The power of the civilized party was too much for a combination like his. General Bradstreet, with a force of three thousand men, proceeded to Niagara early in the summer of 1764, on his way to the north-west. Here a grand council was held, at which nearly two thousand Indians attended. One account says there were representatives present from twenty-two different tribes, including eleven of the western—a fact strikingly indicating the immense train of operations managed by the influence of Pontiac. Many of his best allies had now deserted the chieftain. The traveler, Henry, who was under Bradstreet's command, mentions that he was himself appointed leader of ninety-six Chippewas of the Sault de Sainte Marie, and other savages, under the name of the Indian Battalion; "Me," he adds, "whose best hope it had, very lately, been to live through their forbearance." It ought to be observed, however, in justice to the men who were thus led against their own countrymen and kinsmen, that by the time the army reached Fort Erie, their number was reduced to fourteen by desertion.

On the arrival of the army at Detroit, which they reached without opposition, all the tribes in that region came in and concluded a peace, with the exception of the Delawares and Shawnees. But Pontiac was no more seen. He not only took no part in the pending negotiation, but abandoned the country, and repaired to the Illinois.

We find no authority for the assertion of Carver, that henceforward he laid aside his animosity for the English; and still less, that "to reward *this new attachment*, Government allowed him a handsome pension." Even this writer admits that his conduct "at length grew suspicious." Rogers, on the other hand, who had good opportunities of knowing the facts, says, that while "some of the Indians left him, and by his consent made a separate peace, *he would not be personally concerned in it*, saying, that when he made a peace, it should be such a one as would be useful and honorable to himself, and to the King of Great Britain. *But he has not as yet proposed his terms.*"*

This account bears manifest marks of correctness. It agrees with many other illustrations of a magnanimity which might have made Pontiac a fit comrade for the knights of the middle ages. But confirmation of it may be found elsewhere. It was the common belief of the times, that he had gone among the Illinois, with a view of there holding himself in

* Rogers's Account, page 244

readiness for whatever might happen to the benefit of the great cause for which he was resolved to live and die; and probably, also, to use active measures as fast and as far as might be advisable. The following passage occurs in an authentic letter from Detroit, dated May 19, 1765:

“Pontiac is now raising the St. Joseph Indians, the Miamies, the Mascontins, the Ouiattenons, the Pians, and the Illinois, to come to this place the beginning of next month, to make what effort they can against us; for which purpose he has procured a large belt for each nation, and one larger than the rest for a ‘*hatchet*’ for the whole. They are to be joined by some of the northern Indians, as is reported. This, they say, is to be an undertaking of their own, as they are not to have any assistance from the French.

* * When Pontiac left the Miamies, he told them to remain quiet till he came back; it should then be ‘all war, or all peace.’ * * I make no doubt of their intention to perform what we have heard of, though I don’t think it will come to any head. I am likewise well convinced, *if Pontiac be made to believe he would be well received at this place, he would desist from any intention he may have*; but it will be impossible to convince him of that, while there are such a number of traitorous villains about him. You can’t imagine what most infamous lies they tell.”

It appears from this testimony, that Pontiac had at this period re-engaged in his plan of combination. It would also appear, that he was instigated by some

of the French; for it is believed that only *individuals* among them were guilty of the practices alleged. Those at Detroit conducted themselves amicably, even during the war; and some of them, we have seen, volunteered to fight against the Indians. Still, where Pontiac now was, there would be the best possible opportunity of exerting a sinister influence over him, there being many Frenchmen among the Illinois, and they not of the most exemplary character in all cases. On the whole, it seems to us probable, that while the last-mentioned combination was really "an undertaking of his own," it might have been checked at any moment, and perhaps never would have been commenced, had not Pontiac been renewedly and repeatedly prejudiced against the English interest by the artifice of some of the French, and perhaps some of the Indians. However his principles in regard to that subject might remain unchanged, no abstract inducement, we think, would have urged him to his present measures under the circumstances to which he was now reduced. But, be that as it may, the principles themselves need not be doubted; nor can we forbear admiring the energy of the man in pursuing the exemplification and vindication of them in practice. His exertions grew only the more daring, as his prospects became more desperate.

But his death at length ended at once his disappointments and hopes, together with the fears of his enemies. This event is supposed to have taken place in 1767. He was assassinated, at a council held

among the Illinois, by an Indian of the Peoria tribe. Carver says, that "either commissioned by one of the English Governors, or instigated by the love he bore the English nation, the savage attended him as a spy, and being convinced from the speech Pontiac made in the council, that he still retained his former prejudices against *those for whom he now professed a friendship*, he plunged his knife into his heart, as soon as he had done speaking, and laid him dead on the spot."

As to what is here said of professed friendship, the writer evidently alludes to his own previous assertion, which we have shown to be unfounded, and for which we are still unable to perceive the slightest grounds. Still, several of these suppositions, though only to be received as such, are probably true. There is but little doubt that Pontiac continued firm in his original principles and purpose; that he expressed himself without disguise; that he endeavored to influence, and did influence, a large number of his countrymen; and that the Peoria savage, whether a personal enemy, or a "spy"—or, what is most probable, *both*, (a spy *because* an enemy)—did assassinate him with the expectation, to say the least, of doing an acceptable service to some foreign party, and a lucrative one for himself. We need not assert that he was "commissioned by an English Governor." Pontiac was an indefatigable and powerful man, and a dangerous foe to the English. He was in a situation to make enemies among his countrymen, and the

English were generally in a situation and disposition to avail themselves of that circumstance.

From the manner of life adopted by the chieftain subsequent to the treaty at Detroit, it might be inferred, perhaps, that he became alienated from the northern tribes, including his own, who *had* been his best friends, or that they became alienated from him. We are inclined to believe, on the contrary, that their negotiations took place "by his consent," as has been stated heretofore; and that he removed southward, as well with a view to their good—as regarded the friendship of the English—as, at the same time, for the purpose of recommencing his own operations upon a new theater, and with fresh actors. He would thereby gain new influence, while he would lose little or none of the old.

This supposition is confirmed by the well-authenticated fact that the Ottawas, the Chippewas, and the Pottawatamies—some writers add the Sacs and Foxes—made common cause in the *revenge* of his death. Following that principle with the customary Indian latitude of application, they made war upon the Peoria tribe. The latter associated with themselves, in defense, the Kaskaskias, the Cahokias, and the Illinois; but to no purpose. The two latter tribes are believed to have been wholly exterminated, and of the former only a few families remain. "The memory of the great Ottawa chief," says a distinguished historian of that section, "is yet held in reverence among his countrymen; and whatever is

the fate that may await them, his name and deeds will live in their traditionary narratives, increasing in interest as they increase in years."

The astonishing influence exerted by this remarkable man, so long as he lived, may be inferred from the period of peace which succeeded his death, and the punishment of his murderer, still more forcibly than from any circumstances we have noticed. It has been seen, that more than twenty tribes, who had engaged in his combination, appeared at the Niagara Council. His movements are believed to have been felt as far east as among the Micmacks of Nova Scotia. As far south as Virginia, they were not only perceptible, but formidable, in the highest degree.

CHAPTER VI.

FALL OF MACKINAW AND CAPTIVITY OF MR.
HENRY.

THE only reliable account of the capture of Mackinaw, by the Indians, in old Pontiac's war, was that given by Mr. Henry, in his travels, which were published in New York, in 1809, and preserved by Mr. Schoolcraft. Mr. Henry was an Indian trader, and happened to be at Mackinaw at the time; consequently, he shared in the calamities of the scene. We shall give his own account of the capture, as well as of his subsequent captivity.

When I reached Mackinaw, says he, I found several other traders, who had arrived before me, from different parts of the country, and who, in general, declared the disposition of the Indians to be hostile to the English, and even apprehended some attack. M. Laurent Ducharme distinctly informed Major Etherington that a plan was absolutely conceived for destroying him, his garrison, and all the English in the upper country; but the commandant believing this and other reports to be without foundation, proceeding only from idle or ill-disposed persons, and of a tendency to do mischief, expressed much displeasure against M. Ducharme, and threatened to

send the next person who should bring a story of the same kind, a prisoner to Detroit.

The garrison, at this time, consisted of ninety privates, two subalterns, and the commandant; and the English merchants at the fort were four in number. Thus strong, few entertained anxiety concerning the Indians, who had no weapons but small arms.

Meanwhile, the Indians, from every quarter, were daily assembling in unusual numbers, but with every appearance of friendship, frequenting the fort, and disposing of their peltries in such a manner as to dissipate almost every one's fears. For myself, on one occasion, I took the liberty of observing to Major Etherington that, in my judgment, no confidence ought to be placed in them, and that I was informed no less than four hundred lay around the fort.

In return the Major only rallied me on my timidity; and it is to be confessed that if this officer neglected admonition on his part, so did I on mine. Shortly after my first arrival at Mackinaw in the preceding year, a Chippewa, named Wawatam, began to come frequently to my house, betraying in his demeanor strong marks of personal regard. After this had continued some time, he came, on a certain day, bringing with him his whole family, and, at the same time, a large present, consisting of skins, sugar, and dried meat. Having had these in a heap, he commenced a speech, in which he informed me that, some years before, he had observed a fast, devoting himself, according to the custom of his nation, to

solitude, and to the mortification of his body, in the hope to obtain, from the Great Spirit, protection through all his days; that on this occasion he had dreamed of adopting an Englishman as his son, brother, and friend; that, from the moment in which he first beheld me, he had recognized me as the person whom the Great Spirit had been pleased to point out to him for a brother; that he hoped that I would not refuse his present; and that he should forever regard me as one of his family.

I could not do otherwise than accept the present, and declare my willingness to have so good a man as this appeared to be for my friend and brother. I offered a present in return for that which I had received, which Wawatam accepted, and then, thanking me for the favor which he said that I had rendered him, he left me, and soon after set out on his winter's hunt.

Twelve months had now elapsed since the occurrence of this incident, and I had almost forgotten the person of my *brother*, when on the second day of June, Wawatam came again to my house, in a temper of mind visibly melancholy and thoughtful. He told me that he had just returned from his *wintering-ground*, and I asked after his health; but without answering my question, he went on to say, that he was sorry to find me returned from the Sault; that he intended to proceed to that place himself, immediately after his arrival at Mackinaw; and that he wished me to go there along with him and his family

the next morning. To all this he joined an inquiry, whether or not the commandant had heard bad news, adding that during the winter he had himself been frequently disturbed with the *noise of evil birds*; and further suggesting that there were numerous Indians near the fort, many of whom had never shown themselves within it. Wawatam was about forty-five years of age, of an excellent character among his nation, and a chief.

Referring much of what he heard to the peculiarities of the Indian character, I did not pay all the attention which they will be found to have deserved to the entreaties and remarks of my visitor. I answered that I could not think of going to the Sault so soon as the next morning, but would follow him there after the arrival of my clerks. Finding himself unable to prevail with me, he withdrew for that day; but early next morning he came again, bringing with him his wife, and a present of dried meat. At this interview, after stating that he had several packs of beaver, for which he intended to deal with me, he expressed a second time his apprehensions, from the numerous Indians who were around the fort, and earnestly pressed me to consent to an immediate departure for the Sault. As a reason for this particular request, he assured me that all the Indians proposed to come in a body, that day, to the fort, to demand liquor of the commandant, and that he wished me to be gone before they should grow intoxicated.

I had made, at the period to which I am now

referring, so much progress in the language in which Wawatam addressed me, as to be able to hold an ordinary conversation in it; but the Indian manner of speech is so extravagantly figurative, that it is only for a perfect master to follow and comprehend it entirely. Had I been further advanced in this respect, I think that I should have gathered so much information from this my friendly monitor, as would have put me into possession of the design of the enemy, and enabled me to save, as well others as myself. As it was, it unfortunately happened that I turned a deaf ear to every thing, leaving Wawatam and his wife, after long and patient, but ineffectual efforts, to depart alone, with dejected countenances, and not before they had each let fall some tears.

In the course of the same day, I observed that the Indians came in great numbers into the fort, purchasing tomahawks—small axes of one pound weight—and frequently desiring to see silver arm-bands, and other valuable ornaments, of which I had a large quantity for sale. The ornaments, however, they in no instance purchased, but, after turning them over, left them, saying that they would call again the next day. Their motive, as it afterward appeared, was no other than the very artful one of discovering, by requesting to see them, the particular places of their deposit, so that they might lay their hands on them in the moment of pillage with the greater certainty and dispatch.

At night I turned in my mind the visits of Wama-

tam; but, though they were calculated to excite uneasiness, nothing induced me to believe that serious mischief was at hand.

The following day, being the fourth of June, was the King's birthday. A Chippewa came to tell me that his nation was going to play at *baggatiway* with the Sacs or Saakies, another Indian nation, for a high wager. He invited me to witness the sport, adding that the commandant was to be there, and would bet on the side of the Chippewas. In consequence of this information, I went to the commandant, and expostulated with him a little, representing that the Indians might possibly have some sinister end in view; but the commandant only smiled at my suspicions.

Baggatiway, called by the Canadians *le jeu de la crosse*, is played with a bat and ball. The bat is about four feet in length, curved, and terminating in a sort of racket. Two posts are planted in the ground, at a considerable distance from each other, as a mile or more. Each party has its post, and the game consists in throwing the ball up to the post of the adversary. The ball at the beginning is placed in the middle of the course, and each party endeavors as well to throw the ball out of the direction of its own post, as into that of the adversary's.

I did not go myself to see the match which was now to be played without the fort, because there being a canoe prepared to depart, on the following day, for Montreal, I employed myself in writing

letters to my friends; and even when a fellow-trader, Mr. Tracy, happened to call upon me, saying that another canoe had just arrived from Detroit, and proposing that I should go with him to the beach, to inquire the news, it so happened that I still remained to finish my letters; promising to follow Mr. Tracy in the course of a few minutes. Mr. Tracy had not gone more than twenty paces from the door, when I heard an Indian war-cry, and a noise of general confusion.

Going instantly to my window, I saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found. In particular, I witnessed the fate of Lieutenant Jemette.

I had, in the room in which I was, a fowling-piece, loaded with swan-shot. This I immediately seized, and held it for a few minutes, waiting to hear the drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval I saw several of my countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian, who, holding him in this manner, scalped him while yet living.

At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing resistance made to the enemy, and sensible, of course, that no effort of my own unassisted arm could avail against four hundred Indians, I thought only of seeking shelter. Amid the slaughter which was raging, I observed many of the Canadian inhabitants of the fort calmly looking on, neither opposing the Indians nor suffering injury; and from this circumstance I

conceived a hope of finding a place of security in their houses.

Between the yard door of my own house and that of M. Langlade, my next neighbor, there was only a low fence, over which I easily climbed. At my entrance, I found the whole family at the windows, gazing at the scene of blood before them. I addressed myself immediately to M. Langlade, begging that he would put me into some place of safety, till the heat of the affair should be over; an act of charity by which he might perhaps preserve me from the general massacre; but while I uttered my petition, M. Langlade, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders, and intimating that he could do nothing for me: "*Que voudriez-vous que j'en ferais?*"

This was a moment for despair; but the next, a Pani woman,* a slave of M. Langlade's, beckoned to me to follow her. She brought me to a door, which she opened, desiring me to enter, and telling me that it led to the garret, where I must go and conceal myself. I joyfully obeyed her directions; and she, having followed me up to the garret-door, locked it after me, and, with great presence of mind, took away the key.

This shelter obtained, if shelter I could hope to find it, I was naturally anxious to know what might still be passing without. Through an aperture, which

* The Panies are an Indian nation of the south.

afforded me a view of the area of the fort, I beheld, in shapes the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumphs of barbarian conquerors. The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk; and from the bodies of some, ripped open, their savage butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory. I was shaken not only with horror, but with fear. The sufferings which I witnessed, I seemed on the point of experiencing. No long time elapsed before, every one being destroyed who could be found, there was a general cry of "All is finished!" At the same instant, I heard some of the Indians enter the house in which I was.

The garret was separated from the room below only by a layer of single boards, at once the flooring of the one, and the ceiling of the other. I could therefore hear every thing that passed; and the Indians no sooner came in than they inquired whether or not any Englishmen were in the house. M. Langlade replied that "he could not say; he did not know of any"—answers in which he did not exceed the truth; for the Pani woman had not only hidden me by stealth, but kept my secret and her own. M. Langlade was, therefore, as I presume, as far from a wish to destroy me as he was careless about saving me, when he added to these answers, that "they might examine for themselves, and would soon be satisfied as to the object of their question." Saying this, he

brought them to the garret-door, within which I was concealed.

The state of my mind will be imagined. Arrived at the door, some delay was occasioned by the absence of the key, and a few moments were thus allowed me in which to look around for a hiding-place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of those vessels of birch bark, used in maple sugar making.

The door was unlocked and opened, and the Indians ascending the stairs, before I had completely crept into a small opening which presented itself at one end of the heap. An instant after, four Indians entered the room, all armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood upon every part of their bodies.

The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe; but I thought the throbbing of my heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray me. The Indians walked in every direction about the garret, and one of them approached me so closely that at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand, he must have touched me. Still I remained undiscovered; a circumstance to which the dark color of my clothes, and the want of light in the room, which had no window, and in the corner in which I was, must have contributed. In a word, after taking several turns in the room, during which they told M. Langlade how many they had killed, and how many scalps they had taken, they returned down stairs, and I,

with sensations not to be expressed, heard the door, which was the barrier between me and my fate, locked for the second time.

There was a feather-bed on the floor; and on this, exhausted as I was by the agitation of my mind, I threw myself down and fell asleep. In this state I remained till the dusk of the evening, when I was awakened by a second opening of the door. The person that now entered was M. Langlade's wife, who was much surprised at finding me, but advised me not to be uneasy, observing that the Indians had killed most of the English, but that she hoped I might myself escape. A shower of rain having begun to fall, she had come to stop a hole in the roof. On her going away, I begged her to send me a little water to drink, which she did.

As night was now advancing, I continued to lie on the bed, ruminating on my condition, but unable to discover a resource from which I could hope for life. A flight to Detroit had no probable chance of success. The distance from Mackinaw was full four hundred miles; I was without provisions; and the whole length of the road lay through Indian countries, countries of an enemy in arms, where the first man whom I should meet would kill me. To stay where I was threatened nearly the same issue. As before, fatigue of mind, and not tranquillity, suspended my cares, and procured me further sleep.

The game of baggatiway, as from the description above given, will have been perceived, is necessarily

attended with much violence and noise. In the ardor of contest, the ball, as has been suggested, if it can not be thrown to the goal desired, is struck in any direction by which it can be diverted from that designed by the adversary. At such a moment, therefore, nothing could be less liable to excite premature alarm, than that the ball should be tossed over the pickets of the fort, nor that, having fallen there, it should be followed on the instant by all engaged in the game, as well the one party as the other, all eager, all struggling, all shouting, all in the unrestrained pursuit of a rude athletic exercise. Nothing could be less fitted to excite premature alarm; nothing, therefore, could be more happily devised, under the circumstances, than a stratagem like this; and this was, in fact, the stratagem which the Indians had employed, by which they had obtained possession of the fort, and by which they had been enabled to slaughter and subdue its garrison, and such of its other inhabitants as they pleased. To be still more certain of success, they had prevailed upon as many as they could, by a pretext the least liable to suspicion, to come voluntarily without the pickets; and particularly the commandant and garrison themselves.

The respite which sleep afforded me, during the night, was put an end to by the return of morning. I was again on the rack of apprehension. At sunrise, I heard the family stirring; and presently after, Indian voices, informing M. Langlade that they had not found my hapless self among the dead, and they

supposed me to be somewhere concealed. M. Langlade appeared, from what followed, to be by this time acquainted with the place of my retreat, of which, no doubt, he had been informed by his wife. The poor woman, as soon as the Indians mentioned me, declared to her husband, in the French tongue, that he should no longer keep me in his house, but deliver me up to my pursuers; giving as a reason for this measure, that should the Indians discover his instrumentality in my concealment, they might revenge it on her children, and that it was better that I should die than they. M. Langlade resisted at first this sentence of his wife's, but soon suffered her to prevail, informing the Indians that he had been told I was in his house, that I had come there without his knowledge, and that he would put me into their hands. This was no sooner expressed than he began to ascend the stairs, the Indians following upon his heels.

I now resigned myself to the fate with which I was menaced; and regarding every attempt at concealment as vain, I arose from the bed, and presented myself full in view to the Indians who were entering the room. They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except about the middle. One of them, named Wenniway, whom I had previously known, and who was upward of six feet in height, had his entire face and body covered with charcoal and grease, only that a white spot, of two inches in diameter, encircled either eye. This man walked up to me, seized me with one hand by the collar of the

coat, while in the other he held a large carving-knife, as if to plunge it in my breast; his eyes meanwhile were fixed steadfastly on mine. At length, after some seconds of the most anxious suspense, he dropped his arm, saying, "I won't kill you!" To this he added, that he had frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that on a certain occasion he had lost a brother, whose name was Musinigon, and that I should be called after him.

A reprieve upon any terms placed me among the living, and gave me back the sustaining voice of hope; but Wenniway ordered me down stairs, and there informed me that I was to be taken to his cabin, where, and indeed every-where else, the Indians were all mad with liquor. Death again was threatened, and not as possible only, but as certain. I mentioned my fears on this subject to M. Langlade, begging him to represent the danger to my master. M. Langlade, in this instance, did not withhold his compassion, and Wenniway immediately consented that I should remain where I was, till he found another opportunity to take me away.

Thus far secure, I reascended my garret stairs, in order to place myself the furthest possible out of the reach of insult from drunken Indians; but I had not remained there more than an hour, when I was called to the room below, in which was an Indian, who said that I must go with him out of the fort, Wenniway having sent him to fetch me. This man, as well as

Wenniway himself, I had seen before. In the preceding year, I had allowed him to take goods on credit, for which he was still in my debt; and a short time previous to the surprise of the fort, he had said, upon my upbraiding him with want of honesty, that "he would pay me before long!" This speech now came fresh into my memory, and led me to suspect that the fellow had formed a design against my life. I communicated the suspicion to M. Langlade; but he gave for answer that "I was not now my own master, and must do as I was ordered."

The Indian, on his part, directed that before I left the house, I should undress myself, declaring that my coat and shirt would become him better than they did me. His pleasure, in this respect, being complied with, there was no other alternative left me than either to go out naked, or put on the clothes of the Indian, which he freely gave me in exchange. His motive for thus stripping me of my own apparel was no other, as I afterward learned, than this—that it might not be stained with blood when he should kill me.

I was now told to proceed; and my driver followed me close, till I had passed the gate of the fort, when I turned toward the spot where I knew the Indians to be encamped. This, however, did not suit the purpose of my enemy, who seized me by the arm, and drew me violently in the opposite direction, to the distance of fifty yards above the fort. Here, finding that I was approaching the bushes and sand-hills, I

determined to proceed no farther, but told the Indian that I believed he meant to murder me, and, if so, he might as well strike where I was as at any greater distance. He replied, with coolness, that my suspicions were just, and that he meant to pay me in this manner for my goods. At the same time he produced a knife, and held me in a position to receive the intended blow. Both this and that which followed were necessarily the affair of a moment. By some effort, too sudden and too little dependent on thought to be explained or remembered, I was enabled to arrest his arm, and give him a sudden push, by which I turned him from me, and released myself from his grasp. This was no sooner done than I ran toward the fort, with all the swiftness in my power, the Indian following me, and I expecting every moment to feel his knife. I succeeded in my flight; and, on entering the fort, I saw Wenniway standing in the midst of the area, and to him I hastened for protection. Wenniway desired the Indian to desist; but the latter pursued me round him, making several strokes at me with his knife, and foaming at the mouth with rage at the repeated failure of his purpose. At length Wenniway drew near to M. Langlade's house; and, the door being open, I ran into it. The Indian followed me; but, on my entering the house, he voluntarily abandoned the pursuit.

Preserved so often, and so unexpectedly, as it had now been my lot to be, I returned to my garret, with a strong inclination to believe that, through the

will of an overruling Power, no Indian enemy could do me hurt; but new trials, as I believed, were at hand, when, at ten o'clock in the evening, I was roused from sleep, and once more desired to descend the stairs. Not less, however, to my satisfaction than surprise, I was summoned only to meet Major Etherington, Mr. Bostwick, and Lieutenant Lesslie, who were in the room below.

These gentlemen had been taken prisoners, while looking at the game, without the fort, and immediately stripped of all their clothes. They were now sent into the fort, under the charge of Canadians, because, the Indians having resolved on getting drunk, the chiefs were apprehensive that they would be murdered if they continued in the camp. Lieutenant Jemette and seventy soldiers had been killed; and but twenty Englishmen, including soldiers, were still alive. These were all within the fort, together with nearly three hundred Canadians belonging to the canoes, etc.

These being our numbers, myself and others proposed to Major Etherington to make an effort for regaining possession of the fort, and maintaining it against the Indians. The Jesuit missionary was consulted on the project; but he discouraged us by his representations, not only of the merciless treatment which we must expect from the Indians, should they regain their superiority, but of the little dependence which was to be placed upon our Canadian auxiliaries. Thus the fort and prisoners remained in the

hands of the Indians, though, through the whole night, the prisoners and whites were in actual possession, and they were without the gates.

That whole night, or the greater part of it, was passed in mutual condolence; and my fellow-prisoners shared my garret. In the morning, being again called down, I found my master, Wenniway, and was desired to follow him. He led me to a small house, within the fort, where, in a narrow room, and almost dark, I found Mr. Ezekiel Solomons, an Englishman from Detroit, and a soldier, all prisoners. With these I remained in painful suspense, as to the scene that was next to present itself, till 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when an Indian arrived, and marched us to the lake-side, where a canoe appeared ready for departure, and in which we found that we were to embark.

Our voyage, full of doubt as it was, would have commenced immediately, but that one of the Indians, who was to be of the party, was absent. His arrival was to be waited for; and this occasioned a very long delay, during which we were exposed to a keen north-east wind. An old shirt was all that covered me; I suffered much from the cold; and in this extremity, M. Langlade coming down to the beach, I asked him for a blanket, promising, if I lived, to pay him for it, at any price he pleased; but the answer I received was this, that he could let me have no blanket unless there were some one to be security for the payment. For myself, he observed, I had no

longer any property in that country. I had no more to say to M. Langlade; but presently seeing another Canadian, named John Cuchoise, I addressed to him a similar request, and was not refused. Naked as I was, and rigorous as was the weather, but for the blanket I must have perished. At noon, our party was all collected, the prisoners all embarked, and we steered for the Isles du Castor—Beaver Island—in Lake Michigan.

The soldier, who was our companion in misfortune, was made fast to a bar of the canoe, by a rope tied round his neck, as is the manner of the Indians in transporting their prisoners. The rest were left unconfined; but a paddle was put into each of our hands, and we were made to use it. The Indians in the canoe were seven in number, the prisoners four. I had left, as it will be recollected, Major Etherington, Lieutenant Lesslie, and Mr. Bostwick, at M. Langlade's, and was now joined in misery with Mr. Ezekiel Solomons, the soldier, and the Englishman, who had newly arrived from Detroit. This was on the sixth day of June. The fort was taken on the fourth; I surrendered myself to Wenneaway on the fifth; and this was the third day of our distress.

We were bound, as I have said, for the Isles du Castor, which lie in the mouth of Lake Michigan; and we should have crossed the lake, but that a thick fog came on, on account of which the Indians deemed it safer to keep the shore close under their lee. We, therefore, approached the lands of the Ottawas, and

their village of L'Arbre Croche, which village is situated about twenty miles to the westward of Mackinaw, on the opposite side of the tongue of land on which the fort is built.

Every half hour, the Indians gave their warwhoop, one for every prisoner in their canoe. This is a general custom, by the aid of which all other Indians, within hearing, are apprised of the number of prisoners they are carrying.

In this manner we reached Wagoshense, Fox-point, a long point, stretching westward into the lake, and which the Ottawas make a carrying place, so as to avoid going round it. It is distant eighteen miles from Mackinaw. After the Indians had made their warwhoop, as before, an Ottawa appeared upon the beach, who made signs that we should land. In consequence, we approached. The Ottawa asked the news, and kept the Chippewas in further conversation, till we were within a few yards of the land, and in shallow water. At this moment a hundred men rushed upon us, from among the bushes, and dragged all the prisoners out of the canoe, amid a terrifying shout.

We now believed that our last sufferings were approaching; but no sooner were we fairly on shore, and on our legs, than the chiefs of the party advanced, and gave each of us their hands, telling us that they were our friends, and Ottawas, whom the Chippewas had insulted, by destroying the English without consulting with them on the affair. They

added, that what they had done was for the purpose of saving our lives, the Chippewas having been carrying us to the Isles du Castor, only to kill and devour us.

The reader's imagination is here distracted by the variety of our fortunes, and he may well paint to himself the state of mind of those who sustained them, who were the sport or the victims of a series of events, more like dreams than realities, more like fiction than truth! It was not long before we were embarked again, in the canoes of the Ottawas, who, the same evening, relanded us at Mackinaw, where they marched us into the fort, in view of the Chippewas, confounded at beholding the Ottawas espousing a side opposite to their own.

The Ottawas, who had accompanied us in sufficient numbers, took possession of the fort. We, who had changed masters, but were still prisoners, were lodged in the house of the commandant, and strictly guarded.

Early the next morning a general council was held, in which the Chippewas complained much of the conduct of the Ottawas, in robbing them of their prisoners; alleging that all the Indians—the Ottawas alone excepted—were at war with the English; that Pontiac had taken Detroit; that the King of France had awoke, and repossessed himself of Quebec and Montreal; and that the English were meeting destruction, not only at Mackinaw, but in every other part of the world. From all this, they inferred that

it became the Ottawas to restore the prisoners, and to join in the war; and the speech was followed by large presents, being part of the plunder of the fort, and which was previously heaped in the center of the room. The Indians rarely make their answers till the day after they have heard the arguments offered. They did not depart from their custom on this occasion; and the council therefore adjourned.

We, the prisoners, whose fate was thus in controversy, were unacquainted, at the time, with this transaction, and therefore enjoyed a night of tolerable tranquillity, not in the least suspecting the reverse which was preparing for us. Which of the arguments of the Chippewas, or whether or not all, were deemed valid by the Ottawas, I can not say; but the council was resumed at an early hour in the morning; and, after several speeches had been made in it, the prisoners were sent for, and returned to the Chippewas.

The Ottawas, who now gave us into the hands of the Chippewas, had themselves declared that the latter designed no other than to kill us, and *make broth of us*. The Chippewas, as soon as we were restored to them, marched us to a village of their own, situate on the point which is below the fort, and put us into a lodge, already the prison of fourteen soldiers, tied two and two, with each a rope about his neck, and made fast to a pole, which might be called the supporter of the building.

I was left untied; but I passed a night sleepless

and full of wretchedness. My bed was the bare ground, and I was again reduced to an old shirt, as my entire apparel; the blanket which I had received, through the generosity of M. Cuchoise, having been taken from me among the Ottawas, when they seized upon myself and the others, at Wagoshense. I was, besides, in want of food, having for two days eaten nothing.

I confess that in the canoe with the Chippewas I was offered bread; but, bread, with what accompaniment? They had a loaf, which they cut with the same knives that they had employed in the massacre—knives, still covered with blood. The blood they moistened with spittle, and rubbing it on the bread, offered this for food to their prisoners, telling them to eat the blood of their countrymen.

Such was my situation on the morning of the 7th of June, in the year one thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three; but a few hours produced an event which gave still a new color to my lot.

Toward noon, when the great war-chief, in company with Wenniway, was seated at the opposite end of the lodge, my friend and brother, Wawatam, suddenly came in. During the four days preceding, I had often wondered what had become of him. In passing by he gave me his hand, but went immediately toward the great chief, by the side of whom and Wenniway, he sat himself down. The most un-interrupted silence prevailed; each smoked his pipe; and this being done, Wawatam presently arose, and

left the lodge, saying to me, as he passed, "Take courage!"

An hour elapsed, during which several chiefs entered, and preparations appeared to be making for a council. At length, Wawatam re-entered the lodge, followed by his wife, and both loaded with merchandise, which they carried up to the chiefs, and laid in a heap before them. Some moments of silence followed, at the end of which, Wawatam pronounced a speech, every word of which, to me, was of extraordinary interest:

"Friends and relations," he began, "what is it that I shall say? You know what I feel. You all have friends, and brothers, and children, whom, as yourselves, you love; and you, what would you experience, did you, like me, behold your dearest friend, your brother, in the condition of a slave—a slave, exposed every moment to insult, and to menaces of death? This case, as you all know, is mine. See there, [*pointing to myself,*] my friend and brother, among slaves, himself a slave!

"You all well know that long before the war began, I adopted him as my brother. From that moment he became one of my family, so that no change of circumstances could break the cord which fastened us together.

"He is my brother; and, because I am your relation, he is therefore your relation, too; and how, being your relation, can he be your slave?

"On the day on which the war began, you were

fearful, lest, on this very account, I should reveal your secret. You requested, therefore, that I would leave the fort, and even cross the lake. I did so, but did it with reluctance. I did it with reluctance, notwithstanding that you, Menehwehna, who had the command in this enterprise, gave me your promise that you would protect my friend, delivering him from all danger, and giving him safely to me.

“The performance of this promise I now claim. I come not with empty hands to ask it. You, Menehwehna, best know whether or not, as it respects yourself, you have kept your word; but I bring these goods, to buy off every claim which any man among you all may have on my brother, as his prisoner.”

Wawatam having ceased, the pipes were again filled; and, after they were finished, a further period of silence followed. At the end of this, Menehwehna arose and gave his reply:

“My relation and brother,” said he, “what you have spoken is the truth. We were acquainted with the friendship which subsisted between yourself and the Englishman, in whose behalf you have now addressed us. We knew the danger of having our secret discovered, and the consequences which must follow; and you say truly that we requested you to leave the fort. This we did, out of regard for you and your family; for, if a discovery of our design had been made, and its execution had been prevented, you would have been blamed, whether you were guilty or not; and you would thus have been in-

volved in difficulties, from which you could not have extricated yourself.

“It is also true that I promised you to take care of your friend; and this promise I performed, by desiring my son, at the moment of assault, to seek him out, and bring him to my lodge. He went accordingly, but could not find him. The day after I sent him to Langlade's, when he was informed that your friend was safe; and had it not been that the Indians were then drinking the rum which had been found in the fort, he would have brought him home with him according to my orders.

“I am very glad to find that your friend has escaped. We accept your present; and you may take him home with you.”

Wawatam thanked the assembled chiefs, and taking me by the hand, led me to his lodge, which was at the distance of a few yards only from the prison lodge. My entrance appeared to give joy to the whole family; food was immediately prepared for me; and I now ate the first hearty meal which I had made since my capture. I found myself one of the family; and, but that I had still my fears, as to the other Indians, I felt as happy as the situation could allow.

In the course of the next morning I was alarmed by a noise in the prison lodge; and looking through the openings of the lodge in which I was, I saw seven dead bodies of white men dragged forth. Upon my inquiry into the occasion, I was informed that a cer-

tain chief, called by the Canadians, Le Grand Sable, had not long before arrived from his winter's hunt; and that he having been absent when the war begun, and being now desirous of manifesting to the Indians at large his hearty concurrence in what they had done, had gone into the prison lodge, and there, with his knife, put the seven men, whose bodies I had seen, to death.

Shortly after two of the Indians took one of the dead bodies, which they chose as being the fattest, cut off the head, and divided the whole into five parts, one of which was put into each of five kettles, hung over as many fires, kindled for this purpose, at the door of the prison lodge. Soon after things were so far prepared, a message came to our lodge, with an invitation to Wawatam to assist at the feast.

An invitation to a feast is given by him who is the master of it. Small cuttings of cedar wood, of about four inches in length, supply the place of cards; and the bearer by word of mouth states the particulars.

Wawatam obeyed the summons, taking with him, as usual, to the place of entertainment, his dish and spoon.

After an absence of about half an hour, he returned, bringing in his dish a human hand, and a large piece of flesh. He did not appear to relish the repast, but told me that it was then, and always had been, the custom among all the Indian nations, when returning from war, or on overcoming their

enemies, to make a war-feast from among the slain. This, he said, inspired the warrior with courage in attack, and bred him to meet death with fearlessness.

In the evening of the same day, a large canoe, such as those which came from Montreal, was seen advancing to the fort. It was full of men, and I distinguished several passengers. The Indian cry was made in the village; a general muster ordered; and to the number of two hundred, they marched up to the fort, where the canoe was expected to land. The canoe, suspecting nothing, came boldly to the fort, where the passengers, as being English traders, were immediately seized, dragged through the water, beat, reviled, marched to the prison lodge, there stripped of their clothes and confined.

Of the English traders that fell into the hands of the Indians at the capture of the fort, Mr. Tracy was the only one who lost his life. Mr. Ezekiel Solomons and Mr. Henry Bostwick were taken by the Ottawas, and after the peace carried down to Montreal, and there ransomed. Of ninety troops, about seventy were killed; the rest, together with those of the posts in the Bay des Puants, and at the river St. Joseph, were also kept in safety by the Ottawas till the peace, and then either freely restored or ransomed at Montreal. The Ottawas never overcame their disgust at the neglect with which they had been treated, in the beginning of the war, by those who afterward desired their assistance as allies.

On the morning of the ninth of June, a general

council was held, at which it was agreed to remove to the island of Mackinaw, as a more defensible situation in the event of an attack by the English. The Indians had begun to entertain apprehensions of want of strength. No news had reached them from the Pottawatamies, in the Bay des Puants; and they were uncertain whether or not the Monomins would join them. They even feared that the Sioux would take the English side.

This resolution fixed, they prepared for a speedy retreat. At noon the camp was broken up, and we embarked, taking with us the prisoners that were still undisposed of. On our passage we encountered a gale of wind, and there were some appearances of danger. To avert it, a dog, of which the legs were previously tied together, was thrown into the lake—an offering designed to soothe the angry passions of some offended Manito.

As we approached the island, two women in the canoe in which I was, began to utter melancholy and most hideous cries. Precarious as my condition still remained, I experienced some sensations of alarm from these dismal sounds, of which I could not then discover the occasion. Subsequently, I learned that it is customary for the women, on passing near the burial-places of relations, never to omit the practice of which I was now a witness, and by which they intend to denote their grief.

By the approach of evening we reached the island in safety, and the women were not long in erecting

our cabins. In the morning, there was a muster of the Indians, at which there were found three hundred and fifty fighting men.

In the course of the day there arrived a canoe from Detroit, with ambassadors, who endeavored to prevail on the Indians to repair thither to the assistance of Pontiac; but fear was now the prevailing passion. A guard was kept during the day, and a watch by night, and alarms were frequently spread. Had an enemy appeared, all the prisoners would have been put to death; and I suspected that, as an Englishman, I should share their fate.

Several days had now passed, when one morning a continued alarm prevailed, and I saw the Indians running in a confused manner toward the beach. In a short time I learned that two large canoes from Montreal were in sight.

All the Indian canoes were immediately manned, and those from Montreal were surrounded and seized, as they turned a point behind which the flotilla had been concealed. The goods were consigned to a Mr. Levy, and would have been saved if the canoe men had called them French property; but they were terrified, and disguised nothing.

In the canoes was a large proportion of liquor, a dangerous acquisition, and which threatened disturbance among the Indians, even the loss of their dearest friends. Wawatam, ever watchful of my safety, no sooner heard the noise of drunkenness, which in the evening did not fail to begin, than he repre-

sented to me the danger of remaining in the village, and owned that he could not himself resist the temptation of joining his comrades in the debauch. That I might escape all mischief, he, therefore, requested that I would accompany him to the mountain, where I was to remain hidden till the liquor should be drunk.

We ascended the mountain accordingly. It is this mountain which constitutes the high land in the middle of the island, presenting to the traveler's eye a figure considered as resembling a *turtle*, and, therefore, called *Mackinaw*. It is thickly covered with wood, and very rocky toward the top. After walking more than half a mile, we came to a large rock, at the base of which was an opening, dark within, and appearing to be the entrance of a cave.

Here, Wawatam recommended that I should take up my lodging, and by all means remain till he returned.

On going into the cave, of which the entrance was nearly ten feet wide, I found the further end to be rounded in its shape, like that of an oven, but with a further aperture, too small, however, to be explored.

After thus looking around me, I broke some small branches from the trees, and spread them for a bed; then wrapped myself in my blanket, and slept till day-break.

On awaking I felt myself incommoded by some object upon which I lay; and removing it, found it to be a bone. This I supposed to be that of a deer, or some other animal, and what might very naturally

be looked for in the place in which it was ; but when daylight visited my chamber I discovered, with some feelings of horror, that I was lying on nothing less than a heap of human bones and skulls, which covered all the floor!

Soon after this Wawatam started with his prisoner—less a prisoner than brother—for his winter hunting-ground, which was up the river Aux Sables, and about one hundred and fifty miles from Mackinaw. From this family Mr. Henry received every possible kindness through the long and gloomy winter. The following May they returned to Mackinaw, where he was soon after enabled to effect his escape in a canoe, and reached the English settlements in safety.

CHAPTER VII.

TECUMSEH AND HIS WAR.

TECUMSEH is a name renowned in history. He was the soul and leader in the last great effort of barbarism, to check the swelling tide of civilization in the west. To this final struggle all the great energies of his nature were consecrated, as well as life itself. Nobler would it have been, had he devoted himself to the intellectual and social elevation of his people, and induced them to cultivate the arts, and acquire the habits of civilized life. But he was trained to a scornful contempt of those habits. That aversion, too, was increased by finding the powerful rival to the occupation of the country, continually encroaching upon their ancient grounds, and rising up to overshadow his people with their numbers and power. Also, in the swiftly-approaching future, he readily apprehended that not a foot of all their large possessions would remain to them; and, indeed, the prospect of their utter annihilation already began to loom up in the distance. It was not a savage thirst for blood, but love of country, though misguided and ill-directed, that nerved him for the great struggle. His name is surely enrolled among the heroes of the earth.

Tecumseh was a Shawnee by birth. His father, who was a chief in the nation, was killed in the celebrated battle of the Kanawha, in 1774. His oldest brother was likewise killed, while upon a scouting party against the settlers in Kentucky. Tecumseh was born about the year 1768, in an Indian village on the Mad river, about six miles from the place where Springfield, Ohio, now stands. From his boyhood, it is said, he gave promise of future greatness. Coolness, bravery, and sagacity marked him, whether in the council, or on the battle-field. There, too, was a sprinkling of humanity in him; honorable, especially to a savage warrior.

The first action in which Tecumseh participated, occurred near where Dayton now stands. He was then a mere boy. The next occurred when he was about sixteen years of age. It was an attack by the Indians upon some flat-boats which were descending the Ohio, near Maysville. In this action he manifested signal prowess, leaving in the background even some of the oldest and bravest warriors of the party. The boats were taken, and all who were found alive on board, were mercilessly tomahawked, except one, who was taken prisoner, and afterward burned. In this latter act Tecumseh took no active part. He had never before witnessed the burning of a prisoner; and when it was over, expressed himself in such strong terms of reprobation, that the party were finally induced to agree never to burn any more prisoners. To this determination Tecumseh is

said to have tenaciously adhered in all his subsequent career.

But it must not be inferred that Tecumseh was still other than a savage, because he refrained from this refinement of savage cruelty. Such an impression will be at once dissipated by the narration of the following well-authenticated affray, which occurred at Hacker's creek, in May, 1792:*

“With a small band of warriors, he came upon the family of John Waggoner, about dusk. They found Waggoner a short distance from his house, sitting upon a log, resting himself after the fatigues of the day. Tecumseh directed his men to capture the family, while himself was engaged with Waggoner. To make sure work, he took deliberate aim at him with his rifle; but fortunately he did not even wound him, though the ball passed next to his skin. Waggoner threw himself off the log, and ran with all his might, and Tecumseh followed. Having the advantage of an accurate knowledge of the ground, Waggoner made good his escape. Meanwhile his men succeeded in carrying off the family, some of whom they barbarously murdered. Among these were Mrs. Waggoner and two of her children. Several of the children remained a long time with the Indians.”

Tecumseh took an active part in the battle between the American troops, under General Wayne, and the

* Drake's Indian Biography.

combined Indian forces, in 1794. But when the treaty was made, he absented himself. The following anecdote is told of him, by Anthony Shane, as having occurred during this action :

He occupied an advanced position in the battle, and while attempting to load his rifle, he put in a bullet before the powder, and was thus unable to use his gun. Being at this moment pressed in front by some infantry, he fell back with his party, till they met another detachment of Indians. Tecumseh urged them to stand fast and fight, saying if any one would lend him a gun, he would show them how to do it. A fowling-piece was handed to him, with which he fought for some time, till the Indians were again compelled to give ground. While falling back, he met another party of Shawnees; and although the whites were pressing on them, he rallied the Indians, and induced them to make a stand in a thicket. When the infantry pressed close upon them, and had discharged their muskets into the bushes, Tecumseh and his party returned their fire, and then retreated, till they had joined the main body of the Indians below the rapids of the Miami.

At the time of the Greenville treaty, Tecumseh was living on Buck creek, near where the city of Urbana now stands. A few years later, on the invitation of the Delawares, he moved into their territory, and established his headquarters on the White river, in Indiana. Here for several years he devoted himself to the pursuits of hunter-life; but his influ-

ence was constantly and rapidly extending among the Indian tribes. Though not a party to the Greenville treaty, he had been so scrupulously exact in observing its provisions, that even among the whites he commanded great confidence and respect.

An incident which occurred in 1803, while Tecumseh, with a party of Indians, was on a visit to Ohio, is characteristic of the man. A stout Kentuckian came to Ohio, for the purpose of exploring the lands on Mad river, and lodged one night at the house of Captain Abner Barrett, residing on the head waters of Buck creek. In the course of the evening, he learned, with apparent alarm, that there were some Indians encamped within a short distance of the house. Shortly after hearing this unwelcome intelligence, the door of Captain Barrett's dwelling was suddenly opened, and Tecumseh entered, with his usual stately air. He paused in silence, and looked around, till at length his eye was fixed upon the stranger, who was manifesting symptoms of alarm, and did not venture to look the stern savage in the face. Tecumseh turned to his host, and pointing to the agitated Kentuckian, exclaimed, "A big baby! a big baby!" He then stepped up to him, and gently slapping him on the shoulder several times, repeated, with a contemptuous manner, the phrase "big baby! big baby!" to the great alarm of the astonished man, and to the amusement of all present.*

* James Galloway.

About this time the brother of Tecumseh, generally known as the Prophet, from his religious pretensions, began to acquire great influence over the Indian tribes in that region. But the immediate cause of exciting the hostility of Tecumseh against the whites, was the purchase, from the Delawares, Miamies, and Pottawatamies, of a large tract in Indiana. The Prophet, with a motley horde, comprising not less than one thousand warriors, gathered from among the Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandotts, Pottawatamies, Ottawas, Kickapoos, Chippewas, and other nations, had "squatted" on this territory, and refused to give it up. So politic and wily was the course of the Prophet, that, for several years, it was difficult to determine whether he was actually meditating a combination of the Indians against the whites, or whether he was to be regarded simply as a religious enthusiast. But in the end it became apparent that a more powerful than the Prophet was behind the scenes, directing the main machinery. This was Tecumseh.

The position assumed by Tecumseh was, that the lands were given by the Great Spirit to all the Indians, and that no one tribe had a right to sell their lands to the United States, without the consent of all the other tribes. In a letter to the Secretary of War, General Harrison, who was then Governor of the territory of Indiana, thus speaks:

"The subject of allowing the Indians of this country to consider all their lands as common property,

has been frequently and largely discussed, in my communications with your predecessor, and in a personal interview with the late President. The treaties made by me last fall, were concluded on principles as liberal toward the Indians, as my knowledge of the views and opinions of the Government would allow. For although great latitude of discretion has always been given to me, I knew that the opinion of Mr. Jefferson on the subject went so far as to assert a claim of the United States, as lords paramount, to the lands of all extinguished or decayed tribes, to the exclusion of all recent settlers. Upon this principle, the Miamies are the only rightful claimants of all the unpurchased lands from the Ohio to the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. But, sir, the President may rest assured that the complaint of injury, with regard to the sale of lands, is a mere pretense suggested to the Prophet by British partisans and emissaries."

In August, 1810, Tecumseh descended the Wabash, professedly to hold a council with General Harrison, whose headquarters was at Vincennes. He was accompanied by four hundred Indian warriors. Captain Floyd, who at the time commanded Fort Knox, three miles above Vincennes, writing under date of August 14, 1810, says:

"The Shawnee Indians have come; they passed this garrison, which is three miles above Vincennes, on Sunday last, in eighty canoes; they were all painted in the most terrific manner. They were stopped at the garrison by me, for a short time. I

examined their canoes and found them well prepared for war, in case of an attack. They were headed by the brother of the Prophet—Tecumseh—who, perhaps, is one of the finest-looking men I ever saw—about six feet high, straight, with large, fine features, and altogether a daring, bold-looking fellow.”

On the next day the council was held. The deeply thrilling incident which occurred during the council, and its influence in giving direction to subsequent events, possess great interest. I therefore subjoin an account of it, as given by Benjamin Drake.

Governor Harrison had made arrangements for holding the council on the portico of his own house, which had been fitted up with seats for the occasion. Here, on the morning of the fifteenth, he awaited the arrival of the chief, being attended by the judges of the Supreme Court, some officers of the army, a sergeant, and twelve men, from Fort Knox, and a large number of citizens. At the appointed hour, Tecumseh, supported by forty of his principal warriors, made his appearance, the remainder of his followers being encamped in the village and its environs. When the chief had approached within thirty or forty yards of the house, he suddenly stopped, as if awaiting some advances from the Governor. An interpreter was sent, requesting him and his followers to take seats on the portico. To this Tecumseh objected; he did not think the place a suitable one for holding the conference, but preferred that it should take place in a grove of trees—to which he

pointed—standing a short distance from the house. The Governor said he had no objection to the grove, except that there were no seats in it for their accommodation. Tecumseh replied, that constituted no objection to the grove, the earth being the most suitable place for the Indians, who loved to repose upon the bosom of their mother. The Governor yielded the point, and the benches and chairs having been removed to the spot, the conference was begun, the Indians being seated on the grass.

Tecumseh opened the meeting by stating at length his objections to the treaty of Fort Wayne, made by Governor Harrison in the previous year; and, in the course of his speech, boldly avowed the principle of his party to be that of resistance to every cession of land, unless made by all the tribes, who, he contended, formed but one nation. He admitted that he had threatened to kill the chiefs who signed the treaty of Fort Wayne; and that it was his fixed determination not to permit the *village* chiefs in future to manage their affairs, but to place the power with which *they* had been heretofore invested in the hands of the war chiefs. The Americans, he said, had driven the Indians from the sea-coast, and would soon push them into the lakes; and while he disclaimed all intention of making war upon the United States, he declared it to be his unalterable resolution to take a stand, and resolutely oppose the further intrusion of the whites upon the Indian lands. He concluded, by making a brief but impassioned

recital of the various wrongs and aggressions inflicted by the white men upon the Indians from the commencement of the Revolutionary war down to the period of that council, all of which was calculated to arouse and inflame the minds of such of his followers as were present.

The Governor rose in reply, and in examining the right of Tecumseh and his party to make objections to the treaty of Fort Wayne, took occasion to say, that the Indians were not one nation, having a common property in the lands. The Miamies, he contended, were the real owners of the tract on the Wabash, ceded by the late treaty, and the Shawnees had no right to interfere in the case; that, upon the arrival of the whites on this continent, they had found the Miamies in possession of this land, the Shawnees being then residents of Georgia, from which they had been driven by the Creeks, and that it was ridiculous to assert that the red men constituted but one nation; for, if such had been the intention of the Great Spirit, he would not have put different tongues in their heads, but have taught them all to speak the same language.

The Governor having taken his seat, the interpreter commenced explaining the speech to Tecumseh, who, after listening to a portion of it, sprung to his feet, and began to speak with great vehemence of manner.

The Governor was surprised at his violent gestures, but as he did not understand him, thought he

was making some explanation, and suffered his attention to be drawn toward Winnemac, a friendly Indian lying on the grass before him, who was renewing the priming of his pistol, which he had kept concealed from the other Indians, but in full view of the Governor. His attention, however, was again directed to Tecumseh, by hearing General Gibson, who was intimately acquainted with the Shawnee language, say to Lieutenant Jennings, "Those fellows intend mischief; you had better bring up the guard." At that moment, the followers of Tecumseh seized their tomahawks and war clubs, and sprang upon their feet, their eyes turned upon the Governor. As soon as he could disengage himself from the armed chair in which he sat, he rose, drew a small sword which he had by his side, and stood on the defensive. Captain G. R. Floyd, of the army, who stood near him, drew a dirk, and the chief, Winnemac, cocked his pistol. The citizens present were more numerous than the Indians, but were unarmed; some of them procured clubs and brickbats, and also stood on the defensive. The Rev. Mr. Winans, of the Methodist Church, ran to the Governor's house, obtained a gun, and posted himself at the door to defend the family. During this singular scene no one spoke till the guard came running up, and appearing to be in the act of firing, the Governor ordered them not to do so. He then demanded of the interpreter an explanation of what had happened, who replied that Tecumseh had interrupted him, declaring that all the Governor had

said was *false*; and that he and the Seventeen Fires had cheated and imposed on the Indians.*

The Governor then told Tecumseh that he was a bad man, and that he would hold no further communication with him; that as he had come to Vincennes under the protection of a council-fire, he might return in safety, but that he must immediately leave the village. Here the council terminated. During the night two companies of militia were brought in from the country, and that belonging to the town was also embodied. Next morning Tecumseh requested the Governor to afford him an opportunity of explaining his conduct on the previous day—declaring that he did not intend to attack the Governor, and that he had acted under the advice of some of the white people. The Governor consented to another interview, it being understood that each party should have the same armed force as on the previous day. On this occasion the deportment of Tecumseh was respectful and dignified. He again denied having had any intention to make an attack upon the Governor, and declared that he had been stimulated to the course he had taken by two white men, who assured him that one-half of the citizens were opposed to the Governor, and willing to restore the land in question; that the Governor would soon be put out of office, and a good man sent to fill his place, who would give up the land to the Indians.

* Dawson's Historical Narrative.

When asked by the Governor whether he intended to resist the survey of these lands, Tecumseh replied that he and his followers were resolutely determined to insist upon the old boundary. When he had taken his seat, chiefs from the Wyandotts, Kickapoos, Potawatamies, Ottawas, and Winnebagoes, spoke in succession, and distinctly avowed that they had entered into the Shawnee confederacy, and were determined to support the principles laid down by their leader. The Governor, in conclusion, stated that he would make known to the President the claims of Tecumseh and his party to the land in question; but that he was satisfied the Government would never admit that the lands on the Wabash were the property of any other tribes than those who occupied them, when the white people first arrived in America; and, as the title to these lands had been derived by purchase from those tribes, he might rest assured that the right of the United States would be sustained by the sword. Here the council adjourned.

On the following day Governor Harrison visited Tecumseh in his camp, attended only by the interpreter, and was very politely received. A long conversation ensued, in which Tecumseh again declared that his intentions were really such as he had avowed them to be in the council; that the policy which the United States pursued, of purchasing lands from the Indians, he viewed as a mighty water, ready to overflow his people; and that the confederacy which he was forming among the tribes to prevent any indi-

vidual tribe from selling without the consent of the others, was the dam he was erecting to resist this mighty water. He stated further, that he should be reluctantly drawn into a war with the United States; and that if he, the Governor, would induce the President to give up the lands lately purchased, and agree never to make another treaty without the consent of all the tribes, he would be their faithful ally, and assist them in the war, which he knew was about to take place with England; that he preferred being the ally of the Seventeen Fires, but if they did not comply with his request, he would be compelled to unite with the British. The Governor replied, that he would make known his views to the President, but that there was no probability of their being agreed to. "Well," said Tecumseh, "as the great Chief is to determine the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough into his head to induce him to give up this land; it is true, he is so far off he will not be injured by the war; he may sit still in his town and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out." This prophecy, it will be seen, was literally fulfilled; and the great chieftain who uttered it, attested that fulfillment with his blood. The Governor, in conclusion, proposed to Tecumseh, that in the event of hostilities between the Indians and the United States, he should use his influence to put an end to the cruel mode of warfare which the Indians were accustomed to wage upon women and children, or upon prisoners. To this he cheerfully assented; and

it is due to the memory of Tecumseh to add, that he faithfully kept his promise down to the period of his death.*

Whether in this council Tecumseh really meditated treachery, or only intended to intimidate the Governor, must remain a matter of conjecture. If the former, his force of four hundred well-armed warriors was sufficient to have murdered the inhabitants and sacked the town, which at that time did not contain more than one thousand persons, including women and children.

When, in the progress of the conference, he and his forty followers sprung to their arms, there would have been, in all probability, a corresponding movement with the remainder of his warriors encamped in and around the village, had he seriously contemplated an attack upon the Governor and the inhabitants; but this does not appear to have been the case. It is probable, therefore, that Tecumseh, in visiting Vincennes with so large a body of followers, expected to make a strong impression upon the whites as to the extent of his influence among the Indians, and the strength of his party. His movement in the council may have been concerted for the purpose of intimidating the Governor; but the more probable supposition is, that in the excitement of the moment,

* In Marshall's History of Kentucky, vol. 2, p. 482, there is a speech quoted as having been delivered by Tecumseh at this council. We are authorized, on the best authority, to say that it is a sheer fabrication. No such speech was delivered by him at the council.

produced by the speech of the Governor, he lost his self-possession, and involuntarily placed his hand upon his war club, in which movement he was followed by the warriors around him, without any previous intention of proceeding to extremities. Whatever may have been the fact, the bold chieftain found in Governor Harrison a firmness of purpose and an intrepidity of manner which must have convinced him that nothing was to be gained by an effort at intimidation, however daring.

From this time forward, the Indians, under the leadership of Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, began to assume a still more decidedly hostile attitude. The great belt was sent round to all the neighboring tribes, and they were invited to unite in a confederacy "to confine the great water, and prevent it from overflowing them." By instigating their hostility, by working upon their superstition, and, more than all, by wresting the power from the hands of their old and wise chiefs, and putting it into the hands of the war chiefs, who were young and fiery, most of the tribes were brought into this alliance.

It must be admitted that the Indians had too many just causes for complaint. Not only was "the great water" in danger of overflowing them, but they were often subjected to indignities and wrongs, and when they sought redress it was too often in vain. Governor Harrison, in a letter, acknowledges this: "I wish I could say," says he, "that the Indians were

treated with justice and propriety on all occasions by our citizens; but it is far otherwise. They are often abused and maltreated, and it is very rare that they obtain any satisfaction for the most unprovoked wrongs." The Governor then gives an account of an Indian, who was killed, without any just provocation, by an innkeeper, in Vincennes. The Governor had the murderer arrested and tried, but the jury acquitted him instantly, and almost without any deliberation. We can not wonder that the Indians, in turn, retaliated, not only by perpetrating cruelties, but also by screening offenders.

Governor Harrison, seeing the storm gathering, obtained from the General Government a military force to enable him to meet the emergency; but first of all, transmitted to Tecumseh and the Prophet an address or speech. This was the last of June, in 1811, when, with other chiefs, and a large Indian force, they were at Tippecanoe. The following is the speech:

"Brothers, listen to me. I speak to you about matters of importance, both to the white people and yourselves; open your ears, therefore, and attend to what I shall say.

"Brothers, this is the third year that all the white people in this country have been alarmed at your proceedings; you threaten us with war, you invite all the tribes to the north and west of you to join against us.

"Brothers, your warriors who have lately been here deny this; but I have received the information from

every direction; the tribes on the Mississippi have sent me word that you intended to murder me, and then to commence a war upon our people. I have also received the speech you sent to the Pottawatomies and others, to join you for that purpose; but if I had no other evidence of your hostility to us, your seizing the salt I lately sent up the Wabash, is sufficient.

“Brothers, our citizens are alarmed, and my warriors are preparing themselves; not to strike you, but to defend themselves and their women and children. You shall not surprise us as you expect to do; you are about to undertake a very rash act; as a friend, I advise you to consider well of it; a little reflection may save us a great deal of trouble, and prevent much mischief; it is not yet too late.

“Brothers, what can be the inducement for you to undertake an enterprise, when there is so little probability of success? Do you really think that the handful of men that you have about you, are able to contend with the Seventeen Fires, or even that the whole of the tribes united, could contend against the Kentucky Fire alone?

“Brothers, I am myself of the long-knife fire; as soon as they hear my voice, you will see them pouring forth their swarms of hunting-shirt men, as numerous as the musketoos on the shores of the Wabash. Brothers, take care of their stings.

“Brothers, it is not our wish to hurt you; if we did, we certainly have power to do it. Look at the

number of our warriors to the east of you, above and below the Great Miami—to the south, on both sides of the Ohio, and below you also. You are brave men; but what could you do against such a multitude?—but we wish you to live in peace and happiness.

“Brothers, the citizens of this country are alarmed; they must be satisfied that you have no design to do them mischief, or they will not lay aside their arms. You have also insulted the Government of the United States, by seizing the salt that was intended for other tribes; satisfaction must be given for that also.

“Brothers, you talk of coming to see me, attended by all your young men; this, however, must not be so. If your intentions are good, you have no need to bring but a few of your young men with you. I must be plain with you; I will not suffer you to come into our settlements with such a force.

“Brothers, if you wish to satisfy us that your intentions are good, follow the advice that I have given you before; that is, that one or both of you should visit the President of the United States, and lay your grievances before him. He will treat you well, will listen to what you say; and if you can show that you have been injured, you will receive justice. If you will follow my advice in this respect, it will convince the citizens of this country and myself that you have no design to attack them.

“Brothers, with respect to the lands that were purchased last fall, I can enter into no negotiations

with you on that subject; the affair is in the hands of the President; if you wish to go and see him I will supply you with the means.

“Brothers, the person who delivers this is one of my war officers. He is a man in whom I have entire confidence. Whatever he says to you, although it may not be contained in this paper, you may believe comes from me.

“My friend Tecumseh, the bearer is a good man and a brave warrior. I hope you will treat him well. You are yourself a warrior, and all such should have esteem for each other.”

Tecumseh to the Governor of Indiana, in reply:

“Brother, I give you a few words till I will be with you myself.

“Brother, at Vincennes, I wish you to listen to me while I send you a few words, and I hope they will ease your heart; I know you look on your young men, and young women, and children, with pity, to see them so much alarmed.

“Brother, I wish you now to examine what you have from me; I hope that it will be a satisfaction to you, if your intentions are like mine, to wash away all these bad stories that have been circulated. I will be with you myself in eighteen days from this day.

“Brother, we can not say what will become of us, as the Great Spirit has the management of us all at his will. I may be there before the time, and may not be there till the day. I hope that when we come

together, all these bad tales will be settled; by this I hope your young men, women, and children, will be easy. I wish you, brother, to let them know when I come to Vincennes and see you, all will be settled in peace and happiness.

“Brother, these are only a few words, to let you know that I will be with you myself, and when I am with you I can inform you better.

“Brother, if I find that I can be with you in less time than eighteen days, I will send one of my young men before me, to let you know what time I will be with you.”

Indian murders and robberies were now becoming alarmingly frequent. The whole frontier was in a state of high excitement; and the inhabitants were already taking measures to defend themselves, as well as to punish the hostile tribes.

In July of this year another council was held with Tecumseh, but to no purpose. Immediately after its close, Tecumseh left for the south, where he visited the Creeks, Choctaws, Seminoles, and other tribes. Mr. Hodgson gathered the following incident of this visit, when he subsequently traveled through that country.*

“Our host told me that he was living with his Indian wife among the Creeks, when the celebrated Indian warrior, Tecumseh, came more than one thousand miles, from the borders of Canada, to induce

*“Letters from North America.”

the lower Creeks to promise to take up the hatchet in behalf of the British against the Americans, and the upper Creeks, whenever he should require it; that he was present at the midnight convocation of the chiefs, which was held on that occasion, and which terminated after a most impressive speech from Tecumseh, with a unanimous determination to take up the hatchet, whenever he should call upon them. This was at least a year before the declaration of the last war."

In the "History of the Tribes of North America," we find another incident, bold and characteristic:

"Arriving at Tuckhabatchee, a Creek town, on the Tallapoosa river, he made his way to the lodge of the chief, called the Big Warrior. He explained his object, delivered his war-talk, presented a bundle of sticks, gave a piece of wampum and a hatchet; all which the Big Warrior took. When Tecumseh, reading the intentions and spirit of the Big Warrior, looked him in the eye, and pointing his finger toward his face, said, 'Your blood is white; you have taken my talk, and the sticks, and the wampum, and the hatchet, but you do not mean to fight; I know the reason; you do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me; you shall know. I leave Tuckhabatchee directly, and shall go straight to Detroit; when I arrive there, I will stamp on the ground with my foot, and shake down every house in Tuckhabatchee.' So saying, he turned and left the Big Warrior in utter amazement, at both his manner and his threat, and pursued his

journey. The Indians were struck no less with his conduct than was the Big Warrior, and began to dread the arrival of the day when the threatened calamity would befall them. They met often, and talked over this matter, and counted the days carefully, to know the time when Tecumseh would reach Detroit. The morning they had fixed upon, as the period of his arrival, at last came. A mighty rumbling was heard—the Indians all ran out of their houses—the earth began to shake; when, at last, sure enough, every house in Tuckhabatchee was shaken down! The exclamation was in every mouth, ‘Tecumseh has got to Detroit!’ The effect was electrical. The message he had delivered to the Big Warrior was believed, and many of the Indians took their rifles and prepared for the war.

“The reader will not be surprised to learn that an earthquake had produced all this; but he will be, doubtless, that it should happen on the very day on which Tecumseh arrived at Detroit, and in exact fulfillment of his threat. It was the famous earthquake of New Madrid, on the Mississippi. We received the foregoing from the lips of the Indians, when we were at Tuckhabatchee, in 1827, and near the residence of the Big Warrior.”

While Tecumseh was in the south, the Indian aggressions and warlike preparations still continuing, Governor Harrison resolved to penetrate to the Prophet's town, and, if possible, bring about some amicable adjustment of existing difficulties. Accordingly, at

the head of about nine hundred troops, he encamped on the 6th of November, 1811, within a mile of the Prophet's headquarters. Some intercourse was had, in which the Prophet still assured the Governor of his peaceable intentions, and his willingness to adjust all questions of difference. Notwithstanding all this, at 4 o'clock the next morning, the Indians, one thousand strong, commenced a sudden attack upon the American camp. They found the troops ready for them, and after a well-fought and bloody battle, suffered a signal defeat.

The defeated Indians, says Mr. Drake, were greatly exasperated with the Prophet; they reproached him in bitter terms for the calamity he had brought upon them, and accused him of the murder of their friends who had fallen in the action. It seems, that after pronouncing some incantations over a certain composition, which he had prepared on the night preceding the action, he assured his followers that, by the power of his art, half of the invading army was already dead, and the other half in a state of distraction; and that the Indians would have little to do but rush into their camp, and complete the work of destruction with their tomahawks. "You are a liar," said one of the surviving Winnebagoes to him, after the action, "for you told us that the white people were dead, or crazy, when they were all in their senses, and fought like the devil." The Prophet appeared dejected, and sought to excuse himself on the plea that the virtue of his composition had been

lost by a circumstance of which he had no knowledge till after the battle was over. His sacred character, however, was so far forfeited that the Indians actually bound him with cords, and threatened to put him to death. After leaving the Prophet's town, they marched about twenty miles, and encamped on the bank of Wild Cat creek.

With the battle of Tippecanoe the Prophet lost his popularity and power among the Indians. His magic wand was broken, and the mysterious charm by means of which he had, for years, played upon the superstitious minds of this wild people, scattered through a vast extent of country, was dissipated forever.*

Tecumseh returned from the south through Missouri, visited the tribes on the Des Moines, and crossing the head waters of the Illinois, reached the Wabash a few days after the disastrous battle of Tippecanoe. It is believed that he made a strong impression upon all the tribes visited by him in his extended mission; and that he had laid the foundation of numerous accessions to his confederacy. He reached the banks of the Tippecanoe just in time to witness the dispersion of his followers, the disgrace of his brother, and the final overthrow of the great object of his ambition—a union of all the Indian tribes against the United States; and all this the result of a disregard to his positive commands. His mortifica-

* Life of Tecumseh.

tion was extreme; and it is related, on good authority, that when he first met the Prophet he reproached him in bitter terms for having departed from his instructions, to preserve peace with the United States at all hazards. The attempt of the Prophet to palliate his own conduct, excited the haughty chieftain still more, and seizing him by the hair, and shaking him violently, he threatened to take his life.*

Still Tecumseh kept up his professions of peace, and, even at the council held in the ensuing May, he "defied any living creature to say that he had ever advised any one, directly or indirectly, to make war upon the whites." He said it had constantly been his misfortune to be misrepresented to his white brethren. "Governor Harrison," he added, "made war on my people in my absence: it was the will of God that he should do so. We hope it will please God that the white people will let us live in peace. We will not disturb them; neither have we done it, except when they came to our village with the intention of destroying us. We are happy to state to our brothers present that the unfortunate transaction that took place between the white people and a few of our young men at our village, has been settled between us and Governor Harrison; and I will further state, that had I been at home, there would have been no bloodshed at that time."

How much reliance was to be placed in these dec-

* Life of Tecumseh.

larations will appear from the fact that when he left the council-house, he took his departure for Malder, and then joined the British standard.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

ON the 18th of June, 1812, Congress made a formal declaration of war against Great Britain. Tecumseh was now at Malden, the principal encampment of the British, at the head of his warriors, ready for the conflict. Some of the neighboring Indians were inclined to remain neutral, and invited Tecumseh to attend their council. He replied indignantly, "No, I have taken sides with the king, my father; and I will suffer my bones to bleach upon this shore before I recross that stream," pointing to the Detroit river, "to join in any council of neutrality."

But the rod of his power was broken at the battle of Tippecanoe. His plans were disconcerted; and the prospect of combining the various Indian tribes into one grand confederacy had forever passed away. But his purpose was unalterably fixed. The vindication of what he conceived to be the rights of his people, or death in the struggle, were the alternatives which he surveyed with cool, unblanching eye.

At the head of his Indians, Tecumseh crossed over to Brownstown, where, on the 5th of August, he suddenly fell upon a small detachment of troops under Major Van Horne. Finding the Indians in too great

force, Van Horne ordered a retreat, and succeeded in bringing off his force, with a loss of seventeen killed and several wounded. The loss of the enemy was supposed to be fully equal to that of the Americans, but they succeeded in preventing a junction between the forces of Major Van Horne and the troops under Captain Brush on the River Raisin.

General Hull now retired from Canada, and intrenched himself at Detroit. His next movement was to make another attempt to open a communication with Captain Brush. For this purpose he detached Colonel Miller, with Majors Van Horne and Morrison, and a body of troops, amounting to six hundred, to make a second effort to reach Captain Brush. They were attended by some artillerists with a six-pounder and a howitzer. The detachment marched from Detroit on the eighth, and in the afternoon of the ninth the front guard, commanded by Captain Snelling, was fired upon by a line of British and Indians, about two miles below the village of Maguaga. At the moment of the attack, the main body was marching in two lines, and Captain Snelling maintained his position in a gallant manner, till the line was formed and marched to the ground he occupied, where the whole, except the rear guard, was brought into action. The British were intrenched behind a breast-work of logs, with the Indians on the left covered by a thick wood. Colonel Miller ordered his whole line to advance, and when within a short distance of the enemy, fired upon them, and immediately

followed it up by a charge with fixed bayonets, when the whole British line and the Indians commenced a retreat. They were vigorously pursued for near two miles. The Indians on the left were commanded by Tecumseh, and fought with great bravery, but were forced to retreat. Our loss in this severe and well-fought action was ten killed and thirty-two wounded of the regular troops, and eight killed and twenty-eight wounded of the Ohio and Michigan militia. The full extent of the force of the enemy is not known. There were four hundred regulars and Canadian militia, under command of Major Muir, and a considerable body of Indians under Tecumseh. Forty of the latter were found dead on the field; fifteen of the British regulars were killed and wounded, and four taken prisoners. The loss of the Canadian militia and volunteers was never ascertained, but is supposed, from the position which they occupied in the action, to have been considerable. Both Major Muir and Tecumseh were wounded.*

When the surrender of Detroit was made by General Hull, Tecumseh was, as usual, foremost, at the head of his Indians. Indeed, he was the master-spirit in that movement. Mr. James relates that previously to General Brock's crossing over to Detroit, he asked him what sort of a country he should have to pass through, in case of his proceeding farther. Tecumseh, taking a roll of elm bark, and extending it on

* Drake's Life of Tecumseh.

the ground by means of four stones, drew forth his scalping-knife, and with the point presently etched upon the bark a plan of the country, its hills, rivers, woods, morasses, and roads; a plan which, if not as neat, was, for the purpose required, fully as intelligible as if Arrowsmith himself had prepared it. Pleased with this unexpected talent in Tecumseh, also by his having, with his characteristic boldness, induced the Indians, not of his immediate party, to cross the Detroit, prior to the embarkation of the regulars and militia, General Brock, as soon as the business was over, publicly took off his sash, and placed it round the body of the chief. Tecumseh received the honor with evident gratification; but was next day seen without his sash. General Brock, fearing something had displeased the Indian, sent his interpreter for an explanation. The latter soon returned with an account that Tecumseh, not wishing to wear such a mark of distinction, when an older, and, as he said, abler warrior than himself was present, had transferred the sash to the Wyandott chief, Roundhead.*

After the surrender, General Brock requested Tecumseh not to allow the Indians to abuse the prisoners. His reply was characteristic: "No, I despise them too much to meddle with them."

Upon the opening of the spring of 1813, the combined British and Indian forces under Proctor and

* Military Occurrences of the Late War.

Tecumseh, invested Fort Meigs, on the Miami of the Lakes. The former amounted to fourteen hundred, the latter to eighteen hundred. Opposed to them, under the command of General Harrison, were about twelve hundred troops. The enemy appeared on the 28th of April, and the contest was continued till the 7th of May, when they were compelled to retire. It was a desperate conflict, waged with great address and intrepidity. The Indians, led on by the daring Tecumseh, says Mr. Brown, fought with uncommon bravery, and contributed largely to swell the list of our killed and wounded. It is said that the sagacious leader of the Indian forces did not enter upon this siege with any strong hopes of ultimate success; but, having embarked in it, he stood manfully in the post of danger, and took an active, if not a leading part, in planning and executing the various movements which were made against the fort. The spirit with which these were prosecuted may be, in part, inferred from the fact, that, during the first five days of the siege, the enemy fired upon the fort with cannon, fifteen hundred times, many of their balls and bombs being red hot, and directed specially at the two block-houses containing the ammunition. These shots made no decided impression upon the picketing of the fort, but killed or wounded about eighty of the garrison.*

It has been already stated that the distinguished leader of the Indians, in this assault upon Camp

* History of the Late War.

Meigs, entered upon it with no sanguine hopes of success. His associate, General Proctor, however, is said to have entertained a different opinion, and flattered himself and his troops with the prospect of splendid success and rich rewards. In case of the reduction of the fort and the capture of its garrison, the British general intended to assign the Michigan territory to the Prophet and his followers, as a compensation for their services, and General Harrison was to have been delivered into the hands of Tecumseh, to be disposed of at the pleasure of that chief.*

One of the public journals of the day † states that this proposition originated with Proctor, and was held out as an inducement to Tecumseh to join in the siege. General Harrison subsequently understood, that in case he had fallen into Proctor's hands, he was to have been delivered to Tecumseh, to be treated as that warrior might think proper; and, in a note to Dawson's Historical Narrative, the author of that work says, "There is no doubt that when Proctor made the arrangement for the attack on Fort Meigs with Tecumseh, the latter insisted, and the former agreed that General Harrison, and all who fought at Tippecanoe, should be given up to the Indians to be burned. Major Ball, of the dragoons, ascertained this fact from the prisoners, deserters, and Indians, all of whom agreed to its truth." Whatever may have been the actual agreement between Proctor and

* M'Affee.

† The Chillicothe Fredonian.

Tecumseh in regard to General Harrison, and those who fought with him at Tippecanoe, it is hardly credible that this chief had any intention of participating in an outrage of this kind upon the prisoners. Tecumseh may possibly have made such an arrangement with Proctor, and announced it to the Indians, for the purpose of exciting them to activity and perseverance, in carrying on the siege; but that this chief seriously meditated any such outrage, either against General Harrison or his associates, is not to be credited but on the best authority.

It will be recollected that Tecumseh, when but a youth, succeeded, by his personal talents and influence, in putting an end to the barbarous custom of burning prisoners, then common among a branch of the Shawnees. It will be also recollected, as recorded above, that, in 1810, at a conference held with General Harrison, in Vincennes, he made an agreement that prisoners, and women and children, in the event of hostilities between the whites and the Indians, should be protected; and there is no evidence that this compact was ever violated by him, or, indeed, that through the whole course of his eventful life, he ever committed violence upon a prisoner, or suffered others to do so without promptly interfering for the captive. To suppose, then, that he really intended to permit General Harrison, or those who fought with him on the Wabash, to be burned, would have been at variance with the whole tenor of his life; and particularly with his manly and magnani-

mous conduct at the close of the assault upon Fort Meigs.*

The most disastrous affair, during this siege, was the capture of Colonel Dudley, and the force under his command. The Colonel had been sent to the opposite side of the river, to seize a battery erected by the enemy, and to spike the cannon upon it. They succeeded in getting possession of the battery, but unfortunately delayed the rest of their work till the enemy rallied in greater force. Nearly all the detachment who escaped the rifle and the tomahawk of the savages were captured. The unfortunate Dudley, after being wounded, was seized by a savage, scalped, and then tomahawked. The captives were taken to Proctor's headquarters at Fort Miami. The scene enacted there is vividly described in a letter written a few years later by Mr. W. G. Ewing, of Piqua. He says:

"The most unfortunate event of that contest, I presume, you will admit to have been the defeat of Colonel Dudley. I will give you a statement made to me by a British officer who was present. He states that, when Colonel Dudley landed his troops, Tecumseh, the brave but unfortunate commander, was on the south side of the river, annoying the American garrison with his Indians, and that Proctor, with a part of his troops and a few Indians, remained on the opposite side at the batteries. Dudley attacked

* Drake's Life of Tecumseh.

him, and pursued him two miles. During this time, Harrison had sent out a detachment to engage Tecumseh; and the contest with him continued for a considerable length of time, before he was informed of what was doing on the opposite side. He immediately retreated, swam over the river, and fell in the rear of Dudley, and attacked him with great fury. Being thus surrounded, and their commander killed, the troops marched up to the British line and surrendered. Shortly afterward commenced the scene of horrors, which, I dare say, is yet fresh in your memory; but I shall recall it to your recollection for reasons I will hereafter state. They—the American troops—were huddled together in an old British garrison, with the Indians around them, selecting such as their fancy dictated, to glut their savage thirst for murder. And, although they had surrendered themselves prisoners of war, yet, in violation of the customs of war, the inhuman Proctor did not yield them the least protection, nor attempt to screen them from the tomahawk of the Indians. While this blood-thirsty carnage was raging, a thundering voice was heard in the rear, in the Indian tongue, when, turning round, he saw Tecumseh coming with all the rapidity his horse could carry him, till he drew near to where two Indians had an American, and were in the act of killing him. He sprang from his horse, caught one by the throat, and the other by the breast, and threw them to the ground; drawing his tomahawk and scalping-knife, he ran in between the Americans

and Indians, brandishing them with the fury of a madman, and daring any one of the hundreds that surrounded him to attempt to murder another American. They all appeared confounded, and immediately desisted. His mind appeared rent with passion, and he exclaimed, almost with tears in his eyes, 'O, what will become of my Indians!' He then demanded in an authoritative tone where Proctor was; but casting his eye upon him at a small distance, sternly inquired why he had not put a stop to the inhuman massacre. 'Sir,' said Proctor, 'your Indians can not be commanded!' 'Begone!' retorted Tecumseh, with the greatest disdain, 'you are unfit to command; go and put on petticoats.'"

There is another incident connected with the defeat of Dudley, which justice to the character of Tecumseh requires should be recorded. Shortly after he had put a stop to the horrid massacre of the prisoners, his attention was called to a small group of Indians occupied in looking at some object in their midst. Colonel Elliott observed to him, "Yonder are four of your nation who have been taken prisoners; you may take charge of them, and dispose of them as you think proper." Tecumseh walked up to the crowd, where he found four Shawnees—two brothers by the name of Perry, Big Jim, and the Soldier. "Friends," said he, "Colonel Elliott has placed you under my charge, and I will send you back to your nation with a talk to your people." He accordingly took them on with the army as far as the River

Raisin, from which point their return home would be less dangerous, and then appointed two of his followers to accompany them, with some friendly messages to the chiefs of the Shawnee nation. They were thus discharged under their parole, not to fight against the British during the war.*

A second attempt was made against Fort Meigs in the ensuing July, but with even still less effect. And shortly after, the gallant and successful defense of Fort Stevenson at Lower Sandusky, completely disheartened the enemy; and the scene of action was soon transferred to Canada.

The closing scenes in the life of the great warrior we transfer from the biography by Mr. Drake.† He says, that discouraged by the want of success, and having lost all confidence in General Proctor, Tecumseh now seriously meditated a withdrawal from the contest. He assembled the Shawnees, Wyandotts, and Ottawas, who were under his command, and declared his intention to them. He told them, that at the time they took up the tomahawk and agreed to join their father, the king, they were promised plenty of white men to fight with them; "but the number is not now greater," said he, "than at the commencement of the war; and we are treated by them like the dogs of snipe hunters; we are always sent ahead to *start the game*: it is better that we should return to our country, and let the Americans come on and

* Drake's Life of Tecumseh.

† Life of Tecumseh, pp. 186-198.

fight the British." To this proposition his followers agreed; but the Sioux and Chippewas discovering his intention, went to him and insisted that inasmuch as he had first united with the British, and had been instrumental in bringing their tribes into the alliance, he ought not to leave them; and through their influence he was finally induced to remain.*

The sagacious eye of Tecumseh soon perceived indications of a retreat from Malden, and he promptly inquired into the matter. General Proctor informed him that he was only going to send their valuable property up the Thames, where it would meet a reinforcement and be safe. Tecumseh, however, was not to be deceived by this shallow device; and remonstrated most urgently against a retreat. He finally demanded, in the name of the Indians under his command, to be heard by the General, and on the 18th of September delivered to him, as the representative of their great father, the king, the following speech:

"Father, listen to your children! you have them now all before you.

"The war before this, our British father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war our father was thrown on his back by the Americans; and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge; and we are afraid that our father will do so again at this time.

* Anthony Shane.

“Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren, and was ready to take up the hatchet in favor of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry, that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

“Listen! when war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us that he was then ready to strike the Americans; that he wanted our assistance, and that he would certainly get our lands back, which the Americans had taken from us.

“Listen! you told us at that time, to bring forward our families to this place, and we did so; and you promised to take care of them, and they should want for nothing, while the men would go and fight the enemy; that we need not trouble ourselves about the enemy’s garrisons; that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts glad.

“Listen! when we were last at the Rapids, it is true we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground-hogs.

“Father, listen! our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with one arm.* Our ships have gone one way, and

* Commodore Barclay, who had lost an arm in some previous battle.

we are much astonished to see our father tying up every thing and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands. It made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the king, is the head, and you represent him. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see that you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog, that carries his tail on its back, but when affrighted, drops it between its legs and runs off.

“Father, listen! the Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; *we, therefore, wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance.* If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father.

“At the battle of the Rapids, last war, the Americans certainly defeated us; and when we returned to our father's fort at that place, the gates were shut against us. We were afraid that it would now be the case; but instead of that, we now see our British father preparing to march out of his garrison.

“Father, you have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome, for us. Our lives are

in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

General Proctor, in disregarding the advice of Tecumseh, lost his only opportunity of making an effective resistance to the American army. Had the troops under General Harrison been attacked by the British and Indians at the moment of their landing on the Canada shore, the result might have been far different from that which was shortly afterward witnessed on the banks of the Thames.

Shortly after the delivery of this speech, a considerable body of Indians abandoned General Proctor, and crossed the strait to the American shore. Tecumseh himself again manifested a disposition to take his final leave of the British service. Imbittered by the perfidy of Proctor, his men suffering from want of clothes and provisions, with the prospect of a disgraceful retreat before them, he was strongly inclined to withdraw with his followers, and leave the American general to chastise in a summary manner those who had so repeatedly deceived him and his Indian followers. The Sioux and Chippewas, however, again objected to this course. *They* could not, they said, withdraw, and there was no other leader but Tecumseh, in whom they placed confidence; they insisted that he was the person who had originally induced them to join the British, and that he ought not to desert them in the present extremity. Tecumseh, in reply to this remonstrance,

remarked, that the battle-field had no terrors for him; he feared not death, and if they insisted upon it, he would remain with them.

General Proctor now proposed to the Indians to remove their women and children to M'Gee's, opposite the River Rouge, where they would be furnished with their winter's clothing and the necessary supplies of food. To this proposition, Tecumseh yielded a reluctant assent; doubting, as he did, the truth of the statement. When they were about to start, he observed to young Jim Blue-Jacket, "We are now going to follow the British, and I feel well assured that we shall never return." When they arrived at M'Gee's, Tecumseh found that there were no stores provided for them, as had been represented. Proctor made excuses, and again pledged himself to the Indians, that if they would go with him to the Thames, they would there find an abundance of every thing needful to supply their wants; besides a reinforcement of British troops, and a fort ready for their reception.*

The retreat was continued toward the Thames. On the second of October, when the army had reached Dalson's farm, Proctor and Tecumseh, attended by a small guard, returned to examine the ground at a place called Chatham, where a deep, unfordable creek falls into the Thames. They were riding together in a gig, and after making the necessary examination,

* Anthony Shane.

the ground was approved of; and General Proctor remarked that upon that spot they would either defeat General Harrison or there lay their bones. With this determination Tecumseh was highly pleased, and said "it was a good place, and when he should look at the two streams, they would remind him of the Wabash and the Tippecanoe." Perhaps no better position could have been chosen for meeting the American army than this place presented. The allied force of British and Indians, had they made a stand upon it, would have been protected in front by a deep, unfordable stream, while their right flank would have been covered by the Thames, and their left by a swamp. But General Proctor changed his mind, and, leaving Tecumseh with a body of Indians to defend the passage of the stream, moved forward with the main army. Tecumseh made a prompt and judicious arrangement of his forces; but it is said that his Indians, in the skirmish which ensued, did not sustain their previous reputation as warriors. It is probable, however, that their leader did not intend to make any decided resistance to the American troops at this point, not being willing that General Proctor and his army should escape a meeting with the enemy.

Tecumseh and his party overtook the main army near the Moravian towns, situated on the north side of the Thames. Here he resolved that he would retreat no further; and the ground being favorable for forming the line of battle, he communicated his determination to General Proctor, and compelled him,

as there is every reason for believing, to put an end to his retreat, and prepare for meeting the pursuing army. After the Indians were posted in the swamp, in the position occupied by them during the battle, Tecumseh remarked to the chiefs by whom he was surrounded, "Brother warriors! we are now about to enter into an engagement from which I shall never come out—my body will remain on the field of battle." He then unbuckled his sword, and placing it in the hands of one of them, said, "When my son becomes a noted warrior, and able to wield a sword, give this to him." He then laid aside his British military dress, and took his place in the line, clothed only in the ordinary deer-skin hunting-shirt.*

The position selected by the enemy was eminently judicious. The British troops, amounting to eight or nine hundred, were posted with their left upon the river, which was unfordable at that point; their right extended to and across a swamp, and united them with the Indians, under Tecumseh, amounting to near eighteen hundred. The British artillery was placed in the road along the margin of the river, near to the left of their line. At from two to three hundred yards from the river, a swamp extends nearly parallel to it, the intermediate ground being dry. This position of the enemy, with his flank protected on the left by the river, and on the right by the swamp, filled with Indians, being such as to prevent the

*Anthony Shane, and Colonel Baubee, of the British army.

wings from being turned, General Harrison made arrangements to concentrate his forces against the British line. The first division, under Major General Henry, was formed in three lines, at one hundred yards from each other; the front line consisting of Trotter's brigade, the second of Chiles's, and the reserve of King's brigade. These lines were in front of, and parallel to, the British troops. The second division, under Major General Desha, composed of Allen's and Caldwell's brigades, was formed *en potence*, or at right angles with the first division. Governor Shelby, as senior Major General of the Kentucky troops, was posted at this crotchet, formed between the first and second divisions. Colonel Simrall's regiment of light infantry was formed in reserve, obliquely to the first division, and covering the rear of the front division; and, after much reflection as to the disposition to be made of Colonel Johnson's mounted troops, they were directed, as soon as the front line advanced, to take ground to the left, and forming upon that flank, to endeavor to turn the right of the Indians. A detachment of regular troops, of the twenty-sixth United States infantry, under Colonel Paul, occupied the space between the road and the river, for the purpose of seizing the enemy's artillery; and, simultaneously with this movement, forty friendly Indians were to pass under the bank of the stream, to the rear of the British line, and by their fire and war-cry, induce the enemy to think their own Indians were turning against them.

At the same time, Colonel Wood had been instructed to make preparations for using the enemy's artillery, and to rake their own line by a flank fire. By refusing the left, or second division, the Indians were kept *in the air*, that is, in a position in which they would be useless. It will be seen, as the commander anticipated, that they waited in their position the advance of the second division, while the British left was contending with the American right. Johnson's corps consisted of nine hundred men, and the five brigades under Governor Shelby amounted to near eighteen hundred; in all, not exceeding two thousand, seven hundred men.

In the midst of these arrangements, and just as the order was about to be given to the front line to advance, at the head of which General Harrison had placed himself with his staff, Colonel Wood approached him with intelligence, that having reconnoitered the enemy, he had ascertained the singular fact, that the British lines, instead of the usual close order, were drawn up at *open order*. This fact at once induced General Harrison to adopt the novel expedient of charging the British lines with Johnson's mounted regiment. "I was within a few feet of him," says the gallant Colonel John O'Fallon, "when the report of Colonel Wood was made, and he instantly remarked that he would make a novel movement by ordering Colonel Johnson's mounted regiment to charge the British line of regulars, which, thus drawn up, contrary to the habits and usages of

that description of troops, always accustomed to *the touch*, could be easily penetrated and thrown into confusion by a spirited charge of Colonel Johnson's regiment." This determination was presently made known to the Colonel, who was directed to draw up his regiment in close column, with its right fifty yards from the road—that it might be partially protected by the trees from the artillery—its left upon the swamp, and to charge at full speed upon the enemy.

At this juncture, General Harrison, with his aids-decamp, attended likewise by General Cass and Commodore Perry, advanced from the right of the front line of infantry to the right of the front column of mounted troops, led by Colonel James Johnson. The General, personally, gave the direction for the charge to be made. "When the right battalion of the mounted men received the first fire of the British, the horses in the front column recoiled. Another fire was given by the enemy, but our column getting in motion, broke through the enemy with irresistible force. In one minute the contest was over. The British officers seeing no prospect of reducing their disordered ranks to order, and seeing the advance of the infantry, and our mounted men wheeling upon them, and pouring in a destructive fire, immediately surrendered."*

Colonel Richard M. Johnson, by the extension of his line, was brought in contact with the Indians,

* Official Dispatch.

upon whom he gallantly charged. The particulars of this charge are thus given by an intelligent officer* of his corps. In a letter to the late Governor Wickliffe, of Kentucky, under date of Frankfort, September 7, 1840, he says:

“I was at the head or right of my company, on horseback, waiting orders, at about fifty or sixty yards from the line of the enemy. Colonel Johnson rode up and explained to me the mode of attack, and said in substance: ‘Captain Davidson, I am directed by General Harrison to charge and break through the Indian line, and form in the rear. My brother James will charge in like manner through the British line at the same time. The sound of the trumpet will be the signal for the charge.’ In a few minutes the trumpet sounded, and the word ‘charge,’ was given by Colonel Johnson. The Colonel charged within a few paces of me. We struck the Indian line obliquely, and when we approached within ten or fifteen yards of their line, the Indians poured in a heavy fire upon us, killing ten or fifteen of our men and several horses, and wounded Colonel Johnson very severely. He immediately retired. Doctor Theobald, of Lexington—I think—aided him off.”

The loss of the Americans in this battle was about twenty killed, and between thirty and forty wounded. The British loss was eighteen killed, and twenty-six wounded. The Indians left on the ground between

* Captain James Davidson, of Kentucky. See Cincinnati Republican.

fifty and sixty killed; and, estimating the usual proportion for the wounded, it was probably more than double that number.

In a general order, under date of Montreal, November 21, 1813, the Adjutant General of the English forces bears testimony to the good conduct of the Indian warriors, who gallantly maintained the conflict under the brave chief Tecumseh. This tribute to the Indians and their leader is well merited. Had General Proctor and his troops fought with the same valor that marked the conduct of Tecumseh and his men, the results of the day would have been far more creditable to the British arms. It has already been stated that Tecumseh entered this battle with a strong conviction on his mind that he should not survive it. Further flight he deemed disgraceful, while the hope of victory, in the impending action, was feeble and distant. He, however, heroically resolved to achieve the latter, or die in the effort. With this determination he took his stand among his followers, raised the war-cry, and boldly met the enemy. From the commencement of the attack on the Indian line, his voice was distinctly heard by his followers, animating them to the contest. When that well-known voice was heard no longer above the din of arms, the battle ceased. The British troops having already surrendered, and the gallant leader of the Indians having fallen, they gave up the contest, and fled. A short distance from where Tecumseh fell, the body of his friend and brother-in-law, Wasegoboah, was

found. They had often fought side by side, and now, in front of their men, bravely battling the enemy, they, side by side, closed their mortal career.*

James, a British historian,† in his account of the battle of the Thames, makes the following remarks on the character and personal appearance of Tecumseh:

“Thus fell the Indian warrior, Tecumseh, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was of the Shawnee tribe, five feet ten inches high, and with more than the usual stoutness; possessed all the agility and perseverance of the Indian character. His carriage was dignified, his eye penetrating, his countenance, which even in death betrayed the indications of a lofty spirit, rather of the sterner cast. Had he not possessed a certain austerity of manners, he could never have controlled the wayward passions of those who followed him to battle. He was of a silent habit; but when his eloquence became roused into action by the reiterated encroachments of the Americans, his strong intellect could supply him with a flow of oratory that enabled him, as he governed in the field, so to prescribe in the council. Those who consider that, in all territorial questions, the ablest diplomatists of the United States are sent to negotiate with the Indians, will readily appreciate the loss sustained by the latter in the death of Tecumseh. Such a man was this unlettered savage, and such a man have the Indians lost forever.”

* Anthony Shane.

† Military Occurrences of the Late War.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN STEWART.

THE Wyandott nation being on the borders of the white population, and mixing with the most abandoned and vicious, soon became sunk in the most degrading vices, such as drunkenness, lewdness, and gambling, till many of them became the most degraded and worthless of their race.

They had been under the religious instruction of the Roman Catholics for many years. But it appears, both from their morals and from the declarations of many who professed to be Catholics, that they did them little or no good. To carry a silver cross, and to count a string of beads, to worship the Virgin Mary, to go to church and hear mass said in Latin, and be taught to believe that for a beaver-skin, or its value, they could have all their sins pardoned, comprised the sum total of their Christianity, and served but to encourage them in their superstition and vice.

While they were in this degraded condition, God in mercy remembered them, and sent them the word of eternal life. Not by the learned missionary, but by John Stewart, a colored man, of no learning, "that the excellency might be of God, and not of

man." John Stewart was a mulatto, free born, whose parents claimed to be mixed with Indian blood; but he could not tell of what tribe, or what was their relation to the Indians. His parents were of the Baptist persuasion, and he had a brother that was a preacher of that order. He was born in Powhatan county, in the state of Virginia. He became disabled in early life. His parents moved to the state of Tennessee, and left him behind. Some time after he followed them; and, on his way to Marietta, Ohio, was robbed of all his property. In that place, where he took up his abode, he gave full scope to his intemperance, till he was so far gone, and his nerves were so affected by it, that he could scarcely feed himself. At length he came to the resolution to put an end to his miserable existence, by drowning himself in the river. He told me that the loss of his property, the idea of poverty, and the disgrace he had brought on himself by his dissipation, and the wretched state of his soul, had impelled him to this determination. The tavern-keeper, with whom he lived, refused to let him have liquor, as before, so that he had time to become sober, and his mind was, in some degree, restored to the exercise of reason. Then he determined to reform; and undertook to attend a sugar-camp at some distance from town, which gave him an opportunity to reflect and pray. At this place he remained, by himself principally, through the sugar season. The more he read, reflected, and prayed, the more he was convicted of his

sins; and, by a constant struggle of soul, he at length found peace and pardon. On his return to town he could not resist the influence of his wicked companions, and was soon prevailed on to attend a dance, at which the struggles of his mind were powerful—so much so that he was sometimes almost constrained to cry aloud. At last his mind became more insensible to the influences of the Spirit, and he comforted himself with the reflection, that once in grace he could not fall from it; and so resumed his course of wickedness. One of his comrades dying suddenly, it alarmed his guilty fears, and his convictions all returned, so that he was frequently constrained to cry out, “O wretched man that I am!”

Stewart, from the influence of his education, had imbibed a deep-rooted prejudice against other denominations, and especially the Methodists. But one evening, passing along the street, he heard in a house the voice of singing and prayer. It was a Methodist prayer meeting. He drew near, and, after some struggle of soul, he ventured in, and made known his state. Afterward he frequently met in these meetings. At length he was induced to go to a camp meeting, held by the late Rev. Marcus Lindsey, near Marietta; and there he approached the mourner's altar, and, after struggling all night, in the morning God was pleased to show mercy to his soul. His joy was unspeakable; he united himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and met in class in Marietta. The reformation in his whole character and habits was radical

and thorough. He now rented a house, and resumed his trade, which was that of a dyer.

Soon after he had experienced religion, his mind became much exercised about preaching, which he concluded was a temptation of the devil; and continued to think so, till he again lost the comforts of religion.

He was visited, in the fall of 1814, with a severe attack of sickness, from which no one expected he would recover. But he prayed to God, and promised, if he was spared, that he would obey the call. Soon after this, he went into the fields to pray. "It seemed to me," said he, "that I heard a voice, like the voice of a woman, praising God; and then another, as the voice of a man, saying to me, 'You must declare my counsel faithfully.' These voices ran through me powerfully. They seemed to come from a north-west direction. I soon found myself standing on my feet, and speaking as if I were addressing a congregation. This circumstance made a strong impression on my mind, and seemed an indication to me that the Lord had called me to warn sinners to flee the wrath to come. But I felt myself so poor and ignorant, that I feared much to make any attempt, though I was continually drawn to travel toward the course from whence the voices seemed to come. I, at length, concluded, that if God would enable me to pay my debts, which I had contracted in the days of my wickedness and folly, I would go. This I was enabled soon to do; and I accordingly took my knapsack,

and set off to the north-west, not knowing whither I was to go. When I set off, my soul was very happy, and I steered my course, sometimes in the road, and sometimes through the woods, till I came to Goshen, on the Tuscarawas river. This was the old Moravian establishment among the Delawares. The Rev. Mr. Mortimore was then its pastor." Here Stewart found a few of the Delawares, among whom was old Kilbuck and his family. Here he remained a few days, and was kindly treated by all. It was here, no doubt, that Stewart learned something of the Indians farther to the north; for these Delawares had many friends and relations that lived on a reservation on the Sandusky river, called Pipetown, after the chief who lived there; and to this place he directed his course.

Here was a remnant of poor Delawares, under the control of Captain Pipe, son of the chief of the same name, who assisted in burning Crawford, on the Tyamochte. At this place Stewart stopped; and, as the Indians were preparing for a great dance, they paid but little attention to the stranger. They proceeded with their mirth, which was all new to Stewart; and such were their vociferations and actions that they alarmed him, and he felt fear for a short time. After all was over, they became quiet, and Stewart took out his hymn-book, and began to sing. He was one of the most melodious singers I ever heard. The company were charmed and awed into perfect silence. When he ceased, Johnny-Cake said, in broken Eng-

lish, "*Sing more.*" He then asked if there was any person that could interpret for him; when old Lyons, who called himself one hundred and sixty years old—for he counted the summer a year and winter a year—came forward. Stewart gave them an exhortation, and then retired to rest for the night. In the morning, he felt some strong desires to return to Marietta, and from thence to Tennessee, where his father and mother had removed. But so strong were his impressions that he had not yet reached the right place, though he was invited by the Delawares to stay, that he took his departure, and arrived at the house of William Walker, sen., at Upper Sandusky, who was the United States Indian sub-agent and interpreter.

At first Mr. Walker suspected him to be a runaway slave; but Stewart gave him a history of his conversion to God, and of his travails in godliness, in so simple and honest a manner, that it removed all his doubts on the subject. This narrative fastened on the mind of Mrs. Walker, who was a most amiable woman, of good education, and half Wyandott. She possessed great influence in the nation; and this whole family became his hospitable friends, and the untiring friends to the mission which was afterward established there. The old gentleman, his wife, and his sons, were all good interpreters, spoke the Indian tongue fluently, and all, except old Mr. Walker, became members of the Church.

Stewart was directed by this family to a colored man, whose name was Jonathan Pointer. He was

taken prisoner from Point Pleasant, Virginia, when a little boy. He and his master were plowing and hoeing corn, when the Indians came upon them. They shot his master, and caught Jonathan, and took him home with them. This man was said by the chiefs to speak the language as well as any of the natives. Stewart called on him at his hut, and made known his wishes; but Jonathan was very reluctant, indeed, to interpret for him, or to introduce him as a preacher. He told Stewart that "it was great folly for him, a poor colored man, to pretend to turn these Indians from their old religion to a new one; for many great and learned white men had been there before him, and used all their power, but could accomplish nothing; and he could not expect they would listen to him." But Stewart believed that God had sent him, and though of himself he could not do any thing, God could work by him, and he was unwilling to give over till he had made a trial.

The next day Jonathan was going to a feast and dance, and Stewart desired to go along, to which the other reluctantly consented. Stewart got him to introduce him to the chiefs as a friend to their souls; when he gave them an exhortation and sung a hymn or two, and requested all that were willing to hear him next day at Jonathan's house, to come forward and give him their hand. This the most of them did. But he was much disappointed the next day; for none of them came, save an old woman, to whom he preached. This woman was the mother of James

Harrihoot. The next day was again appointed to hold meeting at the same place. The same old woman, and an old man named Big-Tree, were present. To these Stewart again preached; and he has since told me, that what much encouraged him to persevere was, that he had seen both these old persons in a dream, and knew them well when they came into the house. The next day being the Sabbath, he appointed to meet in the council-house; at which place eight or ten came, and he, by Jonathan Pointer as interpreter, exhorted them to flee the wrath to come.

From this time forward his congregations began to increase; and I presume that nothing contributed more to increase them, and keep them up for a while, than his singing. This very much delighted the Indians, as no people are fonder of music than they are; and Stewart, availing himself of this, mixed his prayers and exhortations with songs.

Many of these people had been Catholics, and they began to call up their old Catholic songs, and sing them, and to pray. Through this means some of them became stirred up, and awakened to see their lost condition; and some found peace with God. Stewart thought it to be his duty, when they prayed to the Virgin Mary, and used their beads and crosses in prayer, to tell them that it was wrong. He also spoke against the foolishness of their feasts and dances, and against their witchcraft.

These reproofs soon excited prejudice against him.

Many that had joined in their worship went away, and persecuted, and did all the harm they could. Some of that party having business at Detroit, called upon the Roman priest, and related what was going on, and wished for instruction. The priest told them, "that none had the true word of God, or Bible, but the Catholics; and that none but the Catholic priests could teach them the true and right way to heaven; and if they died out of the Catholic Church, they must perish forever; that they could not be saved in any other way, but must be lost forever." They came home in high spirits, and soon it was reported through every family that Stewart had not the right Bible, and was leading them all wrong. Some charged him with having a false Bible; but how this was to be tested was the difficulty. Finally, they all agreed to leave it to Mr. Walker, sen. The time was set when the parties were to meet, and he was publicly to examine Stewart's Bible and Hymn-Book. The parties came together at the time appointed. Deep interest was felt on both sides, and all awaited in solemn suspense. After some time had been spent in the examination, Mr. Walker said that Stewart's Bible was a true one, and differed from the Catholic Bible only in this: one was printed in English, the other in Latin. He affirmed that his Hymn-Book was a good one; and that the hymns it contained were well calculated to be sung in the worship of God. This decision was received with joy by the religious party, and sunk the spirits of the other.

But I am strongly inclined to believe, from good evidence, that none were so influential in putting down the superstitions of the Catholics as old Mrs. Walker. She was no ordinary woman. Her mind was well enlightened; and she could expose the folly of their superstitions better than any one in the nation. As she stood so high in the estimation of all, her words had more weight than any one else.

Stewart continued to labor among these Indians from November, 1816, till early the next spring. Through the course of this winter there was great religious interest awakened among the people. The interpreter, Pointer, professed to obtain religion; and he proved a great auxiliary to Stewart. Pointer told me himself, that when Stewart first came, he did not like him, because he was too religious, and he hoped he would soon go away; that he wanted a religion that did not fit so close, but give him leave to indulge in sin; and when he interpreted, he would say, "These are not my words but his"—meaning Stewart's. He now entered fully into the work with Stewart.

At a meeting this winter he took occasion to expose their heathen religion, and the absurdities of their feasts and dances; and added, that instead of these things being pleasing to God, they were, on the contrary, displeasing to him; and that, although, in the days of their darkness and ignorance, God winked at or passed over them, yet he now called on all to repent and forsake these evil ways, for the Gospel

had now reached them, so that they could understand and see its light.

At the close of this discourse he informed the congregation, that if those present had any objections to his doctrines they were at liberty to speak. John Hicks, one of the chiefs, arose and said, "My friend, as you have given liberty to any one who has objections to the doctrines you teach, to speak on the subject and state their objections, I, for one, feel myself called on to arise in the defense of the religion of my fathers. The Great Spirit has given his red children a religion to guide their feet, and to establish them in the good way, and we do not feel like leaving it so soon as you wish us to do. We have been deceived several times by the Seneca and Shawnee prophets, and had to return to our old religion, and find it the best of any for us. We are contented with it, because it suits our conditions, and is adapted to our capacities. Cast your eyes over the world, and you will see that the Great Spirit has given to every nation a religion suited to their condition; and these all differ. Is not this the work of the Great Spirit? My friend, your speaking so violently against our modes of worship is not calculated to do us much good. We are willing to receive good advice from you, but we are not willing to have the religion and customs of our fathers thus assailed and abused."

When this speaker sat down, Mononcue, another of the chiefs, arose and wished to correct a mistake in the speaker, which was, that "the book he held, and

all its doctrines, were sent to another place, and another people, and could have nothing to do with us, that the Son of God was born among the white people, and we never heard of him till the whites brought the word; and, if they had never come, we would never have heard of him; to the whites only he spoke, and left his word with them, and not with us; no book has been given to us. If the Great Spirit had designed us to be governed by this book, he would have sent it to us. Ours is a religion that suits us red people, and we intend to preserve it as sacred as when the Great Spirit gave it to our grandfathers in olden days."

Stewart replied: "God has sent this book to you *now*. The Son of God, before he went up to heaven, commanded his ministers to go, and carry, and preach that book to every nation on the whole earth; and you count yourselves a nation of living souls. Although it has taken this book a long time to come, yet it *has come*, as God has directed it; and it will go on till it has reached all the world, and all the nations, and colors, and languages of men; none can stop it. Now, my dear friends, only consider what an awful curse will fall on those that reject it. My friends, think well before you reject the Savior, and the great salvation he offers you; for whosoever will reject the Savior will be destroyed with an everlasting destruction." This exhortation had a good effect on the minds of these two chiefs; for afterward Mononcue said to his friend Hicks, "I have some notion of

giving up some of my Indian customs; but I can not agree to quit painting my face. This would be wrong, as it would jeopard my health." It is a received opinion among them, that painting the face has a magic influence in preserving their health, and saving them from disease. Hicks replied: "You can do as you please. I feel strange, and hardly know what to do."

Some time in February, 1817, the work of God broke out afresh; and at one of their meetings, after Stewart had preached on the final judgment, the whole assembly was absorbed in serious thought. They met at candle-light; at which time, after exhortation, he called up the mourners, when a few came forward, principally women. They had not long been engaged in prayer before the power of God was manifested, and many of the lookers-on were struck down to the ground, and cried aloud for mercy; others lay stiff and motionless. Some were ready to attribute this work to strong medicine, used by Stewart for the purpose of producing the present effect. Some ran for water; others called to Jonathan to stop singing those new hymns, and sing the Catholic hymns, or they would die. About this time a very aged woman found religion, sprang up, and began to shout and clap her hands—proclaiming that God had forgiven all her sins, and that what the preacher had said was true. Seeing her act in this way, they concluded she was in a state of mental derangement. Many sat as idle spectators, in

utter amazement at such an exhibition as they were beholding.

After this the heathen party were determined to make an effort to keep up their religion; and a council was held, and a dance and feast appointed, to show the preacher how they worshiped the Great Spirit. Great preparations were made. The young men turned out to hunt and provide for the feast, and returned loaded with venison and bear meat. On the day appointed a large concourse of people assembled, old and young, male and female, with Stewart and Jonathan, who had now become his constant interpreter and helper in this work. The chief arose, and made the preparatory speech; then the dance began. The music was the Indian flute, and the hoarse sound of the turtle-shell. One after another joined in; and what was a matter of astonishment to Stewart, some of his mourners, who, he considered, had renounced the world, were among the dancers. This was a scene of great hilarity, and was concluded in the finest kind of Indian style. Soon after this Stewart concluded he would leave them, and go to his friends in Tennessee; and, after delivering them a farewell sermon, in which he addressed those that had made a profession of religion, and exhorted them to be faithful, he advised the chiefs and principal men. This was a season of much feeling, as was evidenced by the tears and sobs of the congregation. He then sang a farewell hymn, and shook hands with all; when he proceeded to the door and went out.

Some followed him, and requested a private interview; which was granted. They labored with him to abandon his journey, and remain with them. But he told them that he was under promise to go to Marietta, if he even had to return again, and which he promised he would do; but said that he was poor, would have to stop at the first town he came to, and work for something to bear his expenses, and he could not promise to come back before July or August. Mrs. Warpole spoke of making a collection for him; and ten dollars were given him for the purpose of bearing his expenses.

Some time after Stewart left Sandusky, some one set afloat a report that his master, from Virginia, had come and loaded him with irons, and had taken him back as a slave. Some gave credit to the report, and others did not.

Some time in June following, Mr. Walker received a letter from him, in which was a written address to the Indians; which he requested should be read and interpreted to them; with which request Mr. Walker readily complied. Both the letter and the address show Stewart to be a man gifted with more than ordinary powers of intellect, as well as a large measure of divine grace. We, therefore, insert both entire.

The letter to Mr. Walker is dated at Marietta, Ohio, May 25, 1817, and reads as follows:

“Sir, I have taken the liberty of inclosing to your care the within address, directed to the Wyandott

nation, for their information and edification, hoping that it will, through God's blessing, impress on their minds religious and moral sentiments. I have taken the liberty to address it to you, hoping that you will have the goodness to read it, or cause it to be read, in their hearing, and in their own language, that they may understand its true meaning; and, moreover, that you will try to impress on their minds the necessity of adhering strictly to the laws of God—that their hearts should be constantly set upon the Supreme Being who created them; and that it is their duty to raise their voices in praising, adoring, and loving that Jesus who has suffered and died for them, as well as for those who are more enlightened. Inform them that although their brother is far from them in body, yet his anxiety for their safety and future happiness is very great. In doing this, you will confer a favor upon me, which I shall ever remember with gratitude. My engagements, you no doubt recollect, were, that I should return about the last week in June; but misfortunes and disappointments to which we are all liable, together with a wound which I accidentally received on my leg, will prevent my having the pleasure of seeing or being with you till the middle of July; at which time, I hope, by the grace of God, to have the pleasure of seeing you and the Wyandott people generally. At that time I shall not fail to offer, verbally, my gratitude to you and your dear family, for the services you and they have rendered me.

“May I ask you to have the goodness to write to me? and please inform me of the general state of those persons that have reformed since I first went among them, and how many have evidenced a change since I came away, and whether they continue to conduct themselves with that sincerity of heart, that would be acceptable in the eyes of God; finally, whether they appear as anxious for my return, as they appeared to be for my stay when I was coming away. In attending to these requests of mine, you will confer an obligation which will be ever remembered, with every mark of gratitude and respect.

“I remain your humble servant; and in every instance, sincerely hope, not only to meet with your approbation, but that also of my God.”

The address is replete with affectionateness of feeling and sound theology, and evinces deep solicitude for the spiritual welfare of those who had been converted through his instrumentality.

“MY DEAR AND BELOVED FRIENDS,—I, your brother traveler to eternity, by the grace and mercy of God, am blessed with this opportunity of writing to you; although I be far distant from you in body, yet my mind is oftentimes upon you. I pray you to be watchful that the enemy of souls do not insnare you; pray to the Lord, both day and night, with a sincere heart, and he will uphold you in all your trials and troubles. The words that I shall take as a standard

to try to encourage you from, may be found in the fifth chapter of Matthew, sixth verse: 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.'

"These words were spoken by our Savior, Jesus Christ, and they are firm and sure; for his words are more firm than the heavens or the earth. Likewise, the promise appears to be permanent; it does not say it may be, or perhaps, so as to leave it doubtful; but, 'they *shall* be filled.' This man, Jesus Christ, spoke like one who possessed power to fill and satisfy the hungering soul; and we have no reason to dispute his ability to do so, knowing that he made all things that are made, and made man for his service; then we are bound to believe that he is a being of all power, able to fulfill all his promises to all mankind. Though he made us for his service, we have all gone astray into the forbidden paths of sin and folly; therefore the promise appears to be held out to a particular class of people, who, happy are they, if they find themselves in this hungering and thirsting after the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"In the first place, my friends, I shall endeavor to show you who it is that this gracious promise is made to, or how it is that we have a right to this promise.

"According to the light the Lord has given me, it is not he that is living in open rebellion against God, and going contrary to his command—that closes his eyes against the light—that is barring the door

of his heart against the strivings of the blessed Spirit who is continually admonishing him to forsake the ways of sin, and turn and seek the salvation of his soul. But it is that man or woman who has called upon the God that hears sinners pray, and who will have mercy upon such as will call upon him with sincerity of heart; really desiring to receive, and believing that he is able to give you. The Lord, by his goodness, will begin to take off the vail that the enemy has veiled you with; then you begin to see how you have strayed from the right way. This causes the sinner to be more and more engaged.

“This good and great Savior, who sees and knows the secrets of every heart, seeing the poor soul willing to forsake the service of the devil, moves nearer and nearer to the sinner—his glorious light shines into his heart, he gives him to see the amount of crime that he has committed against the blessed Savior, who hung on the tree for the sins of the world. This makes him mourn and grieve over his sins, and call on the mighty Savior, as his last and his best refuge, for help. Finding that there is no help in and of himself, seeing that all he has done is nothing, this causes the soul to try to make his last prayer, crying, ‘Lord, save or I perish; thou wouldst be just in sending me to destruction, but Lord save for Christ’s sake. Lord, I have done all I can do; take me, do thy will with me, for thou knowest better what to do with me than I can desire.’ This blessed Savior shows his face with ten

thousand smiles—lays his hand to the work—breaks the snares of sin—unlooses him from the fetters and chains of unbelief—sets the soul at liberty—puts a new song in his mouth—makes the soul rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; it is then he desires to go to his friend who has done so much for him, and leave this troublesome world; but the soul has to stay till it has done its duty on earth, which will not be long.

“After a few more rolling suns of this life, the tempter begins to tempt him; the world, the flesh, and the devil all unite; the poor soul begins to mourn and grieve, because he can not do as he would wish; when he would do good, evil is present; then it is the soul begins to hunger and thirst after righteousness.

“My friends, be glad and rejoice in the Lord, for this promise is to you and to all mankind; yes, they shall be filled with water issuing from the throne of God. O, my friends, pray to God to give you a hungering and thirsting after righteousness! Seek for this great grace, and you shall find it in due season. If you persevere in the way of well-doing, you will find in your path clusters of sweet fruits, that will satisfy your hungering souls; and being faithful to your Lord’s commands, when you have made your way through much tribulation, and lie down on your dying bed, you will be filled with the glorious prospect of the reward that awaits you. Guardian angels will wait around your bed, to bear your soul away to

those bright worlds of everlasting day, where the friend of poor sinners reigns. This fills the soul with the sweets of love divine. This, methinks, will make the dying bed of the man, or woman, 'soft as downy pillows are.' Therefore, my friends, if you hold out faithful, you will have part in the first resurrection; then it will be that you will see your Lord and Master face to face; then it will be that you will hear that blessed sentence, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' Then shall you sit down with the people of God in that kingdom, where your Savior, with his soft hand, will wipe all tears from your eyes. There you shall see and be with him, and praise him to all eternity.

"Having, after a broken and imperfect manner, my friends, shown you the characters of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, I shall endeavor to say a few words to that class of people, who I, in the foregoing part of my discourse, said had no part in the promise.

"A few words of consolation to the sinner; that is, the Lord is willing to save all who will call upon him with a sincere heart, at the same time having determined to forsake all sin, and seek the salvation of their souls. Now, my friends, you who have been at war against this great friend of sinners, now turn, for, behold, now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation. Take into consideration, realize how long the Lord has spared your lives, and all this time

you have been resisting his holy and blessed Spirit—this Spirit the Lord has sent to warn you, and entreat you to turn to the Lord. But O! my friends, how often have you thrust that good Spirit away, and forced it to depart from you! Let me inform you, if you continue to resist this good Spirit, it will after awhile leave you, never more to return; for God hath said, ‘My Spirit shall not always strive with man.’ Therefore, my friends, though you have caused the Spirit to go away grieved, now begin to encourage and attend to its admonitions; he that receives it and obeys its directions, receives *Christ*, and, at the same time, receives God the Father.

“My friends, if you will not adhere to the Lord’s Spirit, neither to the entreaties of your friend, the time draws on when you will wish you had spent this glorious opportunity the Lord has given you, in preparing to meet Him who is to judge the world. Then it will be that you will have to hear and abide by that dreadful sentence, ‘Depart, ye cursed—ye workers of iniquity, for I never knew you.’ O! my friends, consider you must go into fire prepared for the devil and his angels, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Some of you may put off this, and think it is a long time yet before it comes to pass; but consider, if the Lord does not call you by judgment, death is always near, and is taking off our friends both on our right and on our left hands. Ah! we must all, sooner or later, be called to lie on a sick-bed, when no physician can

effect a cure, when death—cold and dreary death, will lay hold on us. Then we will have a view of awful eternity, and, if unprepared, horror will seize upon the soul, while our friends wait around our bed, to see us bid the world adieu. O, what anguish will tear the soul of the sinner! What bitter lamentations will then be made for misspent opportunities, slighted mercies! O that I had spent my time more to the Lord! Then you will say, farewell, my friends, I have got to go, for devils are waiting round my bed, to drag my soul away to hell. Then will you remember how often you grieved the good Spirit of the Lord, how often you drove it from you; but too late, you must go to endure the horrors of everlasting burnings.

“Then, my friends, accept of my feeble advice; bear constantly in mind the necessity of obtaining this blessed promise, and ever let your hearts and conduct be guided by the directions of that blessed Savior who died for you, that you might live. You who have set out in the way of well-doing, be faithful unto death, and you will be conveyed by angels to Abraham’s bosom, and there meet the sweet salutation of, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’ And may God bless you, and keep you in the path of righteousness, till he shall see fit to close your eyes in death! Now may the blessing, etc. JOHN STEWART.”

No one can fail to mark the hand of God both

in raising up such an instrument for this work, and also in thrusting him out into it and opening his way before him. His mission is not yet completed. But the events of his second visit we must reserve to the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

JOHN STEWART'S RETURN TO THE WYANDOTTS.

ACCORDING to his promise, Stewart returned through the wilderness to look after the little flock he had left behind him. To his great grief, he found that but few remained steadfast. Most of them had fallen back into their old habits; and one of them, a most promising young man, had been killed in a drunken frolic. He lost no time, but immediately set about gathering up the few scattered ones that remained. Some of them hailed him with joy; but others received him coldly, and it was evident that the work had suffered grievous injury by his absence. But nothing could daunt the noble-hearted missionary; and nothing could swerve him from his great work, so assured was he that his call was from God.

Many of the Indians were abroad, at the time of his former visit, on their hunting expeditions. They were now all returned, so that the inhabitants of the villages were much increased. A most powerful opposition was now raised against Stewart, headed by Two-Logs, or Bloody-Eyes, and Mononcue. They represented, in the most glowing terms, the destruction the Great Spirit would send upon them if they forsook him. He would denounce them, they said,

as a nation, and abandon them forever, if they embraced the new religion. They then eloquently exhorted the people not to turn aside from the religion of their fathers.

This opposition, in connection with the usual habits of the Indians, for a time, seemed to render nearly ineffective the labors of God's chosen vessel for the salvation of the Wyandotts. Summer was the season of their amusements. Their feasts, dances, foot-racing, horse-racing, ball-playing, gambling, and such like recreations and vices, pretty nearly occupied their entire time and attention till the approach of fall summoned them to the chase. In addition to all these things, reports were set afloat prejudicial to the character of Stewart; some of their diviners also saw visions, and some of their prophets uttered prophecies—all designed to frighten the people from embracing the new religion.

Such were the discouragements in the way of Stewart, but none of these things could move the devoted missionary. He steadily but cautiously prosecuted his great work. His labors were attended with some success. The believing Indians became more confirmed both in their faith and in their habits; and many were converted and added to their number. Thus he continued his labors till the year 1818, when the Wyandotts and other tribes were called to attend a grand council, at Fort Meigs, to form a new treaty with the United States. While the Indians were making preparations to attend the treaty, Stewart

deemed it advisable to return to Marietta, and stay till winter.

On his return a new scene of difficulty arose. Certain missionaries, traveling to the north, called on the nation; and finding that Stewart had been somewhat successful in his labors among the Wyandotts, wanted him to join their Church, saying that they would give him a good salary. But he refused, on the ground of his objections to the doctrines they held. They then demanded his authority as a Methodist missionary; and as he held no other authority from the Church than an exhorter's license, he frankly told them he had none. By this means it became known that he had no authority from the Church to exercise the ministerial office; although he had both solemnized matrimony, and baptized several persons, both adults and children, believing that the necessity of the case justified it. This operated greatly to his disadvantage, for the traders asserted that he was an impostor.

Stewart now determined to attach himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, at some nearer point than Marietta. In this winter—1818—he visited a tribe of the Wyandotts, that lived at Solomonstown, on the Great Miami river. Here he formed an acquaintance with Robert Armstrong, and with some Methodist families that lived near Bellefontaine, and from them learned that the quarterly meeting for that circuit would be held near Urbana. To this place he came, in company with some of the Indians,

recommended by the converted chiefs and others, as a proper person to be licensed as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Rev. Moses Crume was presiding elder. Of this event Mr. Crume thus speaks:

“It gives me extreme regret to think that I had not preserved a particular memorandum of the licensing of John Stewart, who was emphatically God’s missionary to the Wyandotts. It was in the month of March, 1819, when I presided on the Cincinnati district, that John met me in the town of Urbana, from which place I went to the quarterly meeting, accompanied by that man of God, Rev. Bishop George. Here we found Stewart, with several of his red brethren, the Wyandotts, with a recommendation from the chiefs that had been converted, earnestly desiring to have him licensed to preach the Gospel, according to the rule and order of our Church. At the proper time, and by the advice of the venerable Bishop George, his case was brought before the quarterly meeting conference, his recommendation read, and his brethren heard, who gave a good account of his life and labors in the conversion of many of their nation—those present testifying for themselves what God had done for them, through his instrumentality; and I think it was with the unanimous vote of that respectable body of men that he was licensed—all believing they acted in conformity to the will of God.

“Thus I have given a brief account of this trans-

action; and I will add that no other official act of my ministry gives me greater satisfaction than to have been the honored instrument of licensing the first missionary to these poor benighted aboriginals of our favored country. When I view the whole matter, I am made to cry out with astonishment, and say, 'The Lord seeth not as man seeth, nor are his thoughts as our thoughts;' that, instead of sending some of our honorable literary ministers, he should fix upon a poor, unlettered colored exhorter, and send him to commence that great work; opening a great and effectual door of faith to our poor heathen aboriginals. It is the Lord's work, and to him be all the glory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

At this meeting the local preachers of the circuit volunteered to go in turn, and assist Stewart till the ensuing session of the Ohio annual conference. Among these were the two brothers, Samuel and Martin Hitt, Robert Miller, Thomas Lansdale, Joseph Mitchell, and Moses Henkle, then an exhorter. But the first help that Stewart received was from Rev. Anthony Banning, of Mount Vernon. The news of this work had spread far and wide, so that Bishop M'Kendree made an agreement with my brother, John P. Finley, in the summer of 1818, in the town of Steubenville, to go that fall and commence a school among them. But owing to their unsettled state, and the treaty held with them not being finally adjusted, he did not go. Stewart continued his labors successfully among them, and many of the Solomonstown Indians

began to renounce their heathenism; and among the rest, Robert Armstrong embraced religion. This was a great acquisition to the interests of this mission and the work of God, as he afterward became one of our most zealous and useful exhorters and interpreters.

This mission was taken into our regular work at the Ohio annual conference, held at Cincinnati, August 7, 1819. At this conference I was appointed to the Lebanon district, which extended from the Ohio river, and included Michigan territory, and also this mission. I now became personally acquainted with it, and with this people, and was engaged in all its operations for eight years—two years as presiding elder, and the other six as missionary. Rev. James Montgomery was appointed this year as a missionary to assist brother Stewart. He was to visit the Indians once a month from his home, and preach and instruct them in the doctrine and practice of Christianity. At the time brother Montgomery was appointed to this mission we had no missionary or other funds; and a collection was taken up among the preachers in the conference, amounting to seventy dollars. This sum answered for the present. The two preachers on the Mad River circuit, Rev. Russel Bigelow, and the Rev. Robert W. Finley, were appointed by the conference, with myself, as a committee to aid the mission and provide for the missionaries.

Shortly after conference, I was applied to by Col.

Johnston, the Indian agent, to release brother Montgomery from his station, that he might receive a sub-agency among the Senecas. After deliberation and consultation with the committee, I agreed to his removal, considering it might be of great advantage to them. I then employed Moses Henkle, sen., to take his place; and it was agreed that we should hold our first quarterly meeting for the mission at Zanesfield, on Mad river, at the house of Ebenezer Zane, a half white man, commencing on the 13th day of November, 1819.

Accordingly we met, and there were present about sixty Indians; among whom were Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, Hicks, and Scuteash, chiefs. Armstrong and Pointer were the interpreters—both of whom enjoyed religion. This was the first regular quarterly meeting held with the Indians, and the first time I ever attempted to preach by an interpreter. I spoke to them of the will of God to have all men saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. Brother Henkle followed, and we concluded by singing and prayer. It was a good time. Some of our hymns had been translated into their tongue; and when we sung in English, they sang in Wyandott to the same tune.

In the evening we met again, and brother Henkle preached, and labored to show them that the religion taught them by the Catholics was not the religion of the Bible; that worshiping departed saints and images was idolatry; and that God required all men

to worship him in spirit and truth; that doing penance, counting beads, and confessing sins to the priest, would not save them; that nothing but faith in Christ could save fallen man. The meeting was concluded with singing and prayer, and it was a profitable time. At nine o'clock next morning we met for our love-feast. I strove to show them the nature and design of a love-feast, and think I succeeded in a great degree. This was a memorable morning. The Lord poured us out a blessing, and I cried out in the fullness of my heart, "What hath God wrought! Here are red, white, and black men, of different nations and languages, sitting together under the tree of life, partaking of its most precious fruits." After we had witnessed our love to God and to one another, in the simple act of taking a piece of bread and sup of water, we proceeded to speak of our present state of feeling, and the dealings of God with our souls. This was done through an interpreter.

The first that rose as a witness for God was brother Between-the-Logs, one of the chiefs, who spoke as follows: "My dear brethren, I am glad that the Great Spirit has permitted us to meet here for so good a purpose as to worship him, and to make strong the cords of love and friendship." Then lifting his streaming eyes to heaven, with an exclamation of gratitude to God, he continued, "This is the first meeting of this kind held for us; and now, my dear brethren, I am happy that we, who have

been so long time apart, and have been great enemies to one another, [meaning the Indians and whites,] are come together as brothers, at which our heavenly Father is well pleased. For my part, I have been a very wicked man, and have committed many great sins against the Good Spirit. I used to drink the white man's fire-water, which led me to many evils. But, thanks to the Great Spirit, I am yet alive, and he has opened my blind eyes to see these great crimes, by means of his ministers and the good Book; and has given me help to forsake those sins and to turn away from them. I now feel peace in my heart toward God and all men. But I feel just 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 forever."

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 he did do something for me. I do not know whence it comes, or whither it goes. [Here he cried out, 'Waugh! waugh!' as if shocked by electricity.] Now me no more sick—no more drink whisky—no more get drunk—me sleep—me eat—no more bad man—me cry—me meet you all in our great Father's house above." Afterward we, in turn, told what God had done for us as sinners, and our morning meeting closed.

By this time I suppose there were three hundred whites gathered from the different frontier settle-

ments. This gave us the opportunity of preaching Christ to them. For the sake of convenience, we separated the congregation, and I held meeting with the Indians in a cabin. In my address I tried to give them a history of the creation; the fall of man; his redemption by Christ; how Christ was manifested in the flesh; how he was rejected, crucified, and rose from the dead, and was seen by many; that, in the presence of more than five hundred, he ascended up into heaven; that he commanded his people to wait at Jerusalem for the Holy Spirit; and as we are sitting, so were they, when it came down on them like mighty wind, and three thousand were converted to God that day. At this they made the whole house ring with exclamations of wonder, (*waugh! waugh!*) and said, "Great camp meeting." Brothers Henkle and Stewart then exhorted, and our meeting closed for the present. We met again in the evening, and Stewart told me that the Indians were determined to pray all night, in order to obtain a blessing; and that they wished me to exhort the whites, and then give them liberty to speak to their people and the whites too, if they felt like doing so. This being the arrangement, I proceeded to perform my part of the exercises; and having finished, I sat down.

Mononcue then arose, and for forty minutes exhorted the Indians with great zeal and pathos, which had a very manifest effect. His address was not interpreted; but the purport was to look to God for his blessings, and not to stop or rest till he had

poured his Spirit on them. He then addressed the white people present, by the interpreter, as follows: "Fathers and brothers, I am happy this night, before the Great Spirit that made all men, red, white, and black, that he has favored us with good weather for our meeting, and brought us together, that we may help each other to do good and get good. The Great Spirit has taught you and us both in one thing—that we should love one another, and fear him. He has taught *us* by his Spirit; and you, white men, by the good Book, which is all one. But your Book teaches us more plainly than we were taught before, what is for our good. To be sure, we worshiped the Great Spirit sincerely, with feasts, rattles, sacrifices, and dances, which we now see was not all right. Now some of our nation are trying to do better, but we have many hinderances, some of which I mean to tell. The white men tell us, that they love us, and we believe some of them do, and wish us well. But a great many do not; for they bring us whisky, which has been the ruin of us and our people. I can compare whisky to nothing but the devil; for it brings with it all kinds of evil. It destroys our happiness; it makes Indians poor; deprives our squaws and children of their food and clothing; makes us lie, steal, and kill one another. All these, and many other evils, it brings among us; therefore you ought not to bring it to us. You white people make it; you know its strength; we do not. But it is a great curse to your own people. Why not cease making

it? This is one argument used by wicked Indians against the good Book. If it is so good, say they, why do not all white men follow it, and do good? Another hinderance is, that white men cheat Indians; take their money, skins, and furs, for a trifle. Now, your good Book forbids all this. Why not, then, do what it tells you? Then Indians would do right, too. You say the Great Spirit loves all, white, red, and black men, that do right. Why do you, then, look at Indians as below you, and treat them as if they were not brothers? Does your good Book tell you so? I am sure it does not. Now, brothers, let us all do right; then our great Father will be pleased, and make us happy in this world, and after death we shall all live together in his house above, and always be happy.”

Then Between-the-Logs arose, and desiring to be heard, spoke as follows: “Will you have patience to hear me, and I will give you a history of religion among the Indians for some time back, and how we have been deceived. Our fathers had a religion of their own, by which they served God, and were happy before any white man came among them. They used to worship with feasts, sacrifices, dances, and rattles; in doing which they thought they were right. Our parents wished us to be good, and they used to make us do good, and would sometimes correct us for doing evil. But a great while ago the French sent us the good Book by a Roman priest, and we listened to him. He taught us that we must confess our sins,

and he would forgive them; that we must worship Lady Mary, and do penance. He baptized us with spittle and salt; and many of us did as he told us. Now, we thought, to be sure we are right. He told us to pray, and to carry the cross on our breasts. He told us also that it was wrong to drink whisky. But we found that he would drink it himself, and we followed his steps and got drunk too. At last our priest left us, and this religion all died away. Then we thought we would return to our fathers' religion again. So many of us left off getting drunk, and we began again to do pretty well. Then the Seneca Prophet arose, and pretended that he had talked to the Great Spirit, and that he had told him what Indians ought to do. So we heard and followed him. It is true, he told us many good things, and that we ought not to drink whisky; but soon we found that he was like the Roman priest—he would tell us we must not do things, and yet do them himself. So here we were deceived again. Then, after these cheats, we thought our fathers' religion was still the best, and we would take it up again and follow it.

“After some time the great Shawnee Prophet arose. Well, we heard him, and some of us followed him for awhile. But we had now become very jealous, having been deceived so often, and we watched him very closely, and soon found him like all the rest. Then we left him also; and now we were made strong in the religion of our fathers, and concluded to turn away from it no more. We made another trial to

establish it firmly, and had made some progress, when the war broke out between our father, the President, and King George. Our nation was for war with the King, and every man wanted to be a big man. Then we drank whisky, and fought; and, by the time the war was over, we were all scattered, and many killed and dead. But the chiefs thought they would gather the nation together once more. We had a good many collected, and were again establishing our Indian religion. Just at this time a black man, Stewart, our brother here, [pointing to him,] came to us, and told us he was sent by the Great Spirit to tell us the true and good way. But we thought that he was like all the rest; that he wanted to cheat us, and get our money and land from us. He told us of all our sins; showed us that drinking whisky was ruining us; that the Great Spirit was angry with us; and that we must leave off these things. But we treated him ill, and gave him but little to eat, and trampled on him, and were jealous of him for a whole year. We are sure, if the Great Spirit had not sent him, he could not have borne with our treatment.

“About this time our father, the President, applied to us to buy our lands, and we had to go to the great city to see him. When we came home our old preacher was still with us, telling us the same things; and we could find no fault or alteration in him. About this time he talked about leaving us, to see his friends; and our squaws told us that we were fools to let him go, for the great God had sent him,

and we ought to adopt him. But still we wanted to hear longer. They then told us what God had done for them by this man. So we attended his meeting in the council-house, and the Great Spirit came upon us so that some cried aloud, some clapped their hands, some ran away, and some were angry. We held our meeting all night, sometimes singing and sometimes praying. By this time we were convinced that God had sent him unto us; and then we adopted him, and gave him mother and children. About this time a few of us went to a great camp meeting near Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio, and were much blessed, and very happy. As soon as this work was among us at Sandusky, almost every week some preachers would come and tell us they loved us, and would take us and our preacher under their care, and give us schools, and do all for us that we wished. But we thought if they loved Indians so, why not go to the Senecas and Mohawks? They have no preacher; we have ours. Some told us that we must be baptized all over in the water, to wash away our sins. And now they said they cared much for us; but before Stewart came, they cared nothing for us. Now some of us are trying to do good, and are happy. We find no alteration in Stewart. But when others come, and our young men will not sit still, they scold; and we believe Stewart is the best man. Some of the white people that live among us, and can talk our language, say, 'The Methodists have bewitched you;' and that, 'it is all nothing but the works of

the devil; and the whites want to get you tamed, and then kill you, as they did the Moravian Indians on the Tuscarawas river.' I told them that if we were to be killed, it was time for us all to be praying. Some white people put bad things in the minds of our young Indians, and make our way rough." Between-the-Logs concluded his address by telling of the goodness of the Lord, and requesting an interest in the prayers of his people.

All commenced singing and praying—some in Indian and some in English; and the whole night was spent in these exercises. Just before day the Lord answered as by fire! O, what a joyful time was this! All seemed dissolved in love. In the morning we parted.

God has wrought a great work among this people. I think it was stated that about sixty of them had embraced Christianity. But there had been no regular society formed among them. I have been more lengthy in giving the reader an account of this meeting, because it was the first of the kind ever held among them.

At the close of the first year of brother Henkle's labor among the Wyandotts, they addressed the Ohio conference, to be held at Chillicothe, August, 1820.

At the close of public worship on Sunday, 16th of July, 1820, I addressed the Wyandotts, by the interpreter, as follows:

"MY FRIENDS, AND YOU, CHIEFS, IN PARTICULAR,—I have one word to say. I expect to meet our good

old chiefs and fathers in the Church at Chillicothe, before I come to see you again, and they will ask me how you come on in serving the Lord, and if you want them to keep sending you preachers any longer, to tell you the good word, or if you have any choice in preachers to come to teach you?"

In reply to these inquiries, the following answer was given:

"Our chiefs are not all here, and we must have all our chiefs and queens together, and they must all speak their minds, and then we will let the old father know."

They appointed to meet me at Negrotown, on Wednesday, on my return from Senecatown; and, having returned, I found them assembled and prepared to answer. On entering in among them, a seat was set in the midst of the room, and I was requested to take the seat, which I declined; but took my seat in their circle, against the wall, and directed the interpreter to take the middle seat, which was done. After a short silence I spoke: "Dear friends and brothers, I am thankful to find you all here, and am now prepared to hear your answer."

Mononcue, chairman and speaker for them all, answered:

"We let our old father know that we have put the question round which was proposed on Sunday evening in the council-house, and our queens give their answer first, saying:

"We thank the old father for coming to see us so

often, and speaking the good word to us, and we want him to keep coming and never forsake us; and we let him know that we love this religion too well to give it up while we live; for we think it will go bad with our people if they quit this religion; and we want our good brother Stewart to stay always among us, and our brother Jonathan, too, and to help us along as they have done. Next we let the old father know what our head chiefs and the others have to say. They are willing that the Gospel word should be continued among them, and they will try to do good themselves, and help others to do so too; but as for the other things that are mentioned, they say, we give it all over to our speakers; just what they say we agree to; they know better about these things than we do, and they may let the old father know their mind."

The speakers reply for themselves:

"We thank the fathers in conference for sending us preachers to help our brother Stewart, and we desire the old father to keep coming at least another year when his year is out; and we want our brother Armstrong to come as often as he can, and our brothers Stewart and Jonathan to stay among us and help us, as they have done; and we hope our good fathers will not give us up because so 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 fathers 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 reappointed at the conference held in Chillicothe, August, 1820.

We held regular quarterly meetings with them. Stewart continued his labors among 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 was but little done to improve the nation. Some held on their way, others were converted, and some returned to their former habits.

This was the first Indian mission under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the beginning of a saving work of God on the hearts of the aboriginals of our country, in the Mississippi Valley. The doctrine always taught, and the principle acted upon, were, that they must be first civilized before they can be Christianized. Hence, the Government and individual societies labored to civilize them, by teaching them the art of farming. But the labor was in vain. A man must be Christianized, or he never can be civilized. He will always be a savage till the grace of God makes his heart better, and then he will soon become civil and a good citizen. We labored to get these Indians to submit to have a school among them, on the manual labor principle, but could not succeed till July, 1821. On my way to Detroit, to a quarterly meeting, I pressed this subject upon them with great earnestness, by showing the benefits that must result to their children. Their hunting was now gone; they were pent up on a small tract of land, and must work, steal, or starve; the Church, the Government, and all, were waiting to afford them help; and they, in their last treaty, had made a reserve of one section of land for this purpose; and to delay, was to injure themselves and their children. They promised that they would give

me an answer when I should come back. They took the matter into careful consideration. They examined the whole ground with the utmost exactness, and matured it by frequent reviews. Accordingly, on my return, they presented me with an address, to carry to the conference, to be held at Lebanon, in August, 1821. The paper was read before the conference; was received with great cordiality, and promptly met with a hearty response, according to their wishes. The following is a copy :

“THE CHIEFS OF THE WYANDOTT NATION, IN COUNCIL ASSEMBLED AT UPPER SANDUSKY, TO THE HEAD MINISTERS AND FATHERS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, TO MEET AT LEBANON, OHIO :

“We, your Wyandott brethren, acknowledge former favors thankfully, and wish peace and health to attend you all. We further inform you, that lately our council have resolved to admit a missionary school to be established among us, at Upper Sandusky; and have selected a section of land for that purpose, at a place called Camp Meigs, where there is spring-water, and other conveniences; and all other necessary privileges that may be required for the furtherance of said school, shall be freely contributed, as far as our soil affords: Provided, the same does not intrude on any former improvements made by our own people, which are not to be intruded upon. Moreover, we will endeavor to supply the school with scholars of our own nation sufficient to keep it in action; and we will admit children of our white

friends who live among us. As to the number of scholars our people will furnish the school to commence with, we can not state. We are not sure of the number. We refer you to father Henkle, who can inform you more fully of the prospect, and the probable number which can be collected. But many more will, we hope, come in, especially if the children are boarded and clothed as our brethren have proposed; and if our teacher be a good and wise man, we may expect more children. We would further let the conference know, that we wish our teacher to be a preacher, that can preach and baptize our children, and marry our people—a man that loves our nation; that loves us and our children; one that can bear with our ignorance and weakness. And if conference sends a preacher, as we have requested, to be our schoolmaster, we think there will be no need of a traveling missionary to be continued among us, as we expect our house will be taken into Delaware circuit at conference, which is our request. And in hopes that our good and worthy fathers, and all that wish peace and prosperity to our nation, are well and doing well, and will always pray for us, and help us, by sending us good men and good counsel, we subscribe ourselves your humble fellow servants in our great and good Lord God Almighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.”

The above was signed by De-un-quot, Between-the-Logs, John Hicks, Mononcue, An-dau-you-ah, De-an-

dough-so, Ta-hu-waugh-ta-ro-de, all chiefs; and certified as being done in the presence, and by the interpretation of, William Walker, United States Interpreter, and Moses Henkle, sen., missionary.

I could not meet this council on my way back from Detroit, as there was a great rise in the streams from the incessant rain that had fallen. When I came to Muskalunge creek, on my way to Detroit, it was over its banks, and all the bottoms were covered with water. I came back to Lower Sandusky, and hired a Frenchman to pilot me through to Fort Meigs. With him I made the second attempt, but could not succeed. I then returned as far as Fort Ball, where I left my horse, and hired two young Indians to take me to Portland, in a bark canoe. We started about noon, and the Sandusky river being very full, our bark canoe went over the rapids almost with the swiftness of a bird. But when we got down to eddy water, which we reached a short distance below Lower Sandusky, we met schools of fish, called sheep-head; and they much annoyed us, by sticking fast to the bottom of our canoe. Once in awhile one of the Indians, who steered for us, would take his butcher-knife out of his belt, and slip down his arm into the water and stab one of them, and it would almost jump on board. But they not being good to eat, we cared not to take any of them. We had no provisions with us, and depended on killing deer. My comrades fired several times, but were not so fortunate as to kill any. Night came on, and we had no place to stop at till we got

down into the great marshes, at the mouth of the river. There was an old Frenchman, Poskill by name, that lived in this marsh, and caught muskrats. We arrived at his poor wigwam in the night, and found nothing to eat but muskrats, and no shelter scarcely. But O! the fleas and musketoos! This was one of the most disagreeable nights of my life. As soon as possible in the morning, we set sail, and soon got into the bay, which is twelve miles long, and from four to six broad. My Indians wanted me to take the middle chute; but the wind was blowing fresh from the east, and I knew if it got much higher, it would capsize our light vessel. So I prevailed on them to coast it round the shore, and often we had to run to the land, and pull our seam boat—as the Indians call it—out of the water and empty it. The wind increased as the day advanced, till, in doubling Nigro Point, opposite Goat Island, our canoe sank, about two hundred yards from the shore. We had now to swim, and take our canoe with us. When we reached the shore, it took us some time to empty and fix up again. We carried our boat across the Point, and soon set off again.

In the evening we reached our place of destination, hungry and much fatigued, having had nothing but two small cakes among three of us, for one day and a half. Next evening I got on board of the steamboat Walk-in-the-water, and on Saturday morning arrived at Detroit. Here I heard that brother Kent was sick at Fort Meigs, and I had to hold the

quarterly meeting alone, till it closed, on Monday morning.

There was a string of appointments made for me, up the River Rouge. I obtained a pony, and on Tuesday rode twenty-five miles, preached twice, and swam the river three times. I passed over to Ecorse river and Brownstown; got back to Detroit on Saturday; preached there on Sabbath; set sail on Monday for Portland; and on Tuesday hired an Indian's horse to ride to Lower Sandusky. The Indian, who accompanied me, was a little intoxicated. He ran before me, and would say to me, "Good horse." "Yes," I would answer. "How much you give?" I told him I did not want to buy; I had no money. He said, "You lie—you cheat Indian—you Kentucky." We had not traveled more than half the distance till we came across a camp of Indians that were drinking. Here my guide stopped to get a little more stimulus; but I rode on. I soon heard him yelling behind me; but I urged on his horse, and kept before him till I arrived at Lower Sandusky. When he came up, he said to me, "You rascal—you steal Indian's horse—you rascal—you Kentucky rascal." Here he abused me till I gave him half a dollar, which cooled him off. That evening I reached Fort Ball, and found my fine horse so eaten with flies and musketoës, that I could hardly get him home.

CHAPTER XI.

THE AUTHOR APPOINTED MISSIONARY TO THE
WYANDOTTS.

THE application of the Indian council for a resident missionary, and for the establishment of a permanent school among them, was received with great favor by the conference, and acted upon with great unanimity. I was appointed missionary.

There was no plan of operation furnished me, no provision made for the mission family, no house to shelter them, nor supplies for the winter; and there was only a small sum of money, amounting to two hundred dollars, appropriated for the benefit of the mission. However, I set about the work of preparation to move. I had a suitable wagon made, bought a yoke of oxen, and other things necessary—took my own furniture and household goods, and by the eighth of October was on my way. I had hired two young men, and one young woman, and sister Harriet Stubbs volunteered to accompany us as a teacher. These, with my wife and self, made the whole mission family.

We were eight days making our way out. Sixty miles of the road was almost impassable. From Markley's, on the Scioto, to Upper Sandusky, there

were but two or three cabins. But by the blessing of kind Providence, we arrived safe, and were received by all with the warmest affection. There was no house on the section of land we were to occupy; but by the kindness of brother Lewis, the blacksmith, we were permitted to occupy a new cabin he had built for his family. It was without door, window, or chinking. Here we unloaded, and set up our Ebenezer. The Sabbath following we held meeting in the council-house, and had a large congregation. Brother Stewart was present, and aided in the exercises. We had a good meeting, and the prospect of better times.

We now selected the place for building our mission house. It was on the spot called "Camp Meigs," where Governor Meigs had encamped with the Ohio militia, in time of the last war, on the west bank of the Sandusky river, about a mile below the post of "Upper Sandusky." On this very spot were buried many of my old acquaintances, and some of my youthful companions, who had died at this place. Here I had the following meditations: "My dear companions are gone. They died in the service of their country, in warring against their fellow-men. But I have come to make war on a different enemy, and under another Captain, and with different weapons. I, too, may fall in this conflict; but if faithful, it will be to rise again to certain victory."

We commenced getting logs to put us up a shelter for the winter. The first week, one of my hands left

me. A day or two after, while we were in the woods cutting down timber, a dead limb fell from the tree we were chopping, on the head of the other young man, so that he lay breathless. I placed him on the wagon, drove home half a mile or more, and then bled him before he recovered his senses. I now began to think that those were hard times. Winter was coming on, and my family exposed in an Indian country, without a house to live in. For years I had done but little manual labor. But the Lord blessed me with great peace in my soul. My worthy friend, George Riley, recovered from his hurt, and we both worked almost day and night, till the skin came off the inside of my hands. I took oak bark, boiled it, and washed my hands in the decoction, and they soon got well, and became hard. We built a cabin-house, twenty by twenty-three feet, and without door, window, or loft. On the very day that snow began to fall, we moved into it. The winter soon became extremely cold. We made a stable of one of the old block-houses for our cattle; and cut, hauled, and hewed logs to put up a double house, forty-eight feet long by twenty wide, a story and a half high. We hauled timber to the saw-mill, and sawed it ourselves into joists and plank, for the floors and other purposes. I think I can say that neither brother Riley nor myself sat down to eat one meal of victuals that winter, but by candle-light, except on Sabbath days. We always went to bed at nine, and rose at four o'clock in the morning, and by daylight we

were ready to engage in the business and toils of the day.

In addition to this I preached every Sabbath, and met class, attended prayer meeting once every week, and labored to rear up the Church. Brother Stewart assisted when he was able to labor, but his pulmonary affliction confined him the most of his time to the house, and I employed him to teach a small school of ten or twelve Indian children, at the Big Spring; for these people were so anxious to have their children taught, that they could not wait till preparations were made at the mission house, and they wanted to have a separate school by themselves. To this I would not agree; but to accommodate their wishes till we were ready at the mission house to receive their children, I consented that they might be taught at home.

On the first of January I was called to bury one of our little flock, an aged woman, the mother of Jaco, and aunt to Mononcue. She lived at the Big Spring reservation, fifteen miles from the mission house. On the Sabbath before her death I conversed with her about her future hopes. She rejoiced, and praised God that he had ever sent his ministers to preach Jesus to her and her people. "I have been trying," said she, "to serve God for years; but it was all in the dark, till the ministers brought the light to my mind, and then I prayed, and found my God precious to my poor soul. Now I am going soon to see him in his house above, and I want all my chil-

dren, and grandchildren, and friends, to meet me in that good world." She died a few days after, in great peace. I was sent for to go and bury her. Brother Riley and myself rode there in the night, and early in the morning commenced making the coffin. It was late before we could finish it, and, consequently, late before the funeral was over; but I think I shall never forget the scene. It was between sundown and dark when we left with the corpse. The lowering clouds hung heavily over us, and the virgin snow was falling. We entered a deep and lonely wood, four men carrying the bier, and the rest all following in Indian file. When we came to the burying-ground, the Indians stood wrapped up in their blankets, leaning against the forest trees in breathless silence, and all bore the aspect of death. Not one word was said while the grave was filling up; but from the daughter, and some of the grandchildren, now and then a broken sigh escaped. At last Mononcue broke out in the following strains: "Farewell, my old and precious aunt! You have suffered much in this world of sin and sorrow. You set us all a good example, and we have often heard you speak of Jesus in the sweetest strains, while the falling tears have witnessed the sincerity of your heart. Farewell, my aunt. We shall no more hear your tender voice, that used to lull all our sorrows, and drive our fears from us. Farewell, my aunt. That hand that fed us will feed us no more. Farewell to your sorrows: all is over. There your body must lie till the voice of the Son of God

shall call you up. We weep not with sorrow, but with joy, that your soul is in heaven." Then he said, "Who of you all will meet her in heaven?" This was a feeling and happy time, and we parted, I think, fully determined to die the death of the righteous. We rode home that night, fifteen miles, and felt greatly comforted in talking of the goodness of God and the power of his grace. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth."

In this mission there had not as yet been any regular formation of a Church. All was in a kind of national society; so that when any one did wrong, he left without any trial or censure; and any one came in and enjoyed the ordinances of the Church without any formal admission; and so they came and went at pleasure. I plainly saw this would not do. I therefore resolved to form them into classes, and bring them under proper discipline. When I proposed this at first it gave great offense to many, and there was much remonstrance against it. The putting their names on paper, and calling them to an account for their conduct, seemed too much like making slaves of them. But I labored hard with the chiefs and principal men, to show them the propriety of the measure, from the necessity of self-government, family government, and national government; and with them I succeeded in a good degree. I read our General Rules, and had them explained, and showed that the Bible and religion required that we must observe them; and knowing the great danger

they were in of being drawn away into sin by drink, I made one positive condition on their joining the Church, which was, that they must totally abstain from the use of ardent spirits; that I would not suffer any one to be in the society that tasted it on any occasion. This condition I found many objected to, and pleaded that if a man did not get drunk, it was no crime. I told them this was their greatest enemy, and had almost ruined their nation already, and I thought strange that any one should still plead for a little of this poison.

After laboring three months or more, to prepare the way, I proposed first at the Big Spring, to strike the line between those that were sincerely the lovers of God and the good Book, and those that were only the outer-court worshipers; and requested all that were determined to serve God and forsake all sin, to come forward and give me their names; and only *twenty* came forward, out of the many at this place that had professed to turn from their evil ways.

The next Sabbath we met for worship at the council-house, at Upper Sandusky, and I made the same proposition there, insisting on the rule of total abstinence from all kind of spirits that would make a man drunk. Here there were but *ten*, and among these were four of the chiefs—Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, Hicks, and Peacock, making thirty out of the whole nation. But I was not at all discouraged. I appointed leaders for these two classes, and their number increased almost every Sabbath. Many,

however, now left us altogether, and became our most violent opposers, and did all they could to prejudice the nation against me; but I held on to my purpose, for I well knew that if I relaxed, and they could make me stagger, that my influence with them was, in a great measure, at an end.

This opposition was urged on by a set of traders and whisky-sellers that had settled around the Indian reservation, for the purpose of making gain off them. These would occasionally attend our meetings; and I made this my opportunity of telling the Indians how wicked these traders were in selling them whisky and in making them drunk; then robbing their children and wives of what they ought to have to clothe and feed them. I knew it would have a better effect to tell the Indians of these men in their presence, than when they were absent, so that I never failed, when one of them was present, to lift my warning voice against them and their practices. For this they exerted all their malevolence against me; and they spared no pains to injure and oppose me. I was twice cautioned by my friends to be on my guard, for that there were two drunken, vagabond Indians employed to kill me; but I had no fear, my trust was in God.

The offense that was given to many by my forming classes, greatly strengthened the hopes of the heathen party; and the head chief organized his band afresh, and appointed Sci-oun-tah his high-priest. They met every Sabbath for meeting, and

their priest related great things of their Indian god; how he had commanded them not to forsake their feasts and dances, and not to have their names put down on paper, for this was a disgrace to an Indian; and he would not own those again that did it, but cast them off forever.

A few Sabbaths after I tried to preach from 2 Cor. iv, 3, 4: "But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not." 1. I described the Gospel as being a message from God, of good news and glad tidings to the world; showed what the tidings were: salvation to all that will obey. 2. I described the god of this world, the devil; and showed how he blinded the minds of men, and so concealed the light and truth of God's word from their minds.

When I concluded, Between-the-Logs arose and said, "I have just found out who this Indian god is. He is the devil, for he blinds the mind and hardens the heart, and makes me get drunk, and commit murder, and every evil. I prove this from the fact that the heathen party say that they serve their Indian god, and worship him, and do what he tells them. Now they all get drunk, and sometimes murder one another, and this in obedience to their Indian god! This is the conduct and practice of all wicked men—white, red, and black. They all serve the Indian god, and that god is the devil. Now, my friends, *our* God forbids all this evil, and we see and

feel its benefits here on earth, and shall feel them in heaven. That party has told you, if you set your name on paper, that this Indian god will cast you off forever. I could wish this was true; and although this is a public renouncing of him and his worship, yet we see he follows us still; and some, in a short time, have been persuaded to go back to him; but I feel determined, if all go, yet will not I. Since the light of God's word has driven darkness from my soul, I have joy and peace that I never felt before. A few weeks since, at a prayer meeting in this place, I received this full light. I had some before, but it was not clear till then. Now it is like the sun at noonday. Come, who will go? Who will take hold of God's word of peace? Let him get up, that we may see who you are, and how many." At this nearly all arose; and there was a powerful shaking. Brother Armstrong exhorted, and several joined the Church.

For some time our society did not increase fast in numbers, but grew in grace and firmness in religion. The classes were well and constantly attended, and much of the grace of God was enjoyed.

This winter one of the principal women, who was much opposed to the Gospel, was converted to God and Christianity. "One night, after being at meeting," she said, "I lay down to sleep, and dreamed that I saw, at the council-house, a high pole set in the ground, and on the top of that pole there was a white child fastened, and it gave light to all around,

in a circle. At the foot of the pole stood the missionary, calling the Indians to come into the light, for they were all in the dark. No one went. At last I thought, if it was a good thing it would not hurt me, and I would venture. So I went; and from the foot of this pole there were two roads started: the one was a broad road, and it led down hill; the other was a narrow one, and led up hill. These roads, he said, were the only two roads that lead out of this world. The broad one leads down to hell, and the other leads up to heaven. I looked in the dust, and saw that all the large moccasin tracks were on the broad road, and the small ones were on the narrow road. So I determined at once to take the narrow road. I had not traveled far till I found the way steep, and my feet often slipped, and I fell to my knees; but I held by the bushes, and got up again. So I traveled on for some time; but the higher I got, the easier I traveled, till I got almost to the top of the hill. There I saw a great white house, and a white fence around it. There was a large gate that led to this house. At this gate stood a man, and his hair was as white as snow. He held in his right hand a long sword, and the point of it blazed like a candle. I was greatly afraid. I heard in that house the most delightful singing I ever heard before, and had a great desire to go in. When I came up to the gate, the man spoke to me and said, 'You can not come in now. You must go back and tell all your nation, that if they want to get to

heaven they must take this narrow road, for there is no other that leads here.' Then I started back with a heavy heart; and when I got down near the council-house, I saw my people all in the way to ruin, and began to call on them to stop. Here I awoke." The next Sabbath this woman got up in the meeting, at the council-house, and told all she had seen in her dream; while she wept bitterly, and exhorted all the nation to turn to God and live. This had a good effect on many.

In February nearly all of the Indians went to the woods to trap, and make sugar. They seldom return from these expeditions till the first of April. I sent with them an appointment to meet them at Between-the-Logs's camp, on their hunting-ground, and hold a two days' meeting. About the first of March I left Upper Sandusky in company with brother Armstrong, as interpreter, and brother Mononcue, to attend this meeting. The morning was cold, and our course lay through a deep forest. We rode hard, hoping to make the camps before night; but such were the obstructions we met with, from ice and swamps, that it was late when we arrived. Weary with a travel of twenty-five miles or more through the woods, without a path or a blazed tree to guide us—and, withal, the day was cloudy—we were glad to find a camp to rest in. We were joyfully received by our friends, and the women and children came running to welcome us to their society and fires. The men had not all returned from hunting, though it was late.

But it was not long after we were seated by the fire, till I heard the well-known voice of Between-the-Logs. I went out of the camp, and helped down with two fine deer. Soon we had placed before us a kettle filled with fat raccoons, boiled whole, after the Indian style, and a pan of good sugar molasses. These we asked our heavenly Father to bless, and then each carved for himself, with a large butcher-knife. I took the hind-quarter of a raccoon, and holding it by the foot, dipped the other end in the molasses, and eat it off with my teeth. Thus I continued dipping and eating till I had pretty well finished the fourth part of a large coon. By this time my appetite began to fail me, and I was for leaving off, but my comrades said, "This is a fine fare, do not quit yet." So I took a little more; and thought it was a good meal, without bread, hominy, or salt.

Their winter hunting-camps are much more comfortable, and the scenery more pleasant, than those who have never seen them would imagine. They are built of poles, closely laid together, by cutting a notch in the upper part of the pole, and so laying the next one into it, and then stopping all the cracks with moss from the old logs. They are covered with bark, a hole being left in the middle of the roof for the smoke to go out at. The fire is in the center, and the beds are round three sides. These are raised from the earth by laying short chunks of wood on the ground, and covering them with bark laid lengthwise. On the bark is spread skins of some kind,

and these are covered with blankets. The beds are three feet wide, and serve also for seats. These camps are always pitched in rich bottoms, where the pasture is fine for horses, and water convenient. Around them you will often find a flock of domestic fowls, which are taken on horses from the towns for the purpose of getting their eggs; and to secure them from the dogs, which generally swarm around an Indian camp, the Indian women make baskets of bark, and drive down stakes into the ground, on which they hang their baskets. Perhaps there will be half a dozen on one stake, one above another; and from them they gather large quantities of eggs.

The troughs in which they catch their sugar-water, are made of bark, and hold about two gallons. They have a large trough, made like a bark canoe, into which they gather from the small ones. The women make the sugar, and stretch all the skins. The men trap and hunt.

One man will have, perhaps, three hundred raccoon traps, scattered over a country ten miles in extent. These traps are "dead falls," made of saplings, and set over a log which lies across some branch or creek, or that is by the edge of some pond or marshy place. In the months of February and March the raccoons travel much, and frequent the ponds for the purpose of catching frogs. When the raccoon has taken a frog, he does not eat it immediately, but will carry it to some clean water and wash it; then lay it down on the leaves, and roll it hither and thither with his

fore-feet, till it is entirely dead, and then he feasts on his prey.

The hunter generally gets round all his traps twice a week, and hunts from one to the other. I have known a hunter to take from his traps thirty raccoons in two days, and sometimes they take more. From three to six hundred is counted a good hunt for one spring, besides the deer, turkeys, and bears.

The bears, at this time of the year, are generally taken from the hollow trees or rocks, where they have lain for a month or two. During the winter these animals sleep, with little intermission, for three months, and receive no nourishment, except what they suck out of their paws. I have taken them out of their holes, when there has been from one to two gallons of clear oil in the intestines, and nothing else that could be perceived by the naked eye. In hunting bears at this season, the Indians search for them in the hollow trees and rocks. When they find a tree that looks likely to lodge a bear, they examine the bark to see if one has gone up. If there are fresh signs, and the scratches are not long, but just sunk in, this is a good sign. But if there are long marks made with the hind feet, it is supposed that he has been up and come down again. And if the thing is doubtful, they cut a brush, and with it scrape the tree on the side opposite the hole, and cry like a young bear; and if there be one inside, he will either come and look out, or make a noise so as to be heard. If it is ascertained that there is one inside,

then, in order to get him out, one climbs up a tree that is convenient; or, if there is not such a one, they cut one so as to lodge it near the hole. Then he fastens a bunch of rotten wood to the end of a pole, sets it on fire, and slips it off the end of his pole into the hollow of the tree, where it soon sets fire to the rotten wood. At first, the bear begins to snuff and growl, and strike with his fore-feet, as if he would put it out. But the fire, steady in its progress, soon routs him, and he comes out in great wrath. By this time the Indian is down, and has taken the most advantageous position with his rifle, and when the bear is fairly out, he fires at him. If he does not succeed at the first shot, his comrade fires, while he reloads; and so they keep up the fire till Bruin yields up his life.

These animals seldom have more than two young ones at a time. The cubs are small at first, without hair, blind, and exceedingly ugly. The dam is very careful of them, and will fight desperately to protect them, and is very dangerous when the cubs are either taken or wounded. Young bears are easily tamed, but they are very troublesome, and of no profit. Their flesh is most delicious, and is found to be very healthy, and easy of digestion. The oil of a bear, fattened on beech-nuts, is the most diffusive and penetrating of all oils. The Indians eat it till their skins become as greasy as if it had been rubbed on externally. It is preserved for summer use, by frying it out, and putting it into a cured deer-skin, with the

hair grained off when the skin is green. Deer-meat is sliced thin, and dried over the fire, till it can be easily pounded in a mortar. This, mixed with sugar, and dipped in bear's oil, is the greatest luxury of an Indian table. This, with corn parched in a kettle and pounded to meal, then sifted through a bark sieve, and mixed with sugar, makes the traveling provision of an Indian in time of war.

But to return to my meeting. We arrived at the hunting-camps on Friday morning. This night was mostly spent in laboring with an Indian man, who was of the heathen party, and a brother to An-daw-yaw-wa, the chief of the Beaver tribe, and called by the whites, James Washington. Brother Armstrong commenced, and was soon aided by Between-the-Logs, and the chief, his brother. Some matters were occasionally referred to me, which I decided and explained. At length I lay down and fell asleep. I awoke two or three times during the night, and found them still at the controversy; and he yielded so far as to make trial of prayer during the meeting.

Next morning you would have been pleased to hear the voice of singing from many tents, and then the fervent prayer of all for the presence and power of God. Many came in this morning, and pitched their tents. At 11 o'clock we commenced our worship, at a fire kindled for that purpose, in the open air. I tried to preach, and Mononcue exhorted; and the Lord was with us of a truth.

In the evening we had a congregation of about one

hundred and fifty. I took for my subject the narrow and broad ways—the one that leads to life, and the other to death. I showed that there were but two places in the other world, to hold all people—the one a place of punishment for the wicked, and the other a place of happiness for all the good; the one was hell, and the other heaven; and that the broad way led to hell, and the narrow way to heaven; that the broad way was just as wide as sin, and that all sinners were walking in it; that a man might commit any kind of sin, and still be in it; that it led down hill, and men went fast, and with some ease, because it was agreeable to a wicked heart. But the road to heaven was narrow; for it was restricted from sin, and those that walk in it must forsake all sin, and keep God's holy commandments; and this would be a great cross to the flesh, but that they would at last reap the benefit of having served God. This discourse was much blessed, I have no doubt; and our Indian exhorters made a firm and successful application of it. We then called up the mourners, and had a glorious time. Some that never before had prayed, now came forward, and some professed to be converted.

On Sabbath morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we held our love-feast. This was a morning never to be forgotten. Only a few had spoken, till it seemed as if every cup was full and running over. Some wept; some exhorted their wicked friends to flee the wrath to come; while others shouted, "O-ra-mah!

O-ra-mah! Ho-men-de-zue!" Glory! glory! be to the Great Spirit! Some professed to be reclaimed, and some converted to God.

At 11 o'clock I preached again, on the kingdom of Christ, and the power of his Gospel in ages past; of the persecutions and triumphant death of the righteous, and of the glory that would yet come. This was, most of it, new to them, and deeply interesting. Their souls were strengthened with might in the inner man. Our night meeting I gave up to brother Armstrong, and the Indian exhorters, and they managed it in their own way. I believe it lasted all night. In the morning I took several into society; and at 11 o'clock they almost all went off to their several hunting-camps.

This meeting was a great blessing. I made strict inquiry how they attended to their duties in the woods, such as family and private prayer, and especially how they spent the Sabbath? Whether on that day they looked after their traps, or made sugar, or gathered the water? But I found that all their duties were most sacredly attended to; and on the Sabbath, as many as could, came together, and sung, and prayed, and held class meeting. I remained a day longer, and then returned to my station.

On our way to the mission we held a meeting in a new settlement of whites, on Tyamochte creek, in the house of Mr. Carpenter. Here we had a good meeting. These people seemed anxious to hear the word

of life. After I had tried to preach, brother Mononcue gave an appropriate exhortation, which was interpreted by brother Armstrong. Mononcue spoke of the former wars and bloodshed that had taken place between them. "But now," said he, "the scene is changed. The scalping-knife and tomahawk are now buried, not only in practice, but God has taken away the disposition out of my heart, and I hope out of yours also. Now you are my neighbors; I want to live in love and peace, and to be helpers to one another for both worlds, that we may live in our heavenly Father's house forever. But one thing must be done, if this is the case. You, my friends, must leave off bringing your water of death, [meaning whisky,] and selling to my people, or we never can live in peace, for wherever this comes, it brings fire and death with it; and if you will still give or sell it to Indians, it will take away all their senses; and then, like a mad bear, they may turn round and kill you, or some of your squaws and 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, fight, 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, “I’ll meet you there.” Then holding out his hand to all that would meet him, some came and took hold, weeping; sinners trembled, and God was in the word. This place was afterward taken into Delaware circuit, and made a preaching-place, and many souls were converted to God.

At different times in March and April, all our Indians got home from their hunting-grounds. I now commenced laboring to bring all that would join with the classes under proper government. I had formed one at the Big Spring reservation, and another at the mission house. This was the most difficult thing I had yet undertaken. I used to spend whole days in reading and expounding the Discipline to the leaders and the stewards.

The official members were four exhorters, four leaders, two to each class, and three stewards. When they would get to understand a part of the Discipline, they would communicate this part to their classes. I was asked by one of them, one day, why we white people had so many laws—a law for every thing? Why can not we go along and do good without laws? I told him that without law there was no good or bad; that without law we could not know when we were doing good or evil, but were left all the time in the dark. How, said I, would we do without the sun or the light of it? How could we see in the dark? “It would be very bad,” said he. “The sun points out all things around us, and helps us against our enemies and dangers.” The law, then, is like the sun; it tells us what is right and what is wrong; it shows us what we must do to be happy, or if we do it not we must be miserable; it makes the road to heaven very plain. Although it is a narrow way, yet it is made plain by the law; and all that will may walk in it, and not stumble or fall. How

would you know it was wrong to get drunk and murder if the law did not tell you so? How would you know it was right to pray, and if you did pray, that God would hear you and bless you, if the law did not tell you so? But suppose one steps out of the road to heaven, and gets drunk, what must we do? Why, this Discipline tells us what to do with him, and all others that sin against God. We must first try to get them to repent and forsake sin altogether, and if they will not, we must then turn them out, and let them go with their old companions.

I tried to show them the reasons of law, and that it was right, and the duty of a father to prevent his children from running into danger, and to prevent them from doing evil to others. And if they would not take his counsel, it was his duty, for their good, to correct them, and make them obey; and if they were disposed to do injury to others, it was his duty to restrain them and protect the innocent and weak from being injured by them; and that to feed a child, and to correct it properly, came alike from the same spirit of love: it was intended for good. Just so God governed us out of love. He forbade us to sin, but would punish us for it if we committed it; and if we would not forsake it, he would banish us to hell forever.

When our official men became acquainted with their duty, they were very punctual, and strict in watching over one another. I recollect well, that, at the last quarterly meeting we held this year, in the examina-

tion of characters, I called the name of one of the chiefs, who was a leader, and asked if there was any thing against him. One rose, and said, "I heard that he cut wood on Sabbath evening." He answered, "Yes, I did, on one occasion; but it was last winter, and it was exceedingly cold, and I thought I must freeze or cut wood, and I chose the latter; but I do not think there was much harm in that." I then asked him where he was the day before the Sabbath. He said he was abroad. I asked him if his business was not such that he could have been at home if he had tried. "O yes," said he, "it was not very pressing." I then said, I think your neglect on Saturday made you break the Sabbath. You ought to recollect the Sabbath is the Lord's day entirely, and he has commanded us not to do our own work. He then said, "I will remember this, and do so no more."

The next was accused with having sold a pound of sugar on the Sabbath. He confessed the charge to be true; but said that he had forgotten entirely that it was the Sabbath, and he would do so no more.

Another was accused of neglecting his class as a leader; that he spent too much of his time in the woods hunting, and neglected his work; that he was too worldly to lead people in the way to God; that a leader ought always to keep his eyes fixed on God and the road to heaven, and walk in it, for if he stepped out of the way, his flock would all follow him—then he must look to his feet.

Another was accused of being too dirty in his

clothing. "Look at his shirt," said his accuser, "it looks as if it had never been washed. Now, if I know any thing about religion it is a *clean thing*. It certainly has made our women more particular, and nice in their persons. They now work, and clean themselves and their houses, and all looks as if religion had been at that house. And if religion cleanses the inside, will it not the outside? That brother is too dirty to be a leader of a clean religion. Look at his head—it has not been combed, nor his face washed. I give it as my opinion, if that brother does not mend in this he must be no longer a leader. We must set some better example before our people." The accused rose and said that he had no wife, and that he was a poor hand to wash, and could not get it done; but hoped to do some better. His accuser said, "Your want of a wife is no excuse. We have women enough in our nation that have no husbands, and feel themselves lost for want of a head. They would marry if asked, and will make wives good enough for any of us; but some of our men are afraid to get wives now; they can not throw them away when they please, but must now stick to them. Our women do not now cultivate our corn, cut our wood, and do all our work as they used to do. This falls on ourselves; and I am afraid there are some who are too lazy to provide for their wives, and would rather live dirty, and lounge about other people's houses, than to work a little." This was a word in season, and had the desired effect; for in a week or

two I was called on to marry my old brother; and afterward he appeared like a man that had a wife.

Through the spring our religious prospects improved; the nation became much more attentive to hear the word; our leaders and exhorters grew in grace, and became better acquainted with the plan of salvation.

The heathen party made every exertion, however, to keep up their old Indian religion, and were much encouraged to do so by the counsel of the wicked traders and venders of spiritous liquors. Many things were circulated among them unfavorable to religion, the Bible, and to ministers. The heathen party were encouraged to drink, and all advantages were taken of their intoxication to cheat them out of their property. Great exertions were made by them to put down those chiefs, and their influence, that had embraced religion; but this was not easily done. At length they made use of stratagem for that purpose, and no doubt they were induced so to do by designing white men. It was stated to our chiefs that, as they had now become religious and preachers, it was wrong for them to hold civil offices; and that, as they had now engaged in a new business, of a holy nature, they ought to give them up.

Some time in June we went, and many of the Indians with us, to a camp meeting on Delaware circuit, held by the Rev. G. R. Jones and others. On the second day of this meeting, the Indian chiefs, Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, and Hicks, took me into

the woods, and, by the interpreter, asked my advice on the subject; whether it was incompatible with a religious life, and the life of an exhorter, to hold a civil office. I told them it was the good men who ought to hold office, for it was the man that feared God, only, that was likely to be governed by proper motives in this great work; that the greatest chief we ever had in America—WASHINGTON—was a good man; and that the first governor of our state—Dr. Tiffin—was a Methodist preacher; and the world had always done best under good kings and governors. They then asked me if it was right for them to be chiefs and exhorters too. I told them it was; and asked, “What will now become of this nation, and your school and mission, if you give up your authority into the hands of the savage party? Will not drunkenness abound, and your nation go into ruin? You have hard work, with all your authority and wisdom, to get along now; and what will it be if you give it up? Wicked white men will manage and govern your wicked Indians, for they will go together, and you will soon be driven from your homes.” They said they plainly saw it; but were told that, as religious men, they must lay down the one when they took up the other. I told them it was a trick of some wicked men to get the power out of their hands; that they must do as they pleased, but that they should by no means think of giving up their place as chiefs in the nation. After counseling with one another, they sent me word that they

would hold on, and relinquish none of their rights and prerogatives.

This camp meeting was a good one. Some of the savage party were convinced and converted, and nine of them joined society. The Sabbath following was quarterly meeting at the mission. The Sun of righteousness rose upon us, with healing in his wings. We met on Saturday, about noon. Some had collected, and encamped on the ground. We commenced by preaching, and afterward a prayer meeting was held. By the time of the evening meeting, our company had increased to several hundreds. This was a solemn and impressive scene. The tents were stretched around to the number of sixty or seventy. The dim light of the Indian fires; and tinkling of the numerous horse-bells—for almost every Indian has a horse, and every horse a bell—the horses feeding on the blue grass plain; the candles fixed on sticks stuck in the ground; the light reflecting from the green boughs that hung over us; the soft and mellow voices of three or four hundred Indians, rising and seemingly filling the blue vault with heavenly echoes; and the grove made vocal with the praises of the Great Spirit, formed a scene delightfully interesting and sublime. Here the red men prostrated themselves, and, in fervent prayer to God, called for mercy, in the name of “Shasus”—Jesus—while others, with hearts filled with penitential sorrow, cried with loud voices, “Ta-men-tare, ta-men-tare! Ho-men-de-zue!” (Take pity on us, take pity on us, O Great

Spirit!) After preaching an exhortation was given, when we called up mourners, and many came whose faces were suffused with tears. This meeting lasted nearly all night. On Sabbath morning was our love-feast, which commenced with great solemnity and fervent prayer. After the bread and water were distributed, we commenced speaking of the goodness of God; and I am sure this scene can not be described. Here I fully 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, till 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, "O-ra-mah, o-ra-mah! Ho-men-de-zue!" (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 a 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, till 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
ver 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 grandchildren; 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 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 much pleased; and though our success was doubted by some, at the commencement of this work, I now found that we could have as many as could be accommodated.

In the mean time, we were not inattentive to the improvement of the farm. Arrangements were made to build a double house, forty-eight feet long, by thirty-two feet wide, including the porches. The materials for this building brother Riley and myself prepared through the winter; and by spring we had all ready on the ground, except lime. We commenced putting up the building, and by the last of July it

was nearly finished. We now prepared to burn lime; and in this work I labored too hard, frequently having to pull off my shirt, and wring the sweat out of it. Here I laid the foundation of much future suffering. On the 14th of July, the day I was forty years old, I was taken sick, for the first time in my life.

My wife was taken sick the next day, with the same complaint, and no physician was near to prescribe for us, nor scarcely any medicine wherewith to relieve ourselves. There were but two girls and brother Riley to take care of us. For two weeks I lay in this situation; and I do not believe my fever abated in the least degree. It was expected we should both die; and my dear wife was speechless for some time. One of the girls said to me, "Your wife is dying." I rose from the bed to take my farewell. Some of the Indians were standing at the door. I said to her, "Are you happy in God? Do you feel that you are near your home? I expect to follow you in a day or two; and then, glory be to God, we shall cease from our labors, and our souls will be at rest." I saw, by her eyes and countenance, that her soul was happy. The big tears rolled down her pale and death-like cheeks. At length the love of God in her soul so overcame the weakness of her body, that she began to whisper, "Glory! Glory!" She spoke louder and louder, till you could have heard her ten rods. We all caught the fire, and I too shouted aloud. Brother Riley, the girls, and the

Indians, came in, and brother Gray-Eyes ran and fell down at the bedside, and shouted, "Glory to God!" O what a heaven we had here in the midst of our sickness! I felt that if it had been the will of God, I should like to die.

From this time my wife began to mend a little, but my fever continued. At midnight I called up brother Riley, and requested him to go to the spring, and bring me two buckets of cold water. This he did, and I got him to pour them slowly upon me, and then to wet a sheet and put it on my head, and pour cold water on it plentifully. This application, with the blessing of God, was the first thing that gave me relief, and cooled my fever. The next day Dr. Sabin came from Urbana, and most affectionately waited on us several days. But it was a long time—not till some time in the fall—before we fully recovered.

Stewart was my colleague in this work, all this year; and although he was deeply afflicted, yet he did what he could. Some of the wicked whites had prevailed on the Indians, the fall I was appointed to the mission, to turn him away, and not to have him as their preacher. They said that as he was a colored man, the whites would not have him preach for *them*, although they considered him good enough to teach *Indians*; and that it was a degradation to the nation to have a colored man for their preacher. And, indeed, they had nearly gone so far as to discharge him in form. But when I came I told them it would never do. He was their first teacher, and all good

white men would look upon them as ungrateful; and further, that John Stewart had been appointed to help me, and if they sent him away, they must send me also. I heard no more of this; but it seemed as if the devil and his agents could not be quiet.

The next report that was put in circulation was, that we had come and entered into Stewart's labors, and had thrown him off without any support. Nothing was ever more false. The first appropriation that was made to brother Stewart, was money to purchase a horse, and to pay for clothing he had bought. This was made in 1820, besides which he received many presents from friends in and about Urbana. He married that year a woman of his own color, and wished to have a place of his own. The venerable Bishop M'Kendree, of blessed memory, collected one hundred dollars, to purchase a fraction of land adjoining the Indian reservation, of upward of sixty acres, on which there were some improvements made by the Indians. This money was remitted to me, and was paid for Stewart's land; so that the patent was obtained in his own name.

Thus, through the Bishop and his friends, John had, in the spring of 1821, a good farm given to him; and I was ordered, by Bishop M'Kendree, to furnish his family with provisions, which I did, when I could get them for myself; and so I continued to do, as much as he would take. I mention this to show the world that the statement was unfounded. On this place John Stewart resided till he died; and

then his wife and brother sold it, and appropriated the money to their own use.

As soon as the health of my wife would admit, we started for the settlement; and after much and deep affliction, we reached Urbana, and were kindly received by our friends, brother Reynolds and wife, and many others. This year our annual conference was held in the town of Marietta. Three of our chiefs were appointed, by the quarterly meeting conference, to attend the annual conference, and they were conducted there by Jacob Hooper. It was with great difficulty that I reached it; and had it not been for the kindness of brothers A. W. Elliott, Wright, and Strange, I could not have proceeded. They once took me out of the carriage; and laid me on the ground to die. Brother Elliott took off his hat, and brought me a little water from a small stream, to cool my parched mouth; and my good brother Wright staid and conveyed me to the place where conference met.

Three chiefs, as above stated, and an interpreter—William Walker, jr.—attended the conference, held August, 1822. The following is the address of Between-the-Logs, followed by those of Hicks and Mononcue, as delivered to the conference, interpreted by the interpreter, and taken down as uttered, by Rev. Cornelius Springer, secretary of the conference:

“Brothers, we have all met here in peaceful times, and feel happy to see you all well; and your business seems to go on in good order and peace. This being

the day appointed to hear us speak on the subject of our school and mission, which you have established among us, we think it proper to let you know that when our father, the President, sent to us to buy our land, and we all met at Fort Meigs, that it was proposed that we should have a school among us, to teach our children to read; and many of the chiefs of our nation agreed that it was right, and that it was a subject on which we ought to think. To this, after consulting, we all consented. But Government has not yet sent us a teacher. Brothers, you have, and we are glad and thankful the mission and school are in a prosperous way, and we think will do us much good to come. Many ministers of the Gospel have come to us in our land, who seemed to love us dearly, and offered to send us ministers and teachers to establish missions and schools among us; but we always refused, expecting Government would send us some, which they promised to do, and which was most consistent with the wishes of our chiefs. But when you sent us our first brother to preach, we were pleased, and listened with attention. Then when you sent us our good brother Finley, we rejoiced, for we all thought he was a good man, and loved our nation and children, and was always ready to do us good; and when he moved out, all our chiefs received him with joy, and our people were all very glad. Brothers, we are sorry to tell you that it is not so now. Since that time some of the chiefs have withdrawn their warm love, and this influences others to do so

too. Brothers, they have not done as well as we expected, and we feel astonished at the conduct of our chiefs—they have backslidden. But there are some of us yet in favor of this mission, if the rest have gone backward; and we still wish to have the mission continued, and school also. Though the chiefs have mostly left us, yet there are four faithful ones among us, [Between-the-Logs, Hicks, Mononcue, and Peacock.] Brothers, we know the cause why they have withdrawn. It was the words of the Gospel. Brothers, it is too sharp for them—it cuts too close. It cuts all the limbs of sin from the body, and they don't like it; but we [meaning the other four] are willing to have all the limbs of sin cut from our bodies, and live holy. We want the mission and school to go on, and we believe that the great God will not suffer them to fall through; for, brothers, he is very strong, and this, brothers, is our great joy. The wicked that do not like Jesus, raise up their hands, and do all they can to discourage and destroy the love of the little handful; and with their hands they cover over the roots of wickedness. But, brothers, they may do all they can to stop it—the work will go on and prosper, for the great God Almighty holds it up with his hand. When you placed Mr. Finley among us, in our own country, we rejoiced; and we have been much pleased with his living among us ever since. He is a plain man. He does not flatter our people. He preaches plain truth. He says to them, this is the way to life, and this is the way to

damnation. Brothers, we suppose this is the reason why some have turned enemies to our brother; but he pleases all those who are willing to serve God, and love his ways; therefore, we have nothing to fear concerning the mission and school. They are built on a solid rock, and look like prospering. For our parts, we have no learning, and we are now getting old, and it is hardly worth our while to trouble ourselves about learning now; but we want very much our children learned, and we hope our school and mission will do great good for them."

Here Between-the-Logs stopped, and John Hicks arose and said, "Brothers, I feel great thanks toward our heavenly Father, for keeping us and bringing us here. Not long ago one of my brethren asked me my opinion of the school. I told him I would send all my children, for this reason: Not a great while ago, I stood in darkness, and knew but little of God, and all that I did know was dark; so that I could not see clear. But I heard our brethren preach out of the good Book of God. This word waked up my mind, and cut my heart. Brothers, it brought me to pray, and seek, and love the great God of heaven and his way. This is the reason I want my children to learn to read the great Book of God, and understand it, and get religion, that they may be happy in this world and the next. Brothers, I don't want to be long on the subject, but will let you know that I am of the same opinion with my brother that spoke before me, with respect to our brother Finley. I

hope you will still continue him with us. He has done us much good. He has been the means of converting souls; so that many bad men have become good men, and very wicked sinners have turned to the Lord, and now keep his good words. May the Great Spirit keep him among us, and greatly bless his labors!"

Then he took his seat, and brother Mononcue spoke as follows: "Brothers, I have not much to say. You see us all three here to-day, in health and peace, for which we are very thankful to God. You will not expect much from me on the subject of the mission and school, as my brothers have spoken before me all that is necessary. I wish just to say, we want our brother Finley still to live among us. For my part, last year I expected he would come among us, and it turned out so, and I was very glad, and I am still much pleased with him. The conference made a good choice—it was our choice—and the good Spirit was pleased to give it to us. He has a particular manner of teaching and preaching to us, different from other teachers who have been among us; and God owns and blesses his labors. May he still go on and prosper! We want him among us still. I know that the words that he speaks are of God. When he preaches, I feel his truth in my heart—in my soul: O, brothers! it makes my soul happy. All of us want him with us. His life among us is very useful, because it is straight. He was very industrious all the time he has been with us,

and learns our people to work; and since he has left us, we have been lost, though it has been but a few days. We have felt as if our oldest brother was taken from us, and the place where he lived all looked sorry. But what feelings of joy did we feel in our hearts when we met our brother at this place, and took him by the hand! We thank the almighty God who has spared our brother. The great objection that our chiefs have against our brother Finley is: A colored man that preached to us used to feed them on milk. This they liked very well; but our brother Finley fed them on meat. This was too strong for them, and so they will not eat. But those that want to love God and his ways, could eat both milk and meat. It does well with us, and we feel always hungry for more." After requesting the conference to employ a steady interpreter for the use of the school and Gospel, he sat down.

Bishop M'Kendree replied in substance as follows: "We are glad—we are exceedingly joyful, to see this day; for we have long been anxious to see the time when our red brethren of the west would embrace religion. Our joy is abundantly increased when we see you face to face, and hear the Gospel from your own mouths. We are well disposed toward you. In us you have real friends; and you may be well assured that our kindness will be continued. We will make every exertion possible to educate and instruct your children. These men [alluding to the conference] are not the only friends you have. You

have many throughout the country in general. In the great cities the white people feel for their red brethren, and are forming societies to send them help. The Great Spirit has come, not only on the old men, but also on the little children. In Baltimore there is a society formed for the purpose of sending help to educate your children. If you will stand by us we will stand by you. We will unite with you in prayer for your success, and for the conversion of your brethren who have backslidden and left you; and if you continue faithful, God will convince them, and they will return to you again. But in all this let us look up to God for success."

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO NEIGHBORING TRIBES.

THE conference for 1822 was held in August, at Marietta. Such was the state of my own health and that of my wife, that it was doubtful whether we could return to the mission. I was, therefore, appointed to the Lebanon district, and also made superintendent of the mission. The understanding was, that if my health was recovered, I should be released from the district, and return to the mission.

In the mean time, Rev. Charles Elliott was appointed missionary, and also to take charge of the school. He arrived at the mission house on the 1st of October, and immediately entered upon his labors. The school increased rapidly, and soon became so large that it became necessary to employ a male and female teacher. Accordingly, the services of William Walker, who belonged to the nation, and could speak the language, and of sister Lydia Barstow, were secured. I also raised a supply of clothing for the children, enough to make them comfortable till spring.

This winter the work of God commenced in the mission family, and many of the children embraced religion. It was not unusual for them, in the evening,

to sing and pray together, and sometimes they would meet each other in class meeting. Before they lay down to sleep I have stood in the evening, and heard them in the bushes at secret prayer, and so much engaged that they would break into shouts. First one, and then another, would go and join in singing; and others collecting together with them, they would have a prayer meeting. Sister Barstow was well calculated to watch over and teach them in their spiritual interests, and frequently held prayer and class meetings with them. Wm. Walker, the teacher, sought and found the Lord, and became very zealous in the cause. We formed a class at the mission house of the children, boys and girls, and appointed him leader. While God thus blessed us at home, the work spread through the nation, and our meetings were almost every one crowned with the conversion of souls, so that the society grew from sixty-five to upward of two hundred.

Circumstances made it necessary for me to leave the district, and stay all the time at the mission. To supply its wants, brother Elliott spent much of his time in making collections abroad.

The prosperity of the Church excited a great opposition in the heathen party, so that we had some long combats on the subject of religion. Bloody-Eyes, the brother of Between-the-Logs, went to his brother's house one day to kill him for departing from their Indian religion. He seized him by the hair, and stood with his tomahawk drawn, while Be-

tween-the-Logs said, "Brother, have I done you any harm? Am I not as kind to you as ever I was? If you will kill me for loving you and my God, you may, but I will not hurt you; and I know if you do kill me, I shall go straight to heaven, for I feel the love of God now in my soul." This caused Bloody-Eyes to desist, saying, "I will give you one year to think and turn back;" and so he left him. Some time after this Between-the-Logs sent for me one evening. I went, and, to my surprise, found there his brother, Bloody-Eyes, the interpreter, and another person. After supper, and a smoke of the pipe of peace, he commenced on the subject of religion, and soon got the old man and myself engaged in a conversation which lasted till nine o'clock next day. He agreed that he would try and reform his life, and seek the salvation of his soul. This he did, joined society, and died afterward in great peace.

The head chief, De-un-quot, and his party, at one time, came on Sabbath to the council-house, where we held our meetings, dressed up and painted in real savage Indian style, with their head bands filled with silver bobs, their head-dress consisting of feathers and painted horse hair. The chief had a half moon of silver on his neck before, and several hangings on his back. He had nose-jewels and earrings, and many bands of silver on his arms and legs. Around his ankles hung many buck-hoofs, to rattle when he walked. His party were dressed in a similar style. The likenesses of animals were painted on their

breasts and backs, and snakes on their arms. When he came in, he addressed the congregation in Indian style, with a polite compliment; and then taking his seat, struck fire, took out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking. Others of his party followed his example. I knew this was done by way of opposition, and designed as an insult. Soon after I took my text—John v, 16: “Wilt thou be made whole?” I spoke of the diseases of man’s soul, and showed from history the injustice of one nation to another; the treatment of the white people to the natives of North and South America; the conduct of man to his brother, and his abuse of himself, his drunkenness and degradation. I then told them that all the good we have comes from God, and that he would make us happy; but that we, from the badness of our hearts, use these blessings to our own hurt; and that all evil 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 can not; and what he has said, will do for white men, but with us it has nothing to do. Once, in the days of our grandfathers, 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 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 frightened, 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 gon-dee,*" that is, *true or right*; and seemed to think they had won the victory.

As soon as he sat down, I arose and said, "Our grandfather is a great man—he is an able warrior, a great hunter, and a good chief in many things; and in all this I am his son. But when it comes to matters of religion, he is my son, and I am his father. He has told us a long and queer story. I wonder where he obtained it? He may have dreamed it, or

he has heard some drunken Indian tell it; for you know that drunkards always see great sights, and have many revelations, which sober men never have.' (Here my old friend, Mononcue, said, "*Tough gon-dee.*") "But my friend, the head chief, is mistaken about his gods; for if it requires a god for every color, there must be many more gods. This man is black—pointing to Pointer—I am white, and you are red. Who made the black man? where is *his* God? This book tells you and me that there is but *one* God, and that he made all things, and all nations of the earth of *one blood*, to dwell together; and a strong evidence is, that the difference of color is no obstacle to generation. God has diversified the color of the plants. Go to the plains and see how varied they are in their appearance. Look at the beasts; they are of all colors. So it is with men. God has given them all shades of color, from the jet black to the snow white. Then your being a red man, and I a white man, is no argument at all that there are two Gods. And I again say, that this book is true in what it states of man having a bad heart, and being wicked; and that my friend has a proud heart, is evident from his dress, and painting himself. God made me white, and that man black. We are contented. But my friend does not think the Great Spirit has made him pretty enough—he must put on his paint to make himself look better. This is a plain proof that he is a proud man, and has an evil heart." Seeing that the chief was angry, I said,

“My grandfather will not get angry at his son for telling him the truth, but he might if I had told him a lie.”

He then rose, considerably excited, saying, “I am not angry; but you can not show in all your book where an Indian is forbid to paint. You may find where white people are forbid, but you can not show where an Indian is.” I then arose, and read from the third chapter of Isaiah, at the sixteenth verse, and told him that these people were not white men, as the Americans, and yet were forbidden to use those foolish ornaments. He arose and said I had not read it right. I then handed the book to one of the Mr. Walkers, and he read and interpreted it, so that the old man was at last confounded, and said no more.

Then Between-the-Logs rose, and said, “I am glad that this day has come, and we have all heard for ourselves.” Then turning to the head chief, he addressed him thus: “You ought to examine your religion well, and see that it be true; for if you are lost, you will take with you all these men, and many others. The strength and truth of religion are known by its fruits. Has your religion made you better men? I know the strength of both. I followed yours to the end, and it never did me any good; but I still was a bad man, with a bad heart. I have tried the religion of this book. I have prayed to God as it told me, and he has answered me from heaven, and made my heart better. I have ceased getting drunk, and laid aside all other bad practices; and

now I have peace. I will make a bargain with you, this day. You go on your own way, and take all that company with you; and, if you are all lost, you shall bear the whole blame and punishment; and I will take these, [pointing to the Christian party,] and if they will walk according to this book, I will take the blame and punishment if they are lost." But De-un-quot said, "No, I am the head of the nation, and the head ought to be believed. With these arms I can take hold of both parties, and try to keep you both steady."

This ended the controversy, and I believe I was never again attacked in public. But on one occasion, when there was a great and good work, and several had joined society, the head chief said, "This religion may go into all the houses on this reservation, but into mine it shall not come." In less than a year the old man was called away by death. A short time after Between-the-Logs, at a meeting, called the attention of the congregation to what De-un-quot had said. Said he, "God has taken him out of the door, and now let his wife and children take in Christ. He has taken Winnetauke, and others, that stood in the door, and he will soon take away all that stand in the door; for you might as well stop the roaring thunder-storm, by lifting up your hand, as to stop this religion. God has said it shall go unto all nations; and who can overcome God? None." The head chief's wife then came forward, joined the Church, and asked them to come

and hold prayer meeting at her house. So the Lord got into the head chief's house, and his family embraced religion. Reader, are you standing in the door? Take care that you are not taken out of it, to admit the Lord into your family.

We had some difficulties arising from the administration of Discipline. It was a hard task for the Indians to learn the reason for, and the object to be obtained by a wholesome government. Here I will relate a case. Charges were brought against Between-the-Logs for the non-payment of a debt, contracted with an Indian trader some years before. The circumstances were these: Between-the-Logs took between three and four hundred raccoon-skins to market, and went to a trader to sell them. The trader offered twenty-five cents per skin, part in goods and part in money. Between-the-Logs refused it, saying he must have fifty cents. The trader said that the price of raccoon-skins had fallen, and none were giving more than twenty-five cents. After much persuasion, and declaring that he had told him the truth, the trader offered, in addition to the twenty-five cents, a small premium, so that he obtained the old man's winter hunting at that price. Between-the-Logs then went to another trader, who asked him what he had done with his winter's skins? To this he replied, that he had sold them to Mr. ——. "How much," said the trader, "did you get for them?" "Twenty-five cents," said Between-the-Logs, "half in cash and the rest in goods." "Well," said

the trader, "if you had come to me, I would have given you fifty cents; for skins here bear a good price this year."

From this place Between-the-Logs went to Urbana; and, on inquiring, ascertained that he had been deceived both in the price of the skins and of the goods also; for the goods were much dearer than he could have purchased them in Urbana. This raised his Indian temper. But while he remained at Urbana, the trader, to whom he had sold his skins, came with a wagon-load of fur to get more dry goods. "Now," said Between-the-Logs, "I will trap him, if I can." He wanted saddlery; and, as he requested the trader to go his security, which he readily did, Between-the-Logs purchased, on his credit, the amount out of which he had cheated him. He then said, "You have set your trap and caught me; now I have caught you in mine, and we are even." When the saddler called for his money, the trader had to pay it. Between-the-Logs refused to pay the trader, saying, "You have cheated me by lying, and I have now caught you." This trader complained of Between-the-Logs to the other Christian chiefs, and they would not rest, for they thought it a disgrace to religion. I, therefore, called a committee, and the trial commenced.

This produced great excitement. To try an Indian chief was an unheard-of thing. I labored all night to convince him that he must not do evil that good might come by it; for, said I, if my neighbor does

wrong, I must not do wrong to match him. But he insisted that, on the principles of sheer justice to himself and his family, he had done no wrong; that the trader had put his hand into his pocket, and all he had done was to put his hand into the trader's pocket, and take his own back. He could see no crime in that. As the trader had got his money, he was not the sufferer, and he thought it was just. I then labored to persuade him to compromise the matter; but he said he would have nothing to do with the man, for he was a notorious cheat. But he would make a proposition to his accusers, if they would accept of it. He said he would be perfectly satisfied to leave the whole business to me. He said, furthermore, that he had a steer, which I might take and do with it in the case as I thought best and right; for he was confident that I knew more about the principles of justice between man and man than he did. But his mind was fixed, and he thought it would never alter. So all the parties agreed to leave it to me. With the steer I paid the trader, and so the thing was adjusted.

In July I visited some of the neighboring tribes, in company with Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, John Hicks, with Jonathan Pointer for interpreter. The rivers and creeks were very full, and, in the very outset, we had to swim our horses over the Sandusky river. We, ourselves, however, crossed in a canoe.

After we had caught our animals, and adjusted our baggage, we set out, cheerfully conversing on the sub-

ject of religion. I was asked by Mononcue wherein the Presbyterians and Methodists differed in their views of religion. I told him the principal difference was briefly this: The Methodists believe that all men may obtain religion, if they will seek it; and persevering, may be finally saved; but that if unfaithful after they have obtained religion, they will lose it, and perish forever. The Presbyterians believe that none can experience religion but the elect, or those whom God has made for the purpose; and that when they have obtained religion, they can not lose it. "And what becomes of the rest?" inquired Hicks. "Why," said I, "they are left to perish—the devil gets them." "This can not be right," said Between-the-Logs. "God is too good a being to do so. Now," said he, "suppose I had two boys, and I take a tug and tie one of them fast, and say to the boys, 'If you will come with me, I will hunt and find you meat to keep you from starving.' This would be a useless offer to the one whom I had tied so fast that he could not go, while I left him to starve, because he did not follow me. Would that be right?" "No," answered Mononcue, "you would be a better father to take your tomahawk and kill him, than to leave the poor fellow to starve. I don't believe a word of such doctrines," said he; "nor do I believe that a man can not lose his religion. I feel that I can hardly keep it at all. It seems to me that I have to hold on all the time, or it will steal off and leave me. I know it is not true. I feel it every day. I must hold fast,

or I am gone. It will not stay, except by prayer. Quit this, and it is gone. By this means we get it, and by this only we can keep it."

By this time we had reached Honey creek, near a small village of Mohawks, composed of the Brants and my old friend, John Vanmetre's family. This creek was very full, so as to overflow its banks, and there was no way of crossing, but to drive in our horses, and to wade to a large tree fallen across the main bed of the creek, over which the water poured like the breast of a mill-dam. At length it was concluded that Between-the-Logs, myself, and Jonathan, should take over the saddles and blankets on our shoulders, and try the water. We did so, but it was with great difficulty we could walk the log. Yet we got safe over, and then waded out to dry land, in order to dispose of our baggage. I then waded back to the edge of the creek to catch our horses. Hicks and Mononcue drove them in, and the water carried them down to some young sycamores, that were near to the side we were on. There the four horses lodged on the bushes, and for some time struggled to free themselves. At length a sapling gave way, and three of them swung off. But Mononcue's horse hung, and was in the very act of drowning, when Between-the-Logs threw off his coat, and plunging into the stream, swam up and took hold of the bridle, and held his head out of the water, but could not release him. Then Pointer plunged in; and as he could not swim, he cautiously caught hold of a young

sycamore, and bent the bush down, and let the horse swing off, when Between-the-Logs swam back. By this time Hicks and Mononcue had arrived, and all were safe but Jonathan, who was still hanging on the young sycamore. To relieve him, we took off the strips of bark we had peeled to hobble our horses, tied them together, and made a rope. This we fastened to a stick, and threw it into the stream above him, which he caught. He then tied the bark around him, and Mononcue and myself towed him to the shore. So we all crossed without any material injury, and in a short time found ourselves housed with our friend, Vanmetre. We were soon furnished with a good dish of venison, and some spicewood tea, with which we satisfied our craving appetites. We then sent out a runner to notify all the village to come to meeting that night.

In this meeting I led the way, by asking the question, "*Wilt thou be made whole?*" I first pointed out the disease; secondly, the physician; and, thirdly, the cure. The Lord was with us indeed. All the chiefs exhorted, and then we joined in a prayer meeting; and we have cause to believe one or two were "made whole." We had meeting, next morning, formed a small class, and I appointed my friend, Vanmetre, to be their leader. I believe that he and his wife, Susan, persevered till death.

We then set off for another Mohawk town; but when we arrived, we found that they had all gone to the great Seneca feast. We now directed our course

to Fort Ball, the residence of the sub-agent, J. Montgomery. Here we staid all night.

On Sabbath morning we went to the Seneca council-house. Here there were from fifty to one hundred Indians playing ball. Their shouts were truly terrifying. The three Wyandott chiefs, the agent, and myself, went up near the council-house, and seated ourselves on a log, to wait an invitation to come in, for, on such occasions, they are very ceremonious. There we waited for two hours. This delay was occasioned by the absence of one of the principal chiefs. At length we heard the wished-for invitation. When we went in we found the chiefs all seated, with their head chief in the midst of them. We took our seat on the opposite side of the house. Soon the pipe of peace was lighted up, and sent by the chiefs to us, and we all smoked. When this was over, the chief woman brought a small kettle of hominy, and we all took a ladleful as it passed. Then their head chief arose and addressed us as follows:

“Brothers, we are thankful to the Great Spirit that he has appointed this day for us to meet again in this world; and we thank him that we are all in good health. We are happy to inform you that the Great Spirit has appointed four angels to take care of our nation; and that our old prophet [meaning the far-famed Seneca prophet] does not forget to visit us once in awhile, and tell us what to do. He was seen by one of our young men the other day, and he told him we must hold our great feast for him, which we

have done these last four days. Now, brothers, we are glad you have come again to see us. We will hear what you have to say."

Between-the-Logs then arose, and, after returning his grateful acknowledgments to God for his mercies, said, "Dear brothers, we have long had a desire to see you, and to speak with you. But we have not had this opportunity till now. We thought that as our business was from the Lord, we would come on his day, appointed from the beginning of this world, on which to worship him. We expected to find you at your homes, or in some good employment, on this day of rest; but we were disappointed, for we found many of you playing ball. But we will now commence this meeting with singing and prayer." He then commenced singing a hymn in Wyandott, upon which many were so offended that they left the house; when we kneeled down to pray, some of them raised the Indian yell, and before he was done praying, few were left in the house, except the chiefs and women; but when he commenced his speech they returned.

He spoke as follows: "Fathers and brethren, from you I came out, [for the father of Between-the-Logs was a Seneca;] and as children sometimes may find a valuable thing, and bring it and show it to their parents, that all may reap the benefit of it—so I have found a most valuable treasure, rich in a great many blessings, and blessings that you all need, and can not get any where else. They are free, because they are as abundant as the water of your river. All

may go and drink, and wash and swim, if they choose; and I thought that it was my duty to come and show you this rich treasure—I mean the religion of Jesus Christ. This religion is new to us, but it is not new in this world. It has been in progress many hundred years, and the Great Spirit has said it shall go into all nations before it shall stop. It differs from our old Indian religion; for it has power and strength in it, and it is like the cool spring water to the thirsty traveler. It makes him feel good all over. Especially it affects the heart, and settles it, and gives us a solid peace and comfort. It is strong—it helps the men and women to leave off all their wicked habits, and especially drunkenness. You know that our people, the Wyandotts, were almost all drunkards—men, women, and children. We were feasting, and dancing, and drinking, and killing one another. But since this religion has come among us, we are reformed. A great many of us now live soberly, attend meeting on the Sabbath, and pray in our families. Our children have become tame, and are learning to read God's holy word, and promise to be useful men and women to our nation.

“Now, you know that our old Indian religion could do nothing like this; for we all continued to get drunk, and persist in every evil practice. Every thing belonging to it was guess-work; and all the revelation which we ever had, was made by some drunkard, whom nobody believed when he was sober. Such was the late revelation concerning the four

angels to take care of your nation, and the appearance of your old Seneca prophet. This is all guesswork, and is not to be trusted; for you and I both know that it is all in the dark. But the strength and truth of religion are to be found in its effects. Has your religion made you better men and women? Do you not feel that your minds are yet unsettled? And do you not fear that the Great Spirit is angry with you, and that he will punish you for your crimes? Now, the religion of Jesus Christ takes all this away, and it makes good husbands, good wives, good children, and good neighbors. It can be felt in the mind as certainly and truly as cold or heat, health or pain, sorrow or joy; and it is the only religion that can do man good." He exhorted them to lay hold of it now, for this was the best time.

He here anticipated some of their objections, and one was: "That if God had intended them to be taught by that book, he would have sent it to *them*, and learned them to read it. It *was* sent," said he, "to all nations, and if they were a nation, they must be intended. Many of the white nations could not read it when it first came to them; and all men must learn to read it, for no man was born with that power. All the whites have to learn to read it to this day; and you can learn as well as they. Some of our children have already learned to read the good book. Your children also can learn. Now they have the opportunity, and if they refuse, it will be their own fault. If they are now lost, it will be your own

fault; for we have showed you this great treasure. Do not dash it from your lips and perish."

Next brother Hicks arose and said, "Brothers, I am this day confused and astonished. I think you ought to have treated us with more respect; for when you came to our town with your old prophet, we sat down and heard all you and he had to say with patience. Some of our people believed him, and joined him, thinking all he said was true; but it turned out to be a falsehood. We have now come, in our turn, to you, and brought our preacher with us. He is able to explain to you the religion of the good book. All we have to say, is to ask for him the privilege to preach one time." This was not granted. However, through the whole course of these exercises, there was an unusual degree of levity, and some disorder, for an Indian assembly; such as I never saw before nor since.

Brother Mononcue now rose up, and with thunder hanging on his brow and countenance, with a commanding voice, ordered silence, and said, "When you meet to worship God, and to hear from his word, shut up your mouths, and open your ears to hear what is said. You have been here several days and nights, worshiping your Indian god, who has no existence, only in your dark and beclouded minds. You have been burning your dogs and venison for him to smell. What kind of a god or spirit is he, that can be delighted with the smell of a burnt dog? Do you suppose the great God that spread out the

heavens—that hung up the sun and moon, and all the stars to make light, and spread out this vast world of land and water, and filled it with men and beasts, and every thing that swims or flies, is pleased with the smell of your burnt dogs? I tell you to-day, that his great eye is on your hearts, and not on your fires, to see and smell what you are burning. Has your worshiping here these few days made you any better? Do you feel that you have gotten the victory over one evil? No! You have not taken the first step to do better, which is to keep this day holy. This day was appointed, by God himself, a day of rest for all men, and a day on which men are to worship him with pure hearts, and to come before him, that he may examine their hearts, and cast out all their evil. This day is appointed for his ministers to preach to us Jesus, and to teach our dark and cloudy minds, and to bring them to the light.”

He then spoke of the Savior, and his dying to redeem the world; that now life and salvation are freely offered to all that will forsake sin and turn to God. He adverted to the judgment-day, and the awful consequences of being found in sin, and strangers to God. On this subject he was tremendously awful. He burst into tears; he caught the handkerchief from his head, and wiped them from his eyes. Many in the house sat as if they were petrified, while others wept in silence. Many of the females drew their blankets over their faces and wept. “Awful, awful day to the wicked!” said this thundering min-

ister. "Your faces will look much blacker with your shame and guilt, than they do now with your paint." I have no doubt but God was with Mononcue on this occasion, and that many were convicted of sin and a judgment to come.

The head chief then said a few words.

Between-the-Logs requested them to give us an answer on this great and important subject, but not now. Said he, "If you do give it now it will be a weak one. You ought to study it well, and think seriously. It is of great moment; and afterward we will hear your answer."

The head chief then said, "We all speak one word; that is, we all believe in our old Indian religion. But we will hold a council on your words, and call you again to this place, to hear our reply." All the chiefs then came, with many others, and shook hands with us; and our meeting for the present ended.

When we first entered the council-house, I saw sitting among the chiefs a man with whom I had been acquainted twenty-five years before, at the first settling of the Scioto Valley, in 1797. I told the interpreter that I could make him remember me by circumstances that he could not well have forgotten. My father and others had lost their horses, and he was employed to go with another man and myself to hunt them. We had not proceeded more than four miles till he was bit by a rattlesnake between the heel and ankle, his leggin not being tied down to his moccasin. He immediately killed the snake, and

then went a few steps and pulled up a weed resembling a flax stalk, only not so tall. He took the root, and chewed and swallowed some of it. The rest he applied to the wound. In a few minutes he became very sick, and began to vomit, and throw up something green and stringy, like poison. He then made the second application, and the third; and in an hour went on his journey without any difficulty. The bite did not swell more than if he had been stung by a wasp or bee. This herb has a yellow root, about the thickness of a darning needle. The stalk is single, about nine inches long, and its leaves resemble those of the flax stalk. As soon as the interpreter told him this circumstance, he sat and looked at me for some time, and at last came and shook hands with me, saying, "I now see in you the active boy, who was our companion in early life, all of which I well remember." He manifested great friendship for me.

After this meeting was over, we returned to the agent's house. Brother John Hicks said to me on the way, "I have come all this way to see myself, or what I once was. I have seen it in these poor Senecas; and hate myself, and my former life, worse than I ever did before. I am, however, much more determined to forsake sin, and hold fast to the religion of Jesus Christ and his book."

Between-the-Logs remained behind; and in the evening brought with him one of the chiefs, my old acquaintance, Wiping-Stick. From that time till late at night, these chiefs taught him Christ and him

crucified. I confirmed all they taught from the Bible. This man appeared to be perfectly convinced of the truth, and said he believed it was truth; and left us, weeping, and with a heavy heart.

Between-the-Logs told us, that after we left, a Seneca chief came to him and told him that the head chief had not told the truth. "For he said, the chiefs all speak one word, and believe in the Indian god and religion. I do not; and there are many others that do not believe it. We believe what you say is true; and we want you to tell us more, that we may understand it."

Some time after I got home, I received a letter from the agent, stating that Wiping-Stick, the chief, believed in the Christian religion. He gave, as his opinion, that if the Wyandott chiefs would repeat their visits, the Senecas would yield, and embrace the Gospel.

We frequently visited the Delawares, on the Sandusky river, and labored with them. One of their chiefs, and some other individuals, embraced Christ and him crucified.

CHAPTER XIII.

BISHOP M'KENDREE IN THE MISSION.

ON the 26th day of July, 1823, we held our quarterly meeting at a place previously prepared in the wood, near the mission house. On Saturday about two hundred Indians were encamped on the ground. We commenced our meeting without much prospect of success. On the morning of the Sabbath, at 8 o'clock, the people surrounded the stand; and I read and had interpreted the fourth chapter of the first epistle of John. We then bowed before the throne of God's mercy, and implored his blessing. After the bread and water were distributed, we commenced the exercise of telling what God had done for us. Among the rest, brother Between-the-Logs also arose, and, with a countenance beaming with joy, spoke in the following eloquent strain, which had an astonishing effect on the congregation:

“My brothers and sisters, I do not rise this morning to tell you the feats of my past life as a warrior or hunter, or the feats of my ancestors; but I rise to tell you of the sweetness of religion, and the unspeakable joy I feel in laboring in its cause. Here, under these lofty oaks—for here once stood an Indian village—is the place that gave me birth. They are

my fostering parents; for beneath their lofty and spreading branches I spent my juvenile years, in all the vanities and follies of Indian youth. Among the groves of the forest I have spent the whole career of my life. But in all this time, I was ignorant and in gross darkness. I had not at that time heard the name of Jesus, nor did my tongue learn to lisp his praise. My mind had not conceived an object so dear—a name so precious—the sound of which now makes my soul expand, and warms my heart with a flame of love. Brethren, my feelings overwhelm me at this time—they will not allow me to say much. But suffer me to add, that under these shady groves I am determined to finish my course, laboring in the cause of my divine Master. I humbly confess my life is not perfect; that I am still liable to err, and feel a proneness to evil. But I desire to do my Master's will, and meet you and all the friends of Jesus in our Father's home above."

This was truly a time of God's mercy. The whole assembly were overawed by the power and glory of God. About one hundred came forward to the communion table; and there, in the most humble and solemn manner, partook of the emblems of Christ's body and blood. The heathen party stood and wept, while they looked at their friends thus piously making a dedication of themselves to God. At night we invited the mourners to come forward, and be prayed for. Many came, and with strong cries and prayers pleaded the merits of Jesus Christ. Some experienced

salvation through his name. The next morning, after breakfast, the trumpet summoned us again to the place of prayer. We then administered baptism to the new converts, and some infants. Several were admitted on trial; and after an exhortation, we separated, with fresh resolutions to try to live more for God than we ever had done.

This was a season never to be forgotten. Here, indeed, the wilderness blossomed, and the solitary places were made glad, while the Spirit of God, like a well of living water, was springing up in every renewed heart unto eternal life. The work was carried on in the prayer and class meetings, and in private families; so that in almost every cabin was heard the sound of prayer and thanksgiving. Sinners were converted, backsliders reclaimed, and some that had grown lukewarm revived.

It will now be expected from me to state something of the school. This was founded on the system of manual labor; and we used our best exertions to make it accomplish the purposes for which it was established. The boys that were old and large enough, were taught the art of farming, and the girls, housework, sewing, knitting, spinning, cooking, etc. For this purpose, as well as for order, every child was put in a class. The eighteen oldest boys were put into six classes of three in each. Through the winter each class worked one day in every week on the farm, with the work-hands; so that each boy worked one day in every week, besides many other duties, such

as cutting wood, making fires, and feeding stock. The smaller boys were classed, also, and had to carry water, help to feed, and take care of the cows and calves. The very small boys were employed in getting chips for the fires. The girls were also classed to do the work of the family, with a white girl at the head of their class. These classes changed weekly, and were engaged in cooking, washing, sweeping the house, making beds, spinning, knitting, weaving, and the like. All knew, in the morning, without being told, what was their employment for the day, and what would be expected from them. The Indian boys did not like to labor at first; but instead of force, stratagem was used. When I went out to work, I almost always divided the hands and the work. Then I had no difficulty, for each would do his best to excel the others. This I did in rolling logs and hoeing corn. We had now about sixty in the school.

Bishop M'Kendree paid us a visit in June, 1823, an account of which is contained in the Annual Report of the Missionary Society, for 1824. There is also one from Colonel John Johnston, Indian Agent, in the same report.

The great interest taken in the mission and school, by this wise and good man, was most manifest in the manner in which he accommodated himself to the Indians and their children. It was the season when we were busily engaged in cultivating our corn, of which we had about fifty acres; and besides three

plows, we could furnish twenty-one hoes. Never did I see boys more elated than when the worthy Bishop took up his hoe, and started for the field, saying, "Boys, come on." He marched before, and we followed after him. When we got out, he chose his Indian boy, called William M'Kendree, and put him on the row next to himself, that he might, by example, teach him to work within bounds. Never did I see Bishop M'Kendree more in his element than when, in person, he was teaching those Indian boys to work, although I was afraid he would do too much. He frequently gave them lectures on the economy of human life, and many interesting motives he set before them to induce them to be religious and industrious.

We subjoin Bishop M'Kendree's account of his visit to the mission. It was dated at Chillicothe, August 13, 1823, and addressed to Rev. Thomas Mason, then the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society. It is as follows:

"Being persuaded that I could render more effectual service, by visiting the frontier settlements in the western country, and especially the Indian mission, than by continuing my tour to the north, I availed myself of the company of the preachers from the Baltimore conference, who were going west of the mountains; and accordingly set out with them, having no one to travel with me, and my afflictions rendering it improper for me to travel alone.

"I reached the state of Ohio on a lame horse,

unfit to carry me farther. However, a worthy friend, brother John Davenport, of Barnesville, furnished a horse, took the expense of the journey on himself, and accompanied me to the mission and back to New Lancaster, a journey of about three weeks.

“Our missionary establishment is at Upper Sandusky, in the large national reserve of the Wyandott tribe of Indians, which contains one hundred and forty-seven thousand, eight hundred and forty acres of land; being, in extent, something more than nineteen miles from east to west, and twelve miles from north to south. Through the whole extent of this tract the Sandusky winds its course, receiving several beautiful streams. This fine tract, with another reservation of five miles square at the Big Spring, head of Blanchard’s river, is all the soil that remains to the Wyandotts, once the proprietors of an extensive tract of country. The mission at Upper Sandusky is about sixty-five or seventy miles north of Columbus, the seat of government of Ohio. To the old Indian boundary line, which is about half way, the country is pretty well improved. From thence to the Wyandott reserve, the population is thinly scattered, the lands having been but lately surveyed and brought into market.

“On Saturday, the 21st of June, about ten o’clock in the morning, we arrived safe, and found the mission family and the school all in good health; but was much fatigued myself, through affliction and warm weather, which was quite oppressive to me in crossing

over the celebrated Sandusky plains, through which the road lies.

“In the afternoon we commenced visiting the schools, and repeated our visits frequently during the five days which we staid with them. These visits were highly gratifying to us, and they afforded us an opportunity of observing the behavior of the children, both in and out of school, their improvement in learning, and the whole order and management of the school; together with the proficiency of the boys in agriculture, and of the girls in the various domestic arts. They are sewing and spinning handsomely, and would be weaving if they had looms. The children are cleanly, chaste in their manners, kind to each other, peaceable and friendly to all. They promptly obey orders, and do their work cheerfully, without any objection or murmur. They are regular in their attendance on family devotion and the public worship of God, and sing delightfully. Their proficiency in learning was gratifying to us, and is well spoken of by visitors. If they do not sufficiently understand what they read, it is for the want of suitable books, especially a translation of English words, lessons, hymns, etc., into their own tongue.

“But the change which has been wrought among the adult Indians, is wonderful! This people, ‘that walked in darkness, have seen a great light. They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.’ And they have been ‘called from darkness into the marvelous light’ of the

Gospel. To estimate correctly the conversion of these Indians from heathenish darkness, it should be remembered that the Friends—or Quakers—were the first to prepare them, in some degree, for the introduction of the Gospel, by patiently continuing to counsel them, and to afford them pecuniary aid.

“The first successful missionary that appeared among them, was Mr. Stewart, a colored man, and a member of our Church. The state of these Indians is thus described by him in a letter to a friend, dated in June last:

“‘The situation of the Wyandott nation of Indians, when I first arrived among them, near six years ago, may be judged of from their manner of living. Some of their houses were made of small poles, and covered with bark, others of bark altogether. Their farms contained from about two acres to less than half an acre. The women did nearly all the work that was done. They had as many as two plows in the nation; but these were seldom used. In a word, they were really in a savage state.’

“But now they are building hewed log-houses, with brick chimneys, cultivating their lands, and successfully adopting the various agricultural arts. They now manifest a relish for, and begin to enjoy the benefits of, civilization; and it is probable that some of them will, this year, raise an ample support for their families from the produce of their farms.

“There are more than *two hundred* of them who have renounced heathenism, and embraced the Chris-

tian religion, giving unequivocal evidence of their sincerity, and of the reality of a divine change. Our missionaries have taken them under their pastoral care as probationers for membership in our Church; and are engaged in instructing them in the doctrine and duties of our holy religion; though the various duties of the missionaries prevent them from devoting sufficient time for the instruction of these inquirers after truth; but the Lord hath mercifully provided helpers in the conversion of several of the interpreters, and a majority of the chiefs of the nation. The interpreters, feeling themselves the force of divine truth, and entering more readily into the plan of the Gospel, are much more efficient organs for communicating instruction to the Indians. Some of these chiefs are men of sound judgment and strong, penetrating minds; and having been more particularly instructed, have made great proficiency in the knowledge of God and of divine truth; and being very zealous, they render important assistance in the good work. The regularity of conduct, the solemnity and devotion of this people in time of divine service, of which I witnessed a pleasing example, is rarely exceeded in our own worshipping assemblies.

“To the labors and influence of these great men, the chiefs, may also, in some degree, be attributed the good conduct of the children in school. Three of the chiefs officiate in the school, as a committee to preserve good order and obedience among the children. I am informed that Between-the-Logs, the principal

speaker, has lectured the school children in a very able and impressive manner, on the design and benefit of the school, attention to their studies and obedience to their teachers. This excellent man is also a very zealous and a useful preacher of righteousness. He has, in conjunction with others of the tribe, lately visited a neighboring nation, and met with encouragement.

“On the third day after our arrival, we dined with Between-the-Logs and about twenty of their principal men, six of whom were chiefs, and three interpreters; and were very agreeably and comfortably entertained. After dinner we were all comfortably seated—a few of us on benches, the rest on the grass, under a pleasant grove of shady oaks, and spent about two hours in council. I requested them to give us their views of the state of the school; to inform us, without reserve, of any objections they might have to the order and management thereof, and to suggest any alteration they might wish. I also desired to know how their nation liked our religion, and how those who had embraced it were prospering?

“Their reply was appropriate, impressive, and dignified, embracing distinctly every particular inquiry, and in the order they were proposed to them. The substance of their reply was, that they thought the school was in a good state and very prosperous; were perfectly satisfied with its order and management, pleased with the superintendent and teachers, and

gratified with the improvement of the children. It was their anxious wish for its permanence and success. They gave a pleasing account of those who had embraced religion, as to their moral conduct and inoffensive behavior, and attention to their religious duties. They heartily approved of the religion they had embraced, and were very highly pleased with the great and effectual reformation which had taken place among them.

“In the close they expressed the high obligations they were under to all their kind friends and benefactors; and, in a very respectful and feeling manner, thanked their visitors, and the superintendent and teachers, for their kind attention to themselves and to their children; and concluded with a devout wish for the prosperity and eternal happiness of them and all their kind friends. It was an affecting scene; and tears bespoke their sincerity.

“In this school there are Indian children sent to it from Canada. Others, which were lately sent, were detained and taken into another school, at the Rapids of the Maumee, under the direction of the Presbyterians. An apology was written by the superintendent thereof to ours, stating that the detention was made on the presumption that our school was full, etc.

“When we reflect upon the state of the Wyandotts, compared with their former savage condition, we may surely exclaim, ‘What hath God wrought!’ ‘The parched ground hath become a pool, and the thirsty

land springs of water; the wilderness and the solitary place is made glad, and the desert blossoms as the rose.' The marks of a genuine work of grace among these sons of the forest, accords so perfectly with the history of the great revivals of religion in all ages of the Church, that no doubt remains of its being the work of God.

“That a great and effectual door is opened on our frontier, for the preaching of the Gospel to the Indian nations which border thereon, and that we are providentially called to the work, I have no doubt. The only question is: are we prepared to obey the call? The success of our missionary labors does not depend on the interference of miraculous power, as in the case of the apostles, but on the ordinary operations and influences of the Holy Spirit, through the instrumentality of a Gospel ministry, supported by the liberality of a generous people.

“We have lately received an invitation from a distinguished officer of the Government, to extend our missionary labors to a distant nation of Indians. A gentleman of this state—the late Governor Worthington—who has visited New Orleans, has taken a deep interest in its favor; and from the great increase of population from other states, and the great probability of doing good at least among them, he urges another attempt. And from his influence, his ability and disposition to minister to its support, we entertain a hope of success.

“From a general view of our missions, and of

what the Lord is doing by us, we certainly have abundant cause to 'thank God and take courage,' and to persevere most faithfully and diligently in the great work; looking to the great Head of the Church, that he may bless our labors and crown them with success."

The following letter from Mr. Johnston, the Indian agent, addressed to Bishop M'Kendree, represents the condition and prospects of the mission at this period. It is dated at Upper Sandusky, August 23, 1823. He says:

"I have just closed a visit of several days in attending to the state of the Indians at this place, and have had frequent opportunities of examining the progress and condition of the school and mission, under the management of the Rev. James B. Finley. The buildings and improvements of the establishment are substantial and extensive, and do this gentleman great credit. The farm is under excellent fence, and in good order; comprising about one hundred and forty acres in pasture, corn, and vegetables. There are about fifty acres in corn, which, from present appearances, will yield three thousand bushels. It is by much the finest crop I have seen this year; has been well worked, and is clear of grass and weeds. There are twelve acres in potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and garden. Sixty children belong to the school, of which number fifty-one are In-

dians. These children are boarded and lodged at the mission house; they are orderly and attentive, comprising every class, from the alphabet to readers in the Bible. I am told by the teacher, that they are apt in learning, and that he is entirely satisfied with the progress they have made. They attend with the family regularly to the duties of religion. The meeting-house on the Sabbath is numerously and devoutly attended. A better congregation in behavior I have not beheld; and I believe there can be no doubt, that there are very many persons, of both sexes, in the Wyandott nation, who have experienced the saving effects of the Gospel upon their minds. Many of the Indians are now settling on farms, and have comfortable houses and large fields. A spirit of order, industry, and improvement, appears to prevail with that part of the nation which has embraced Christianity, and this constitutes a full half of the whole population.

“I do not pretend to offer an opinion here on the practicability of civilizing the Indians under the present arrangements of the government; but having spent a considerable portion of my life in managing this description of people, I am free to declare that the prospect of success here is greater than I have ever before witnessed; that this mission is ably and faithfully conducted, and has the strongest claims upon the countenance and support of the Methodist Church, as well as the Christian public at large.

“I am authorized and requested by this nation in

council to present to the conference, and through them, to the members of the Church, their thanks for the aid and assistance rendered unto them, by the mission family, in their spiritual and temporal affairs. From personal observation, together with the opinion of the sub-agent and interpreters, I am induced to request that the conference will be pleased to continue Mr. Finley and family in the superintendence of the school and mission. Let it not be believed that I make this request from any partiality, favor, or affection. It arises from a conviction of his qualifications for the duty."

The Bishop spent part of his time in visiting the Indians at their houses, instructing them, and inquiring into their spiritual and temporal affairs. By these means he made himself acquainted with the state of the mission, and was the better able to give advice concerning what was best to be done. He also endeared himself to the Indian families, by eating at their tables, and conversing with them on experimental religion and their progress in godliness.

On one occasion, in conversing with one of them, the Bishop asked, "Have you any temptations to go back to your former course of life?" The answer was, "Yes, I have many: both from within and without. Often the devil throws many in my way, but I resist them by praying to God. A few weeks ago, just as I was starting for meeting, a large hawk came and made an attack on my chickens. I took

down my gun to shoot him, but remembered that it was the Sabbath, and that if I shot him it would be a bad example. I then took my bow and arrow, and shot him. The next Sabbath, another hawk came in the same way, and I killed him likewise. The third Sabbath the devil sent a third one, and I began to think that it might be a temptation to break the Sabbath. So I let that one alone, and there has been none since. I found it was no matter what means the devil employed, provided he can but get us to do wrong."

On another occasion, the Bishop asked him how he obtained religion. "Why," said the Indian brother, "I always thought I had religion till I went to hear the missionary preach, and his words made me very uneasy in my heart. But he told us we must pray to the 'Great Spirit' for help, and not rest till we felt that our hearts were made happy. When I came home I sat down in my house, and thought, if I die, where shall I go? My heart got very sick, and then I went into the woods and prayed to God for help. All at once my heart got easy; I felt no pain, and I found out what was the matter. My heart was hungry, and when it was fed it got quiet, just like a little child. I then went home and sat down, and said to my heart, 'You will not get hungry soon.' But it was not a long time till I felt bad again. I then went to the same place, and prayed for God to feed my poor hungry heart again. He did so, and I went away easy; but it soon became hungry again.

I went back, as before, and said, 'I have the most hungry heart of any man;' but thanks to the Great Spirit, he feeds it for nothing whenever I go to him. He makes me happy, and feeds my heart whenever it wants to eat; and I find I grow stronger and stronger. At first I could take but little milk; but now I can take both milk and meat, so that I hope at last to get to heaven."

Another one being asked how his religion wore, replied, "Why, brother, religion wears better than my coat, and is made of more lasting stuff: for my coat wears out, and gets into holes; but the longer I wear religion the better it is. It gets thicker, warmer, and stronger, and I think it will last me through this world of sin and trouble, and help me into a better one than this."

This was a very prosperous year for the missionary establishment, and fully proved that our present plan was the most successful one in bringing these people of the forest to a state of civilization. The theory of past years was, that the Indians could not be Christianized till they were civilized, and that they must first be taught the art of agriculture, and be brought to its habits, before it is of any use to try to teach them the doctrines of the Gospel of Christ. But all attempts of this kind have failed; for after all the expense of labor and money, which is not a little, they remained savage still; but let an Indian be converted to God, and then he is civilized. There is nothing that can civilize a man but religion and its influence.

So far as my experience has gone in this matter, it leads me to believe that there is as much encouragement to preach the Gospel to Indians, as to a people that have sat under its sound, and have rejected its offers, and refused to obey its precepts; for when the Indian has been brought to feel and experience the benefits of the grace of God in conversion, he is, in general, as faithful and conscientious in his obedience to its precepts as white men are, and much more docile and peaceable. The only important difficulty in making all Indian missions successful, will be the want of proper and easy means of communicating instruction. We want an interpreter of their language, fully capable of translating from ours to theirs, which want is the greatest obstruction to the universal spread of the Gospel among the American Indians. The proof of this is fully given in the extensive revivals of religion among them at Sandusky. White men have done more to prevent the conversion of the Indian nations than all their habits, or ignorance, or prejudice have done. The influence of traders and agents has been, in many instances, exerted against their becoming Christians, or even adopting the habits of civilization, for fear of losing their source of gain.

I once heard an agent of the Government trying to persuade the Wyandotts to sell their homes. He told them how much their great father, the President, loved them, and what he would do for them, if they would but consent to sell or exchange their land for

land west of the Mississippi; that he would give them land which the white men would not want, and then he would spread a belt of land sixty miles wide, between them and the white men, so that they should never come over to them; and that he would move them to it, and it should be theirs forever. One of our chiefs, who had been accustomed to these fair promises, told him that he did not believe any thing the President said, for he had told them so many lies already. "He promised the same thing to us at our last treaty; that if we would sell all but this reservation, he would protect us from the encroachments of the whites, and keep us in peace, and never ask us to sell another foot of our land. This was not ten years ago; and now you are at your old trade of trying to drive us away again. Besides, it would be no better if we were yonder; for there is no land or swamp so poor, but white men will want it; and if the President did not fulfill his word here, will he do it yonder? No! You white men never will be satisfied till the blue water of the great lakes, in which the sun sets, has drank the last drop of Indian blood. Here are our *homes*; and we are now beginning to live comfortably. The Lord has begun a good work among us. Our children are learning to read, and we hope will make good men. Here, too, are the graves and bones of our fathers, our wives, and our children; and we may as well die and be buried with them, as to go back into the woods, and again sink into savage life, from which we have emerged a little.

The half of our weakly women and sickly old folks would die on the road; and we should have to bury them before we could reach the new country. Then we should be without food, for there is not much game; and we should nearly all perish.”

The expense of the mission this year was sustained partly by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the balance was made up by the Philadelphia Missionary Society, and other societies, and individual collections. The total amount of expenditures this year, including improvements on the farm, the payment of missionaries, and all the expense of clothing and feeding between fifty and sixty children, was two thousand and two hundred and fifty-four dollars and fifty-four cents. The total received was two thousand, one hundred and sixty dollars and seventy-six cents; leaving a deficiency of ninety-three dollars and sixty-eight cents.

This year I made application to the Secretary of War, for an appropriation of part of the sum of ten thousand dollars, put at his disposal by Congress for the improvement of the Indians, and received an order to draw on him for five hundred dollars, in quarterly installments, to be applied to the benefit of the school; but no part of it was received for this year's appropriation. Difficulties sometimes arose from the want of civil regulations to adjust difficulties, and to give every man his due. In order to prevent disputes about their cattle and hogs, I proposed to make a book, and keep a record of all their

ear-marks. This being agreed to in council, they brought their ear-marks, and I recorded them in the book of record.

Much trouble arose from the straying of their horses. Many were stolen, also, and it was difficult to prove them, as an Indian was not allowed, by his oath or affirmation, to prove his own horse, when either strayed or stolen; so that they suffered great inconvenience and loss of property. The laws of the United States forbade any person to buy an Indian horse without the consent of the Indian agent. But the difficulty was to prove that it was an Indian horse. To remedy this, I proposed to the council that they should have a national brand; that every Indian horse should be branded with it, and this would prove, without any other evidence, that the horse bearing it was theirs. So they adopted as their brand a large "O," with a "W" in the middle of it, which brand was made upon the left hip. This was advertised in all the papers near, as the national brand of the Wyandotts. This was a great relief, for we could tell a Wyandott horse wherever he was seen; and if any one traded with an Indian for a horse without the certificate of the agent, he made himself liable to a prosecution in the United States District Court.

I then proposed to the council to have a journal kept of their acts in council, and published to the nation. To this they also agreed. I kept this journal for every council which I attended in person.

This I thought would be the means of introducing something like rule and law among them, and of teaching them the notion of government. A book was also kept for the record of marriages.

It was not long after the introduction of these regulations, till a woman and her husband fell out and parted. She was not a member of the Church, and soon took up with another man, according to the former Indian usage; but as the deserted husband belonged to the Church, I was called on to know what he must do—whether he must remain without a wife, or have the privilege of marrying again. I now saw this was the time to take a stand against their old Indian habits; and also to do justice to the injured person. Therefore, I called a council of all the chiefs, leaders, and official men in the Church, and others who were in good standing in the nation, and laid the case of young Punch—for that was his name—before them. I then took my Bible, and showed them that marriage was appointed by God; that a man should have but one wife, and they were bound by the law of God to live together till death parted them. I then gave the reasons for this law: 1. It was for their own good, because a number of wives would create jealousy and cause quarrels. 2. For the purpose of raising their families, the helpless children being dependent on their parents; and God saw that, for this purpose, it was best for man to have but one wife. 3. For the good of society. I showed also that there was but one crime for which a man

could put away his wife with the approbation of God, or a woman her husband; and that crime was adultery. I told them, as this was the first case of the kind that had occurred, it was best for us to make a proper rule by which all future cases might be determined. My advice was, that the chiefs and leaders of the Church should appoint a day, to hear this young man in his complaint against his wife; and that she should be notified to appear and defend herself against the crimes charged upon her, in the presence of the council; and if he should prove that his wife had committed adultery, or had gone off with another man, and lived with him, they should give him a written certificate that he was free from his marriage contract, and that he might marry again; but that neither she, nor the man with whom she lived, could have any privileges in the Church, or be lawfully married by any minister in the Church, for the Scriptures forbid it; and unless she separated from him and all other men, and repented of the former crime, she and her paramour must be lost forever; for his guilt was condemned in the same way, as the word of God expressly says that none such shall enter the kingdom of heaven. The subject being new, was entered upon with care and close examination. But after they had consulted the word of God on the matter, they agreed that it was just and right. They proceeded and examined the case, found the young woman guilty, and granted the young man a divorce.

This circumstance was of much benefit to the marriage institution. The woman afterward made application to be married, but was refused; and then to join the Church, but was also refused. This was the only divorce that was granted, there being no other applications during my stay with them.

For the purpose of showing their views and proceedings in the council for governing their people, I will give the following transcript of the Journal of the Council, as it now lies before me:

“At a council of the chiefs of the Wyandott nation, held May 2d, 1825. Present, Warpole, Between-the-Logs, John Hicks, Mononcue, Peacock, and George Punch.

“A request was made to the chiefs, by many of the men of the nation, to have seventy thousand bricks made, for the purpose of giving those who wish to build good houses and chimneys, the opportunity of doing so; and after taking the subject under consideration, it was

“1. *Resolved, by the Chiefs in Council, That J. B. Finley be authorized to employ some person to make and burn seventy thousand bricks: Provided, he can have them made at a cost not exceeding three dollars per thousand, in the kiln.*

“2. *Resolved, That J. B. Finley is hereby authorized to make the best contract he can with some competent person, to attend the Indian mills for two years: Provided, the expense of wages shall not*

exceed three hundred and seventy-five dollars per year.

“3. *Resolved, by the Chiefs in Council*, That we will not divide our annuities to any one that is less than quarter blood Wyandott.

“4. *Resolved, by the Chiefs of the Wyandott Nation in Council*, That, whereas, some of our people are still in the practice of getting drunk, and the lives of some of our white neighbors have been put in jeopardy, as well as the lives of our own people: Therefore, to put a stop to this great evil, we are resolved, after the full publication of this resolution, that if any person, belonging to this nation, shall be found in a state of intoxication, and shall put the life of any person in jeopardy, or shall draw any unlawful weapon on them, or threaten, or disturb any family, or any individual, upon the complaint of such injured person, and proof of the fact, the person so offending shall forfeit his share of the annuities, or any part thereof, as the council may direct or think proper, or shall receive such other punishment as their crime may deserve; and the money so forfeited shall go into the public fund of the nation.”

These are some of the first regulations entered into by the chiefs, and they were approved of by the better part of the nation; but some of the drunken, savage party, made strong objections to them, because they were like the white man's laws, and did not suit Indians. I was present when this last regu-

lation was made public. The cause that produced this regulation, as stated by the chief, was this: One of their young men became intoxicated, and committed some depredations on a white family, on the Maumee river, and stole a horse, which they made him give up, and pay the damages. The chiefs insisted that if they did not do something to prevent these things, the whites would put their laws in force, and then they would have to go to the penitentiary, or be hung; and that it was best for them to try and prevent such evils, by taking the laws into their own hands.

The labors of this year, and the improvement made in this nation, both in a temporal and moral point of view, clearly proved that Christianity must always precede civilization; and the great question, "Can the aboriginals of this country be civilized?" was pretty well settled; for surely no people ever made greater advances, in the same length of time. A spirit of industry, and laudable emulation to build good houses, and improve their farms, and to increase their stock, seemed to prevail through the nation. Several good hewed log-houses, with shingled roofs and brick chimneys, were erected this season; and the habit of drinking spirits was very much diminished. Peace, with her balmy wings, seemed to hover over this once sunken and ruined people. The influence of religion never was more clearly seen in all its saving influence, and the God of Jacob seemed to dwell again in the tents of Israel. Those very In-

dians, who were considered the outcasts of the earth, who lived in the benighted forest, where superstition, ignorance, and heathen barbarity, have, from time immemorial, held their gloomy sway—these have seen the light of the Sun of righteousness. They hear and bless the name of Jesus, so precious to all believers. Here is a small cloud of witnesses that God has power on earth to forgive sins. See the man of the forest, who, but a short time since, was sacrificing his dogs, venison, corn, tobacco, etc., now preaching Jesus and the resurrection. Hear him teaching his children to pray, and love God, and all men; and see the altar of family prayer erected in almost every cabin and wigwam.

We found in the Indian character a great sense of independence, and a strong opposition to any thing that looked like slavery or subjugation. They glory in their native liberty; and for a person to show any thing like a feeling of superiority, was the most effectual way to bar all access to them. The principle is even cultivated and strongly felt in their children. They seldom use corporeal punishment, believing it to be too great a degradation; and those that patiently submit to it are counted no better than a dog. When they chastise their children, they most generally dip them in the water, or else pour water on them till they submit. All the time I had the charge of these children I never used the rod but once. Others differed from me in their method of governing, by chastising with the rod; but I believe

it never had any good effect. I used to take them by themselves, with the interpreter, and set before them their crime; tell them how much it grieved me, and their parents, and teacher, to see them so bad; that their course of conduct would always have a tendency to make their good comrades think less of them, and the nation would hold them in contempt; that when they grew up to be men and women, they would be thought nothing of, but always be treated as vagabonds; and that if they continued to disobey, I should be under the necessity of calling the school committee together, and laying their cases before them, they having the full power to expel them from the school; and this expulsion would be a disgrace to them as long as they lived, and they would be reproached with it, even when they grew up to be men and women; that they would be too bad to live in society, and would be driven, like dogs, out of it; and, last of all, I told them the Great Spirit would be angry with them, and bring them to an account for such bad conduct; and if they persisted in such a course, they would finally be punished in hell, with all the disobedient and wicked, forever.

I do not now recollect that this course was ever unsuccessful, but it often brought the transgressor to penitence and tears; and I am fully persuaded that I could do more with these boys and young men than any other person. They looked upon my course with them as the fruit of my love and esteem for them, and the great interest I had in their welfare. But a

contrary course only excited a spirit of obstinacy and revenge, and had a very bad effect on the older ones. It gave the savage party room to talk and say, "See! your children are beat like dogs; and they intend to make slaves of them." The course of whipping was not often pursued, and it never did any good.

It is impossible for any man, no matter what his abilities are, to have access to, or exert any good influence among, the Indians, unless he can come down, and associate with them in a very friendly way; for if he keeps at a distance, or shows any coldness, or reserve of friendship, he can have no access to them. They will say, "He is proud, and thinks himself above us." They will pass him by, and laugh at his talks. If the Indian is benefited by the missionary, and opens his ear to hear the Gospel, he must first have confidence in the preacher, as a good man. The minister must be one that does not waver. He must be firm in purpose, yet mild, humble, and fervent. No people are more honest to yield to the truth, when they are convinced of it; and they become convinced, if you can answer all their objections till they can offer no more. Then they will give up, and embrace the truth. I have witnessed this in many instances; and the result has proved the sincerity of their conduct and repentance. Indians, in general, stand firm to their promise, or word; and it is considered an act of great meanness to falsify a promise. Great integrity has been manifested, even in many of those who were what would

be called confirmed drunkards. But when they renounced their sins, they have refused, on any occasion, to taste ardent spirits; and have continued firm, till they closed their earthly existence. They exhibited the power of religion on their hearts, in life and death; and are, no doubt, this day receiving their reward in a better and happier world.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXCURSION TO THE NORTHERN TRIBES.

AT the conference held in Urbana, Ohio, September, 1823, I was reappointed to the superintendency of the Wyandott mission, with the Rev. Jacob Hooper and his wife. Brother Hooper was to have the supervision of the farm, and his wife was to take charge of the Indian girls as teacher. This was a great relief to us, for our cares were more than we were able to bear. Brother Hooper well understood the business of farming, and it prospered greatly under his care. He labored with his own hands daily, and improved the farm greatly. Sister Hooper was well qualified for her department, and by her amiable disposition won the affection of all the children and family. Her piety was conspicuous, and shone as a light in this dark and benighted land. Our burden was made much lighter by this appointment. Brother Hooper was an old and well-trying friend. We had been fellow-laborers in another field in former years.

At this conference I was instructed to extend my labors to the Ottawas and Chippewas, at Saginaw Bay. After we arrived at our station, and entered upon our work, as soon as possible I made preparation for the journey. I wrote, previously to the

annual conference, to Gov. Cass, chief agent of the Indian department for all the west, in reference to the situation of the Saginaw Indians, and the probability of establishing a mission among them. In reply to my letter, I received the following statement of facts:

“With respect to the establishment of a mission at Saginaw, I will state the facts, and you must determine for yourself the propriety of making the experiment. The Chippewas, who live there, are the most troublesome Indians in this quarter. They are in the lowest state of moral degradation. More savage and indolent, and less tractable than the Wyandotts, any comparison between them will result greatly to the disadvantage of the former. These considerations, while they show the difficulties which must be encountered by a missionary establishment, show also the immense benefits which must result from such an institution, properly directed.

“The means which I could apply in aid of this attempt, are the application of the sum of two thousand dollars, appropriated by an act of Congress, in conformity with a stipulation in the treaty of Saginaw, for the support of a blacksmith, and for the purchase of horses, cattle, and farming utensils, and for the employment of persons to aid the Indians in their agricultural labors. I should be well satisfied to leave the expenditure of this sum to any respectable missionary establishment, requiring only that it

should be faithfully and judiciously applied to the objects expressed in the treaty.

“What would be the views of the Indians toward such an experiment, I do not know. Heretofore, they have not been favorably disposed; and in one instance the attempt has failed. But so much depends on the experience and personal character of those appointed to conduct such a work, that the failure of the first experiment furnishes no proof that a future one would fail also.”

Perhaps this will be a suitable place for me to say something of brother John Stewart, who was the first instrument to introduce evangelical religion into this nation. He had been associated with the mission from the time he was licensed to preach, and drew the most of his support from it for himself and family.

John's health had been poor from the first; and it is confidently believed that his afflictions and feebleness of body were the result of his intemperance before he embraced religion. He told me that his former habits had ruined his constitution. He was affected with the consumption the first time I saw him; and this insidious disease continued to undermine his health, till at last he fell a prey to it; but he continued his labors among us till the summer before he died. He was visited by some of the colored preachers belonging to the Allenites, which separated from the Methodist Episcopal Church. He attended their conference, and joined with them at

that time. He said to me, on his return, that he had done it, believing he could be more useful among his own people than the whites; and that he had to make no sacrifice of principle in so doing, for they held fast to the Methodist doctrine, and, with but little alteration, to the Discipline. Yet, notwithstanding he had withdrawn from the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the sake of what he had done among the Indians, I always treated him as though he had not; and so long as he lived he received support.

In the fall of 1823 he grew worse, and soon was confined to his house. As the winter set in he was confined to his bed. I visited him frequently, and had many serious conversations with him. He always spoke with strong confidence of his future state, and said he had no doubt of his acceptance with God, through faith in Christ. I visited him a short time before his death. As I was about to start on a journey to the north, and expected to see him no more, we parted with the hope of meeting in a better world. He died in his own house, December 17, 1823, in great peace. His funeral was attended by my worthy colleague, Rev. Jacob Hooper.

Having made arrangements for our journey to the north, we started December 10, 1823. Our company consisted of Mononcue, Squire Gray-Eyes, and Jonathan Pointer, for interpreter. Mononcue and Jonathan went by Stewart's to take their farewell of him—the rest of us having done it previously—and were to meet us at the Big reservation. Gray-Eyes

and myself took the packs and horses, and went a nearer route across the plains. This day was cold—the wind blowing from the north, and the snow driving in our faces. After traveling several miles, we stopped at a cottage, warmed ourselves, and made a repast on bread and meat. We then started, and entered a gloomy forest. The snow hanging on the bushes across our path, and the dark, lowering clouds suspended over us, led us to serious reflections on death and the grave. While solemn meditations were passing through our minds, the clouds were dispersed, and the cheerful sun shone brilliantly upon us. The thought of the second advent of Christ, in all his splendor, and a redemption from the grave, followed; and we felt a prelibation of the raptures of that day when clouds and storms should cease forever, and the light of God's countenance shine upon us all.

The great contrast between the darkness and the light, made us remember the poor, benighted Indians we were going to visit. They were living in the gloom of death, while the hateful superstition of past and present delusions had buried all their comforts. Crime of all descriptions, as the fruit of the intoxicating draught, had polluted every fountain of happiness; and witchcraft, with its midnight enchantments, girded all the other evils, and fastened them firmly on the poor Indian's soul. No cheerful ray of hope, breaking through the darkness of the future, came to bless or comfort him. All was a dark and dreary uncertainty; but the darkness will soon give way

before the glorious light of the Gospel of Christ. We are his ambassadors, and bring good news and glad tidings of great joy. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!"

After traveling several miles, and the shades of night had began to inclose us, we came to some Indian houses, the inhabitants of which were wandering in the forest in quest of game. Here we concluded to stay for the night. After making a good fire, feeding and securing our horses, my comrade made search for, and procured a root of sassafras, of which we made tea, which, after riding in the cold, was very refreshing. After having supped, we commended ourselves to God, by prayer and thanksgiving, imploring his blessing on our journey and its objects, and spread our blankets, and lay down to rest. The night being cold, we had frequently to rise and renew our fire. In the morning we had prayer, fed our horses, and while eating our breakfast, our two friends, Mononcue and Pointer, joined us. We set out through a thick forest, and traveled a small Indian trail, our way being often obstructed by logs and swamps.

We had translated a hymn into Wyandott, and employed ourselves in learning to sing together,

"Hail thou blest morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends," etc.

This day my two companions and Pointer learned to sing the translation tolerably well, and we made

the swamps and the surrounding forest vocal with our songs.

After toiling hard we reached the west branch of Portage river. The sun had sunk behind a cloud. We stopped under the branches of a beech-tree, cut wood for the night, scraped away the snow, stretched our tents, and Mononcue soon prepared some supper, by roasting our meat on a stick, and boiling some spice-wood twigs. We then engaged in a long conversation about the former wars of their nation, and the success of the different parties.

He related one case, in which a whole party of their enemies were entirely cut off. Some years previously they had taken a Wyandott woman, and made a slave of her. On a war excursion they took her with them, probably to mend their moccasins and make their fires. At or near where we were then encamped, they stopped for the night, and sent her for wood. While she was thus wandering, she fell in with a party of her own people, and they agreed with her, that as soon as the Indians fell asleep, she should tie their feet together, and if they should awake while she was doing it, she was to fly to them for protection. She succeeded, and the Wyandotts fell upon them, and destroyed them all, so that none escaped.

The country through which we passed was flat and swampy land, interspersed with some of the finest sugar-trees I have ever seen in the northern part of the state. Among these are many sugar camps, where the Indians make sugar and catch raccoons.

This is their spring employment, from the first of February to the first of April. The men take several hundred raccoons in one of these hunts, and the women are employed in making sugar.

On the morning of the 12th we set out at an early hour. Our path led through a part of the Black Swamp, lying between the west and north fork of Portage river. The swamp was almost impassable. As the ice was not strong enough to bear our horses, they were continually breaking through. One of our horses was twice mired. This swamp extended about eleven miles. We reached the north fork, where we entered the plains, which continued to the Maumee river.

These plains are, for the most part, thin land, and interspersed throughout with bogs, or low, wet places, and often covered with water for half a mile. Our traveling now being more pleasant, my friends conversed with me about the country, and I learned that this tract of land, lying between Portage river and the Maumee, which was all plains, interspersed with groves of timber, covered a large extent of country, and was used every fall for the *ring hunt*. This is made by setting fire to the leaves and grass in a circle of fifteen or twenty miles; and the fire drives all the game into a pound, where they are shot down in immense quantities. Sometimes as many as five hundred deer have been killed on one of these occasions. The raccoons climb the trees in the groves of timber, and are caught in great abundance. One of

our party said he had killed as many as fifty in one day. These are most generally shot with the bow and arrow. The product of the hunt is equally divided among the individuals who compose the party.

This day was dark and cold. Sometimes the snow fell so fast that we could hardly discern the trace. Late in the evening we reached the Lower Rapids of the Maumee river, and forded it just above the principal rapid. The ford was seemingly dangerous, on account of the fissures in the rocks, some of which were deep and narrow. The swiftness of the stream was such, that it seemed almost impossible, should the horses stumble and fall, that we could escape drowning; but we had no other way to get across, and, protected by a kind Providence, we passed in safety. That night we rode ten miles, and put up at a public house kept by a man who had made a profession of religion.

As the snow was deep, and the day unfavorable, we were the only travelers, and were permitted to occupy the bar-room. After we had partaken of some refreshments—the first we had received since morning—we were invited to have prayers with the family; and in this we enjoyed ourselves well. I asked Mononcue to sing, who was aided by the other Indians, and, after singing, to join in prayer. They sang in the sweetest strains, in Indian, the following hymn:

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

and I sang with them in the 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! etc.

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

After we retired, brother Mononcue asked me, "Is this man religious?" I said, "Yes, I believe so."

“How can that be,” said he, “while he keeps and sells the fire-waters? [meaning ardent spirits.] I thought that religious men were to love God and all men, and not do any evil; and can there be a worse evil than the keeping and measuring out this destructive thing, which makes men crazy, and leads them to commit any crime, even murder?” I told him it was a great evil and sin, and I could not see how any man could be good and practice it; that it never did any good, but was always productive of the worst crimes. He then replied that all such ought to be kept out of the Church, or turned out if they were in and would not quit it. I agreed with him in sentiment; so, after prayer, we spread our blankets, and committed ourselves to sleep.

We made an early start on the thirteenth. Our road was much better, and lay, principally, through a rolling, sandy country of plains, interspersed with groves of white-oak. About an hour before sunset, we crossed the River Raisin. This was one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. The river and the lake afforded a delightful prospect, even at that dreary season of the year. We turned into a French settlement on Sandy creek—the prairies being all burned—and obtained lodging for the night in a small hut. The family was quite large, and the hut, with the accession we made, was literally filled. Some time after, our landlord came home with a keg of whisky. He put it under his bed, and soon was engaged in a conversation with our interpreter, and,

through him, with the chiefs. Being tired and weary, I got my blanket, and took one corner of the hut for my bed. After the man and his wife had crossed themselves, and said some kind of prayer in French, they lay down. Then Mononcue asked Pointer if we were to have prayer to-night. His reply was, "I do not know. The preacher has gone to bed, and so have all the family." "Well," said he, "we will pray, notwithstanding." So he began, and the other two joined in. He prayed with great fervor. This alarmed the Frenchman and his wife, so that they could scarcely stay in bed. I kept my position till it was over, and then we all went to sleep. But the weather being extremely cold, we could not rest long; and about four o'clock, all arose. Here our host proposed making a present to the chiefs, and spoke to them to that effect. Mononcue asked him what he had to give. The reply was, "A good dram of whisky." Mononcue exhibited the greatest disdain and contempt, picked up his bridle and hat, and said, "We will now go." We followed, got our horses, and, dark, snowing, and blowing as it was, we set off through a plain country, without a road or path. We followed Mononcue as our guide; and about two hours after, we were glad to see the day break on us. At sunrise we reached the woodland on Stony creek. Here the snow had drifted till it was near two feet deep. When we came to the creek, our guide seemed determined to proceed. I said, "Mononcue, are we to have nothing to eat? I am hun-

gry." "Well," he said, "let us stop." We commenced scraping away the snow, and shortly had a fire. I made the coffee, and Mononcue broiled the meat. Before we began our repast, he said we must have prayer. I asked him to pray. We kneeled down in the snow, which was almost to our arms when on our knees, and he prayed till I was almost frozen, and with a zeal and devotion peculiar to himself.

After we had refreshed ourselves, and the horses had browsed, we passed the creek with some difficulty, and continued our journey along the blind Indian path, over which hung bushes heavy laden with snow. This, together with fallen timber, rendered our way almost impassable; so that it was late in the afternoon when we arrived at the Huron river, in the Wyandott reserve of eight sections. Here we had a very formidable difficulty to encounter. The river was just fordable, and frozen on both sides for two or more rods. We alighted, took our tomahawks and cut the ice; then jumped our horses down into the water, got on, and rode to the ice on the opposite shore. Here we sat on our horses, and cut the ice, when the water was more than midsides deep; and I think a colder day I hardly ever experienced. After staying in the water nearly half an hour, we got on the ice, and whipped our horses upon it. We were not out of the water ten minutes before our clothes were frozen stiff; and then we had two miles to go before we should arrive at any house. We set off at

full speed, and arrived, at sundown, at the residence of our old friend Honnis, where we were most cordially and heartily welcomed, and our wants were comfortably supplied. How good it is, even in a land of savages, to find a friend and a welcome in the hour of need; and never were men more kindly received than we were on this occasion.

This being the Sabbath—though it had been our intention to reach this place on Saturday, but the roads and weather had prevented—we immediately sent forth word in the village that we would hold meeting at night. All were in attendance. I tried to preach, and brothers Mononcue and Gray-Eyes exhorted. Then we invited such as were seeking religion to come forward to be prayed for. Several came, whom we endeavored to point to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. Some of them believed with the heart unto righteousness. The next morning we had meeting again, and formed a class of twelve members. This was the first Indian class formed in the Michigan territory.

We found a friend and great advocate of religion in brother Honnis. I was remarkably struck with the appearance of this man. His frame was large; his face resembled that of the German; high forehead and cheek-bones, his nose aquiline, and his hair as white as wool. He sat on a deer-skin, with his legs crossed. His eyes were dim, and almost sightless. His Kinnekinick pouch, in which he kept his pipe and tobacco, with a knife that was nearly worn

to the back, which he used for cutting his tobacco, was on one side, and a pair of crutches on the other. I think I have never seen a man more dignified in his appearance. His countenance was calm and serene. After the usual ceremonies of smoking were over, he addressed us in the following manner :

“Brothers, I am glad that the Great Spirit has given me this opportunity of seeing your faces once more before I die. He has always been kind to me. I have heard what the Great Spirit has done for you, and many of our nation, by his word and ministers, and I have rejoiced in it; but my age and afflictions have prevented me from getting up, and going to see and join you in it. I have waited till God has sent you to my cabin, for which I thank him.”

I then told him that I had come to bring him the glad tidings of salvation; that Jesus, his Savior, had died to save all the world, and that whosoever believed on him, and broke off from their sins, should certainly find mercy. While I spoke to him, the tears fell in streams from his almost sightless eyes, and his swelling soul was big with gratitude and praise to God for his redeeming love. He said, “I have always prayed to the Great Spirit, and I know he has heard me and protected me, in the battle-field, and in the hour of sickness, and he has kept me from the sin of drunkenness; but I have done many other things that were contrary to his mind, and I am very sorry. I have been looking up for help in my old days, and have often felt happy in my soul; but this

news of a Savior makes my heart more glad, and I will now look to him as my great help in these days of my great weakness. I must soon go the road of all the earth. I can not walk without these sticks, and the sun is hid from my eyes. But I hope my children, and grandchildren, will take hold of this great word, which God has spoken to all nations, and now to us, and hold it fast till they shall be called upon to go to their Father's house above."

This man was taken prisoner when he was so young as not to recollect any thing but that his name was Honnis, and that he crossed very high mountains. At this time he supposed himself to be over eighty-five years old. He was one of the principal chiefs for many years, and was very highly esteemed as a man. He was well acquainted with the history of the Catholic priests and their religion; and told us that there was a great difference between the conduct of the first priests and those that had last lived among them; that the first were sober, praying, good men, but the last would say one thing, and act the contrary way, so that the Indians had not much confidence in them.

The Indians on this reserve were a mixture of the Shawnees and Wyandotts, by intermarriages. Their lands were good, and their situations comfortable.

On the 15th we rode to the mouth of the Detroit river, and put up with Mr. John Walker, a son of William Walker, of Upper Sandusky. This is a most beautiful part of the country. Here the Detroit river

pours the water of the upper lakes into Lake Erie, on its way to the great Falls of Niagara, and thence to the ocean. Here the view to the eye is extended, till the blue ethereal and the blue wave seem to meet. The heavens above, and the waters of the lake below, seem to unite together, and vision can not penetrate farther. The wind was blowing almost a gale, and the mountain waves were breaking on the sandy beach, with the sound of many waters. The distance across the mouth of the river is computed to be about five miles. Above the mouth the river is divided, and runs on each side of the Grosse Island, which is eight miles long, and about three miles wide. The largest body of water, and the most navigable branch, lies on the British side.

Opposite the lower end of the island, on the Canada side, is the British fort, Malden, a noted place in the late war. On the river, two miles above this, is the Indian reservation, on which some of the Wyandotts live. This extends seven miles on the river, and nine miles back.

Near to the mouth of the river, on the American side, is the Indian town, called Brownstown, near which a severe battle was fought in the late war. This took its name from a man who was taken prisoner when young, from Greenbrier, in Virginia, a brother of General Brown, of that country. He married an Indian woman, and raised a large family. He was remarkable, all his life, for sobriety and rectitude of conduct; was greatly esteemed, and the influ-

ence of his example was great through his whole life. In 1800 this village contained many inhabitants, who treated strangers and travelers with great hospitality. I staid two days and two nights with them, and found them very kind. But this land has since been ceded to the United States, and the Indians have all left it.

After tarrying for the night on this delightful spot, we set off next morning for Detroit city. Here we were joyfully received by my old friend, brother Dean. The news got out that some of the Christian Indians were with me, and this called together some who were skeptical on the subject of the possibility of Indians being religious. They conversed with them on that subject, and found that they were not at a loss to give a reason of the hope that was in them. They could tell of their conviction, conversion, and progress in godliness, as well as though they had been taught to read, or were brought up by Christian parents.

After the conversation ended, in which I took no part, but left them to make the examination for themselves, I asked the Indian brethren to sing a hymn in Wyandott, which they did, to the astonishment of the company. Then I asked Mononcue to pray, which he did with great fervor and zeal; and before he was done the company were affected to tears, to hear a poor Indian pray with such power. When we arose from our knees, they sung again, and, with their faces wet with tears, went around the room, and shook hands with all present.

This put an end to all their unbelief, and they most cordially received and embraced them as children of God, born of his Spirit, and bound for the land of Canaan. It was a blessed evening to me and all present. We continued to hold our meeting for some time, and then parted, in hope of meeting in a world of glory.

The next morning we visited Governor Cass, and were received with great kindness, and obtained from him all the information he was in possession of, in reference to the situation of the Indians in that region of country.

We were referred by the Governor to Major Baker, commandant of the garrison, who had recently built the military works at Saginaw. Brother Mononcue and myself dined with the Governor, who treated us with the greatest respect. I tried to preach at candle-light, from Romans vi, 23, "The wages of sin is death," etc.; and God owned his word. Many were cut to the heart, and inquired the way of salvation.

On the morning of the 18th we took breakfast with brother Lockwood, and waited on Major Baker for information, and met with a kind reception. He told us that the Indians were, at that time, principally in the woods, hunting, except the old chief, Kish-a-kauk-o; and that he was violently opposed to missions and to religion of every kind; and, at that time, particularly, he was much exasperated and very wicked, on account of an attempt made by the In

dians to put him down from being chief. He was so wicked, and such a murderer—for he had recently killed two Indians—that they were determined he should exercise his authority as chief no longer, and he was determined not to be deposed from office. He was one of the worst savages in the country. This chief afterward died in prison, at Detroit, where he had been confined for misdemeanors against the Government.

Our prospects were now rather unfavorable, in relation to the accomplishment of our present purpose; and, after maturely considering the whole matter, we concluded to go no farther for the present, but to await the return of the Indians, and see what the consequences would be; and if a favorable change could be effected, to prosecute our purpose.

In the mean time, Mononcue, Gray-Eyes, and Pointer, had crossed over the river, and gone to pay a visit to the Wyandotts, on the Aux Canards river. At the end of two days I followed them, after leaving some appointments to fill on my return.

The first night I passed out of my own native country was with Adam Brown, son of the man of that name at Brownstown, before spoken of. Here we found his mother, a very aged native woman, and one that walked in the light for years, and was a praying Indian. I found her confidence was strong in the goodness of the Great Spirit; yet she did not know Jesus, and seldom heard his name. I talked with her freely, and taught her the plan of salvation

by faith in Jesus. She listened with the deepest interest, received the word in faith, and blessed God for the light which had fallen on her path, which was now more clear, so that she should be able to travel it with more confidence, and with a stronger step. Here I met three persons who had been at the mission, at Upper Sandusky, and who had obtained pardon through the mercy of God. Brother John Gould and his wife were happy in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Our brethren had been holding a meeting, and exhorting their friends to flee the wrath to come.

The next day, being the 24th of December, 1823, we met at the house of Mr. Clarke, who was married to a daughter of old Adam Brown. The house was full, and I commenced preaching from Luke ii, 10, "And the angel said unto them, fear not," etc. In this discourse I gave a history of the creation, of man and his fall, etc.; the promise of God that he should be redeemed by the seed of the woman, and the renewal of this promise to succeeding generations, to the patriarchs and prophets; of the birth of Christ at the time appointed, and its announcement by an angel; the doctrine of his atonement; his sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension, and present intercession; of sending his apostles, and afterward ministers, to preach the Gospel to every creature on the face of the earth. I then showed that God required men every-where to repent; and those who did forsake their sins, and seek God faithfully

by prayer, and keeping his commandments, should find mercy.

This discourse lasted, perhaps, three hours. The congregation listened with deep and silent attention, and often tears streamed from their eyes. At the close of the sermon, we commenced singing and praying; and, after prayer meeting, I opened a door for members, and organized a Church among this people. Nine came forward, and one of that number was the aged widow Brown, bending over the grave, laden with the weight of threescore years and ten, giving glory to God, and exclaiming, "I will go." This was an indescribable time. Brothers Mononcue and Gray-Eyes told their experience in the most pathetic manner, and were joined by brother Gould and his wife. The whole congregation was melted into tears. Even To-Morrow and Split-Log, two of the oldest chiefs, were filled with wonder and amazement. I also added to the nine, who had just joined, the three who had joined at the mission, which made twelve, whom I formed into a class, and appointed brother Gould leader. Among those who joined were Samuel Brown—afterward an interpreter to the mission, and a licensed preacher—Mud-Eater and his wife, Mrs. Clarke, and Magee.

This was the first Methodist Indian society formed in the Canadas; and it was a wonder to all who heard of it; but God was in the work, and inspired them to keep up their prayer and class meetings, and I instructed them to go and get the preachers who

traveled on that circuit, to whom I also wrote on the subject, to come and take them into the regular work, which they did. But this little class felt that it was a branch of the Sandusky mission; and as many as could, would come over once or twice a year, to our quarterly meetings; and our Indian exhorters would visit them several times in the year, and hold two and three days' meetings with them. The work spread, and the class was greatly increased. I returned to the American side, to fill my appointments there, and left the brethren with this new class, for a few days, to instruct and build them up in their most holy faith.

On the twenty-sixth I preached on the Rouge river, at brother Robert Abbott's, from Ephesians v, 15, 16: "See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." We had a time of feeling; many wept, and a few joined class. Next day I rode nineteen miles, to a new settlement, and preached from the fifth chapter of John, and part of the sixth verse, "Wilt thou be made whole?" These people seemed as though they were not sensible that they were sick, and manifested no concern about a physician, and I fear I left them in the same state.

Next day I rode five miles, and preached in the evening to a very attentive and weeping congregation. Here, I think, the seed fell in good ground, and I hope it will bring forth fruit abundantly to the glory of God.

On Sabbath I rode to Pontiac, and preached to a large congregation, considering the sparseness of the population, for some came fifteen miles. I preached from the first three verses of the first Psalm, with much liberty in speaking; and God owned and blessed his word. I rode seven miles, and preached again, at night, to many who devoured the word of life with an appetite that spoke the state of their hearts.

Here, in this wilderness, were scattered about thirty Methodists, who hungered for the word of life. There were also a few Presbyterians and Baptists, who were much more friendly, and united in worship, and every good work with us, much more cordially than they were in the habit of doing in the older settlements; and I have no doubt but the time will soon come, when this wilderness shall blossom as the rose.

I returned to Detroit, and preached at night from Revelations xx, 12, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened," etc. This night will be remembered in eternity. Such were the cries for mercy, that my voice was drowned. More than forty came forward to be prayed for, and several experienced the pardon of their sins, while many others resolved never to rest till they found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. This city seemed now to be visited with a cloud of mercy, and it appeared the next day as if all business was suspended. I went from house to house, and exhorted all to turn to Christ. I went into the barracks, among the officers and soldiers, and preached

to them Jesus and the resurrection. I prayed in every house which I visited, and there was an awful shaking among the dry bones. About sixty joined the Church, as the fruit of these meetings; and, if I could have staid, I have no doubt that many more would have joined; but it was imperiously necessary for me to return home.

CHAPTER XV.

CONVERTED INDIANS ON A WINTER HUNT

WE at length bade our friends at Detroit adieu, and set our faces toward home. It rained, and was very disagreeable. For our journey I procured a few pounds of sea biscuit, which was so hard that we could not use it till it was soaked in water. We also purchased the half of a deer from an Indian.

When we pitched our camp, all was wet. Some went to stretch our tent, others to kindle the fire, and the rest went into the bog to gather grass for us to sleep on. About dark we found ourselves seated under our tent cloth, our fire blazing, and our meat stuck upon a stick roasting. Then brother Mononcue got out our bread, and found it quite too hard for his teeth. He called out, "My friend, what sort of bread is this? It is as hard as a stone." I said, "It is sailor's bread, and must be dipped in the water to soften it." "Well," said he, "it may do for men *on* the water or *in* the water, but it is not good for dry land." After our repast, we turned our horses into the woods; and then, after committing ourselves to God's protection, we lay down on the wet grass, in our half-dried blankets, and soon fell asleep. A merciful Providence protected us till

we awoke, in the morning, to prepare for our journey.

We arrived, late in the evening of this day, at the Rapids of the Maumee. The river having become a little swollen by the rains, it was dangerous to cross. But there was no alternative; we must ride through it, or remain where we were. So, trusting in a gracious Providence to direct the footsteps of our horses, we set forward—every one taking his own route. Neither we nor our horses could see the fissures in the rocks. Only one horse stumbled, and the rider did not fall; but the rapidity of the stream carried them both within less than four feet of where the water commenced its most precipitous descent. The horse, however, recovered, stood trembling for awhile, and then made his way out. Having all got safe over, I said, "My friends, for this providence, we ought to give praise to God." We joined, and sung a hymn as we rode along; and, within a mile of the river, we again encamped for the night. Here we received some kindness from a backwoods settler. He gave us corn, and milk, and some potatoes.

The next morning we set off early, and did not stop our pace till just before sundown. We heard the crack of a rifle a short distance from the road. Mononcue said to me, "*Taw-wa* Indians!" We turned off to a little branch, and found them there encamped. We went to a large bottom about a quarter of a mile above, and turned out our tired animals to a fine blue grass pasture. I said to Gray-Eyes, "Go and buy

us some bear-meat for supper." So he went, and soon returned with some. The rest cooked, and I lay down to rest, tired and hungry. I said to myself, "Some would think this hard fare; but I rejoice that God has counted me worthy even to be a teacher and guide to the poor Indian." Here my soul was filled with glory and with God. I could hardly refrain from shouting. I continued these sweet meditations till brother Mononcue aroused me to supper. He had made soup, and, in order to use it, he also made some spoons out of lynn bark. We took a hearty meal, said our prayers, and slept sweetly beneath the protection of God.

The next day we reached the Big Spring reserve. Here we had a good prayer meeting; and then found our way to the mission.

On our return we found that brother Stewart had gone to his reward; and, no doubt, he rests in Abraham's bosom. In the mean time, the adversary had been at work, and great efforts had been made by the heathen party to oppose our religion, and to establish their own. They now became organized so as to have meeting every Sabbath, in order to keep any of their party from going to hear the Gospel, and to draw off all that were weak and wavering. De-un-quot, the head chief, and Warpole, were the principal men—both of the Porcupine tribe. With them they connected the old Cherokee-boy, and made Scionta their high-priest. He appointed some others as his assistants, to sing and dance, and narrate their

traditions, and to exhort them to be faithful in holding on to their fathers' religion. They taught that the Great Spirit would be angry with them if they should quit it, and join the white man's book. This book was not sent to them, nor for them, or else they would have had it sent in their own language, and they would have been taught to read and understand it. They said, "It had a great many things that did not suit people that hunted, but those that worked the earth, as its figures were suited to them and not to us. When it speaks of plowing, and sowing, and reaping, the whites understand these things, and the language suits them. But what does an Indian know of this?" These, and many other such arguments, were brought to dissuade and draw off those that were only half awakened. Feasts and dancing were held almost every week. The drunkard's yell and the Indian flute were frequently heard. The young men and women painted, and employed themselves in riding to and fro.

The chiefs and nation had become dissatisfied with the sub-agent, and thought him unfit to manage their concerns. During my absence, Between-the-Logs, Hicks, Peacock, Punch, and others, had preferred charges against him, to Colonel Johnston. He had written to them that he would come in March, and see them face to face. This excitement had cooled the flame of the revival. I plainly saw that there was a storm ahead. I made use of every exertion to prevent it, by keeping up our prayer and class

meetings; and was fully and ably sustained by the mission family, especially brother Wm. Walker and Robert Armstrong, who now to me were as armor-bearers. We strove to keep things in as cool a state as possible. At length I found that the traders—who were in the habit of selling liquor to the Indians—and the sub-agent, were combined against me and the mission. They asserted that I was at the bottom of their dissatisfaction, and that it was through me the charges were preferred against the sub-agent. But at this I felt no alarm, for I was conscious that I was innocent.

The day of trial came on, and the parties met at the mission school-house. I was not present, nor had I any intention of attending, unless in self-defense. A vast number were gathered; and when Colonel Johnston had opened the council by reading the charges, the Indians, by their speaker, Between-the-Logs, said that they were unaccustomed to the form of trial, and would not be able to do themselves justice, and asked leave of Colonel Johnston to select a man who would conduct the trial for them. To this Colonel Johnston readily agreed; and, after some little counseling among themselves, I was chosen by them for that purpose. I was accordingly sent for; and, although I saw plainly the delicate situation in which I was placed, I agreed to act with them. This trial lasted three days.

In the mean time, the sub-agent and his party were triumphing in the prospect that they would be able

to involve me, and so strike a fatal blow at the mission. But after the business of examination was over, and the pleadings finished, to await the decision of the judge, I arose and requested the liberty to speak. I then stated that I had learned that the accused and his party intended to report that the opposition of the chiefs and the charges originated with me; and, as I was there as the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and an agent for the General Government in the application of the money applied by the Secretary of War, and held a very responsible relation to both, I would claim it as a privilege to defend myself and the mission family, from any imputation in this case. I knew that it was not my place to prove a negative, but that it was the place of my accusers to prove that I had actually been guilty. Nor is it often in the power of the accused to prove the negative; but I think I am able, and will do it, with your permission.

Colonel Johnston readily granted my request, and said it was of importance to me and my work that I should do so, if I could.

I then proceeded, "Sir, you and my accusers know that I can not converse in the Wyandott language, and that, in conversing, I have to use an interpreter. Now, sir, here they all are. I wish you to swear them all, to answer the agent any questions that he may propose to them on that subject. If they all clear me, I shall be clear indeed." This was done; and he examined them all under oath, and they all

acquitted me. One, only, said that in the summer the chiefs mentioned it to me, through him, and that I dissuaded them from any such course. Those men were more disappointed than any men I ever saw. They were confounded, and their looks spoke fully the sensations they felt.

I then asked Mr. Johnston to give me a certificate of this investigation, that I might be able to meet any reports on the subject, which he readily did.

Having passed through this fiery ordeal without being burnt, I felt thankful to God. In the midst of all the opposition of the savage party, and the Indian traders and whisky-sellers, the Church was firm, and cleaved close to God and one another. The work of God greatly revived.

Many hard and evil reports were raised against me; and letters were written to Mr. Calhoun, Secretary of War, stating things that were false, and every effort was made to remove me out of the way. I was twice told by the Indians, my friends, that I must be on my guard, for there were men employed to seek my life; yet I harbored no fears, nor did I stop a moment from the discharge of my duty to the Church, poor or sick. But often I have rode, at the hour of midnight, from the sick-bed of one patient to another, through those plains, without arms or dread; believing firmly that Daniel's God would preserve and deliver me from my enemies. I have often been made to praise him, from the great peace I felt in my soul. Casting my care on him, and trusting him

for all things, I have frequently met the drunkards alone; and, 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 toward 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 toward 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 often witnessed.

After our return home it pleased the Lord to pour out his Spirit upon the mission family, and upon the nation. Within one month twenty-seven adult Indians were converted to God, and joined the Church. Prayer meetings were held at the different Indian houses three times every week; and at almost every meeting some were awakened and converted. We had formed a class among the school children, and brother William Walker was their leader. They met in class once a week in the school-house, and the most of them experienced religion. One evening I went into class, and we had not been there very long

when one of the young Indian boys was called upon to pray; and such was the fervency of every child, that there was almost a universal cry for mercy. Several came and caught me around the neck, when on my knees, and praised the Lord for redeeming grace and dying love. In the evening, between sun-down and dark, these small children would retire into the bushes for private prayer; and they would get so happy that they would shout the praises of God. Others would go to them, and join with them in singing and praying, till we would have to carry some of them to the house, for they had not strength to walk.

I have noticed that the girls, before they retired to sleep, employed themselves in relating their religious experience. Frequently one of them would rise and relate what she had felt during the day, and encourage the rest to follow her example. They would talk over their trials, and encourage each other to be faithful in the service of God. They would then kneel down, and pray privately before they went to bed. They were taught the Lord's, and other short prayers. Religion appeared to be their constant theme; and when they went home on a visit to their parents or friends, they pursued the very same pious course. Very often their parents were reformed by their pious conduct. Singing was a delightful employment to them, and they very frequently engaged in it. Their mellow voices, and the animation with which they sang, were delightful. The influence that

religion had on their conduct was easily perceived. They were afraid to do any thing wrong lest they should be reproached by others, or be called to an account before their teachers and leaders. I speak advisedly when I say, that I never saw a group of children so obedient and peaceable.

This spring we lost, by death, one of our favorite girls, Hannah Armstrong. She was always kind and agreeable in her manners; had a mind of the first order, and easily learned whatever was required of her, either in letters or domestic economy. When Hannah was under conviction, it was deep and evangelical. She saw herself a ruined creature; and that without a saving interest in the blood of Jesus, she must be lost forever. Her teacher, sister Barstow—now Taylor—watched over her with the kindest attention, and took a great interest in her situation. Seeing that Hannah could not eat or rest, she asked her what was the matter; when the girl suddenly threw herself into her lap, and exclaimed, “O, my soul! O, my soul! I want a Savior, or I shall die.” Mrs. Taylor then instructed her in the way, and taught her how to repose her soul upon the Corner-stone. It was not long before this dear girl found Jesus precious to her soul. Her joy was greater than her former grief.

Hannah’s race was short, but it was brilliant. Grace sweetened all the charms that nature had bestowed upon her. She shone with uncommon luster, and departed this life while I was absent at the Gen-

eral conference, held in Baltimore. The following is an extract of a letter from William Walker, dated April 25, 1824:

“Alas! death, stern death! has robbed the mission of one of its brightest ornaments. I can anticipate your feelings, when I announce to you the death of Hannah Armstrong. On Monday, the 19th inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M., her fluttering spirit took its flight to mansions in the skies. O, what a situation the bereft parents are in! I have seen brother Armstrong; and if ever sympathy filled my heart, it was for him.

“While the eager parents were watching the hand of death cutting down the most beautiful flower in their garden, Hannah saw their exceeding grief; and, although in the pangs of death, yet the kindness of her heart would cast the last drop of comfort into their sorrowful bosoms. She beckoned for her father to come near to her. He did so. She then laid her arm, already palsied in death, around his neck, and said, ‘O, father, I have been praying all the time, and all is well with me;’ and repeated, ‘All is well with me now: weep not.’ The agonized parents stood over, looking to see her latest breath; and, in a few minutes, she breathed no more, but winged her mystic flight to worlds where pleasures never die.”

Reader, do not view this scene as transpiring among those who have had all the means of grace;

but view it as occurring in an Indian wigwam, where many hardened white people think Christ can never come. Blessed be the God of Jacob, for he is no respecter of persons; but all that do his will, fear him, and work righteousness, shall be accepted of him.

In the fall, after our conference in Urbana, Between-the-Logs came to me and said, that he and some others had got in debt; and they could see no way of extricating themselves, without taking a winter's hunt; and asked my advice what they should do. I told him that I should be very unwilling to part with him and them so long, in consequence of their services in the Church; and I was much afraid that they would grow cold in religion, and be tempted to do some evil that would bring a reproach on the good cause of God, and throw down what we had been so long trying to build up; for to scatter the wood, would put out the fire. He replied, "That is true of some kinds of wood, but there are other kinds that will keep the fire till it is all burned up; and, I hope, we are of that kind. As to myself and others, I can see no way that we can meet the demands against us, unless we can make it in the woods." He added, that the party had concluded to go to White river to spend the winter; and, in the spring, they would come nearer home, to trap and make sugar.

I gave Between-the-Logs the charge of the party, to watch over them, to hold their meetings every Sabbath, and by no means break the Sabbath in any way

whatever; to see that family prayer be always kept up in every tent, morning and evening, and that private prayer be not neglected. I told them, "The whites will, if they can, get you to sin, some way, that they may laugh and say, 'These Indians are hypocrites, and have no religion.' Be always on your guard. It may be, that you will meet with some of your Methodist brethren, and other Christian friends. I will give each of you a certificate of your good standing in the Church at the mission. This will give you admittance to Methodist meetings; but if any of you forfeit his claim to this certificate by sin, Between-the-Logs has the power, and will take it from you, and hold it till you return home. Then you must answer for your conduct."

I well knew that the white settlers on the frontiers had great objections to the Indians hunting and killing the game in their vicinity, and would often do them mischief. This was my greatest fear in reference to this party. Strangers, and far from home, they might be made to suffer for depredations committed by other Indians; for, in retaliation, the Indians sometimes killed the hogs and cattle of the whites, and it would often terminate in murder. But knowing the prudence and purity of Between-the-Logs, I felt as if those Indians would be the means of doing some good.

These arrangements being made, the party set out for their hunting-ground. They had not been long there till it was rumored abroad that there were

religious Indians hunting on White river. Every Sabbath, as many as could, would meet at the camp of Between-the-Logs for meeting, which was public for all. They sang a hymn, and prayed, and then exhorted. The class then met, and the congregation dispersed.

Many white persons were led from curiosity to go, on Sabbath days, to Indian meeting in the woods; and the Lord convicted some of their sins. They could not move them from the strictest observance of every Christian rule and duty—especially to keep the Sabbath holy. They frequently came to trade, on the Sabbath, for meat and other things; but could not induce them in any way to barter. A company came, one Sabbath, as I was afterward told by one of the party, and insisted on trading. Between-the-Logs went to his saddle-bags, and pulled out his Bible; and, although he could not read one word of it, yet he said it was always good company, if a man could not read, to have the word of God with him, and, perhaps, he could get some one that could read it. He had marked the chapter which contained the ten commandments. He opened at the place, and asked one of them if he could read, and handed him the book. At this the man turned pale, and did not wish to touch it; but, at the urgent request of the other, read the fourth commandment.

“Now,” said the chief, “you white men have read this book all your lives, and are taught to read it, and understand that you must keep God’s day holy.

Here you are trying not only to break this law of God, but to get us poor Indians to do so too. Of this you ought to be ashamed; and never do so again. Your example to your families and friends is bad; and you will have a great deal to answer for at God's judgment, if you keep on in this course. Now we wish you, and all our friends, to know that we have learned better. When we were in the dark, we did not know one day from another. But the light of heaven shined on our path, and has shown us that it is good for our souls, and bodies, and horses, and all, that we should stop one day in seven, and think, and pray, and look to our hearts, to untie them from the things of this world, for they are naturally much inclined to stick fast to this world. God saw it was best to take one day to loose them, and keep them right. If this is not done, they will soon grow fast. Then nothing will do but tearing, and this is hard work. I believe God is right, and he has done it for the good of us all; and we ought to keep his good word, so that it will be well with us; for I am told that this book says, if we do not keep his commandments, we shall never enter into his house above. My white brothers, go home, and never go to trade again on the Sabbath. You will find it better with you in this world, and in the world to come."

It was said, by one of the party, that he never was so astounded in all his life, as when thus reproved by a poor Indian. Soon the Indians commenced their usual public meeting. Their white visitors staid till

all was over; and went away determined, by the grace of God, to lead new lives, and keep the Sabbath, and teach others to do so. It is believed that many of the settlers in this new part of the world, were aroused to reflection and repentance, when they saw their conduct reprov'd by the piety of these Wyandotts.

Sum-mun-de-wat amused me, after he came home, by relating a circumstance that transpired one cold evening, just before sundown. "I met," said he, "on a small path, not far from my camp, a man who ask me if I could talk English. I said, 'Little.' He ask me, 'How far is it to a house?' I answer, 'I don't know—may be ten miles—may be eight miles.' 'Is there a path leading to it?' 'No—by and by dis go out, [pointing to the path they were on,] den all woods. You go home me—sleep—me go show you to-morrow.' Then he come my camp--so take horse—tie—give him some corn and brush—then my wife give him supper. He ask where I come. I say, 'Sandusky.' He say, 'You know Finley?' 'Yes,' I say, 'he is my brother—my father.' Then he say, 'He is *my* brother.' Then I feel something in my heart burn. I say, 'You preacher?' He say, 'Yes;' and I shook hands and say, 'My brother!' Then we try talk. Then I say, 'You sing and pray.' So he did. Then he say to me, 'Sing and pray.' So I did; and I so much cry I can't pray. No go sleep—I can't—I wake—my heart full. All night I pray, and praise God, for his send me preacher to sleep

my camp. Next morning soon come, and he want to go. Then I go show him through the woods, till come to big road. Then he took me by hand and say, 'Farewell, brother; by and by we meet up in heaven.' Then me cry, and my brother cry. We part—I go hunt. All day I cry, and no see deer jump up and run away. Then I go and pray by some log. My heart so full of joy, that I can not walk much. I say, 'I can not hunt.' Sometimes I sing—then I stop and clap my hands, and look up to God, my heavenly Father. Then the love come so fast in my heart, I can hardly stand. So I went home, and said, 'This is my happiest day.'"

This party returned home after sugar-making, in the spring; and brought with them the same holy flame of love they took away. Perhaps no people enjoyed more of the comforts of divine grace, according to the number of professors, than these Indians. They were faithful in all the means of grace, and were alive to God in their souls, both old and young. The conversion of their friends and relations to God, always added a new spring to their zeal and comfort.

But while the cause of religion was advancing, the enemy was not asleep. Great exertions were still made to keep all the nation from being converted to God. The wicked traders in ardent spirits around the reserve, found that their craft was in danger; and the pagans, to keep up an appearance of good, on their part, came out against drinking whisky; and taught, in their meetings, that every man and woman

of their party should quit it entirely, as it did not belong to the religion of the Indian god, but was reserved for the white man, by whom it was devised, and their God, who brought it among the Indians; that their fathers never knew it till the white man and his religion and book were brought among them.

The two parties seemed to be agreed in denouncing the Christian religion, though from different motives: the heathen from the love of sin, and the whites from the love of gain. The traders affected to ridicule all religion, and laugh at the Indians for their credulity in believing things because the preachers told them so. They said there were no such things as commandments in the Bible; for God gave them to Moses on two stone slates, and Moses, being mad with the children of Israel, threw them down, and they were broken to pieces; and God would not give any more. All the lies that could be uttered by the tongue of slander were heaped on the missionaries and the ministers of religion. Some joined in this malicious outcry, who would be much ashamed now to see their names in public print, associated with these misrepresentations.

The Indian dances were revived, and three or four were held each week. Some of the weakest of the flock were led to them, which made the savage party rejoice, believing I would take their names off the Church book, and expel them from the Church, and that they would have them at their will; but I chose another course. Instead of using any harsh means, I

was more kind to them than ever ; and when a proper opportunity offered, I would tell them how sorry I was that they had taken this misstep. I endeavored to convince them that they were wrong, and that they must not be discouraged at this fall ; for it is common with children, when they begin to walk, to stumble, and sometimes fall and hurt themselves very much ; but still they were not discouraged so as not to try to walk again. "Now, your friends have used their influence to get you away ; but I forgive you, and hope you will do so no more." Then I would appeal to themselves, if they did not feel better when they prayed, and were at a good prayer meeting, than they did when they were at a feast or dance. Sometimes I asked, "At which would you rather be found when you come to die?" "Prayer meeting," was always the reply. "Then do you not see it is the best ; and why do you not follow it?" I seldom failed to get them back, and foil the others in their purposes.

There are no people that appreciate kindness more than Indians ; and the man who expects to do any thing with an Indian, must do it by kindness. There is no other avenue to his heart. To force an Indian into measures, is to compel him to dissimulation. If he thinks he is not able to withstand your power, he will wait till he has the vantage-ground. Then you will feel the force of the revenge that has burned in his soul. It will burst like a volcano, when you are least aware of it. But kindness works on their

feelings, and unstrings the fierce passions of the soul. Friendship will never be forgotten. "*My friend,*" is an endearing title among savage tribes; and unless willfully and wantonly broken off, will last in the midst of the greatest dangers and trials. It is not an empty sound, as with the civilized world in general, to last as long and no longer than it can be used for personal advantage. But kindness has often disarmed the savage, and made him lay down his instruments of death, when the blow was ready to be struck.

The Indians turned their attention, this spring, to the improvement of their farms, and to the building of comfortable houses. A number of hewed log-houses were put up, with brick or stone chimneys; and great exertions were made to inclose large fields, for raising grain and grass. Many purchased sheep; and means were taken to improve their breed of cattle and hogs. With the means in their hands, I believe they did do all they could to provide for the future, without following the chase; for they clearly saw that the vast influx of white population would soon fill up all their hunting-ground; and that they must starve, unless they could procure the means of living at home. The mission furnished all the means in its power to facilitate this good work. Their wagons, oxen, plows, and all that could be spared, were lent freely; and the missionaries themselves took all the pains they could, to show them the best methods of cultivation. They even went in person

to house-raisings, and log-rollings, and took hold and said, "*Come on, my friends.*"

This course gave great encouragement. When they saw a man in a pinch, they would help him out, and manifest an interest in every thing that had a tendency to promote their welfare. They did not affect any superiority, but came down to a perfect neighborhood and citizenship. They borrowed and lent, ate and drank, visited and lodged together as one family. This identified the whole missionary establishment with the Indian and his interests. To this establishment they looked for help and instruction in all things appertaining to their spiritual and temporal concerns. My colleague gave himself almost wholly to the farm; and he conducted it in such a way as to set the whole nation a good example.

In the mean time, the internal arrangements of the mission family were so conducted as to furnish a pattern of piety—of usefulness and industry. The girls made good proficiency in the art of housewifery, and in learning to read, write, knit, sew, spin, and weave. All within was peace and prosperity.

We were much in want of a place of worship, as there was no proper meeting-house. Sometimes we worshiped in the old council-house, as the largest and most roomy. This was an open building, made of split slabs, laid between two posts stuck in the ground, and covered with bark peeled from the trees. No floor but the earth, no fireplace but a hearth in the middle, and logs laid on the ground on each side for

seats. In the winter we met in the mission school-house, which was much too small.

On my tour to the east, I visited the City of Washington, in company with the Rev. David Young. Here I had an interview with President Monroe, and gave him such information as he wished, as to the state of the mission, and Indians in general. I had also an introduction to John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, and was treated with great kindness by this honorable man. He took a deep interest in Indian affairs, and gave me much satisfactory information respecting the different missions in progress among the Indians; the amount of money expended on each establishment, and the probable success. I made an estimate of the cost of our buildings, and he gave me the Government's proportion of the expense, which amounted to one thousand, three hundred and thirty-three dollars. I then asked him if it would be improper to take that money, and build a good church for the benefit of the nation. His reply was, that I might use it for building a church; and he wished it made of strong and durable materials, so that it might remain a house of worship when both of us are no more. This work was performed, and the house was built out of good limestone, thirty by forty feet, and plainly finished. So these people have had a comfortable house to worship God in ever since. It will stand, if not torn down, for a century to come.

CHAPTER XVI.

BISHOPS M'KENDREE AND SOULE IN COUNCIL
WITH THE INDIAN CHIEFS.

DURING the session of the General conference at Baltimore in 1824, a missionary meeting was held on the evening of the 11th of May. The assembly was large, and the venerable Bishop M'Kendree presided. Many distinguished persons were present, and the meeting was one of remarkable interest.

Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Reece, Hannah, and Capers, after which I was called up to tell about the work of God among the Wyandotts. I felt confounded. It seemed absurd for me to attempt to speak after such thrilling addresses had been delivered; but my friends insisted on my proceeding.

I commenced telling how we preached among the poor Indians, and what effect it had produced; how we lived, what privations we endured, and what pleasure we had in prosecuting our labors. I went on to show that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was adapted to the condition of men in any situation; and that the preaching of this Gospel is the only means which can be successfully employed in the civilization of man, wherever he lived, whether in the city or in the wilderness; consequently, our missionary societies and

missionaries promote civilization as well as religion. These truths I illustrated by what I had witnessed myself in our new settlements and among the Indian tribes.

These remarks opened a fine field for the eloquence of Summerfield. He told us he was, in company with another Methodist preacher, sent as a missionary to some uncultivated district of Ireland. They traveled on foot, preached in the market-places, and then from house to house. They cried, "Behold, behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" In one of these little towns, after they had preached, they looked for somebody to invite them home. He got an invitation; but his colleague stood on the street for some time. At length a poor woman came, and asked him to her hovel. It was thatched with straw; and there was a table, and a stool, and some straw in the corner, on which the family slept. They accommodated their preacher with the best they had. In the morning the poor woman thought she must get the preacher some breakfast before he went. She made a bannock—cake—of oatmeal, and put it to bake. Then she went out to buy a half-pennyworth of tea. While she was gone, a poor woman who had been convicted under the word they had preached, came to be prayed for. They both kneeled down by the stool, and while the missionary was praying, the landlady came in; she laid down her tea, and kneeled down too; and they were all soon praying. The women wept and prayed so loud, that they waked the

child in the straw. The missionary took up the child and pacified it. He looked toward the fire, and saw the bread burning. He then walked on his knees, and turned the cake. The women still prayed on till God blessed them both. Then the woman gave the minister his breakfast. "Thus," added this eloquent man, "the missionary hushed the child, turned the bread, and God converted the mourners. He ate his morsel, and went on his way rejoicing. This is the glory of God's ministers, to suffer, and see the poor converted to God through the powerful Gospel."

He then proceeded to take up the collection, and observed that, although many present had paid for tickets of admission, yet he would not dismiss the congregation without giving all an opportunity to be the happy participants in so glorious a work. He said, that, on a certain occasion, he was at one of the missionary meetings where Dr. Clarke was, and there happened to be in the congregation an old aunt with her little niece, to whom she had given a shilling for a pocket-piece, and a penny to throw into the collection. While the Doctor was speaking of the schools in India, and how the children were opposed by their parents from going, so that they often had to take off their clothes, and swim the creeks to get to school, the little girl would look up and say, "Aunt, may I not throw in the shilling?" The aunt would reply, "A penny is enough for a little girl. Keep your shilling for a pocket-piece;" but she would ask again, "Aunt, may I not throw in the shilling?" but the

aunt's reply was still the same, "A penny is enough for a little girl to throw in." Soon the plate for collection came round, and the little niece let fly her money into the plate, and then looked up into her aunt's face, and exclaimed aloud, "Aunt, the shilling would go in." "Now," said he, "let fly your dollars, and keep your cents." It seemed as if all the money in the house would go in.

Among the persons of distinction seated upon the platform was the Hon. William Wirt. He was deeply interested in the exercises, and subsequently expressed his great gratification at having enjoyed so rare an opportunity. A curious anecdote is told of him on this occasion. He was a swarthy-looking man. Some of the Wyandott chiefs were expected to be present, but were prevented by circumstances which they could not control. This was not understood by all, and Mr. Wirt was taken by some for an Indian chief. One lady was overheard saying to another, as she pointed toward Mr. Wirt,

"That is Between-the-Logs."

To this the other replied:

"He has ruffles in his bosom; and a Christian Indian would not wear them."

"O yes!" replied the first, "I have no doubt he would on such occasions as this."

So they settled it that Mr. Wirt was an Indian. When told of it next day he was much amused.

Bishops M'Kendree and Soule, in company, visited the mission this year; and not only carefully

inspected its operations, but held a council with the chiefs of the nation.

Of this visit Bishop Soule gave the following account:

“We arrived at the mission house on Friday evening, and found the family and school children in tolerable health. Saturday we visited the farm, the location of which is delightful and convenient. They have reaped a small crop of wheat and oats, and have about sixty acres of corn growing, as fine in appearance as any I have seen in the western country. They have also raised a fine crop of flax, and have a great variety and abundant supply of vegetables. Three very important purposes are answered by this department of the missionary establishment. The family and school are supplied with bread by their own labor; the boys are furnished with an opportunity and the means of acquiring a practical knowledge of agriculture; and an example is exhibited to the Indians, who frequently visit the farm, and observe the manner of cultivation, and the advantages arising from it; and nothing is more obvious than their disposition to imitate. Hence their fields are opening, and, in many instances, present the most pleasing and promising appearances. The buildings on the farm are neat and convenient, but not sufficiently roomy for the accommodation of the increasing household. They will, therefore, be under the necessity of enlarging. They milk ten cows, and

make plenty of butter for the use of the family, which is composed of about seventy persons.

“Sabbath we attended public worship with them. A large number of the Indians assembled, some of whom came sixteen miles, which is their regular practice on the Sabbath. Bishop M’Kendree preached to them by an interpreter, and I addressed them, after him, through the same medium. Prior, however, to the opening of the meeting in English, Mononcue prayed, and they sang a hymn in their own language. After the regular exercises were closed, they held a prayer meeting, in which a number of the Indians prayed in the most solemn, impressive, and affecting manner. It was truly delightful to notice the solemnity, attention, and pious feelings of this assembly, so recently emerged from the ignorance and stupidity of their pagan state. After four or five hours employed in devotional exercises, it was with manifest reluctance that many of them retired from the house of prayer. Devotion appears to be their delight. In view of such a scene, my heart kindled with gratitude to the Father of mercies, and I was ready to exclaim, with pleasing admiration, ‘What hath God wrought!’

“Monday we visited the school, and examined into the progress of the boys and girls in their learning; and the result was most encouraging. They spell and read with great propriety. Several classes are reading in the Testament, and one large class in the Preceptor or English Reader. They are also making great proficiency in writing. Of their native

genius and vivacity, they give demonstrative evidence. Indeed, I am persuaded that I never saw an equal number of children together in any school, where there was a greater display of intellect, or a more obvious capacity of improvement; and I am certain I never saw a school where there was equal subordination, peace, and quietness. The boys engage in the various labors of the farm with readiness, cheerfulness, and propriety; and we had the pleasure of seeing the girls sew, spin, and weave, and variously employed in the business of the family; in all which, considering their opportunity, they certainly excelled.

“Tuesday we met, agreeably to previous invitation, a number of the Indian leaders, among whom were several of the chiefs, and the moderator in the national councils, together with two interpreters. After opening the meeting with prayer, Bishop M’Kendree informed them that we should be glad *to hear from them* how the Church was prospering, the state of the school, and whether any thing more could be done for its prosperity; with any other matters which they might wish to communicate; assuring them that we were their friends, and would be glad to do them all the good in our power. After the interpreter had fully informed them of our wishes, a momentary pause ensued, when they arose and spoke in succession, as follows:

“*Mononcue.* ‘My old brothers, I have many reasons to praise God for myself and for my nation. I believe that God has begun a great work, and hope

he will carry it on. I have tried to talk to my people, and to pray for them. If I know my own heart, it is my intention to be wholly for the Lord. I believe that religion is in a prosperous state; that those who have professed are generally steadfast. The wicked have been taught that there is no half-way place for them. I often feel infirm and weak, but I trust in God. My constant prayer to God is, that his work may revive, that his people may be blessed, and that the wilderness may flourish. I am sorry that some of the older brethren are absent, who could speak better, and could give you more information. I am not able to communicate my own mind. Brother Finley will be able to give you better information than I can.

“Last spring, when brother Finley was gone, there was some difficulty. We seemed to be discouraged, and were like children without a father; and some were disposed to go away. The wicked Indians were encouraged by his absence, and did all they could to turn away others who were weak, from the right way; but since his return things have become better, and are now nearly as prosperous as they were before. I believe that God has appointed our brother Finley for this mission. All those who are religious in the nation, if they were here, would speak the same thing. The people, in general, are attentive to the word; and many come a great way to meeting; and I believe there will be a great work of God. I am thankful that my old brothers have sent brother Fin-

ley, and hope they will not take him away. They might send a better man, but they can not send one so well acquainted with the affairs of the Indians. We know him, and he knows us, and can live like us. I believe every brother in the nation is praying for brother Finley to stay.

“Many of our old people are rejoicing for the blessings of the school; for the great change which has been produced by it. Before the school was set up, our children were wild, like the beasts of the wilderness. They are not so now; but are tame and peaceable. I have seen many of the children on their knees, praying in secret. We old people can not expect much benefit from the school ourselves; we are too old to learn; we shall soon go to rest. But the children will rise up improved; and the school and religion will improve and benefit the nation in future generations.”

“*Punch.* ‘I wish to say a few words to our brothers. I am weak; but God requires no more than he has given, and I have great encouragement when I consider the many promises of God, and the power he has to fulfill his promises. There is a great change in the nation since the word of God came among us. Our people are very different from what they were before. They do not speak as they did, nor act as they did. The work speaks for itself. The people are more industrious and attentive to their business. They used to live by hunting in the wilderness, and were wild; but now they work with

their hands to provide comfortable things for the body.'

Peacock. 'I thank God for the privilege of meeting with our brothers to-day. I have but a few words to speak. God has done great things for us. The people are greatly changed in their way of living. I was a long time between two opinions, whether I should hold on to the old way, or embrace the new. But God directed me to the right way, and since that I have always been determined to hold on. I shall not live long, and can do but little. But I hope the young ones, who are springing 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 much to say. My brothers will excuse the weakness of my words. My heart rejoices every day for what God has done in the wilderness, and I believe he will carry on the work. Some are too much inclined to go away into the wilderness to hunt, and this weakens their religion; but this is wearing away, and the people are more disposed to work with their hands, to make fields and houses, and have things comfortable. The providence of God is wonderful in providing before, two men, by whom we could understand the good word when it came among us. We thank God for what he has done. He has done

all—he has provided all the good things which we want.’

“*Big-Tree.* ‘I am young, but I wish to say a few words. God has done a great work in this wilderness, which but a short time past was in great darkness. There is now much zeal in his ways. When you go into families you hear the old people and the young people talking about this good work, and what God has done for them. When our brother was preaching last Sabbath, and telling what effect the good word had wherever it went, I looked back and remembered what we were before the word of the Lord came among us, and what effect it had. Many witnesses were there of the truth of our brother’s word. The school is a great blessing. When my little children come home from the school, they talk about the good things they have learned. They are very much altered—much better than they were. I have been a very bad man, but God has changed my heart, and I now love God, and wish to do right, and do good to my people and to all men.’

“*Washington.* ‘This has been a very wicked place. Much wickedness has been committed here. And I have been a very wicked man; but now, when I go round among those who are very bad, I find them sober, and praying, and weeping, and striving to serve the Lord, and live well. Religion is some times high, and sometimes low. They do not always get along alike. But God is carrying on his work, and I believe it will prosper. Some people ask why

we are so fond of our brother Finley? I suppose it is because we have been blessed through his labors.'

"*Driver.* 'I wish to speak a few words. I am like one set out to follow a company that has gone before. But I have much cause to bless God that I have set out; and since I started, I have always been determined to hold on, and live according to the good word. Sometimes there are little jars in the Church, as there will be among children. But when these jars take place we pray to God, and peace is restored. God has done a great work for me, and for the nation. Sometimes, through the eye of faith, I can view the beauties of heaven; and I rejoice in the prospect of it. I believe God, who has begun this work, will carry it on; and that the school is the place from which the word of God will start out. And I pray God to bless the children, and make them teachers and leaders of the nation.'

"*Two-Logs.* 'Brothers, I am thankful to you for coming so far to see us, and to know what God is doing for us; and I thank God for sending you, and preserving you on your way. Brothers, you desire to know our state. But to let you know what our present state is, I must go back and tell you what we were before the word of God came among us. Brothers, it is not a great while ago that we were a very wicked people—we were lost, and in darkness in the wilderness. We were bad, and doing every thing that was bad; but then we were baptized, and sung,

and danced, and pretended to be religious. But the religion we had then did not make us better men. Here you see us—we were all wicked men—we got drunk, and did every bad thing. Our wickedness was too bad to describe; but we did not do all these things with a wicked design. We did not know that all this that we did was wrong. We hope the Great Spirit will excuse some things, because we were ignorant. Brothers, I have told you what we were; I will now tell you the change. The Great Spirit sent a good man among us to teach us the true religion of the word. He was taken away, and another was sent. The word took hold, and the old practices were given up, and bad men became good men. In the old state the men and women lived almost like the beasts; but now they are married, and live according to the word. And the men love and keep their wives, and the women love their husbands; and they live together in peace, and love and take care of their children. Brothers, you can now judge for yourselves. The work speaks for itself. Blessed be the Great Spirit for all he has done for us.'

"*Joseph Williams.* 'I wish to speak a few words. My brothers have spoken of the work. I believe that all the members would speak and say that the Lord has done wonders. The darkness has given way, and the light of heaven shines. The work is its own evidence, and God will carry it on.'

"*Mononcue* then rose, and closed the communications on the part of the Indians, as follows: 'My old

brothers, you have heard your young brothers of the wilderness in their way. You can now judge for yourselves what the state of the Church is, and what is necessary for us. Brothers, we are weak and helpless in every thing, and need help and advice from you. I am sorry our old brothers are not here; but I will make one request, and I am sure the whole nation would speak the same; let our brother Finley continue with us. If he should be taken away, the wicked would grow strong, and the weak members would be discouraged. The school would be weak; and the little children would come round him and weep, as if their father was leaving them. We ask that he may be continued with us. Death will soon part us—we shall not live long; but I hope we shall all meet in heaven, and be happy forever. I thank the good people every-where, who have been kind in helping us, and sending the good word to us; and those who have fed, clothed, and taught our children. And I pray that the work of the Lord may continue and increase, and that all the children of the wilderness may receive the blessed word.'

“Here closed this dignified chief; but his noble soul was full and overflowing with his subject. Never did feelings more pure animate the heart of man, for they were evangelical. With a countenance beaming with all he felt, and with eyes flowing with tears, he left his seat, and flew to embrace us. The scene was indescribable. After they had closed their talk, we addressed them collectively, expressing our satisfac-

tion and pleasure in meeting them, and in hearing from them the things which they had communicated, and especially in visiting the school, and noticing the improvement of their children. At the same time they were encouraged to persevere, both in religion and civilization.

“This truly interesting and profitable interview being closed, we dined together in the dining-room of the missionary family, and then parted with those feelings of Christian fellowship which are not often experienced in the circle of the rich and the gay. It is the order in the missionary establishment, for the missionaries, their wives, the hired men and women attached to the mission, the Indian children, with visitors of every color and every rank, to sit down at table together; and no subordination is known but what arises from age or office.

“After spending such a week, every day of which developed new and interesting subjects—a week, in which, for the first time, I became an eye and ear witness of the power of the Gospel over savage man—in which, for the first time, I heard the praises of JEHOVAH from lips which had never pronounced a written language—I shall never think of Sandusky without pleasing recollections.

“Before I close, I will observe that the talk of the Indians, as previously noticed, was taken down as the interpreter gave it, and as nearly in his words as his imperfect knowledge and use of the English language would admit. The whole talk of Sum-mun-de-wat,

of Driver, and of Two-Logs, is almost verbatim as delivered.

“After the talk was closed, the two interpreters were invited to a room, and the whole was carefully read over to them, for the purpose of examination, and they pronounced it to be correct. I am, however, confident that many valuable ideas and figurative beauties are lost by the translation, especially as the interpreters have but a very imperfect acquaintance with our language.”

Thus the good work of Christianizing and civilizing these poor savages had steadily progressed. I had no help but the Indian brethren. Sometimes we enjoyed seasons of great power and glory. The heavens seemed to pour righteousness upon us.

The school prospered exceedingly under the labors of Mr. Walker. No man could be more devoted to his work than this young man; and his heart was made glad to see this mighty reformation in his nation. The female department was formerly committed to my wife and sister Hooper, who were well calculated for the work. Many of the largest girls had learned to sew, knit, spin, and weave. Under their care, there was manufactured at the mission house, by the girls, upward of two hundred yards of linsey, flannel, and linen.

Under the direction of brother Hooper, the farm had produced corn and vegetables sufficient to meet the demand of the next year.

Thus the affairs of the mission, both temporal and spiritual, continued to prosper. The work spread among some of the Wyandott settlements, in Michigan, and every thing gave promise of the conversion and civilization of the entire nation.

CHAPTER XVII.

REMOVAL OF THE WYANDOTTS PROPOSED

I WAS returned to the mission in 1824, with Rev. Mr. Hooper for a colleague.

A plan had been projected for removing the Indians west of the Mississippi, and this was a source of great uneasiness and perplexity, both to the missionaries and the natives. After years of toil and suffering, we had succeeded in gathering a few lambs into the fold of the heavenly Shepherd, and how could we bear to see them scattered abroad again? If they should be suffered to remain on their reservations, and receive proper treatment from the white population, we did not entertain a doubt but that ultimately they would become completely civilized and Christianized. But their removal to distant regions must greatly peril, if it did not utterly destroy that hope.

The Indians were utterly opposed to a removal; and our chiefs addressed an earnest remonstrance to the War Department upon the subject. In their communication they reminded the Secretary that at the treaty of Fort Meigs they were most sacredly promised, that if they would cede all their lands, except the present reservations, they would never be spoken

to again on this subject; that Governor Cass promised, in the most solemn manner, that the President would make a strong fence around them, and maintain them in the peaceable and quiet possession of that spot forever; that now they were making progress in religion, and in the cultivation of their lands; their children were at school, and promised to make good citizens; that they were now happy, and well satisfied.

The following is the reply from the Department. It bears the date of March 24, 1825. We insert it entire, because it illustrates the spirit and manner in which these negotiations with the Indians were carried on by our Government:

“FRIENDS AND BROTHERS,—Your talk to your Great Father, the President of the United States, of the 7th of this month, has been received and read by him.

“Brothers, your Great Father takes his Wyandott children by the hand. He thanks them for their greeting of health and peace, and offers you, in return, his best wishes for your prosperity and happiness.

“Brothers, your Great Father is very much pleased to hear of your improvement, and, especially, that you are learning to reverence the Great Spirit, and to read his word, and obey its directions. Follow what that word directs, and you will be a happy people.

“Brothers, your Great Father takes a deep interest, as you do yourselves, in the prosperity of your children. They will be certain to grow up in wisdom, if you continue to teach them how to serve the Great Spirit, and conduct themselves well in this world. In all this the word of the Great Spirit should be your guide. You must teach them to love peace; to love one another; to be sober. You must instruct them how to plow the ground, sow the seed, and reap the harvest; you must teach them how to make implements of husbandry, and for all the mechanic arts; your young women you must teach to spin and weave, and make your clothes, and to manage your household; your young men to labor in the shops, and in the fields; and to bring home all that you may need for the support of your families. Add to all this, the fear and love of the Great Spirit, and obedience to his word, and be at peace with one another, and you will be a happy people.

“Brothers, your Great Father is glad that you have so good a man as the Rev. Mr. Finley among you. Listen to his words. Follow his advice. He will instruct you in all these things.

“Brothers, your Great Father will never use force to drive you from your lands. What Governor Cass told you, your Great Father will see shall be made good. The strong fence which he promised you at the treaty of Fort Meigs, should be put around your lands, and never be broken down, never shall be, by force or violence. But your Great Father will not

compel you to remain where you are, if you think it better, at any time, to settle elsewhere.

“Brothers, on this part of your talk, your Great Father directs me to send you a small book, which Mr. Finley will read and explain to you. You will see from it what his views are on the subject of making the Indians a great and happy people. But he will never force you into the measure, but will leave it to your own discretion. As reasonable children, he thinks you will see a great deal of reason in this small book, and that your best interests are connected with a compliance with what it recommends. But be happy, and fear nothing from your Great Father. He is your friend, and will never permit you to be driven away from your lands. He never will fall upon a poor, helpless, red child, and kill it, because it is weak. His heart is not made of such cruelty. He would rather protect and defend it, and care the more for it, because of its helplessness.

“Brothers, your Great Father greets you as his children, and bids me tell you, you will find him in all things kind and merciful to you. He sends you his best wishes for your improvement and happiness.”

The minds of the Indians being somewhat quieted on the subject of removal, things in the mission resumed their accustomed course.

There were now two things necessary to promote the civilization of the Indians. First, the establish-

ment of the school among them on a permanent basis. To this the Government kindly lent its aid, making an appropriation yearly, for the payment of school teachers. The other was the division of the lands. Heretofore the land in the reservation belonged to the nation, and consequently no individual could hold property in it. Its equitable division so that each individual might have an ownership in the soil, would contribute to make each family stationary, and also beget an ambition to improve their property. Thus a new stimulus to the development of civilized life would be secured. In proposing this I had the cordial approbation of General Cass, who ever proved himself the sincere friend of the Indian. In a letter to me, he said, "I think the contemplated measure of dividing a portion of the Wyandott reservation among the several families, is a very judicious and proper one. By securing to each the products of his labor, enterprise and industry will be stimulated and rewarded. A community of property, unless under very peculiar circumstances, is unfavorable to permanent and valuable improvements."

At the close of this year I found the subject of the removal of the Wyandotts was still agitated. General Cass had invited me to communicate freely with him on all interests relating to the Indians. I therefore prepared a statement exhibiting the condition and claims of the Wyandotts, and the reasons why they ought not to be removed, which I forwarded to Washington. I give the communication in full;

for subsequent events have only more fully convinced me of the justice of the views expressed in it. It was dated at Upper Sandusky, December 15, 1825, and was addressed to General Cass:

“HONORED SIR,—I take this opportunity of writing to you on the claims of the Indians under my care, at this place; and am happy to state that the work of civilizing this nation is progressing as fast as can be reasonably expected. The Indians, in general, and the chiefs particularly, are using every exertion to improve their lands, and to follow the instructions of the general Government, especially the advice given by yourself, to divide the lands, agreeable to the provisions made in the treaty of Fort Meigs. This plan of division, I think, is fully agreed on by the whole nation; and last summer they employed a surveyor to lay off a certain portion into sections and half sections. And it is the request of the chiefs, that you would use your influence to obtain some aid to finish this work. It is agreed by all, that individual possession will facilitate the great work in which we are engaged. In making these people an agricultural people, it is to be hoped that all the necessary aid, both in money and advice, will be furnished. And, I think, it will not be doubted or disputed that this handful of Indians have great and lasting claims on this Government.

“1. As a conquered, subdued enemy, who were once a strong and powerful nation, to whom the

pleasant homes we now enjoy once belonged, they have strong claims on our generosity. They contended for their country—as we would have done had we been in their places—as long as they could. But the overwhelming population of whites has well-nigh swallowed them up. They have given up their whole country, except a small reserve, on which the bones of their fathers sleep. This they would never have done willingly, but because they could not help themselves; and it would seem as though we were making a contract with them, but they must submit to our proposition in view of their helpless, forlorn, and dependent state. In view of what they have been, they possess some strong claims.

“2. Since Wayne’s treaty at Greenville, the Wyandotts have been faithful friends to our Government; and, in the last war, did their part in resisting, as agents, the combined power of Indian and British warfare. Many of their men fell in battle, or died with sickness, and left their families and friends destitute.

“3. They have claims from this consideration, ‘Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.’ The Wyandotts, although not behind the first in battle, were more merciful than their neighbors. They saved more prisoners, and purchased many from other Indians, and adopted them into their families, till they are much mixed with white blood; and some of the best families in our country are allied to them; namely, the Browns, an old Virginia family; the

Zanes, another well-known family; Walker, of Tennessee; Williams, Armstrong, M'Cullough, and Magee, of Pittsburg. This handful of Indians are mostly the descendants of our own people. Their fathers were citizens, and why not their children? Shall we not show mercy to our own?

"4. Their present prospect for civilization is very promising; and little doubt can be entertained but, in a short time, these people will be well prepared to be admitted as citizens of the state of Ohio; and to remove them just at this time, contrary to their wishes, would be, in my judgment, a most cruel act. It would be undoing what has been done, and throwing them again into a savage state.

"5. The promises made by the commissioners, in the name and faith of the President and Government, that if they would cede all their fertile lands but this spot, the Government would never ask them for a foot more, or to sell it and move; but that the Government would build a strong fence around their land, which should never be broken; and this promise was one strong inducement to them to sell their lands. Such strongly-plighted faith ought to be most sacredly observed.

"My dear sir, these are some of the reasons why I think these Indians have strong claims on the Government. I have done as you requested. I have spoken fully and freely my mind. May the blessings of Heaven rest upon you and your labors for the good of the red man!"

I have reason to believe that General Cass fully sympathized with my views and feelings. But Government interests and Government policy were more potent than justice and right. Consequently, a line of action was followed, which eventually brought about the evil we strove to avert. I was assured that no steps would be taken "to compel the Indians to emigrate." But it was urged that "their future happiness and prosperity depended upon their having a country of their own, in which they will be free forever, from the encroachments and injuries to which they are now liable, from their proximity to the whites." Such were the honeyed phrases with which Government officials sought to sugar over the bitter pill that was then preparing for the unfortunate Indian.

This reminds me of an anecdote of old Black-Hoof, the Shawnee chief. After the Shawnees had sold their land at Waupaukonetta, on being asked if he was agreed to it, he said, "No." "Why, then, did you sell?" "Why," said he, "because the United States Government wanted to buy and possess our lands, and remove us out of the way. I consented, because I could not help myself; for I never knew them to undertake any thing, but that they accomplished it. I knew that I might as well give up first as last, for they were determined to have it." So, it seems this poor savage thought that promises and pledges of the public faith will not prevent those who have the power from wresting out of the pos-

session of poor and defenseless Indians, their property and homes, and with these all their earthly comfort.

My readers will easily perceive that it was the design of the Government to remove the Indians, if it could be done peaceably. They can see the effect it must have on our infant establishment. It was calculated to discourage and throw all our plans and prospects to the ground. I had taken this project under a careful investigation, and had fixed in my mind what course to pursue. I could very easily see that all the fair prospects held out were for mere effect. To remove the Indian where he would be free from the encroachment of white men, was a flimsy vailing of the real object. Who can stop the march of the white population? Neither mountains, deserts, seas, rivers, nor poles. To talk, therefore, of giving the Indian a country where he will be delivered from the advances and impositions of the lowest and worst class of our citizens, is chimerical. Did it ever enter into the waking thoughts of the wise politicians of the day, that this could or would be the case? The answer is obvious. But there must be some pretext for moving, and these moonshine pretensions will do to allure; but men of sober sense will view the whole as questionable.

If the good of the red man was their object, is there not a much better opportunity to counteract the evils to which he is exposed, where the laws of the Government can be enforced; and where morals

and religion will come to the aid of the civil laws; where they can have the practical example of farmers and mechanics, and the blessings of religious society? If the race must become extinct, as has always been prophesied, is it not better to keep them where they can enjoy the greatest share of privileges and blessings, than to throw them again back into a state of savage life, without game in the country to support them and their families, and again expose them to the impositions and vices of the worst of our race? I have always been opposed to the removing plan, and have honestly told my sentiments to Indians and others. I used my influence to persuade the Indians not to sell, but remain where they were; for if they were removed to the base of the Rocky Mountains, or beyond them, the white population would follow them; that, as they were now settled on a small tract of land, which by treaty and by nature was their own, they would do well never to leave it, for their condition would always be rendered worse by removal. This was, and still is, the honest conviction of my mind.

I believe the Indians saw and felt the truth of these sentiments; but, alas! what could they do? They were powerless. A swarming population of whites, like so many hungry wolves, prowled around the "high fence" their great father had built around them, and were eager to leap over and take possession of the goodly land. Ah! how soon were my poor lambs scattered in the wide and savage wilder-

ness, far away from the graves of their fathers and the homes of their childhood! But so far from being exempted "forever" from the rapacity of the white man's thirst for the soil, even now, while I write, measures are taken to dispossess again of their lands the peeled and wasted few of them that remain. In fact, their promised western home, which they were to possess "forever," proved only a place of temporary rest as the whole nation moved onward to utter annihilation. Thanks be to God, no greedy speculator can dispossess the poor converted Indian of his vested rights in "the better country." There many of my dear flock were long since gathered, and there I hope to meet them again.

At this time we had upward of two hundred in society—twelve leaders and three exhorters—all men of the wood. The classes were regularly attended and profitable. On the Sabbath day our house of worship was crowded, and great attention and the best order generally prevailed.

Our school contained fifty-seven native children; and was giving every prospect of continued success.

The mission suffered great loss this year in the death of Robert Armstrong, one of its best interpreters. This man was taken prisoner by the Indians about the year 1786, when a boy about four years old. His parents resided a few miles above Pittsburg, on the bank of the Alleghany river. On one Sabbath morning a young man, with little Robert, took the canoe, and crossed the river to visit a camp

of Indian Corn-planters. This camp was supposed to be four miles from the river, on a path leading farther into the forest.

After they had made their visit, and were returning home, in passing a thick brush, through which the path led, they heard a noise, and stopped to look; and, to 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 till 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, till they got to an Indian town, as I learned afterward, on the Jerome's fork of Mohickan creek, one of the branches of Muskingum river. Here they rested a while, and then went on till 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 till 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 and understand but little of it.

After Wayne's treaty he associated more with the whites, and conversed more in the English, and learned to talk the language as well as any of us. He became an excellent interpreter, and was employed in trading and interpreting the rest of his life.

He married a daughter of old Ebenezer Zane, a half Indian woman, and raised some interesting children. He settled at Solomonstown, and afterward moved to Zanesfield, on Mad river. Thence he moved to Upper Sandusky, where he died.

He embraced religion in 1819. He had become alarmed at his condition by interpreting for John Stewart, and said the words he spoke to others fell like lead into his own heart. He was so deeply convicted that he joined the Church, in the then Mad River circuit; but he did not experience the witness of his acceptance with God till the fall of 1819, at a camp meeting; and he never doubted the genuineness of the work afterward.

Brother Armstrong was a zealous Christian, and loved the work of God. He was one of the best

interpreters, and when his soul was fired by the Spirit, he was, in the Wyandott tongue, a most powerful exhorter. Indeed, he was one of the instruments that carried on, and maintained the work of religion in the nation, and an immovable friend to the school. His usefulness in that station will not be known till the great day of reckoning.

In making his new settlement at Upper Sandusky, he labored hard, and exposed himself much; and in the winter of 1824-5 he was very feeble. In the spring his disease more fully developed itself to be the consumption. It progressed rapidly; and although he was sometimes flattered with hopes of recovery, yet he looked on himself as winding up his course in this world. I attended him through all his illness, and we conversed frequently of the goodness and providence of God. He always was filled with gratitude to God, that he was taken by the Indians when a child, and providentially preserved in many instances from death, that he might be one of the humble instruments of conveying the word of salvation to the Indian nation, and had enjoyed such comfort as we had experienced together, when employed in this work. Sometimes clouds obscured his spiritual prospects for a short time; but they were soon dispersed, and the closing scene of his life was peaceful and triumphant. He died on the 20th of April, 1825, aged about forty-two years. I preached his funeral sermon from 1 Cor. xv, 26—"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death"—to a large

and weeping congregation of Indians. We laid his body by the side of his beloved daughter, to rest till the resurrection of the just. O, blessed day! the hope of which softens the bed of death, destroys the gloom and terror of the grave, and cheers the soul of man with the prospect of immortality and eternal life.

The prosperous state of the mission establishment, and its salutary influence upon the nation, had inspired not only its friends, but the Government, with entire confidence in its management and final success. The more effectually to accomplish the humane purposes of the Government and the Church, the Secretary of War was pleased to commit to the superintendent of the mission the management also of the secular concerns of the nation, by appointing him sub-agent of Indian affairs at Upper Sandusky.

The duties of this agency added some to my already arduous labors. Nevertheless, for the sake of the nation, and the work in which I was engaged, I accepted it, and, to the utmost of my ability, I discharged its duties, always exerting myself to defend the Indians from the impositions of some ill-disposed white men near the reservation, and in laboring to regain the property which was stolen from them. In this labor I increased the hatred of this class of men against me, as might naturally be expected; but my trust was in God, and the justness of the cause in which I was employed; and I continued to perform the duties of sub-agent with great pleasure, and with-

out any reward, save the consciousness of upright endeavors for the good of the Indian.

Through this year we had a growing prospect of accomplishing the purposes of charity to those aboriginals, and their condition in morals and temporal circumstances was very much changed and ameliorated. Their old habits were giving way, and their new religion—as they called it—and the cultivation of the soil very much improved their condition and comforts. Yet the enemies of the cross of Christ, and of the Indians, were not asleep, but had their fatal poison in almost every house around the reservation; and, whenever practicable, they set the Indians “on fire of hell” with it. There were not, nor are there, any means by which the devil or his angels, the grog-sellers, can so effectually destroy the happiness of man, in time and eternity, as with the fatal poison.

It is impossible to tell all the wickedness that has been committed on the Indians of North America by the infernal practice of selling to them intoxicating liquors; but they are all registered on high, and will not be forgotten in that day when God will judge the world in righteousness.

Scuteash, one of the first converts, and a chief of the Big Turtle tribe, was seduced by those whisky traders to take again to his former habit of intemperance. So soon as I heard of his fall, I went directly to him, and, in the kindest manner, said, “My brother, I hear, with a sorrowful heart, that you

have fallen by your old enemy, and as soon as I heard of it, I ran to help you up; for I was afraid you would be so discouraged you would not try. Now, my brother, you must not be discouraged; for although you have given the enemy of your soul the advantage over you, yet the Lord can break his snare; and although you gave me your hand not to taste the dram, and have broken that promise, and inflicted a wound on my heart that bleeds, yet I have not thrown you away, nor is my confidence in you lost. You must have been off your guard at this fatal moment. Now, brother, I hope you will rise up and stand on your feet, and walk in the same path you have walked in for some time past. You was one of the first and one of the strongest men of our little band; but when we give way to sin, it is then we are weak and stumble in the way. You must have slackened your hold of the Savior, or you could not have fallen in this way.”

“Brother,” said the afflicted man, “all you say is true. I was among the first that took hold of this new way, and I was not long in it till I had more peace of mind than I had enjoyed all my life before. I was happy wherever I went, and all my temptations were weak. They could not make me move. I did give you my hand not to take the first drop, and then I was strong; but since then I have been much discouraged and cast down. My path grew dimmer and darker. It seemed as if the sun had gone down, and I could not pray, and it became a burden to me, and

every day I got weaker, till at last I fell in with the traders, and they told me that it was all nothing, and that very few people were religious; and all that was necessary for a man was to eat, and drink, and be merry, for we must soon die, and then it was all over. Then they gave me the bowl, and I drank, and was soon a fool. I did not know what I said or did."

"Well, brother," said I, "what do you think of their doctrine, that after death there is nothing? Do you not feel guilty before God for getting drunk?" "O yes," said he. "Well, now, if there was no life or punishment for sin hereafter, why do you feel guilty? Does not your soul say you must give an account to God for your conduct? These men are your enemies, and will ruin your soul if you listen to them, and follow their counsel. You know you were happy once and miserable now. What makes it? You have been negligent, and have loitered behind till the enemy has taken you prisoner. But greater are they that are for you than those that are against you. You must pray and seek the Lord till he forgives your sin, and then you will feel as well as ever you did."

This he promised me to do, and said I had opened up the path to him again, and that now he would try not to lose it. "But it is narrow," said this weeping and penitent chief. "Yes, brother," said I, "and that is the reason why we must always keep in the light, if we would walk in it; for you know that it is impossible to walk in a narrow path in a dark night.

We have the light of the Spirit to guide us into all truth; for the good book says, that it is only 'as many as are led by the Spirit of God' that 'are the sons of God.' The Lord will give us light if we walk in the light; but if we sin it will make all cloudy, and we shall become so weak that we can not walk in it. But if we continue praying, we may grow stronger and stronger, till the last loud trump shall sound."

I parted with the old man in great hopes that I had gained my brother. He was perfectly sober and good for awhile, and promised much usefulness to the nation; but it was not long till the same set of men got hold of him, and he fell the second time. I went, as before, but found him sullen, and not penitent, and not disposed to hear any counsel or advice on the subject. I then thought I would use some stratagem to awake up honor in his bosom. I said, "Scuteash, you have told me of your manhood and your prowess, as a warrior and hunter, and how much you could endure; but I am disposed to believe that you are not half the great man or chief that the people say you are. Almost every body thought you was a great man, and that nothing could stand before you; but I think old Molly [an old woman who had been proverbial for drunkenness and lewdness, and who, from the day of her conversion till her death, which was six years, never stepped aside from the true path of piety and holiness] is a much stouter *man* than you are, and has much more cour-

age to resist than you have. You must be a perfect *squaw*, and worse, if you can not quit getting drunk, and prevent whisky from overcoming you."

This piqued the old man. I said, "Many women have set out, and are still going on, and not falling down, and turning aside like you." After some time he said, "I will let you see that I have strength enough to keep from falling." For a long time he was sober; but never regained his first love. He fell again, and, I think, he never was reclaimed, unless it was on his dying pillow. Then I did not see him; but only heard that he was stupid, and in a great measure insensible. O how dreadful is the state of the blackslider from God! and especially when he is so lost as to deny that he has fallen, or that he ever was purged from his old sins!

CHAPTER XVIII.

VISIT TO THE EAST WITH INDIAN CHIEFS.

AT the conference of 1825 I was returned to the Indian mission. The Rev. John C. Brooke and wife were also appointed to take charge of the mission farm and family. By this latter arrangement I was left at liberty to devote myself more entirely to the general and spiritual interests of the work.

The conference, at this session, passed a resolution providing for the education of twelve of the larger and most promising boys in the white settlements; where they could secure a more perfect knowledge of the English language, acquire the habits of civilized life, and learn the mechanical arts, or agriculture. The attempt to carry out this wise and politic resolution well-nigh cost me my life. It was late in December before we were ready to carry the resolution into effect. I then carried the boys sixty-five miles, through the wilderness, in a wagon to Urbana. I accomplished the journey in safety, and each boy reached his proper destination. On my return the weather had become extremely cold. The piercing winds of winter howled through the forests, and not unfrequently filled my eyes and blinded me with the snow. It seemed difficult to keep from freezing while

I was in motion. But, to complete my difficulty, I found myself unable to reach any dwelling, and night overtook me in the wilderness. I had no bed-clothes, except a thin quilt, and could get up but little fire. I can never describe the horrors and sufferings of that terrible night. It seemed as though I must perish; but with constant effort and God's blessing, I was enabled to keep life within me. The next day I reached the mission; but almost as much dead as alive. A fit of sickness now disabled me; and such was the injury I received that I never recovered my former health.

In order to lighten my labors, I now resigned the office of sub-agent for the Indians. The good work, notwithstanding my enfeebled health, continued to progress encouragingly. Our meetings were well attended, and we were making constant inroads upon the pagan party.

In the month of April, 1826, we held our second quarterly meeting in the new stone church. It was a season of great power and glory; and was signalized by the conversion of old Scionta, the high-priest of the heathen party. This man had served De-unquot, the head chief, in this office, and used to hold his meetings, and deliver long lectures on the Indian religion and traditions. He was a sober and respectable man, and was considered an honor to his profession and party. He had often been convinced of the truth, and much shaken in his heathenish belief; but his pride of character and office deterred him

from yielding. At length the truth of the Gospel, conveyed to his heart by the blessed Spirit, was sharper than a two-edged sword. It found way to his soul, and he fell, with many others, to the floor, and cried aloud for mercy. He then abjured his heathenism and its practices; saying, that he now would take Jesus Christ for his God, and his word for his guide, and follow him as long as he lived. He made a humble confession of his sins, and asked all to pray for him. This we all did heartily. The conversion of this man made a great stir in the heathen ranks, and brought many of them out to attend our meetings.

On the Sabbath evening we held our love-feast; which was a time long to be remembered. The power of God filled the whole house, and many were struck down to the floor like Saul of Tarsus, and cried for mercy. Many of them experienced the pardon of their sins; and among them was Scionta, the high-priest: He shouted and praised God for redeeming grace and dying love, which convinced others that there was a divine reality in the work. This man has been a pious, devoted saint ever since. I do not believe there was an hour from that time forward that he did not enjoy the love and presence of God in his soul. I saw and worshiped with him in June, 1837, which was eleven years after his conversion, and he told me he was deeply afflicted in body, but his soul was still filled with the love of God, and that he expected soon to mount up on high, to see Jesus, and

rest with him forever in the "house not made with hands—eternal in the heavens."

God owned that place, and there gave peace to all who truly called upon him. Thirteen professed religion at this meeting, and joined the Church. The meeting lasted all night. Brother Brooke made an attempt, after midnight, to dismiss the meeting, but it could not be easily done. The holy fire was now kindled afresh in the hearts of many of the members.

The next morning sister Hicks, the wife of one of our chiefs, while preparing breakfast for those friends who had lodged with them during the quarterly meeting, was so filled with the love of God, that she broke out into raptures of praise, and the rest caught the flame. The work commenced in the old classroom, and, with but little intermission, lasted all day.

To show the progress of the work up to this period, I give the statistics of the mission, as taken from our Church records at the time :

"In January, 1821, the first class was formed. Since that, two hundred and ninety-two have been received on trial, two hundred and fifty of whom now remain on our class papers. Sixteen have died, I trust, in the Lord, and twenty-six have been expelled, discontinued, and have moved away. The two hundred and fifty now in the Church are divided into ten classes, each having a leader of its own. There are four licensed exhorters, godly and zealous

men, moving regularly in a circuit among their brethren, and doing much good. They all manifest a disposition to improve in the arts of civilized life; and as religion increases among them, so does industry, cleanliness, and all the fruits of good living. There are on our school list the names of sixty-five children, most of whom are now regular attendants, and are doing well—learning the English language, and other useful knowledge. Indeed, I have no doubt, if these people are not disturbed by factions, but are left to pursue the course they have begun, ‘the whole lump will be leavened.’ Their improvement, in every respect, is very great.”

This spring I received a letter from Dr. Bangs, of New York, inviting me, with two of the chiefs, and an interpreter, to visit the eastern cities, and attend the anniversary of the Missionary Society. At first, such was the state of my health, that I doubted whether I should be able to perform such a journey. I consulted my friends, and we concluded that it might be beneficial, both to my health and that of Between-the-Logs, who was laboring under a pulmonary affection. After making it a matter of much prayer, and it being considered advantageous to the missionary cause by our venerable Bishops, M’Kendree and Soule, we agreed to undertake the journey and, with all possible dispatch, made preparations.

On the 5th Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, and myself, set out from Upper Sandusky, with Samuel

Brown for our interpreter, and rode to Portland on horseback. We sent our horses home from thence, and took passage in a steamboat on the 8th for Buffalo. Nothing unusual happened, except a very high wind, which made my comrades very seasick, and affected me some. Traveling on a steamboat was a novelty to my comrades, and yet they expressed no astonishment, nor manifested any curiosity in examining the works. This an Indian would consider an exhibition of weakness, and a want of self-command.

When we landed at Buffalo, it seemed as if the people would tear us to pieces, such was the anxiety to get us aboard their canal-boat. But I said to them all, "Stand off—I will take my own time, and make my own choice in this matter." So I drove off these birds of prey, took our things, placed them on the bank, and left my friends to watch, till I went and looked for myself. I went from boat to boat, looking into all, and found them supplied with whisky and rum. I said, "Here is the devil I want to shun." Some were drinking, playing the fiddle, dice, checkers, and cards. At length I met a Captain Smith, who looked like a temperate man. I said, "It may be this man keeps a good boat." I went with him to his boat, which was nearly ready to start, and saw no whisky or bar. All the company looked grave and sober. I told him who I was, and who my comrades were, and that I wanted to get into some boat under the protection of some master who respected himself

and religion. When he found that religion was the object of our journey, he said he would take us, and do it half a dollar less than his accustomed charge. By a gracious providence we were soon aboard, and on our journey. This man, I learned, was a member of the Presbyterian Church; and we were permitted to enjoy our religious privileges, and were treated in character.

On Sabbath we had meeting three times. It was agreed that in the morning Between-the-Logs should officiate, at noon I would preach, and in the evening brother Mononcue. Our morning exercise commenced soon after breakfast, and was introduced by the chiefs and the interpreter singing in Wyandott,

“Come thou Fount of every blessing,” etc.

I sung with them in English. Then Between-the-Logs prayed with great fervency. The passengers in the boat were literally astonished. When we arose from our knees, I perceived that some had been weeping. Our preacher from the woods then commenced, and preached many things in his exhortation. He told us of his birth and early life, of his Indian religion and of his Catholic religion. “But I saw in all this,” said he, “that I had only an outside religion, which never reached my heart, but was worn only when I went to meeting. When I left meeting it was all gone till I went back again. I was just as wicked as before; and this was all I thought necessary. So I felt at peace. But some years ago there

came a colored man to our nation, and he told of another way; that we must have the religion of Jesus, and this was the religion of the heart. I listened to him, and thought it might be the truth; yet I was still in the dark. So I listened, and, after some time, I took hold. I went to a great camp meeting. There I saw the mighty power of God; and then I felt it was not altogether well with me. I prayed and went to meeting, but did not feel as I wanted. The Lord sent our brother here, to be our missionary, and he fed us with meat. Strong words came from him, and I was much stirred up to seek the deep things of which he spoke. At a prayer meeting in our town, God opened my heart to feel his love and power; and it seemed as if it burned in every breast. I could not keep my tongue still. All was changed. I loved all men, and hastened to tell all the world how good the Lord was to me."

He then exhorted all to come to God, and said, "You [the whites] know the way. You have the good book, and can read it. This shows the way. Let a poor Indian, brought up in the darkness of the woods, who never could read a word, and never, till the other day, heard of the blessed name of Jesus—that name so sweet and precious to my soul—let his feeble voice reach your heavy ears, and wake you up." By this time Between-the-Logs was in such a rapture, and the tears were rolling down many cheeks, that he left his place, and walked to the weeping captain, took him by the hand and talked to him; and

so he did to all in the boat. There was not one dry eye—all wept, and some could scarcely refrain from crying aloud.

I then called on Mononcue to pray; and like Bridaine, his thundering voice, and his holy eloquence in prayer, put the climax on our exercises. Never was an audience more astonished. There was present a trader from the Rocky Mountains, going to Boston on business, who, more than all the rest, appeared astonished; for he had never before dreamed that, if there was any such thing as religion, an *Indian* could be made the subject of it experimentally. He afterward took me up on the top of the boat, to inquire about these men; where they were from? and how they came to know these things? I gave him their history in a few words. He was utterly confounded; and during all the remainder of our journey, the conversion of the Indians seemed to be all his talk.

I preached at eleven o'clock, from Acts xiii, 41, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." I first described the work. I showed it was in these days, before their eyes, and yet they would not believe it, although those men declared it unto them; and then the application, "Behold, and wonder, and perish."

Brother Mononcue exhorted and prayed with great energy, and then our meeting concluded. I have no

doubt but that the exercises of this Sabbath left a deep impression on the minds of all.

We were treated with great respect the remainder of our journey.

At Albany I called upon the preacher in charge of the station. We had meeting that night, and the chiefs addressed the congregation. Next day we proceeded down the river to Newburg. It was thought best for us to remain here, and rest over the Sabbath, and then proceed on Monday to New York.

Many came to see us, and asked many questions. On the Sabbath we had a profitable meeting; and on Monday we went to the city.

We were most kindly received, and conducted to the residence of Dr. Pitts, where we were comfortably situated, in a large and airy room. Between-the-Logs was much fatigued, from the heat, exercise, and travel. Here we all took our lodgings on the floor. Not being accustomed to soft beds, we could not sleep on them, but rested much better on our blankets.

Just before day, we were waked up by the noise of carts and drays, going to market. This was so different from the silence of the woods at that hour—where the wolf steals in the twilight to his den, and the deer rises from his lair to crop the verdant grass, made soft by the dew of the morning, and the sweet songsters of the forest tune their warbling notes of praise from nature's ten thousand altars, to HIM who made the sun to gild the day, and the moon the night—

that we could not sleep. Brother Mononcue was the first at the window, to see what all this meant. Soon I heard him call for me to rise quick, and tell what these things were. When I approached the window, I saw carts loaded with crabs. I told him they were craw-fish, from the sea. "What do they do with them?" added he. "Eat them," I replied. Then he gave an expression of contempt, "*Yute!*" and said, "The hogs do this in our river."

We remained here through the week, caressed by our friends, and seeing all that was curious in the city. We visited the poor-house, penitentiary, house of refuge, and many of the schools; but with none were the chiefs more delighted than with the African free school, taught on the Lancasterian plan. There were two hundred black boys, or upward, under good discipline; and to gratify the chiefs, the master put them through all the exercises of marching, clapping of hands, and treading with their feet—all of which was done with much regularity and precision, and that without one word, except one of the largest boys, who acted as fogleman. The boys presented my comrades with paintings done by them, which were well executed.

Between-the-Logs continued feeble, and went out but little. I wanted to take them to the Museum, but wished to do it privately; for if it was known, there would be such a crowd that we could enjoy no satisfaction. However, after dark, we went up to the Park, and entered one, where we found a few visitors.

The first thing, after entering, that attracted our attention, and particularly the notice of Mononcue, was the great sea turtle. "Why," said he, "here is my grandmother! [He was of the Turtle tribe.] I have seen many of her children, but never have seen *her* before." He began to measure with his arms, by fathoms, to know how high she was, that he might tell his tribe when he returned home. He measured the circumference, the breadth across the back, and then the length. He said to me, "I never knew that these grew so large." I told him it was from the sea; and that all water animals grew larger there, than in our lakes and rivers. We spent an hour at this place, looking at all the different curiosities of animals, birds, and fishes, from other countries, and talking about them.

We received an invitation to go to Peale's Museum, across the street, where there was to be an exhibition of gas-lights. Accordingly we went, and seated ourselves in a box. Soon after, the lights were extinguished. There soon appeared, however, a wheel, with a small gas-light, which was enlarged or depressed, at pleasure, according to the will of the wire-workers. Here many pictures passed in review before us. At length there came up one which represented the devil having hold of a drunken man by the wrist, and there appeared a great conflict between them. The devil pulled, and the man pulled, and success seemed alternately to incline, first in favor of one, and then in favor of the other. At last the light was

suddenly much enlarged, to give a full view of the scene. The devil knocked up the feet of the drunkard, and whirled him heels over head, and all disappeared. The light was then wholly excluded, and all was dark and silent. Mononcue was sitting on my left, and he exclaimed, "*Waugh!*" We were invited to come again the next evening. I said to him, who had given the invitation, that if it was considered best, we perhaps would, but that I would let him know by note on the morrow. In the morning papers it was advertised that I, with the Indian chiefs, would be at his Museum in the evening. This offended my moral sensibility, for I discovered it was a catch-penny maneuver. I sent him a note that one of the chiefs was unwell, and we declined the invitation. But this did not prevent his gain, for the public notice was not recalled, only a note stuck up on the door, in the dark, where, in all probability, none would notice it. Brother Brown and myself went into the Park. The street was completely filled with carriages. The crowd was so great that a large number could not get in, as they expected, to see the Indian chiefs. I now plainly perceived that we were to be made gain of, and we accordingly took our leave.

I received many notes of invitation to gardens and public places of resort; but we kept ourselves as retired as possible, till the Sabbath, when we repaired to the crowded churches, and worshiped with the great congregations in this American London. Our

chiefs spoke to the congregations, by their interpreter, with good effect. How striking the contrast between the great metropolis, its splendid buildings, and costly-attired thousands, and the humble retreat of the forest, where the ambassador of Jesus meets his flock in a house made with slabs, and covered with bark from the forest trees, without windows or shutters to the door—his humble auditory seated on the ground, or on logs split and arranged for seats—their blankets round them, either for ornament or covering; and yet God is in the forest waste, as well as in “the city full.” In the former there is no parade, no show, all is nature in her simple state; and, without guile, the worshipers present a humble heart at the throne of grace. Here, perhaps, all is right; but it is not like home to the humble missionary, who has been accustomed to preach to the poor in their western cabins, or to the Indian in his bark wigwam. His message from heaven is perfectly adapted to all, and is designed to meet the wants of all, in every condition. O how good is God, who has given us such a Gospel, and such a dispensation of mercy, which embraces all mankind, from the beggar at the gate, to the monarch on his throne, with every rank between them! After the labors of the day we retired to repose, with thankful hearts, that we had seen and felt the presence of the Lord manifested in the great congregations.

The missionary anniversary was held on Wednesday of this week. Brother Bascom preached the

missionary sermon. Although I have been in the habit of hearing him frequently, ever since he commenced preaching, I think, on this occasion, he was almost inspired. I felt, and I thought all felt, as if the day had arrived when the head-stone was to be “brought with shouting, crying, Grace, grace unto it!” when the Savior was to be crowned Lord of all. O, how my soul burned with missionary fire! I felt then that I wanted to be on the top of some of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, with a voice suitable, that I might say to all the inhabitants on each side, and along its rugged summit, in the language of the inspired prophet Isaiah, “Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the tops of the mountains.”

Between-the-Logs followed. He gave a history of the introduction of the Roman Catholic religion into his nation, and the influence it had on his people. “It is true,” said he, “we went to Church on the Sabbath day, and then the minister preached; but we did not understand one word he said. We saw he kneeled down, and stood up, and went through motions with his great dress on; and when Church was out, we all went to a place where they sold rum and whisky, got drunk, and went home drunk. He would tell us we must not get drunk; but he would drink himself, and frolic and dance on the Sabbath. We counted our beads, and kept our crosses about our necks, or under our pillows, and would sometimes pray to the Virgin Mary. But we were all as

we were before. It made no change on us, and I began to think it was not as good as the religion of our fathers; for they taught us to be good men and women, to worship the Great Spirit, and to abstain from all evil.

“Soon after, the Seneca Prophet came to our nation, and he told us that he had found the right way; that he had a revelation, and had seen and talked with an angel, and was directed to teach all the Indians; that they must quit drinking, and must take up their old Indian religion, and offer their constant sacrifices, as their fathers had done, which had been neglected too much, and, on account of this, the Great Spirit had forsaken them. But if they would come back and follow him, that he would yet drive the white man back to his native home. We all followed him till we saw he went crooked, and did not do himself what he taught us to do. Then we followed him no more, but returned to our old course.

“Some time afterward came the Shawnee Prophet, the brother of Tecumseh, and he told us that a great many years ago there lived a prophet that had foretold the present state of the Indians, that they would be scattered and driven from their homes; but that the Great Spirit had said that he would make them stand on their feet again, and would drive the white man back over the waters, and give them their own country; that he had seen an angel, and he told him that all the Indians must quit drinking, and all turn to their old ways, that their grandfathers had fol-

lowed, and unite and aid to drive the whites from our country. Many believed and followed him. But I had got tired, and thought it was best for me to keep on in the old way, and so we continued. Then the war came on, and we all went to drinking and fighting.

“When the war was over we were a nation of drunkards, and so wicked, that the chiefs thought we must try and get up our old religion of feasting and dancing. We did our best to get our people to quit drinking. But while we were trying to reform, God sent a colored man, named Stewart, to us, with the good book. He began to talk, and sing, and pray; but we thought it was all nothing, and many made fun of him, because he was a black man. The white traders told us we ought to drive him away, for the white people would not let a black man preach for them. We, however, watched his walk, and found that he walked straight, and did as he said. At last the word took hold, and many began to listen, and believed it was right, and soon we began to pray, and we found that it was of God. Then others came, and they told us the same things. The work broke out, and God has done great things for us. I was among the first that took hold, and I found it was the religion of the heart, and from God. It made my soul happy, and does yet. The school is doing well. Our children are learning to read the good book, and promise fair to make good and useful men. We thank you, our friends, for all the kindness and help

you have shown us, and hope you will continue to help us till we can stand alone and walk. We will do our best to spread this religion at home, and send it to all nations. When at home, I am accustomed to hear my brothers talk; but since I came here, I can not understand what is said. I wonder if the people understand one another; for I see but little effect from what is said"—meaning that the Gospel preached had but little visible effect.

I then followed, and gave some account of the mission, the work of God among the Indians, the school, farm, and our prospects generally.

Brother Mononcue, next in order, addressed the audience; but our interpreter was too much fatigued to give his speech a regular interpretation. It was concluded that he should go through, and then he—the interpreter—would give the substance. This Mononcue did with all the thundering eloquence of a Demosthenes; and, although none could understand, yet all were surprised to see a man of the woods speak with so much natural gesture. I have no doubt, if the audience had understood his address, that it would have had a very fine effect.

Brother Durbin closed the exercises, and stated that he was brought up with strong prejudices against the Indians, for some of his relations had fallen under their tomahawk, and he could scarcely believe that it was possible for them to be brought under the influence of the Gospel. But at the camp meeting before spoken of, he had determined to make the proof, and

placed himself where he could see them, while his friend—pointing to me—was preaching to them by an interpreter. Said he, “I selected this man, [pointing to Mononcue,] as my subject; and while the speaker was pointing out sin and its dreadful effects on the heart of man, I saw a gloom cover the countenance of my tawny friend, as a thick cloud, and despondency was pictured in every feature of his face. But when the minister spoke of the love of God to man, in the gift of Jesus Christ, and redemption from all sin, through his blood, this gloom was dispersed, as the heavy fog before the rising sun. When he spoke of conviction and conversion, then the tears began to flow freely from his joyful eyes, and a flame was kindled up in his soul, shining with a brightness that spoke the state of his mind. All my prejudices fled from me, and I felt as if I wanted to take him in my arms; for my feelings mingled with his, and I said, ‘*It is true* that God has also called these natives of the forest to be heirs of his kingdom.’”

Brother Durbin, with his thrilling eloquence, soon had his auditory on the wing, and feasted them with the sweets that flow from the truths of the Gospel. Between-the-Logs closed with prayer, which was responded to with many amens.

We left our New York friends with feelings of deep gratitude, and made our way to Philadelphia. Here we were received with great satisfaction and friendship, by the late Dr. Thomas F. Sargent, of

blessed memory. We were conducted to the house of brother Samuel Merwin, then preacher in charge, where we staid during our visit. This family endeared themselves to us, by their unremitting kindness. We held several meetings in the city, and attended a camp meeting below it, where the chiefs spoke to the people with much effect. Our friends in the city took great pains to show us all the public works. Dr. Sargent, brothers Merwin and Engles, with others, took us to see the water-works; and after having surveyed them, we all sat down in the shade to rest. Dr. Sargent said to Between-the-Logs, "Are not these works wonderfully constructed?"—seeking to draw from these men some expression of astonishment at what they had seen. "Yes," he replied, "the Great Spirit has given you white people great power to know and do things; and if you make a good use of it, it will be well with you; but if you do not, it would have been better for you to be as poor and ignorant as we." This answer rather surprised the Doctor. We returned to our lodging places, and remained with these benevolent people till after the Sabbath, and spent a day of peaceful worshipping with them, to the comfort and edification of all; and left them on Monday morning, with grateful impressions that will never be erased, and proceeded on to Baltimore.

We were met at the wharf by Bishop Soule, and many friends. The Bishop conducted us to his own house, where we remained as at home, in the bosom

of his kind family, who did every thing to make us comfortable and happy. Traveling, as we had been, in the midst of a community, who, either from religious motives, was desirous of seeing us, or was led on by curiosity, our company incessantly increased. This, together with the heat, had worn down my companions, till they were fatigued, and longed for the cooling brooks and shades of the forest. But the company of their favorite friends, Bishops M'Kendree and Soule, cheered them very much. Our dear old father M'Kendree did us much good by his patriarchal advice and kindness.

We had several meetings in Baltimore, and such were the crowds that thronged the streets near the churches, that it took us a considerable time to get through them; and so many persons wished to shake hands and speak with the chiefs, that frequently it took half an hour to get into the carriages. Great interest was excited, and strong impressions were made in this city in favor of missions, and of evangelizing the Indians. Hundreds of good people, who had only heard, now saw the power of the Gospel manifested in the conversion of those chiefs, and heard from their lips the wonderful things of God.

The Baltimore camp meeting was held during our stay in that city, in July, at which we attended. On Sabbath, at 11 o'clock, Between-the-Logs and myself were to address the congregation. I led the way by preaching from Rom. i, 14: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," etc.

After I had concluded, Between-the-Logs took the stand, and commenced his address by stating that he was a child, born and raised in the woods, and that he knew nothing of the true religion; "nor had I," said he, "till lately, ever heard the name of JESUS—that name so precious—that name which kindles a fire in my heart, that burns on every breath. I was taught to worship the Great Spirit by feasts, dances, and rattles; when that was done, I thought all was well. I pursued the game through our deep forests with great delight; but then there was not the sound of a white man's ax to be heard on the other side of the Ohio. The French then sent a Catholic priest, and he taught us to worship God by wearing a cross and counting our beads, and praying to the Virgin Mary to take pity on us; and then we thought all was well, although we continued to drink as before. But a few years since the Gospel, which God had appointed to go into all nations, came to *our* nation; and although the instrument was weak, yet the word was powerful, and took hold of our hearts, and showed us what we were. These ministers pointed us to Jesus, the Savior of sinners, and the Savior of the whole world, and directed us to pray to him. We did so, and God had mercy on us, and forgave our sins. Many of my nation are this day rejoicing in the love of God. This Gospel is a spirit of peace. It has made peace between us who were once great enemies, and shed each other's blood. But the Great Spirit has taken the tomahawk out of our hands, and his

love has taken it out of our hearts, and buried it so deep that it will never rise again; and this peace shall go to all people, and it will bury all war, and make all the world love like brothers; for Jesus died himself to make peace. Yes, my brothers, *he died!*"

Here he commenced giving a description of the crucifixion; but brother Brown, the interpreter, became so sick that he could not proceed. Between-the-Logs told him to sit down, and he would proceed without him. Now, this high-souled woods preacher knew that he must make himself understood chiefly by signs. He spoke the name of Jesus plainly, which was a great help to understanding his signs. In showing how Jesus prayed for his enemies, he fell down upon his knees and lifted up his hands and streaming eyes to heaven. This sign was understood, and felt throughout the whole assembly, of, perhaps, ten thousand people. He then rose, and placing his left hand against the post that supported the stand, with his forefinger he placed the nail, and then, with his hand closed, he drove it, exclaiming, "Jesus! Jesus!" He then showed his feet were nailed to the tree. This scene was so descriptive that I believe all understood it. Thousands were lifting up their voices in praises to God. Looking up to the sun, he put his finger on one of his eyes and said, "Now that sun closes his eye to sleep—this earth trembles, and Jesus the Son of God dies!" At this moment the congregation manifested great emotion—a high state of feeling was shown—the weeping and shouting was very loud.

To close his description of the scene, this eloquent chief then leaned his head on his left shoulder, signifying that Christ had dismissed his spirit. Then he turned his right side to the congregation, and with his left hand pulled up his vest; and with his right hand, representing a spear, he struck his side as though he had pierced to his heart, and drew it back quick with a whizzing noise, as if you had heard the blood streaming, and held his hand out as though the blood was dropping from it as from the point of the spear.

This was a scene beyond description. The whole congregation was in a flood of tears, and expressed their feelings by shouts of joy. Bishop Soule, and, perhaps, twenty preachers, were sitting in the stand behind; and while they were filled with astonishment, their souls were kindled into flames of joy. After the extraordinary impulse had somewhat subsided, Between-the-Logs commenced talking to the Bible, which lay on the stand before him. He turned it over, while the great drops of tears fell from his eyes upon it. At last, he took it up and laid it on his breast, and clasped both his arms around it, and lifting up his eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed, "Durah-ma-yah! durah-ma-yah! Ho-men-de-zue! [Halleluiah! halleluiah to the Great Spirit!] De-zamah! de-za-mah, Jĕsus!" He then turned to Bishop Soule, and handing the Bible to him, said, "Here, take this good book of God, and give it to your preachers, whom God has sent, and tell them to go

quickly, and carry it to all nations, for God hath sent you.”

I have often heard this great unlettered man of the woods in his most eloquent strains of heavenly love, but never before saw him so overwhelmed with the love and power of God. Nor did I ever witness such effects on an audience. Many who were present will read this very faint description of the scene, but will have to say that the half has not been told.

We attended another camp meeting in Severn circuit, not far from Baltimore. Here both our Indian chiefs spoke with great advantage to the missionary cause; and many were this day awakened to the great and important work of sending the Gospel to all the world. Brother B. Waugh made a powerful appeal to thousands in behalf of the poor Indians and the millions of the human race who were perishing for the bread of life. But these transient convictions dying away, how soon do we fall into a sleep, and dream of the world—its riches, its honors, its pleasures! But death will soon knock at our doors, and say, “Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward.” Then it will be too late, and we shall say in despair, “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.”

I will here entertain the reader with an address which I heard on a certain occasion—in a love-feast, in December, 1837. A good, simple-hearted German arose in the love-feast, and, after a brief introduction, said, “I am very bad man. I have vowed to

the Lord, but I have not paid my vows. When I did read de 'counts of de missions, I did bromish mine Got I would give 'im den thallers a year for dem missions; but I did not do it. Den de Lord did take from me eight hunder thallers; and I went to de glass meetin', and de breacher did aks me, 'Vot is de matter?' and I did say, 'I am a bad man. I did bromish de Lord den thallers a year for de missions, and I did not do it. And now dare is my pocket-book—dake it out, for I am 'fraid I vill not pay mine vows.' Every year since I has paid de Lord de den thallers; and he has given me back mine money, and more too, and he has, last night, converted my two childer."

How much is lost by covetousness, and by not laying up in the Lord's treasury! It is in that bank only that deposits are perfectly safe, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

From this meeting we returned to Baltimore, and in a few days took leave of our friends in that city, and, in company with the venerable Bishop M'Kendree, we visited Washington City. Here we were met by the Hon. Judge M'Lean and others, and took lodgings at the Judge's, by arrangement and previous invitation. We spent a few days in the city, and visited Alexandria, and from thence set out for the west.

The hope of soon reaching home gave us a cheerfulness we had not felt for some time. Bishop Soule

and brother Durbin accompanied us, as they were bound westward, so that we had a very pleasant trip; and after an absence of nearly three months, we all arrived safe at home.

It was very obvious that the health of Between-the-Logs was declining fast, from a consumption that had been progressing for some time. Although he was scarcely able to attend meeting, yet he did so till a short time before his death, which occurred on the first day of January, 1827.

On our arrival at home, our brethren gave an account of their journey, and of the great things they had seen and heard of religion; what a great number of good people they had seen; and how much they were engaged to send the Gospel into all the world. They exhorted their people to feel the same spirit, and to hold fast their Christian profession, without wavering, to the end, that they might at last be brought to meet their brothers and sisters in heaven above.

We found that, during our absence on this journey, the work had still progressed, under the watchful care and faithful labors of Rev. J. C. Brooke and wife. The mission school was in the full tide of successful operation.

CHAPTER XIX.

DIVISION OF THE WYANDOTT LANDS.

AT the close of this year, my health was too much impaired to warrant my continuance in the mission. Accordingly, Rev. James Gilruth was appointed missionary, while I was continued as superintendent.

During this year the mission suffered a great loss, in the death of Between-the-Logs, of which we have given an account in another volume. Bishop M'Kendree also paid his final visit to the mission in June of the same year. No man ever took a deeper interest in Indian missions, or the welfare of the Indians. 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, 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 held with twenty of the chiefs and principal men.

This council was held near the house of An-daw-yaw-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, till 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 can not 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 to the ends of the earth, to preach Jesus as the Savior of all men. I have called you together at this time, to hear from you what your enjoyments are, and to know how your school and societies prosper; what your national concerns are, and whether you could suggest any thing that could be of advantage, or promotive of your general welfare. I also

wish some account of your history, customs, or manners."

After some deliberation, one of the chiefs arose and stated that, so far as he was able to judge, the Church was doing well; that all who had families, kept up prayer night and morning; and it was now delightful to hear, instead of the drunkard's song and yell, the sound of the Indian flute, and the beat of the turtle-shell, rolling from every house almost, down the plains of the Sandusky. Instead of the yell of the murderer, flying, after having given the fatal stab or blow with his knife or tomahawk, to some one of the nation, and the cries of his weeping wife and children, peace now covers every wigwam and house, and the songs of the pious, and the prayers of the father and mother are rising up to the Great Spirit.

"O father," said he, "this makes our hearts rejoice greatly. Our children now join with us in these exercises; and when they come home from school, they sing of Jesus, and talk of Jesus, and tell us they are happy. This makes the tears flow from our eyes, and our poor hearts are made glad. We often thank God and his good people, for sending this blessed Gospel to us, teaching us and our children the way to be happy. Our class meetings are well attended; and when we meet together, if there are some of us dull and heavy, there are always some who are not; and when they speak, those that are dull soon catch the flame, and before our meetings

are over, we are all made strong again in the love of God. This meeting is very good for us, for it keeps us up, and brings us nigh together. Here we renew our acquaintance every week, and feel like helping one another on the way to the good world above. Our leaders are faithful in their work; they are always first, and at the time, and inquire into our state. If any should stumble and fall, they are first to help to lift them up.

“Father, we are a very weak people, and are just like children beginning to walk, and sometimes we stumble out of the way, and sometimes fall down. But our ministers and leaders watch over us; and if any one falls and gets discouraged, and thinks he must give out, then they run and help him, so that we are well taken care of. Our prayer meetings are good, and well attended; the Gospel is preached to us, so that we have meat for the weak, and meat for the strong.

“Religion has done much for us in another way. It has made us more industrious. In old times our women had to do all the hard work; raise our corn, cut our wood, and carry it; dress our skins, make and mend our moccasins and leggins; cook our victuals, and wash our clothes. The men did nothing but hunt and drink, and feast and dance. But now men have seen it was their duty not to make pack-horses of their wives and children, but to work themselves. So you see, father, since you first came among us, how our houses have changed. Instead of the wig-

wam, we have hewed log-houses, shingled roofs, and good brick chimneys. We have beds to sleep on at night, and chairs to sit down on, and tables at which to eat; and these are kept clean by our wives. They now work in the house, and we work out in the field. Now religion has done all this for us; and as it is a clean thing, and a working thing, it makes all clean where it comes, and sets all to work right.

“Before it came among us, we were a lazy and dirty people. You see our fields are made large, and well fenced with good rails, instead of brush. We have horses and oxen, and plows, to work them with, instead of our squaws and their hoes. You see that our plains have much increased in stock, which we used to starve to death in winter; but now we cut and make hay for our cattle, and we have a great increase. We are a happier people now than we ever were; and we think we are a much better people now than we ever were.”

Here the speaker was reminded by the rest of another topic, which he was likely to forget, and he continued:

“There is another thing we were accustomed to do in our dark state. We used to change our wives whenever we chose so to do; sometimes for the slightest offense, and often to gratify our evil passions. Some men and women changed their wives and husbands oftener than they did their dirty clothes. This we did ignorantly, for then we did not know it was any harm. But it was a great evil, and brought great

distress sometimes on our women and children, and often great quarrels among men. We now see plainly that those who ran about so, and were not contented with any one but for a few weeks or days, never raised any children. They always died when they were young. Now this practice is almost entirely done away with, and our people get lawfully married, and live happy. We now see why God gave man this good law of marriage. But there is another thing which speaks for itself, and that is, before God sent us these ministers and the Gospel, we were a nation of drunkards—both men and women, and children, with but few exceptions. This was the worst of all our sins; for as soon as whisky and rum got into us, it brought murder into our hearts; and when drunk, we were all out of our senses. Sometimes we killed our wives, children, and friends. It made us poor, starved our wives and children, made us beggars and thieves, and brought the worst of evils upon us. Many of our people, by running their horses while drunk, have been thrown off and killed. Many others have been frozen to death when drunk. Some have fallen into the fire, and were burned to death. We call this fire-water the destroyer of our nation. Yet the whites brought it in barrels all around us; almost in every house, and gave it till we got a taste then there was no stop till all we had was taken from us.

“Now, brother, we are much indebted to brother Finley for the victory we have obtained over this

dreadful enemy. He lifted up his warning voice, and showed us this great evil. He did not go behind the trader's back, but to his face told him and us of this great sin. The traders and the drinking Indians hated him, and tried every way to put him down. They strove, too, to turn us against him. Yet he never minded, but kept at us, day and night, to leave it off, and we could not withstand his words. They were good and strong words. Many of our chiefs joined in with him; and they all took fast hold of this evil, and cast it out. The traders used to send for some of our drinking Indians, and give it to them till they would get drunk, and then send them to quarrel with the rest. At last, brother Finley proposed that we should have a store of our own for the nation; and he showed us that it would be much better for us. Our goods would not cost us half so much as they did now, and then we could always get a fair price for our fur and skins; then our people would not be exposed to this great evil, and to the impositions of the traders. He proposed that we should set apart a portion of our annuities for this purpose, and that the store should be the common stock of the nation, and the profits should be equally divided. After much deliberation, we thought it would be a good plan, and we agreed to it; and when brother Finley and the chiefs went to the great city, the arrangements and the oversight of this store were committed to him and the agent, and one of our young men, William Walker, who was eminently qualified to

take the charge of it. We have found this to be one of the best things for us; so that we are now supplied with our goods at half what they used to cost us. Now this great temptation is somewhat removed from us, so that there is now not more than fifteen persons, or thereabout, in our nation, that will drink at all. *From a nation of drunkards, we have become a sober people.*"

In this interview, the chiefs spoke of the schools with great modesty, saying that we were the best judges of their utility—that we could see and judge for ourselves, but that they calculated to derive great benefit from them.

The Bishop then arose, and gave them his valedictory, telling them that they should see his face no more; and that he wished these, his last words, to sink deep into their hearts, so that they might never let go their present religion and its enjoyments. "You see and acknowledge," said he, "that it has done great good for you and your children. It has driven away your darkness, and opened your minds to God, your Father, shining on you through Jesus Christ your Savior, and you can thus read your title to heaven. This glorious hope swells your bosoms with peace and heavenly joy. The Holy Spirit bears witness with your hearts that you are born of God; and if you hold fast, I shall meet you in that happy world, never to part more. Let the chiefs and leaders keep up a faithful watch over the Church and nation; and exert yourselves, like good men, to put a stop to

all vice, and encourage virtue by all means that lie in your power.

“Keep your children at school, and set a good example before them, and they will grow up to be good men and women, and bless your nation when you are gone. If you should see any thing wrong, you can correct it, by writing to one of the bishops, or by attending one of the annual conferences of the preachers, and make it known to them. They all love you and your nation. Be industrious. Treat your wives with great tenderness and kindness. God gave them to you for your comfort and help; and if your property should increase, do not set your hearts upon it. Live in peace, and the God of peace shall preserve you unto eternal life.”

We then again addressed the throne of grace. All were much affected at this solemn parting season. After prayer, every man went forward, shook hands with this blessed servant of God, asked an interest in his prayers, and promised to meet him in heaven. The Bishop then lifted up his hands to heaven, the tears flowing from his eyes, and pronounced his last benediction. It is beyond the power of my pen to give an adequate description of this scene.

When we left the mission house, on this occasion, an Indian sister brought me two small bags of provisions, for our sustenance through the wilderness, till we should reach the settlement on the waters of Mad river. One was filled with parched corn, pounded into meal and sifted, then mixed with sugar;

and the other contained dried venison, pounded fine in a mortar, and also mixed with sugar. These I put into my saddle-bags; and when we had journeyed eighteen or twenty miles, to the crossing of the Scioto river, we stopped to rest; and our venerable Bishop, being much fatigued, spread his sheep-skin down at the root of a tree, on which he lay down to rest.

Dr. Soule and myself went in quest of spring-water, and soon found some. Here I introduced my bag of parched corn-meal, and poured some into a tin cup, stirred it with a stick, and drank it off. The Doctor asked me what it was, as I was smacking my lips, after the delicious draught. I told him I was taking a cup of cold coffee, and asked him if he would have one. After telling him what it was, he followed my example, and said it was fine. I then mixed one for Bishop M'Kendree, and when we returned, found this great and good man of God, now old and worn out with the toils of life, sleeping sweetly at the root of a beech-tree.

How very different the condition and appearance of this itinerant, apostolic Bishop, from those mitred heads, who enjoy all the luxuries of life, and lord it over God's heritage! His pillow was the root of a tree, his bed the sheep-skin on which he rode, his curtains the friendly boughs of the spreading beech, heaven his canopy, his coffee water, corn-meal, and sugar, and his meat dried and pounded venison. When he awoke, I asked him if he would take a cup

of our missionary coffee. After telling him what it was composed of, he took it, and, with the rest of us, thought it excellent and refreshing. I then produced our other bag of venison and sugar. We all sat down together on the ground, and partook of a good meal, which very much refreshed us. Then the Bishop returned thanks to almighty God, for spreading such a table for us in the wilderness.

We then caught our horses, that were feeding on grass and brush, and went on our way rejoicing. The old gentleman often had a cup of this coffee, on our journey, and said it agreed well with his dyspeptic condition. He and the Doctor philosophized on its medicinal, as well as its nutritive properties. This is the kind of provisions the Indian mostly carries when he is on a long journey, and on a war expedition.

When we arrived at Urbana we were safely housed at the dwelling of our beloved friend, Judge Reynolds. At dinner the Bishop asked me to prepare a glass of our cold coffee, which he exhibited as a curiosity, and of which all at the table tasted. The general conclusion was, that it was excellent.

Our Indians were very anxious to have their lands divided, in order that they might the more effectually promote the arts and habits of agriculture. In October, 1827, I wrote to Governor Cass, requesting him to lay down some principles by which we might settle this important matter; for we found it very difficult to adjust it, so as to suit the convenience,

the tastes, and the wishes of all the parties concerned.

The following is the substance of his reply, which was soon after received. We insert it, as it embodies the principles on which the division was actually effected:

“As soon as the subdivision has taken place, I should recommend that a tract of suitable size be assigned to each family. I doubt whether a larger tract than one hundred and sixty acres will be useful to any family; but if doubts should be entertained on that subject, the tracts might be apportioned to the size of the family, exceeding, in no case, a half section. But it is much better that they should content themselves with moderate-sized farms, which they could manage, than that they should be anxious for large tracts, which they would never cultivate.

“So far as improvements have been made by individuals, it would be proper to assign to them the tract upon which such improvement is made; and, in all cases, to gratify the wishes of each in the selection, as far as possible. Where there are irreconcilable claims of two or more individuals to the same tract, there will be no remedy, but to decide the question by lot.

“After each family is supplied, let the remainder be considered as a common stock, out of which each new family, as they are formed in succession, shall be supplied on the same principles, till the whole

reservation is occupied. As this will require a long time, we need not speculate upon what course circumstances may then render it necessary to adopt.

“It should be distinctly understood that the right of property of all the tracts is in the Wyandott nation, and that individual families have only a right of possession. This right must, however, be sacred, so long as any branch of the family continues in the occupancy. But there should be no authority to sell; for if there is, the improvident will soon divest themselves of all property, and it will be accumulated, as it is among us, by a portion of the community. This principle should be rigidly observed; and no family should own more, nor any less, than the quantity assigned to it.

“No objection, very material, occurs to me against the exchange of farms; only I am inclined to believe, that if it is distinctly understood, at first, that no change, either by purchase or exchange, will, under any pretense, be permitted, that it will repress much of that fickleness which is too often occasioned by the mere power to indulge it.

“I think this division of property is important to the improvement of the Wyandotts. Till men are assured that they will receive the product of their own labor, it is vain to expect any efficient exertions from them. I think these people are now very eligibly situated, and it depends upon themselves, whether they shall be respectable and happy. I am glad to find that they are improving in their moral, as well

as their physical condition. They owe every thing to the establishment which you have founded among them, and to which you have so ably and zealously devoted your time, health, and worldly prospects. Your reward you must expect hereafter. You never can receive it here."

This letter was read in a council of the chiefs, and was highly approved of; and they agreed that the division should be made on this plan, and strictly adhered to. This gave a good impetus to improvement, and the increase of stock. New places were now selected, and every man commenced operations for himself. Houses now went up in almost all directions; and it was done without any altercation. Villages were evacuated, and industry generally promoted. Stock was increased, and much improved in a short time; and religion and civilization went on hand in hand.

My personal connection with the mission was now pretty much at an end; but I still kept up a correspondence with the converted head men in some form or other. The following is an extract of a letter received from Mononcue in 1830:

"Your letter by brother Harrihoot is received; and I was happy to hear from you, and to hear that you were well, and to hear what the Lord has done for you in your present field of labor. It always rejoices my heart to hear of poor sinners coming

home to Jesus, from the darkness of sin, and the power of the devil. God grant that the religion of Jesus may progress more and more, till all nations and people may be acquainted with his great salvation!

“Sister Big-Tree is gone to rest. She died on the 13th inst., in great peace; and we have no doubt but she entered her everlasting home—the bosom of God, in the kingdom of heaven.

“One of our young men was killed by another, about two or three weeks ago. The murdered was John Barnet’s half brother—the murderer, Soo-dee-nooks, or Black Chief’s son. The sentence of the chiefs was, the perpetual banishment of the murderer, and the confiscation of all his property. When the sentence was made known to the nation, there was a general dissatisfaction; and the sentence of the chiefs was set aside by the nation. On Thursday morning, about daylight, he was arrested and brought before the nation assembled, and his case was tried by all the men—that vote—over the age of twenty-one, whether he should live or die. The votes were counted, and there were one hundred and twelve in favor of his death, and twelve in favor of his living. Sentence of death was accordingly passed against him; and on the second Friday he was shot by six men, chosen for that purpose—three from the Christian party, and three from the heathen party. The executioners were Francis Cotter, Lump-on-the-head, Silas Armstrong, Joe Enos, Soo-cuh-guess, and Saw-

yau-wa-hoy. The execution was conducted in Indian military style; and we hope it will be a great warning to others, and be the means of preventing such crimes hereafter."

Reader, if you have never seen any account of those private murders, here let me give you a faint description of one that came under my notice. One night, when I was first among these people, lying on the floor in a cabin, not far from the big road, I heard, about midnight, the piercing yells of an Indian, riding as fast as his horse could go; and every few jumps his horse would take, he uttered a singular whoop or yell. I thought it was a drunken Indian; but it alarmed the Indians, and some of them arose and said, "Somebody kill." They understood the sound—it was the *scalp yell*. In the morning we heard that one of our neighbors was stabbed by the half-drunk Indian that passed down the road. We went up to see, and found an Indian called by the name of Big George, badly wounded. He told us that he did not know that the Indian who stabbed him had any spite at him. "He came," said he, "last night about midnight, and talked very kind, and asked me to let him in. I did so. I then wanted him to lie down, but he said no. I then sat down on the bed by my wife, and he said, 'I must go.' As he was going out I rose; and as he passed me, he struck back with his butcher-knife, and drove it into my side. Then he jumped out, got on his horse, and

fled. I then opened and looked at the wound. I think I could have put three fingers into it. It looked as if the knife had been drove up to the handle."

I felt great sympathy for this poor man. On the third day he died; and, in his dying moments, charged his friends not to kill his murderer, for that the judgment of the Great Spirit had come upon him, for having himself, in his drunken hours, killed two persons. I labored to direct him to Jesus, and exhorted him to forgive his murderer, and seek pardon for all his sins. He did pray, and although his agony was great, yet he manifested a patience and a resignation that astonished us.

After his burial, the old head chief and his family held a council with his wife and friends; for the murderer was the head chief's nephew. He presented his wife with a string of wampum, some other presents, and satisfied her friends, so that the murderer was protected from the avenger of blood.

A year or two after, this woman embraced religion, and I received her into the Church. Her conversion was clear and powerful. A few months after her union with the Church, she came to me in great distress, and told me she had a great load on her mind. I asked her to tell me what it was. She said, that ever since God had opened her eyes, and changed her heart, she had felt very bad to see those things which she had received in exchange for her husband's blood, and she could not rest while she had them in

her possession. She asked me what she should do with them. I told her to call the head chief and his family, and then tell him, that since God had changed her heart, she was convinced that she had done wrong in taking any thing as the price of her husband's blood, and that she would now give them up: not that she, or any of her friends, intended to kill the young man, but that they would give his case into the hands of God, to settle it. This she did with great mildness; and with tears exhorted them to seek the Lord, that they might find forgiveness of him. After this she had great peace of mind, and married Sum-mun-de-wat; and died in the full faith and triumphs of the Gospel.

This simple narrative will give the reader some idea of those horrid murders. Committed, as they are, through the wicked practice of making and vending ardent spirits, I am almost brought to the conclusion that every man who makes and sells this destructive fire of hell ought to be punished as a heinous offender; and be confined to the walls of a penitentiary, till he will reform, and cease to murder the souls and bodies of his fellow-men.

CHAPTER XX.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

THERE were several noted Indians to whom I wished to give more special notice than could well be done in the body of the work. Accordingly, I have grouped them together in this concluding chapter.

I.

CAPTAIN JOHN.

Captain John was a Shawnee. He was a chief of that nation; and in 1796 was a prominent man, and had great influence not only in his own tribe, but was esteemed as a great warrior, and a desperate, bloodthirsty savage, especially when under the influence of intoxicating drink. He was over six feet high, and well made in proportion—strong, athletic, and swift of foot, and well skilled in all the modes of savage warfare. He was most dexterous with the use of the tomahawk and butcher-knife, and with these instruments he killed many of his race. When sober, he was cheerful, humorous, and friendly, but woe be to the man that offended him; nothing seemed to satisfy his revengeful spirit but blood. I will here record some anecdotes of this formidable savage, well

known to many of the first settlers of the Scioto Valley. When this Valley first began to be settled, and for years after, the Indians who resided on the head waters of the Scioto and the Sandusky rivers, associated in the most friendly manner with the whites, and often participated in their backwoods frolics. On one of those occasions in Chillicothe, when the youngsters had assembled for a dance, Captain John was present, and there was an Irishman of the name of Russel, as large and athletic as John himself. After John had drunk freely, he commenced dancing all over the room, and crossed the path of the other dancers. He stopped short, walked up to the Irishman, and striking him on the breast with his open hand, said, "Come, let's fight; you big man, me big man—Captain John—come, let's fight!" "No," said the Irishman, "white man and Indian brothers; no fight." But John replied, "You big man, me big man; we must fight;" and, without farther ceremony, drew back his fist, and dashed at the Irishman. Russel, being a great boxer, struck John on the side of the head, and laid him out as *limber as a rag*. John was dragged into a corner of the room, where he lay still for fifteen minutes, and all at once he sprang to his feet, and said, "Irishman strike like horse kick." This cooled his courage, and he said no more.

In the fall of 1797, near West Fall, at the trading establishment of David Dunmen, the Indians met to barter their furs and skins for such things as they needed, but the most of it went for whisky. John,

with others, had a drunken frolic. Among them was an Indian called Cherokee Tom. Tom was very active, and, at fisticuffs, nearly, if not quite, John's match. One night John and Tom had a fight, and both were scratched and bruised. The next day Tom lay down to sleep in a shade, and John seeing him asleep, took his rifle, and shot him through the heart. Some of the Indians remonstrated; and John replied, that there was no harm in killing such a worthless dog; and thus the matter ended. So little regard have savage men for human life.

John Kushon was a half white man, of the Tuscarora tribe, and was a very large man—six feet high, and weighing over two hundred. He lived among the whites, and hunted for them, and sometimes worked. He used to hunt for my father. In the fall he would go off and stay a month or two, and then return with his skins and meat. On one of those hunting tours, on Darby creek, he fell in with Captain John and his party. Fallenach, who had once been a prisoner with the Indians, had a trading establishment in the neighborhood, and sold them whisky. At this place, where the Indians met for a drunken frolic, the two Johns fell out in the night and fought, but were parted by Fallenach, and some of the Indians. Next morning, still being drunk, they agreed to fight with tomahawks and knives. They cut a notch in a log, and drove down a stake by the side, and agreed that when the shadow of the stake came into the notch, they were to fight. They then sat down on the log—

one on each side of the notch—and awaited the eventful moment. At length it came; then, like two furies, they arose, waving their tomahawks in one hand, over their heads, yelling and screaming for the battle, with their knives in the other; and after each receiving several wounds, Captain John's tomahawk found its way to Kushon's skull, and killed him.

In 1800, on the Rattlesnake Fork of Paint river, in another drinking scrape, Captain John and his squaw fell out, and agreed to part; they divided all till it came to their little son, and both claimed it. The child was about three years old. The mother held fast to the child; John jerked it out of her arms, and took an ax, and cut it in two, and threw her the half, and then said, "If you don't clear out I will serve you the same way."

Captain John joined the army under General Harrison, in 1813, at Fort Defiance. Here he and Benjamin Logan, and some other friendly Indians, were sent to reconnoiter the British and Indian army at the Maumee Bay. They were met by a party of British and Indians, when a dreadful battle ensued. The British party were defeated, and nearly all killed. The brave Logan, and others of the American party, fell. In this battle John fought like a fury in desperation, but escaped unhurt. He afterward joined the army under General M'Arthur, in Canada, and still acted out his savage manner of warfare. Notwithstanding the General's efforts to restore him after the war was over, he seemed to have disappeared,

and probably died, or was killed by some of his own tribe.

II.

CAPTAIN LEWIS.

Captain Lewis was a Shawnee chief, and he resided on the waters of Mad river. He was a handsome man, well built, of an open and free countenance, and in his manner friendly, yet he had a great deal of the Indian craft about him. When drunk he was savage.

On one occasion, at Deshicuts Town, on Mad river, he and a number of other Indians became drunk. A Delaware Indian was sitting next to him on the barrel, who was reputed to be a witch killer, and was willing to bear that title; and after they were well corned, he began to make his brags what great things he had done and could do. Lewis asked him what he could do, and he replied he could kill a man and not shoot him. Lewis replied, he could do that himself. "How will you do it?" replied the Delaware. Lewis drew his knife, and stabbed the Delaware to the heart, and replied, "That's the way I kill a man without shooting him." The next day a council was held, and it was determined that Lewis should give the widow a horse to satisfy the price of blood, which he did.

His nation fell out with him, and broke him of his chieftom for cheating them in the distribution of their annuities. He became dissatisfied with old Black-

Hoof and the other chiefs, and with a small party moved west of the Missouri.

III.

CAPTAIN SHIGSER.

At an early day there was another Shawnee chief that used to come in to trade. He called himself Captain Shigser. He was among the handsomest, best-made, and, I think, the proudest man I ever saw. He was remarkable for his entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, or mingling with any company of Indians when drinking. He was married to a squaw, half white, said to be the daughter of General Butler. She was a beautiful woman. Her skin was not dark; and her large, blue eyes, her long, black hair, and tall, well-proportioned person, with her rich and embroidered dress, gave her a magnificent appearance. He was dressed in the finest broadcloth, made in the fashion of the Indian costume, with thirty silver half-moons hanging on his breast and down his back. His head-band was filled with silver bobs, and his linen bosom was stuck full of silver brooches; his belt was of the finest and best of wampum, and interwoven with beads and porcupine quills; his leggins were fringed, and filled with silver bobs, and beautifully decorated with horse-hair, dyed red; his moccasins were lined with green silk, and ornamented with porcupine quills. All they had was in perfect keeping. His tomahawk blade, pipe, and handle, and his rifle-

barrel and stock were inlaid with silver; and their horses were of the best kind; and all their equipage, blankets, and every thing about their camp were in the same style. They did not pitch their tent close to the other Indians, and very seldom associated with them.

I have given this description to show, that even in savage life, there are great distinctions in their habits and ruling passions. I do not know what became of this couple, but I should not wonder if they both fell a prey to savage envy, for those drunken Indians did not like them. They said, "Too much proud." I never knew but two other Indians but would drink and become intoxicated at times—the one was a Mohawk, and the other a Seneca.

IV.

LITTLE TURTLE.

Among the great chiefs of the Indians, at the time of the early settlement of the North-Western territory, was Michikiniqua, or Little Turtle. He was the chief of the Miami nation. He inherited no title or rank from his parents, but rose by the force of his own genius. Even in his boyhood he was noted for the force of his character, the soundness of his wisdom, and high order of his talents. These, at a very early age, made him chief, and finally bore him on to a commanding influence, not only in his own nation, but among all the neighboring tribes.

He was about five feet nine or ten inches high,

well made; had a prominent forehead, heavy brow, keen, black eye, and large chin. As a warrior, he was fearless, but not rash; shrewd to plan, bold and energetic to execute—no peril could daunt, and no emergency could surprise him. In fact, he was one of the greatest warriors and most sagacious rulers ever known among the Indians. Politically, Little Turtle was the follower of Pontiac. He indulged in much the same gloomy apprehension that the whites would overtop, and finally uproot his race; and he sought much the same combination of the Indian nations to prevent it. It was under his command that the Indians defeated Generals Harmar and St. Clair, in 1791. But he, in turn, was defeated by General Wayne. Of these battles we have already given an account in the preceding pages.

The following incident, however, connected with Wayne's victory, is worthy of record:

After the treaty of 1795 Little Turtle settled upon Eel river, about twenty miles from Fort Wayne. The Americans here erected for him a comfortable house: and, henceforward, he not only conformed to many of the usages of civilized life, but exerted his influence to civilize the other Indians. These things laid him open to the suspicion of having been bribed by the United States Government. This, for a time, weakened his influence among the Indians. But by his manifest integrity and justice, as well as nobleness and generosity of character, it was soon recovered, and maintained to the last.

He reformed many of the savage habits of his people; and, especially, did much to ameliorate the condition of prisoners among them, and to prevent the wanton destruction of human life. Mr. Schoolcraft gives him the credit of doing as much as any other individual on the continent to abolish the rites of human sacrifice among the Indians.

As he saw his people wasted away by intemperance, his mighty soul was stirred within him. Measures for its suppression, that would have been efficient, but for the dark villainy of the traders, were introduced. In 1803 or 1804 he visited the Legislatures of Kentucky and Ohio; and, in the most glowing colors, depicted the destruction intemperance was bringing upon the poor Indians. From them he besought protection for the Indians from the traders, "who," he said, "would strip the poor Indian of skins, gun, blanket, every thing—while his squaw and children, dependent on him, lay starving and shivering in his wigwam."

The small-pox was, at this time, very destructive among the Indians. In one of his visits to Washington, he became acquainted with the mode of vaccination to prevent the small-pox. He not only submitted himself and his warriors to the operation, but obtained a quantity of vaccine matter, which he used himself in vaccinating his people.

Mr. Thatcher has preserved a few anecdotes, derived from Mr. Dawson, concerning Little Turtle. "What distinguished him most," says Mr. Dawson,

“was his ardent desire to be informed of all that relates to our institutions; and he seemed to possess a mind capable of understanding and valuing the advantages of civilized life, in a degree far superior to any other Indian of his time. ‘During the frequent visits which he made to the seat of government, he examined every thing he saw with an inquisitive eye, and never failed to embrace every opportunity to acquire information by inquiring of those with whom he could take that liberty.’”

Little Turtle opposed the designs of Tecumseh, and his brother, the Prophet. He believed that the true interests of his people required that they should be at peace with the Americans, and learn the arts of civilization. Consequently, when the storm of war was gathering, in 1812, he gave the most unequivocal evidence that his sympathies were all on the side of the Americans. Unmoved by the wiles of the Prophet, or the appeals of Tecumseh, he took a firm and unyielding stand. But he was not destined to be an active participant in the stirring scenes that succeeded.

While at Fort Wayne on a visit, he died, July 14, 1812, deplored deeply by his people. He was a great sufferer, during his last illness; but he endured all with great firmness. He died on the turf of his camp, “with the characteristic composure of his race;” and was buried with the honors of war. Savage and heathen as he was, Little Turtle was one of nature’s noblemen.

V.

BILLY WYANDOTT AND HIS WIFE.

Among the prominent Indians of my acquaintance, were Billy Wyandott and his wife Betty. He was the worst kind of a drunkard, and Betty was quite a match for him. Some of their domestic scenes were of the most thrilling character; nor was the element of tragedy unfrequent.

I was present on one occasion when they were both drunk. Billy knocked Betty down with a black jug full of whisky, pulled out some coals of fire, and would have put her hand upon them if he had not been prevented. He continued to get drunker, and Betty more sober. At length, to pay Billy in his own coin, she took out of her pocket-pouch a jack-knife, went to Billy, where he was sitting, reeling and singing, lifted up his arm, and with her knife aimed a deadly blow at his heart. But the knife striking a rib, doubled down over her hand, and, before she could make the second blow, Jim Manary took the knife from her, and threw it into the Scioto.

This was an awful scene for a sober man to look upon. Here were encamped between two and three hundred Indians, and one-third, if not one-half, drunk; men and women, raving maniacs, singing, dancing, fighting, stabbing, and tomahawking one another—and there was the rum-seller watering their whisky till it was not strong grog, and selling it for four dollars a gallon—his hired men gathering up all the

skins and furs, then their silver trinkets, ear-bobs, arm-bands, half moons, silver crosses, and brooches—giving a gill of grog for a dozen of silver brooches—then their guns, tomahawks, and blankets, till they were literally stripped naked, and three or four were killed and wounded. The reader may set what estimate he pleases, or call him by what name; yet, if there was ever a greater robber, or a meaner thief, or a dirtier murderer, than these rum-sellers, he is yet to be seen. This man and woman quit the bottle, and he lived to be old, and was blind ten years before he died.

Connected with this company was the Standing-Stone. He was a Mingo, and a great drunkard, and when drunk not vicious at all. He would sing and laugh like a maniac; yet, when sober, he was a man of some standing, and a great hunter; he always kept from twelve to twenty poor dogs with him, and they were starved to death. They became troublesome by killing sheep and hogs, and the people took to shooting them, which used to annoy Standing-Stone much.

VI.

JOHN VAN METER.

John Van Meter was a white man, and was taken prisoner when small. He was related to the Van Meter family, on the south branch of the Potomac, and lived and died with the Indians. He was a heavy-built man, strong, and capable of great endurance.

He was a good-natured, kind-hearted, and peaceable man, a good hunter, and only would occasionally enter into the Indian drunken frolics; and when drunk he was sometimes furious, and at other times simple and childlike, and would cry and laugh alternately. John quit the bottle entirely, and, when the last treaty was made with the Indians, he secured a reserve of a half section of land on Honey creek, now in Seneca county. He married, for his second wife, a Mohawk woman, called Susan Brant, a sister to the Brants from New York. She was a good, pious woman, and a neat housekeeper. John settled on his land, cleared him out a little farm, and built him a comfortable cabin; and when I was missionary I used to preach at his house, formed a class, took both him and his wife, and a number of their friends and neighbors, into Church, and made John their leader. They were a happy, sincere, and religious people. After some years they both died happy in the joyful hope of that rest which remaineth for the people of God. He left one son, by his first wife, who embraced religion, and, following his father's footsteps, is now a class-leader in the Wyandott Church, in the far west. May he continue faithful till death!

VII.

BLACK-HOOF, OR CATAHECASSA.

Among the prominent chiefs who signed the treaty with Wayne, in 1795, was Black-Hoof. He was a

celebrated warrior of the Shawnees. It is supposed that he was born in Florida, and removed, with his tribe, to the north-west. He was only a child at the period of removal, but retained the distinct recollection of some of the incidents of the removal, and also of having bathed in the salt water in his childhood.

He first acquired distinction, like many other Indian warriors, during the unfortunate campaign of Braddock, in 1755. From that time forward he was an active participator in all the Indian wars, and the determined enemy of the whites, till the treaty of Wayne. Says the author of the "History of the North American Indians, "He was known far and wide as the great Shawnee warrior, whose cunning, sagacity, and experience were only equaled by the fierce and desperate bravery with which he carried into operation his military plans. Like the other Shawnee chiefs, he was the inveterate foe of the white man, and held that no peace should be made, nor any negotiation attempted, except on the condition that the whites should repass the mountains, and leave the great plains of the west to the sole occupancy of the native tribes.

"But, although a stern and uncompromising opposition to the whites had marked his policy through a series of forty years, and nerved his arm in a hundred battles, he became, at length, convinced of the madness of an ineffectual struggle against a vastly superior and hourly-increasing foe. No sooner had

he satisfied himself of this truth, than he acted upon it with the decision which formed a prominent trait in his character. The temporary success of the Indians in several engagements previous to the campaign of General Wayne, had kept alive their expiring hopes; but their signal defeat by that gallant officer, convinced the more reflecting of their leaders of the desperate character of the conflict. Black-Hoof was among those who decided upon making terms with the victorious American commander; and, having signed the treaty of 1795, at Greenville, he continued faithful to his stipulations during the remainder of his life. From that day he ceased to be the enemy of the white man; and as he was not one who could act a negative part, he became the firm ally and friend of those against whom his tomahawk had been so long raised in vindictive animosity."

Black-Hoof was much in advance of his race in his notions of civilization, and in his humane views. He was sprightly and agreeable in conversation, and cheerful in disposition. He exerted his great influence to mitigate the barbarities practiced upon prisoners by the Indians, and especially opposed the burning of them. His sober judgment also clearly perceived the evil of polygamy; and he not only endeavored to do it away, but gave to his followers a practical example; for he lived forty years with one wife, by whom he had a large family of children.

During the last war with England he remained the firm friend of the United States, resisting all the

temptations of the emissaries of England, as well as all the efforts of Tecumseh. His active days of warfare, however, were over, and he remained, for the most part, inactive, satisfying himself with restraining as many of his people from engaging in a contest which could not terminate otherwise than disastrously to them. While on a visit at Fort M'Arthur, in 1813, he was shot through a hole in the wall, by some miscreant. The ball struck the cheek-bone, and glanced downward into the neck. He fell to the earth, and was supposed, for the moment, to be dead. But he revived after a little, and finally recovered. The assassin was never discovered.

Black-Hoof retained much of his mental and bodily vigor, and his eyesight was unimpaired at the period of his death, which occurred in 1831, at Wau-paukonetta, at the age of one hundred and ten years. To the last he was held in the highest respect by his people, and greatly lamented at his death.

VIII.

THE CRANE, OR TARHE.

Among the great chiefs of the north-west, there was none greater than Tarhe, or the Crane. He was head chief of the Wyandott nation, and belonged to the Porcupine tribe. He was always cool, deliberate, and firm. His wisdom in council, as well as his bravery in war, gave him great influence among all the neighboring tribes. He was tall in person, well

made, and his very countenance was strongly marked by the great virtues for which he was distinguished through a long and honorable life. All who knew him, whether white or red, deeply venerated his character. He was affable and courteous, kind and affectionate in his feelings, stern and unyielding in his integrity. As a warrior, he was among the bravest of the brave; but, Indian as he was, no stain of cruelty, barbarity, or injustice, rests upon his character.

Prior to the battle of General Wayne, on the Maumee, in 1794, the Deer tribe had furnished the head chief of the nation; but in that battle this tribe was nearly annihilated. Then the old usage was set aside, and the great Tarhe was called to preside over the destinies of the Wyandott nation. A better selection could not have been made.

The only thing I ever heard in the least discreditable to this chief, was the story of his agency in the execution of the doomed chief, Leather-Lips, for the supposed crime of witchcraft. This man was a chief of some distinction, had attained sixty-three years of age, and was warmly attached to the American cause. This made it desirable on the part of the Prophet that he should be put out of the way. He was accordingly accused of witchcraft. Mr. Thatcher says:

“Orders were given to an influential chief—the Crane—of the same nation with the convict, in the

Prophet's service, who, with four other Indians, immediately started off in quest of him. He was found at home, and notified of the sentence which had been passed upon him. He entreated, reasoned, and promised, but all in vain. The inexorable messengers of death set about digging his grave by the side of his wigwam. He now dressed himself with his finest war-clothes, and, having refreshed himself with a hasty meal of venison, kneeled down on the brink of the grave. His executioner kneeled with him, and offered up a prayer to the Great Spirit in his behalf. This was the last ceremony.

“The Indians withdrew a few paces, and seated themselves around him on the ground. ‘The old chief,’ says the original describer of this most horrid scene,* ‘inclined forward, resting his face upon his hand, his hand upon his knees. While thus seated, one of the young Indians came up, and struck him twice with the tomahawk. For some time, he lay senseless on the ground, the only remaining evidence of life being a faint respiration. The Indians all stood around him in solemn silence. Finding him to breathe longer than they expected, they called upon the whites—one or two of whom were spectators—to take notice how hard he died; pronounced him a wizard—no good—then struck him again, and terminated his existence. The office of burial was soon performed.’”

* A correspondent cited in the History of the Indian Nations.

Mr. Thatcher and his informant were wholly mistaken as to the agency of Tarhe in this matter. His whole character, and especially his known opposition to the schemes of the Prophet, furnish a strong presumption against the story. As an act of justice to one of the best men, and especially to a chief of my own tribe, I give the views of the late lamented President Harrison upon the matter. He says, in a letter to the editor of the *Hesperian*:

“I observe in your magazine that the chief, Tarhe, is declared, upon the authority of Mr. Thatcher, to have been the leader of the five warriors, who were sent to execute the ‘Doomed Chief,’ in the year 1810. This is, beyond doubt, a mistake. I knew Tarhe well. My acquaintance with him commenced at the treaty at Greenville, in 1795. His tribe was under my superintendence in 1810. All the business I transacted with it was through him. I have often said I never knew a better man, and am confident he would not have been concerned in such a transaction as is ascribed to him in the article above referred to. In support of this opinion, I offer the following reasons:

“1. The execution of the ‘Doomed Wyandott Chief’ is attributed, and no doubt correctly, to the Shawnee Prophet, and his brother, Tecumseh. To my knowledge, Tarhe was always the opponent of these men, and could not have been their agent in this matter.

"2. The accusation of witchcraft was brought by these Shawnee brothers, and the accused were exclusively those who were friendly to the United States, and who had been parties to treaties by which the Indian titles to lands had been extinguished. In both these respects Tarhe had rendered himself obnoxious to the former.

"3. Tarhe was not only the Grand Sachem of his tribe, but the acknowledged head of all the tribes who were engaged in the war with the United States, which was terminated by the treaty of Greenville; and in that character the duplicate of the original treaty, engrossed on parchment, was committed to his custody, as had been the grand calumet which was the symbol of peace.

"4. He united with his friend, Black-Hoof, the head chief of the Shawnees, in denying the rank of chief either to the Prophet or Tecumseh; and, of course, he would not have received it of them. If the 'doomed warrior' had been sentenced by the council of his own nation, the Crane—Tarhe—would not have directed the execution; but, as was invariably the custom, it would have been committed to one of the war-chiefs. The party sent to put the old chief to death, no doubt, came immediately from Tippecanoe; and if it was commanded by a Wyandott, the probability is that it was Round-Head, who was a captain of the band of Wyandotts who resided with the Prophet, and was, to a great extent, under his influence."

This good chief has long since gone the way of all men, and yet it is due that justice should be done him, and his true character pass down to the generations to come.

It is related that at the commencement of the last war with England, Tarhe was called to a council by the British officer commanding at Malden, in Upper Canada, as many of his nation lived in Canada. The object was to see what part the nation would take in the war then pending. The council met at Brownstown, in the state of Michigan. Several speeches were first delivered, and great promises made by the British agent about what their great father, King George, would do for them, if the nation would fight the Americans; and he closed by presenting Tarhe with a likeness of King George. Holding it in his hand, the chief arose and said:-

“We have no confidence in King George. He is always quarreling with his white children in this country. He sends his armies over the great water, in their big canoes, and then he gets his Indian friends here to join with him to conquer his children, and promises if they will fight for him, he will do great things for them. So he promised, if we would fight Wayne, and if he whipped us, he would open the gates of his fort, on the Maumee, and let us in, and open his big guns on our enemies; but when we were whipped, and the flower of our nation were killed, we fled to this place, but instead of opening the gates, and letting us in, you shut yourselves up in your ground-hog

hole, and kept out of sight, while my warriors were killed at your gates. We have no confidence in any promise you make. When the Americans scratch your backs with their war-clubs, you jump into your big canoes, and run home, and leave the poor Indians to fight it out, or make peace with them, the best they may."

He then took the likeness of General Washington from his bosom, and said: "This is our great father, and for him we will fight." Then taking the likeness of King George in his left hand, he drew his tomahawk, and with the edge struck the likeness. "And so we will serve your great father."

This so excited the British officer that it is said he turned black in the face. He replied that he would make the chief repent that act. "This is my land and country," said Tarhe; "go home to your own land, and tell your countrymen that Tarhe and his warriors are ready, and that they are the friends of the Americans."

Thus broke up the council that night. Arrangements were made to cross the river, and take all the Wyandotts prisoners, and all they could catch were taken and carried to Canada, and compelled to fight against their own nation. Tarhe returned to his home, at Upper Sandusky, and with his warriors aided the Americans, with all their force, till the battle of the Thames; numbers of them were in the army of General Harrison at the time when he fought the last battle with the British and Indians.

IX.

DE-UN-QUOT.

Of De-un-quot, the successor of Tarhe, I have already spoken. He was just the opposite of his predecessor—drunken, savage, brutal. His native talent was not of a high order; and he seemed incapable of any broad or liberal views. He was violently opposed to the religion of the white man, and exerted his influence to thwart my efforts when I was a missionary among the Wyandotts.

His council of chiefs, however, were against him. They were favorably inclined to the education of their children, and also to religion. Their influence curbed and held under restraint the hostility of the war chief, yet he exerted himself to the utmost to keep up the heathen party. During our special revivals he would summon his high-priest, and hold a heathen assemblage at the same hour as our worship. Here they would recite the annals of their nation and the glorious deeds of their warriors. They would also descant upon the great power of the Indian's god; their hearers would also sing their favorite songs.

The failure of these efforts to draw away the mass of the Indians from our meetings, seemed to render the chief still more bitter in his opposition. As missionaries, we were decided in our course; but endured much, and proceeded with the utmost caution to avoid provocation that might lead to outbreaking assault.

When many of the chiefs, and some of the near neighbors of De-un-quot, forsook their heathenism, and embraced the religion of Christ, he declared that though the new religion might enter every other house in the nation, it should never enter his. "I will stand in the door and drive it back," he would exclaim. Some of his family became awakened; but he obstinately stood in their way. Poor man! God soon removed him from the door. He sickened and died in a few months. After this some of the members of his family became hopefully religious. As for himself, he died as he had lived—a heathen.

X.

KEOKUK.

This native chief was born on Rock river, in the north-western part of the state of Illinois, about 1781. He arose to his elevated state by his own native talent, and his deeds of daring. While quite a youth, he joined a war party against the Sioux tribe of Indians, then at war with the Sacs and Foxes. The first engagement was a fierce contest—some fighting on foot and some on horseback. The victory was a doubtful one; when young Keokuk, on his fleet Indian pony, dashed into the middle of the battle, and encountered the chief warrior of the Sioux on horseback. The two met with deadly aim, with their spear and tomahawk. At length Keokuk launched his spear into the breast of his antagonist, and brought him

to the ground, gasping in death, while he himself was bleeding from many wounds. The Sioux seeing their leader fallen, and not hearing the thunder tones of his voice in the storm of battle, fled, and this gave the victory to the Sac and Fox nation. This achievement was looked upon as developing the character of this young warrior, so as to cause the nation to appoint a day of feasting to honor the youthful warrior. This kind of military spirit, where it is naturally possessed, will develop itself sometimes in childhood and in youth, as in the character of our own Washington, Wayne, Marion, and Harrison. The martial fire seems to burn in those young hearts, and the sound of the drum and fife will kindle it into a flame. So it was said of Keokuk—his delight was in the scalping-knife, the tomahawk, the spear, and the deadly rifle. After the feast to which we alluded, this young warrior was looked upon as one of the braves, and was, by all the nation, admitted to all their privileges; and farther, on all days of public occasions, he was allowed to appear on horseback, even if all the braves and chiefs were on foot. In the time of the last war with Britain, and before young Keokuk was entitled to take his seat in the councils of his nation, a rumor was circulated that the Government of the United States had sent an army to destroy the Indian village of Peoria, on the Illinois river; and that this expedition was to destroy the whole of the Sac and Fox nation. This threw the whole nation into consternation. The Indians were panic-stricken, and

the council hastily determined to abandon their villages. Keokuk was standing near the council-house when this decision was made. As soon as it was announced, he boldly advanced to the door, and requested admittance. It was granted. He then asked leave to speak, and permission was given him. He said he had heard, with great sorrow, the decision of the council; that he himself was wholly opposed to flight before an enemy still at a distance, and whose strength was entirely unknown. He called the attention of the council to the practicability of meeting them as they came, and of harassing their progress, cutting them off by attacks suddenly, and of driving them back to their own country, or of nobly dying in defense of their families, their country, and their homes. "Make me your war-chief," he exclaimed. "Let your young men follow me, and the pale-faces shall be driven back to their towns. Let your old men and women, and all that are afraid of the white man, stay here; but let your braves go to battle. Let us never give up our country to those who would steal our country and homes, and the graves of our fathers, to whom the Great Spirit gave this country, and who fought to defend this country with their lives. My tomahawk now leaps in its scabbard to defend the graves of my ancestors. Live or die, we will not run."

Such a speech from this high-spirited and patriotic young Sac could not fail to produce its effect on a race of men heroic in their nature, and most patriotic

in their feelings. The young warriors, with one voice, declared that they would to a man follow Keokuk; and he was at that time chosen as their war-chief, to lead them against the enemy. It, however, turned out that it was a false alarm; but the eloquence of Keokuk in the council, and his energy in preparing for the expedition, placed him at once in the first rank of the braves.

On another occasion, his military reputation was much increased by the skill and promptness with which he met a sudden emergency on the battle-field with a party of young warriors. He was hunting in the country which lies between the Sacs and the Sioux; between which two nations, for many years, a deadly hatred existed. Unexpectedly a party of the latter came upon them well mounted, and prepared for battle. The Sacs were mounted also; but not being so expert horsemen, and the others having the advantage of ground, there was no covert behind which the Sacs could fight, and the flight would have been death. Keokuk's mode of defense was as novel as ingenious. He instantly formed his men into a compact circle, ordered to dismount, and take shelter behind their horses, by which they were protected from the missiles of the Sioux, and at the same time avail themselves of their superiority as marksmen. The Sioux, raising the warwhoop, charged upon their intrenched foe with great fury, but were received with a fire so destructive, that they were compelled to fall back. The attack was repeated with the same suc-

cess. Their horses could not be forced upon those whose guns were pouring forth volleys of smoke and fire, and after several unsuccessful attempts to break the line, the Sioux retreated with considerable loss.

At a subsequent period, during a cessation of hostilities between these nations, the Sacs had gone to the prairies to hunt buffalo, leaving their villages but slightly protected by warriors. During their hunt, Keokuk and his band unexpectedly fell on an encampment of a large number of Sioux, painted for war, and evidently on their way to attack his nation. His warriors were widely scattered over the extended plains, and could not possibly be speedily collected together. Possessing a fearless and undaunted spirit, he instantly resolved on the bold expedient of throwing himself between the impending danger and his people. Unattended and alone, he deliberately rode into the camp of the enemy. In the midst of their camps arose their war-pole, and around it they were dancing and partaking of those fierce excitements by which the Indians usually prepare themselves for the battle-field. It happened that revenge on the Sacs was the burden of their song at the moment of Keokuk's approach. He dashed into the middle of them, and boldly demanded to see their chief. "I have come," said he, "to let you know that there are traitors in your camp—they have told me that you are preparing to attack my village. I know that they told me lies; for you could not, after smoking the pipe of peace, be so base as to murder my women

and children in my absence. None but cowards would be guilty of such conduct!" When the first feeling of surprise began to subside, the Sioux collected around him in a manner evincing a determination to seize his person, when he spoke in a loud voice, and said, "If this is your purpose, come on; the Sacs are ready for you." With a sudden effort he dashed aside those that had gathered around him, plunged his spurs into his gallant steed, and rode off at full speed. Several guns were discharged at him, but without effect. A number of Sioux warriors sprung to their horses, and pursued him in vain. Keokuk, on horseback, was in his element; he made the woods resound with the warwhoop, and brandishing his tomahawk in defiance of his foes, soon left them far behind him, and joined his party of young warriors. His pursuers, fearful of some stratagem, gave up the pursuit, after having followed him a short distance, and retired to their camp. Keokuk took measures immediately to collect his warriors, and speedily returned to protect his village and nation.

His enemies, finding their plot discovered, abandoned their contemplated attack, and retraced their steps to their own country.

The eloquence of Keokuk, and his sagacity in the management of the affairs of his nation, were, like his military talents, of the first order.

One or two cases in which these have been exhibited, are worthy of record. Some years since some of his warriors fell in with a party of unarmed

Menomonees at Prairie du Chien, in sight of Fort Crawford, and murdered the whole company. Justly incensed at this outrage, the Menomonees prepared for war against the Sacs, and prevailed on the Winnebagoes to join them. For the purpose of allaying the rising storm, the United States agent, at Prairie du Chien, General Street, invited the several parties to a council, at that place, for the purpose of adjusting the difficulty without a resort to arms. They, out of respect to the agent, assembled at Fort Crawford, but the Menomonees refused, sternly, to hold any council with the Sacs on the subject. Keokuk told the agent not to be discouraged, for he would adjust the difficulty with them in spite of all their prejudices and positive refusal to treat.

He only asked the opportunity of meeting them in the council-lodge face to face. The tribes were brought together, but the Menomonees persevered in their determination to hold no council with the Sacs. The negotiation proceeded, and a friendly feeling was re-established between the Winnebagoes and the Sacs. Keokuk then rose, and, with much deliberation, began his address to the Menomonees. At first they averted their faces, or listened with looks of defiance. He had commenced his speech without smoking, or shaking hands, which was a great breach of etiquette, and, above all, he was the chief of a tribe that had inflicted on them a great injury, for which blood alone could atone. Under all these discouraging circumstances Keokuk proceeded in his forcible, persuasive,

and impressive manner. Such was the touching character of his appeal, such the power of his eloquence, that the features of his enemies gradually relaxed. They listened, they assented, and when he concluded by remarking, proudly, but in a conciliating tone, "I came here to say that I am sorry for the great imprudence of my young men; I came to make amends for their wrong; I came here to make peace, and save the effusion of blood—this I should much deprecate. It will only add sorrow to sorrow. But if it must come I am prepared; but I am for peace. Now I offer you my hand, the hand of Keokuk, for peace. Who of you will refuse it?" they rose, one by one, and accepted the proffered hand of peace. Thus the fountain of blood was stopped by the eloquence and wisdom of this chief.

In the late contest between the United States and Black-Hawk's band, Keokuk, and a majority of the Sacs and Foxes, took no part. Black-Hawk made several attempts to induce them to unite against the whites, which they were strongly inclined to do, not only for their love of war and of plunder, but on account of the injustice with which they had been treated by the whites. It required all of Keokuk's influence and moderation to prevent the whole nation from enlisting under Black-Hawk's banner. He requested the Indian agent to send to his village, on the west side of the Mississippi, a white man who understood the Sac language, and who might bear witness to his—Keokuk's—sincerity and faithfulness

to the whites. Such a person was sent. The excitement raised by Black-Hawk, and the war in which he was engaged, continued to increase among Keokuk's people. He stood on a mine liable to explode by a single spark. He was in great peril of being slain as the friend of the white man. He remained calm and unawed, ruling his turbulent little state with mildness and firmness, but at the constant risk of his life. One day a new embassy arrived from Black-Hawk's party. Captain Whisky was introduced into the camp of warriors, and Keokuk saw the crisis was at hand. He warned the white man, who was his guest, of the impending danger, and advised him to conceal himself. A scene of tumult ensued—the embassy spoke of the blood that had been shed by the whites, and of their fathers and themselves being driven from their hunting-grounds, of many recent insults, and of injuries that had long been inflicted by the whites. He talked of the ready vengeance that might now be taken on an exposed frontier of defenseless cabins, and of the rich booty they might take. The desired effect was produced; the warriors began to dance around the war-pole, to paint, and to give other evidence of war. Keokuk closely watched the rising storm, and seemed to mingle in it. He drank, and listened, and apparently sympathized. At length his warriors called on him to lead them to battle. He arose, and spoke with powerful eloquence, which never failed him. He sympathized with their wrongs—their thirst for vengeance. He won their

confidence by giving utterance to the passions by which they were moved, and echoing back their own thoughts with a master spirit. He then considered the proposition to go to war, and informed them of the number and power of the whites, and the entire hopelessness of their conquering such a body of men. He told them that he was their chief; that it was his duty to govern them as a father at home, to lead them to war if they were determined to go. But, in the proposed war, there was no middle course. The power of the United States was such that unless they conquered that great nation they must perish. He said he would lead them instantly against the whites, on one condition, and that was, that they should put all their women and children to death, and then resolve, that, having crossed the Mississippi, they would never return, but perish among the graves of their fathers rather than yield them to the white men. This proposal, desperate as it was, presented the true issue. It calmed the disturbed passions of his people; the turmoil subsided, order was restored, and the authority of Keokuk, from that time, became firmly established.

Black-Hawk and his band had always been opposed to Keokuk; and since the late war, which proved so disastrous to them, and into which they were plunged, in utter opposition to his counsel, they had looked on him with increased aversion. They had made repeated efforts to destroy his influence with the remainder of the tribe, and, owing to the mo-

notony of his pacific manner of governing, were, on one occasion, nearly successful. A spirit of discontent pervaded his people; they complained of the extent of the power which he wielded. They needed excitement, and, as his measures were all of a peaceful character, they sought a change of rulers. The matter was, at length, openly and formally discussed; the voice of the nation was taken; Keokuk was removed from his post, as head man, and a young chief placed in his stead. He made not the smallest opposition to this measure of his people, but calmly awaited the result. When his successor was chosen, Keokuk was the first to salute him with the title of father. But the matter did not rest here; with great courtesy he begged to accompany the new chief to the United States agent, then at Rock Island, and, with profound respect, to introduce him as his chief and father, and urged the agent to receive him as such, and asked it as a favor, that the same regard that had been paid to himself by the whites, might be extended to his worthy successor. The sequel may readily be inferred.

The nation could not remain blind to the error they had committed. Keokuk, as a private individual, was still the first man among his people. His ready and noble acquiescence in their wishes won both their sympathy and admiration. He rose silently but rapidly to his elevated station, while the young chief sunk as rapidly into his former obscurity. In this son of the forest we have the true elements of great-

ness and of government. It is said no man is fit to govern who will not submit to be governed. He had studied human nature, and knew well how to meet it in all its phases, and how to make men think they are governing themselves. With a sound judgment, and a good stock of common sense, this untaught chief used all his talents to secure the greatest good to his savage people. How unlike the degraded, unprincipled, sycophantic demagogue, who sacrifices all his patriotism for the purpose of filling his own pockets with the public money! The spoils for the victors, is his motto.

In person Keokuk was stout, graceful, and commanding, with fine features, and an intelligent countenance. His broad, expanded chest, and muscular limbs, denoted activity and physical power; and he was known to excel in dancing, horsemanship, and all athletic exercises. He had acquired considerable property, and lived in much better style than is usual for the red man. He was fond of traveling, and used to make frequent visits to the Osages, the Ottawas, the Omahas, and the Winnebagoes. On these occasions he was uniformly mounted on a fine horse, clad in a fine robe wrought by his wives, with wampum, porcupine-quills, beads, and horse-hair dyed red, with half-moons of silver hung down his back, and his head-dress ornamented with silver-bobs and feathers—equipped with his rifle, scalping-knife, tomahawk, pipe, and war-club.

He was usually attended on these excursions with

some of his young warriors, well mounted, and in their best Indian costume. He was always preceded by some one to the tribe he was about to visit; and such was his popularity, that his reception corresponded with the style in which he made his visits. These were generally made in the fall of the year, and were enlivened by hunting, fishing, dancing, feasting, and various other athletic games—in all of which Keokuk took an active part.

He moved in a more magnificent style than any other chief in America. In point of natural intellect, integrity of character, and the capacity for governing and commanding, he was supposed to have no superior among Indians. Bold, courageous, and skillful in war, he was mild, firm, and politic in peace. He had great enterprise, and active impulses, with a freshness and enthusiasm of feeling, which might readily have led him astray, but for his acute knowledge of human nature, his uncommon prudence, and good common sense, and sound judgment. At an early period of his life, he became the head chief of his nation; and by his superior talents, eloquence, and intelligence, really directed all the affairs of his nation for many years.

Such was Keokuk, the watchful Fox—the brave, wise, firm, and politic chief—who prided himself upon being the friend of the white man, as well as the red man. But this noble Indian chief has passed away, and he has gone to join his tribe beyond the flood.

XI.

SUM-MUN-DE-WAT.

Sum-mun-de-wat was a Wyandott by birth, and belonged to the Bear tribe. He was about six feet high, well made, with a fine forehead, high cheek-bones, dark complexion, large mouth, and was a remarkably active man. Possessed of more than ordinary talents, for an untutored man, and an Indian, he was more temperate than they usually are in their savage state. His social qualities were great, and he was fond of sport; yet he was a constant attendant on the meetings held in the nation. Fond of his Indian dress, he always made his appearance at these places more to attract the attention of others than to be instructed. His head-dress was generally enormous, decorated with the plumes of almost all the birds of the forest, and swelled to an enormous size.

But on one occasion, when there was a powerful work of God among the Indians, and many were down crying for mercy, the Lord convicted this proud young Indian man, and he began to weep. His friends talked to him, and pressed him to go forward to the prayer meeting. At length a female friend of his, happy in the love of God, took him by the hand, and he was brought by her to the mercy-seat, with his mighty head-dress of feathers. As soon as he was on his knees, she took it off and threw it in the fire, and said, "Go there, you feathered god of this

man, and let him come to the true God, that can burn up all his sins by his love." After a long and hard struggle, God, for Christ's sake, pardoned his sins; and it was a time of great rejoicing, both on earth and in heaven, but with none more than the released prisoner. His tongue was loosed, and he shouted and spoke with a feeling as though he were filled with tongues of fire, to the astonishment of all who heard him, both saint and sinner. He pursued his wicked Indian companions with so much love and zeal for their salvation, that they could not resist, and the result was that many of them were converted. From that hour to the day of his death he never faltered. Never did I know a more devoted Christian; always happy and cheerful, and ready for every good word and work.

It was not long till his faithfulness and talents fixed the eyes of the Church and nation on him as one to whom could be intrusted their interest; and he was called to office. His first appointment was that of trustee of the church. On one occasion, in his absence, when the annuities of the nation were to be distributed, the traders and agent made application for the church, to be used for their wares and merchandise, to be sold in, and the other trustees granted the privilege. They went and built their booths around the house, and put in their fixtures for the opening of the coming market.

When he returned, and heard what was done, he said, "It shall not be." He took the keys of the

door, and went down and locked himself up in the house. The next morning the traders came and demanded entrance. He told them they could not have it. That house was built for a very different purpose, and it was committed to his care, in part, to preserve it, and keep it for the worship of God. They threatened him, and coaxed him, but to no purpose; and he told them plainly that they might as well leave first as last, for they should never make that house a den of thieves, unless they did it over his dead body. Knowing his unyielding firmness, they finally left.

Sum-mun-de-wat's memory was very tenacious, retaining much of the Scripture, and he was licensed as an exhorter, and afterward a local preacher. He labored with acceptability and with great usefulness. He used frequently to journey with me across the Black Swamp, when I went to attend my quarterly meetings in Michigan, and to Detroit, thence into Canada, to my Indian society, on the Cannard, and was great company for me. We had always to camp out in the Swamp; and after we had taken our supper, he would ask me many questions on the subject of Bible doctrines.

Such was the confidence his nation had in him that they chose him to be their head chief; all had confidence in him. About 1841 or 1842, he, with his friends, went on their usual hunt in the fall and winter, north of Williams county, and raccoon-skins bearing a good price, and in demand, some of his white friends gave him five hundred dollars to pur-

chase skins for them early in the spring. Having many horse-loads of fur and other skins, he started for home, a day or two before his company, with his nephew and little Nancy, his niece, all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Williams county.

One evening, after they had camped, there came two young men, without arms, and said that they had got lost, and asked the privilege of stopping all night, which was readily granted. They were fed, and a place to sleep provided for them. Sum-mun-de-wat, as was his custom, had his family prayers, and all retired to sleep. In the night, when the Indians were asleep, they arose and took the two camp axes, and with them killed the two men, sinking the axes into the brains of both. Nancy awoke and fled; they followed her, and killed her with the same instruments. They drew their bodies a short distance, and covered them with logs and brush. The day following, some of the party, following their trail, came on to the camp, saw the blood, and made search, and found their murdered friends. They then took the trail of the horses, which the murderers had taken, with all the furs and skins, and, about thirteen miles off, found the murderers and their booty.

The murderers were taken by the whites and put into jail; but with the help of some of their friends or accomplices, they were let out, and by that means were not punished. The Indians went on home with the mournful intelligence of this brutal murder. The young men of the nation went and brought the bodies

home on biers, and Sum-mun-de-wat, his nephew, and pious little Nancy, were buried in their own burying-ground. Thus fell my beloved brother in Christ, by the murderous hand of the more than savage white man.

Gentle reader, had you known this man and his two relatives as I knew them, and the many days and nights we spent together in religious meetings and traveling together, you could sympathize with me when I cried, from the bottom of my heart, "O Absalom, my son! my son! would to God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son! my son!" This circumstance had much to do in removing these Christian people from their homes, and cultivated fields, their house of worship, and the graves of their fathers and children. They were constantly annoyed with the undying, covetous thirst the whites had for their lands and pleasant homes. God will, in a coming day, settle the accounts of the Government and her agents and traders, for their conduct and treatment to the poor Indian; and eternal Justice will punish the worst and most inhuman of all our race.

THE END.

VALUABLE AND POPULAR WORKS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. J. B. FINLEY; OR, PIONEER LIFE IN THE WEST.

TESTIMONIALS.

From the Ladies' Repository, September, 1853.

A *FINE* daguerreotype view of pioneer life we have never read. In this work the personal history of Mr. Finley is interwoven with the history of early civilization, as well as the rise and spread of Methodism in the west, especially in Ohio. The thrilling adventures of the early settlers, their mode of life, the character and history of the most noted of them, and the experience, labors, and adventures of the early Methodist itinerants, are here drawn by one who was a personal witness and a participator in the scenes described. No one will tire over this volume. To our readers, one and all, we say, *get it and read it*. To Christian parents we say, keep it in your family as a household book, and let your children read it, that they may know how our fathers lived and labored. Mr. Finley, after almost half a century of devoted and self-denying service in the Church of God, is still in the effective work—a man of large heart, of noble and true sympathies, and of vigorous intellect. He feels that his work is nearly done, and that he will soon be summoned to join those who have gone before; but this memorial he leaves to the Church and the world.

From the London (Wesleyan) Quarterly Review.

The London Quarterly Review, in reference to the Autobiography of Rev. James B. Finley, in connection with another volume of a kindred character, remarks, that to those whose minds are sufficiently expansive to feel an interest in the spread of religious truth in the remote parts of the world, and under circumstances very different from those with which we are familiar in this country, we commend these volumes. They belong to the religious literature of America, and have all the freshness and redundancy which characterize the soil. The reader will find the earnest evangelist, in homely guise, wandering amid the gloomy forest paths, threading the mountain gorges, or crossing vast and flowery prairies, in the pursuit of his noble purpose, indifferent to the numberless discomforts and real dangers in his path. They will see how singularly fitted he is for his peculiar work, and admire the providential wisdom which provides the moral and physical training especially required for its achievement. But chiefly will they rejoice to find that the same great triumphs which elsewhere attend the preaching of the truth, track the footsteps of the backwoods evangelist—that the sling and the smooth stone from the brook are made as effective, under God's blessing, as the more polished weapons of well-stored armories. The future historian of America will be compelled to admit the force of undoubted facts tending conclusively to show, that to this class of itinerant preachers must be attributed the preservation of tens of thousands of his scattered and isolated countrymen, who must else have lapsed into a state of degradation little removed from that of the savages whom they have displaced.

From the Methodist Quarterly Review.

It is a book full of stirring incident, that characterizes every truthful record of American frontier life. Besides the history of Mr. Finley's early life, the work contains memorials of Asbury, M'Kendree, Young, Finley, Christie, and of the two Wyandott chiefs, Mononcue and Between-the-Logs.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN METHODISM,
 Biographical, Historical, and Miscellaneous,
 ILLUSTRATIVE OF PIONEER LIFE

BY REV. JAMES B. FINLEY.

TESTIMONIALS.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

THIS work consists chiefly of biographical sketches and incidents in the lives of the pioneer itinerant Methodist preachers of the great west; and the venerable author, himself a pioneer, will be admitted to have made the very best of his materials, when it is considered how meager these materials are. It could hardly be expected that the preachers who entered this wilderness with the sole view of carrying the tidings of the great salvation to the scattered and destitute population of the early settlers of the country, and exposed, like the people they preached to, to the relentless warfare of the Indian tribes still lingering on their borders, should keep journals, or any written record of their lives and labors. Hence, what is to be gathered of their biographies is only from tradition, except the notices of their appointments in the published Minutes of the conferences. But brother Finley had his heart in his work, and has been a faithful collector—knew many of those whose biographies he records, together with the scenes and circumstances of which he writes, and hence has been able to supply much that would soon have been irretrievably lost, and which would have been a great loss to all who take an interest in the remarkable providences of God in preserving and propagating that religious element among the early emigrants to the western country, which preserved them from degenerating into savage barbarism, and which now constitutes the inhabitants of the vast country beyond the Alleghany Mountains among the most religious and moral communities in this great republic. This is so, too, in despite of the demoralizing influence of a constant tide of foreign emigration from Europe, composed, in part at least, of an ignorant, debased, or an infidel horde, which Europe has disgorged in a sudden fit of nausea and vomited on our shores. Thousands of these have been enlightened and converted to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and have added to the general prevalence of that sound religious and moral element which the Gospel only can supply. The religious public, of all denominations, are under great obligations to the venerable and reverend author for this book. The statesman and patriot may learn lessons from it by which he may be taught how our free institutions may be preserved *intact*, notwithstanding the natural tendency of human nature to abuse and pervert the great blessing of civil liberty. And the Christian will see that the Author of our holy religion still calls from the humblest walks of life the most efficient agents for the dissemination of divine and saving truth.

There is a fine engraved likeness of the reverend author, as a frontispiece to the volume; and an autograph signature, also, well engraved, which will be very gratifying to his many personal friends. Every Methodist preacher, traveling and local, and every Methodist family should have this book,

From the Western Christian Advocate.

This is just such a book as is needed for the times. These Sketches go back to an early day, and thrillingly and truthfully describe the scenes through which our pioneer fathers passed, and the labors they endured to plant the standard of Methodism in these western wilds. It will serve to show the Church, which is now enjoying an unexampled prosperity, the rock from whence she was

hewn, and will call us back to the true elements of the Church's power and influence.

The book opens with an introduction of Methodism into the west, which is followed by an autobiography of father Burke, full of stirring incident, and containing a record of perils in the wilderness of wonderful interest. Then follows a long list of pioneer preachers, such as Ellis, Poythress, M'Henry, Scott, Kobler, Lakin, Sale, Parker, Blackman, Axley, Oglesby, Beauchamp, Tiffin, Grauede, Collins, Emery, Crane, Young, Cummins, Lindsey, Strange, Bigelow, W. Finley, Bascom, Hamilton, Raper, Ulin, Phillips, Drummond, and Poe, interspersed with chapters on the origin and progress of Methodism in Cincinnati, first Methodist Churches in Ohio, Western Book Concern, Conversion of a Family, Lost Child, the Conversion of an Infidel, Conversion of a Cruel Master, who afterward became a preacher, the Intrepid Missionary, Indian Camp Meeting, Conversion of an Inspector-General, Pioneer Women, and Rhon-yan-ness, a sketch of an Indian chief.

Here is a book that possesses all the interest of romance, and yet is wholesome truth; and we advise all our readers to get it, and make themselves acquainted with its contents.

We have been taking a few odd minutes to examine into its pages, and really we have had a time of great feasting. Its descriptions are lifelike and powerful. Those who would wish to read an interesting work will do well to make purchase of the book at once. They will never regret the dollar so expended.

From the Richmond Christian Advocate.

The Autobiography of Rev. James B. Finley was one of the most interesting and impressive memorials of personal history we ever read. We devoured it. We have not had time to read this volume. But we have read its programme of forty-five chapters; and we long for leisure and a cool retreat to fall upon this most inviting feast. The table is indeed amply supplied from that never-to-be-exhausted field—pioneer life in the west. But the pioneers here give the great attractions to the work—they are Methodist preachers—those sturdy men of former days, who left the warm precincts of civilized life, and went into the wilds of the west, in search of sinners; their long travels, exciting incidents, rough living, bear fights, camp fires, fervent preachings, and glorious religious meetings, excite our deepest feelings. Mr. Finley's two works contain mines of wealth in these respects. He has done a good work in rescuing these religious heroes, and the events of their stirring lives, from the oblivion that had opened its mouth to engulf them. He deserves the thanks of the Church for these labors of love. We tender him ours. We forgive him most of the past, and all the hard speeches we have had to record against him, for these contributions to our religious history, these priceless helps to the future historian of Methodism and of the western states. We must stop, but we are not done with the book.

From the Methodist Quarterly Review.

The history of early Methodism is full of genuine romance. But the men of that age were actors, rather than writers of history; and so the memory of many of those stirring incidents is doomed to perish with the generation that enacted them. Some attempts have, of late years, been made to rescue and record those that belong to the eastern portion of the country; but the still more exciting scenes of the west—the field in which Methodism has achieved its largest conquests—have hitherto remained unknown. We are, however, now able to announce a work which will contribute largely to perpetuate the memory of those events: "*Sketches of Western Methodism—Biographical, Historical, and Miscellaneous—by Rev. James B. Finley.*" The writer is a well-known pioneer of Methodism in the west, who has been, for nearly half a century, occupied in the itinerant ministry, and was, to a large extent, an eye-witness, and often an active agent, in the events he details. These Sketches are written with much vivacity, and in a style that would not disparage a practiced writer. The work forms a valuable contribution to the early social and religious history of Ohio and Kentucky, and can not fail to be favorably received by the public.

DEATH-BED SCENES;

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Designed to Illustrate the Truth and Power of Christianity.

EDITED BY REV. D. W. CLARK, D. D.

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THIS work exhibits two hundred and thirty-two death-bed scenes. Its plan is to give a condensed view of the character and life of each individual as preparatory to the delineation of the closing scene. Every thing extraneous has been carefully excluded. The selection of examples has been made from a wide range, so far as age, place, avocation, condition, character, and opinions are concerned; and the whole forms, undoubtedly, the most complete array of facts ever embodied in any one work upon a subject of universal interest. It should be found in the library of every Christian family. We append a few notices of the work by the press.

From the New York Evangelist.

This book is true to its title; it is a collection of brief histories of the dying hours of a great number of eminent personages, arranged into two parts. The first part—the Dying Christian—narrates the last experiences: first, of the martyrs, forty-six in number; then of ministers, forty-three; then of Christian men, thirty-three are noticed; then of Christian women, twenty-seven in number; then of Christian children and youth; and, finally, several sketches of the dying regrets of worldly-minded professors. The second part portrays the last hours of the dying sinner, the dying backslider, the dying persecutor, the dying infidel, and the dying stoic. When, to this statement of its contents, we add that the several sketches are written concisely, vigorously, and with a concentration of feeling and point well adapted to the solemn nature of the subject, it will be readily perceived that it is most interesting and suggestive. No preacher is like the death-bed; and next to that, perhaps, authentic histories of its experience are the most solemn and impressive of all the testimonies that the mind can weigh. The infinite value of religion never so grandly appears as in such circumstances. The work we commend as exceedingly instructive, and written with great taste and accuracy.

From the Congregationalist.

Many works similar to this have recently appeared in this country and Europe; but this must hereafter take the precedence of all others of its class. Its superiority consists in the extent, choiceness, and admirable classification of its materials. By excluding every thing extraneous, the author has embodied, in a 12mo. volume of five hundred and sixty-nine pages, the most complete array of facts ever contained in any similar work. It must prove very useful, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation.

From the Western Christian Advocate.

As a writer Dr. Clark is known very favorably throughout the Methodist connection. In fact, we know of no man who excels him in terseness and beauty of style. The present work, however, does not pretend to the merit of originality. It is strictly a compilation—conceived, carried on, and completed at a period when Dr. Clark was incapable of any severe literary labor. It is a fine compilation—larger than works of its kind, and characterized by excellent judgment.





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